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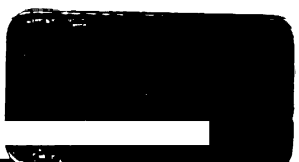

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

Monthly Magazine

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOL. IV.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. IV., NO. 19.—OCTOBER, 1866.

ORIGINAL.

PROBLEMS OF THE AGE.

VII.

THE DOGMA OF CREATION—THE PRINCIPLE, ARCHETYPE, AND END OF THE CREATIVE ACT.

THE next article of the creed is, "Creatorem cœli et terræ:" Creator of heaven and earth.

The mystery of the Trinity exhausts the idea of the activity of God within his own interior being, or *ad intra*. The dogma of creation expresses the idea of the activity of God without his own interior being, or *ad extra*. It is an explication of the primitive idea of reason which presents simultaneously to intelligence the absolute and the contingent in their necessary relation of the dependence of the contingent upon the absolute. Being an explication of the rational idea, it is rationally demonstrable, and does not, therefore, belong to the super-intelligible part of the revelation, or that which is believed simply on the veracity of God. That portion of the dogma of creation which is super-intelligible, or revealed truth in the highest sense, relates to the supernatural end to which the creation is determined by the decree of God. Nevertheless, although the idea of creation, once proposed, is demonstrable on purely rational principles, it is fairly and fully proposed to reason under an adequate and explicit conception adequately expressed, only by divine revelation. Wherever this adequate formula of revelation has been lost, the conception has been lost with it, and not even the highest philosophy has restored it. Plato's conception of the formation of the universe went no higher than the impression of divine ideas upon matter eternally self-existent. In all philosophy which is not regulated by the principles of revelation, the ideas of necessary being and contingent existence and of the relation between them are more or less confused, and the dogma of creation is corrupted.

The pure, theistic conception gives at once the pure conception of creation.

Not that the idea of creation can be immediately perceived in the idea of God, which has been shown to be impossible; but that it can be perceived in the idea of God by the medium of the knowledge of finite existences given to the intellect together with the knowledge of infinite being, in the

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primitive intuition. When the idea of infinite being is fully explicated and demonstrated in the perfect conception of God, the existence of real entities which are not God, and therefore not included in necessary being, being known, the relation of these things extrinsic to the being of God, to the being of God itself, becomes evident in the idea of God. It is evident that they have no necessary self-existence either out of the divine being or in the divine being, and therefore have been brought out of nonentity into entity by the act of God.

This creative act of God is that by which he reduces possibility to actuality. It is evident that this possibility of creation, or creability of finite existences extrinsic to the divine essence, is necessary and eternal. For God could not think of doing that which he does not think as possible, and his thoughts are eternal. The thought or idea of creation is therefore eternal in the divine mind. It is a divine and eternal archetype or ideal, which the externised, concrete reality copies and represents. The divine essence is the complete and adequate object of the divine contemplation.

It is, therefore, in his own essence that God must have beheld the eternal possibility of creation and the ground or reason of creability. It is the divine essence itself, therefore, which contains the archetype or ideal of a possible creation. As an archetype, it must contain that which is equivalent to finite essences, capable of being brought into concrete, actual existence by the divine power, and multiplied to an indefinite extent. God's eternal knowledge of the possibility of creation is, therefore, his knowledge of his own essence, as an archetype of existences which he is capable of enduing with reality extrinsic to the reality of his own being, by his omnipotent power. The eternal possibility of creation, therefore, exists necessarily in the being and omnipotence of God. It is the imitability of the divine essence as archetype by finite essences, which are its real and extrinsic similitudes, and which are extrinsecated by an act of the divine will. The ideal or archetype of creation is evidently as necessary, as eternal, as unchangeable, as God himself. God cannot create except according to this archetype, and in creating must necessarily copy himself, to give extrinsic existence to something which is a concrete expression of the divine ideal in his own intelligence. This ideal which creation copies being, therefore, eternal in the divine intelligence, and the interior activity of the divine intelligence, or its interior ideal life, being inexplicable except in the relation of the three persons in God, creation is likewise inexplicable, except in relation to the distinct persons of the Trinity.

The Son, or Word, proceeds from the contemplation of his own divine essence by the Father, who thus reproduces the perfect and coequal image of himself. In this act of contemplation, the knowledge of the archetype of creation, or of the creability of essences resembling the divine essence, is necessarily included. The expressed ideal or archetype of all possible existences is therefore in the Word, as the personal image of the Father, and he contains in himself, in an eminent and equivalent manner, infinite similitudes or images capable of being reduced to act, and made to reflect himself in a countless variety of ways. The Son thus communicates with the Father in creative omnipotence. The spiration of the Holy Spirit, from the Father and the Son, consummating the act of contemplation by which the Son is generated in love, and thus completing the interior, intelligent, or spiritual life of God within himself, is perfectly correlated to the eternal generation of the Son. The complete essence of God is communicated by the Father and the Son to the Holy Spirit, and with it creative omnipotence as necessarily included in it. The object of volition in God is identical with the object of intelligence. The essence of God as being the archetype of a possible creation,

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that is, the ideal of creation, or the idea which creation copies, being included in the term of the divine intelligence, or in the Word, is also included in the term of the divine love, or the Holy Spirit. The ideal of creation is therefore included in the object of the eternal, intelligent, living contemplation in which the three persons of the blessed Trinity are united. The power of illimitable creation according to the divine archetype is a necessary and eternal predicate of his divine being, which he contemplates with complacency. The idea of creation is therefore as eternal as God; it is coeval with him, and the object of the ineffable communications of the divine persons with each other from eternity. God has always been pleased with this idea, as the artist delights himself in the ideal of beauty, to which he feels himself capable of giving outward form and expression in sculpture, painting, or architecture.

The decree of God to reduce this possibility of creation to act, or the creative purpose, is likewise eternal; since all divine acts are in eternity, and there is no process of deliberation or progress from equilibrium to determination possible in the unchangeable God. God is *actus purissimus*, most pure act, and there is in him nothing potential or reducible to act which is not in act from eternity; since in him there is no past or future, and no succession, but *tota, simul ac perfecta possessio vitæ interminabilis*, a complete, simultaneous, and perfect possession of interminable life.

The necessity of his own self-existent being does not determine him to the creative act, but merely to the exercise of supreme omnipotence in choosing freely between the contemplation of creation in its ideal archetype alone, and of creation in its ideal archetype determined to outward actual expression. The inward life of God is necessary, and the interior act of beatific contemplation is of the essence of the divine being. Nothing beyond this, or outside of the interior essence of God, can be necessary, and the creation cannot therefore be necessary, or it would be included in the idea of God, and be identical with the essence of God. God does not create, therefore, by necessity of nature, but by voluntary choice. It is the only exercise of voluntary choice possible to him. It is a choice, however, which though free is determined from eternity. He might have eternally chosen the contrary, that is, to leave the possible creation unactualized in its ideal archetype. He did eternally choose, however, to create.

The learned expositor of St. Thomas, F. Billuart, says that the purpose to create is communicated by the Father to the Word, concomitantly with the intelligence of the divine essence by which he is generated.* Creation is no afterthought, no capricious or sportive play of omnipotence, like the *jeu d'esprit* which a poet throws off from a sudden impulse of fancy. The creative purpose has been the theme of the mysterious communications of the three persons of the blessed Trinity, from all eternity. In God, purpose and act, consultation and decree, are one. The decree of creation and the creative act are identical. The creative act, therefore, *a parte Dei*, is eternal. It is an illusion of the imagination to conceive of time as having existed before creation. "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." That beginning was the first moment of time, which St. Thomas says God created when he created the universe. Time is a mere relation of finite entities to each other and to infinite being, arising from their limitation. The procession of created existences is necessarily in time, and could not have begun *ab æterno* without a series actually infinite, which is impossible. Nevertheless, the first instant of created time had no created time behind it, and no series of instants behind it,

* Tract. De Trin. Diss. V., Art III.

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intervening between it and eternity, but touched immediately on eternity.

The procession of created existences from God is a finite similitude of the procession of the Son and Holy Spirit from the Father. Creation is an expression of that archetype in finite form which is expressed in the infinite image of the Word. He is "the splendor of the glory, and the express image of the substance"* of the Father; and creation is a reflection of this splendor, a reduplication in miniature of this image. It is an act of the same infinite intelligence by which the infinite Word is generated. For although finite itself, it is the similitude of an infinite archetype which only infinite intelligence can possess within itself. It is also an act of the same infinite love whose spiration is the Holy Spirit. The sanctity of the divine nature consists in the perfect conformity of intelligence and volition. Volition is love, a complacency in good. Love must therefore concur with intelligence in every divine act, that it may be holy. The Holy Spirit, or impersonated love, must concur with the Father and the Son, as principle and medium, to consummate or bring to its final end the creative act. Creation is therefore essentially an act of love; proceeding from intelligence and ordained for beatitude; proceeding from God as first cause, and returning to him as final cause.†

The final cause of creation must be God, just as necessarily as its first cause must be God. The creative decree being eternal, all that constitutes its perfection, including its end and consummation, must be eternal, and must therefore be in God. He is the principle and consummation of his own act *ad intra*, and of his act *ad extra*, which imitates it perfectly. God creates, because he freely chooses to please himself by conferring the good of existence through the creative act on subjects distinct from himself. The adequate object of this volition of God is himself as the author of created good, or the term of the relation which created existences have to him as their creator. The possession of good by the creature is inseparable in the volition of God from the complacency which he has in the exercise of the power of bestowing good by creation. Although he is necessarily his own final end in creating, yet this does not prevent creation from being an act of pure and free love, but on the contrary makes it to be so; because it is as infinite love that God is the end of his creative act. A charitable man, who confers good upon another, is moved by a principle of love in himself, which causes him to take delight in the happiness of his fellow-creatures. This movement originates in himself, and returns back to himself, being consummated in the pure happiness which the exercise of love produces. Yet the possession of good by another is the real object which elicits the act of love, and it is therefore pure, disinterested charity. Love makes the good as given, and the good as received, one identical object, and unites the giver and receiver in one good. Selfishness is inordinate self-love, or a love of others merely so far as they serve as instruments of our own pleasure and advantage, and not as themselves subjects of happiness. But the just love of self and of others is identical in principle, proceeding from the *amor entis*, or love of being. The benignant father, prelate, or sovereign, the generous benefactor of his fellow-men, is not less disinterested in his acts on account of the pure happiness which comes back to himself, filling his heart with the purest happiness of which it is capable. Thus in God; his complacency in his creative act, or sovereign pleasure in creating, is the purest and most perfect love to the creature. That which he delights in as creator is the bestowal of existence, which participates in the infinite good of his own being.

* Heb. i. 3.

† Final cause is the same as ultimate end. It is the cause or reason of the determination of God to create.

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The mode and degree in which existences participate in this infinite good which God distributes from the plenitude of his own being, specificates and determines their relation to him as final cause, and constitutes the ultimate term to which their creation is directed. This ultimate term or final end of creation as a whole, includes the ends for which each part taken singly is intended, and the common end to which these minor and less principal ends are all subordinated in the universal creative design. The end of a particular portion of the creation, taken singly, is attained, when it makes the final and complete explication of that similitude to the divine perfections which constitutes it in its own particular grade of existence. The end of the universe of existences is attained, when they collectively reach the maximum of excellence which God proposed to himself in creating. That is, when the similitude of the perfections of God is expressed in the universe in that variety of distinct grades, and raised to that altitude in the series of possible states of existence, which God prefixed in the beginning as the ultimate term of the creative act. Whatever the maximum of created good may be, whatever may be the predetermined limits of the universe of existence, whatever may be the highest point of elevation to which it is destined, it is evident that the accomplishment of the creative act brings the creation back to God as final cause. It has its final end in God, wherever that finality may have been fixed by the eternal will of God. This is very plain and obvious. But it leads into one of the most abstruse and, at the same time, one of the most unavoidable questions of philosophy, that which relates to the end of creation metaphysically final. What is the end of creation, or the relation of the universe of created existences to the final cause, which is metaphysically final? How far ought the actual end of created existences to coincide, or does it really coincide with the end metaphysically final?

VIII.

THE END OF CREATION METAPHYSICALLY FINAL—THE ASCENDING SERIES OF GRADES IN EXISTENCE—THE SUMMIT OF THIS SERIES IS A NATURE HYPOSTATICALLY UNITED TO THE DIVINE NATURE OF THE WORD—THE INCARNATION, THE CREATIVE ACT CARRIED TO THE APEX OF POSSIBILITY—THE SUPERNATURAL END TO WHICH THE UNIVERSE IS DESTINED COMPLETED IN THE INCARNATION.

By the end of creation metaphysically final, is meant a relation of the universe to God as final cause which is final in the divine idea, or the one which God beholds in his own infinite intelligence as the *ultimatum* to which his omnipotence can carry the creative act. It is a relation which brings the creature to the closest union and similitude to the creator in the good of being which the nature of the infinite and of the finite will admit.

We have already established the doctrine that God is by nature free to create or not to create, and eternally determines himself to creation by his own sovereign will to confer the pure boon of existence. We have also established, that since God determines himself from eternity to create, he necessarily creates in accordance with his own nature or essence, in accordance with the eternal archetype and idea reflected in the person of the Word; and for his own glory, or for an end in himself to which the creature is related, and which he must attain if he accomplishes his destiny. But we must inquire further, whether in determining himself to create according to the archetype contained in his own essence, he necessarily carries out this idea to the most perfect and complete actualization in the real universe? That is, does he necessarily create for an end metaphysically final, and carry the creative act to its apex, or the summit of possibility? Or is there any degree of existence or

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grade of resemblance and relation to God as archetype which must be supposed in order to conceive of an end accomplished by creation which is worthy of the divine wisdom and goodness? Or, on the contrary, is it just as free to God to determine any limit, however low, as the term of creation, as it is to abstain from creating? For instance, can we suppose it consistent with the divine wisdom to create only a grain of sand? On the one hand, it may be said that creation being a free act, the creation of a grain of sand does not take away the liberty of the divine will to abstain from creating anything else. On the other hand, God, as being in his very essence the infinite wisdom, must have an adequate end in view, even in creating a grain of sand. It may be said that the creation of a grain of sand is truly an infinite act, and that a grain of sand represents the omnipotence of God as truly as the universe itself. Yet, it is difficult to see any reason why Almighty God should make such a representation merely for his own contemplation. For the same reason, it is equally difficult to suppose any adequate motive for the creation of a merely material universe, however extensive. The wisdom and power of God are manifested, but manifested to himself alone. The very end of such a manifestation appears to be to manifest the attributes of God to intelligent minds capable of apprehending it. Suppose the material universe filled with sentient creatures, and, although its end is thus partially fulfilled, by the enjoyment which they are capable of receiving from it, its adaptation to the manifestation of the divine attributes to intelligence is still apparently without an object. The sentient creation itself manifests the wisdom and goodness of God in such a way that it seems to require an intelligent nature to apprehend it, in order that God may be glorified in his works, and that the love which is the essential consummating principle of the creative act may be reflected back from the creation to the creator, and thus furnish an adequate term of the divine complacency. This complacency of God in himself as creator, as we have seen, is complacency in the communication of good, or pure, disinterested love delighting in the distribution of its own infinite plenitude. The material creation can only be the recipient of this love *in transitu* or as the instrument and means of conveying it to a subject capable of apprehending it. The sentient creation can only be the recipient of it as its most imperfect term, and as an end most inadequate to the means employed. The wisdom and goodness of God in the creative act cannot therefore be made intelligible to us, except as we consider it as including the creation of intelligent natures, capable of sharing in the intelligent life of God. As soon as the mind makes this point, it is able to perceive an adequate motive for the creation, for it apprehends a good in the finite order resembling the infinite good which is necessary and uncreated. It is approaching to a finality, for it apprehends that the rational nature is that nature in which the finality must be situated, or in which the ultimate relation of the universe to the final cause must exist. In other words, it apprehends that God has created a *universe*, including all generic grades of existence explicated into a vast extent and variety of subordinate genera and species multiplied in a countless number of individuals, all subordinate to a common order, and culminating in intelligent life. It apprehends the correspondence of the actual creation to its ideal archetype, or the realization in act of the highest possible nature which omnipotence can create after the resemblance of his own essence impersonated in the Word, and of every inferior nature necessary to the constitution of a *universe*, or a world of composite order and harmony comprising all the essential

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forms of existence whose infinite equivalent is in the divine idea.

It is evidently befitting the wisdom and grandeur of Almighty God, that the created universe should represent to created intelligence an adequate and universal similitude of his being and perfections; that its vast extent and variety, the multiplicity of distinct existences which it contains, its complicated relations and harmonies, the sublimity and beauty of its forms, the superabundance of its sentient life and enjoyment, the excellence and perfection of its intelligent creatures, should be adapted to overwhelm the mind with admiration of the might and majesty, the wisdom and glory, the goodness and love of the Creator; that, as far as possible, the procession of the divine persons within the essence of God should be copied in the procession of created existences; that the ineffable object of the divine contemplation, or the Word going forth from the infinite intelligence of the Father and returning to him in the Holy Spirit, should be represented in created similitudes by the communication of being, life, and intelligence, in every possible grade, and the completion of these in the most sublime manner of union to God of which finite nature is capable. This consummation of the creative act is worthy of the wisdom of God; for it is the most perfect act of the divine intelligence *ad extra*, or extrinsic to the *actus purissimus* by which the Word is generated in the unity of his eternal being, which is possible. It is worthy of the goodness of God; for it is the most perfect act of love *ad extra*, or extrinsic to the *actus purissimus* of the spiration of the Holy Spirit, consummating the interior life of God in eternal, self-sufficing beatitude, which omnipotence can produce.

Let us now analyse the composite order of the universe, and examine its component parts singly, in reference to the final end to which this order is determined. We will then proceed to examine more closely the mode by which the end of the universe is attained in the rational nature, and the relation of this rational nature to the end metaphysically final.

Theologians distinguish in the divine nature *esse*, *vivere*, and *intelligere*, or being, life, and intelligence, as constituting the archetype of the inanimate, animated, and rational orders of creation respectively.

The inanimate order, composed of the aggregate of material substances, imitates the divine *esse*, considered as concrete and real, simply; prescinding the idea of vital movement. It imitates the divine being in the lowest and most imperfect manner. The good that is in it can only be apprehended and made to contribute to the happiness of conscious existence when a higher order of existence is created. God loves it only as an artist loves an aqueduct, a building, or a statue, as the medium of contributing to the well-being or pleasure of his creatures. Its hidden essence is impervious to our intelligence. The utmost that we can distinctly conceive of its nature is that it is a *vis activa*, an active force, producing sensible effects or phenomena. This appears to be the opinion which is more common and gaining ground both among physical and metaphysical philosophers.* By active force is meant a simple, indivisible substance, which exists in perpetual activity. It is material substance, because its activity is blind, unconscious, and wholly mechanical, producing by physical necessity sensible effects, such as extension, resistance, etc. Though not manifest to intelligence in its hidden nature and operation, it is apprehensible by the intelligence through the effects which it operates, as something intelligible. Its sensible

* The philosophical works of Leibnitz may be consulted for a thorough exposition of this doctrine. Also the Philosophical Manuals of F. Rothenflue, S.J., and the Abbé Branchereau of the Society of St. Sulpice. The philosophical articles of Dr. Brownson in his Review contain some incidental arguments of great value on the same topic. F. Dalgairns, of the London Oratory, also treats, with the ability and clearness which characterize all his writings, of this subject, at considerable length, in his work on the Holy Communion.

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phenomena are not illusions, or mere subjective forms of the sensibility, but are objectively real. Nevertheless, our conception of them must be corrected and sublimated by pure reason, in order to correspond to the reality or substance which stands under them. Our imaginary conceptions* represent only the complex of phenomena presented to the senses. They represent matter as composite, because it is only through composition, or the interaction of distinct material substances upon each other, that the effects and phenomena are produced which the senses present to the imagination. The substance, or active force which stands under them, is concluded by a judgment of the reason. Reason cannot arrest itself at the composite as something ultimate. The common, crude conception of extended bulk as the ultimate material reality, is like the child's conception of the surface of the earth as the floor of the universe having nothing below it, and of the sky as its roof; or like the Indian conception of an elephant supporting the world, who stands himself on the back of a tortoise, who is on the absolute mud lying at the bottom of all things. It is the essential operation of reason to penetrate to the *altissima causa*, or deepest cause of things, and not to stop at anything as its term which implies something else as the reason or principle of its existence. It cannot therefore stop at anything short of the *altissima causa*, in the order of material second causes, any more than it can stop short of the cause of all causes, or the absolute first cause. That which is ultimate in the composite must be simple and indivisible in itself, and divided from everything else, or it cannot be an original and primary component. For, however far the analysis of a composite may be carried, it may be carried further, unless it has been analysed to its simple constituent parts which are not themselves composite, and therefore simple. It is of no avail to take refuge in the notion of the infinite divisibility of matter. For, apart from the absurdity of the infinite series contained in this notion, one of these infinitesimal entities could certainly be divided from all others by the power of God and made intelligible to the human understanding. And the very question under discussion is, What is the intelligible essence of this ultimate entity?

Another proof that material substance is something intelligible and not something sensible, is, that it has a relation to spiritual substance, and therefore something cognate to spirit in its essence. The Abbé Branchereau defines relation: "Proprietatem qua duo aut plura entia ita se habent ad invicem, ut unius conceptus conceptum alterius includat aut supponat." "A property by which two or more entities are so constituted in reference to one another, that the conception of one includes or supposes the conception of the other."*

The conception of spirit must contain the equivalent of the conception of matter, and the conception of matter must contain something the equivalent of which is contained in spirit. Else, they must be related as total opposites, which leads to the absurd conclusion that in the essence of God, which is the equivalent of all finite essences, total opposites and contradictions are contained. The same is affirmed by F. Billuart after the scholastic principles of the Thomists. "Supremum autem naturæ inferioris attingitur a natura superiori." "The summit of the inferior nature is touched by the superior nature."† Everything copies the essence of God and exists by its participation in his being. There is no reason therefore for any other distinction in creatures except the distinction of gradation in a series, or the distinction of a more or less intense grade of participation in being. God cannot create anything totally dissim

* By "imaginary conceptions" is not meant fanciful, unreal conceptions, but conceptions of the imaginative as an intellectual faculty which reflects the real.

* Prælect. Philos. De Relat. Entis. Num. 103, 8.
† De Angelis. Diss. II. Art. I.

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ilar to himself, because the sole archetype imitable in the creative act, whose similitude is externised in creation, is himself. All things therefore being similar to his essence are similar to the essence of one another, each to each, each grade in the ascending series containing the equivalent of all below it.

The material creation represents the real being of God, as distinguishable in thought from his life and intelligence, in an express and distinct manner. The being of God is the archetype of the material creation, and contains a reason why the material order was necessary to perfect the universe. All geometrical principles are intuitively seen by the reason to be eternal truths. As eternal and necessary they are included in the object of the divine contemplation. The complete and adequate object of the divine contemplation is the divine essence. It is therefore in his own essence that God sees these necessary geometrical truths, not as we see them, but as identical with the truth of his own being in some way above our human understanding. These eternal geometrical principles are the principles which lie at the basis of the structure of the material universe, which therefore represents something in the divine essence not immediately and distinctly represented by the spiritual world.

Without pretending to define precisely what the material universe represents as equivalently and eminently contained in the divine essence, we are only uttering a truism when we affirm that what man in his present state principally apprehends through it is the idea of the immensity of the divine being. The material universe, which has a *quasi* infinitude to our feeble and limited imagination, is an image of God as possessing boundless infinitude, and including an immeasurable ocean of perfections. It is only when the mind becomes so overwhelmed with the magnitude of the creation as to forget its relation to the creator, that its judgment is erroneous. And the error of judgment does not consist in appreciating the material universe too highly, but in appreciating it too little, that is, in not appreciating its highest relation to the spiritual order, with which it is cognate in its essence. The physical, visible world is not to be despised. It is no illusion, no temporary phase of reality, no perishable substance, but real, indestructible, and of endless duration. Its essence and its relation to the final cause are incomprehensible. Its essence is, however, so far intelligible that we can understand it to be a real entity, bearing a similitude to the divine nature, endued with active force as a physical second cause, through which wonderful phenomena are produced in which the divine perfections are manifested. Its end is also intelligible as subordinated to the higher grades of existence and to the grand composite order of the universe.

The next grade of existence is that which represents the *vivere* of the divine essence, or presents an animated and living similitude of the life of God. The distinct type of this grade is in the animal world, but it is connected with the inanimate creation by an intermediate link, namely, that which is constituted by the world of vegetative life. This world of vegetative life represents the principle of life in an inchoate form, and ministers to the higher life of sentient existences, by furnishing them with the sustenance and food of their physical life, and contributing to their enjoyment by the beauty of its forms.

Thus far, the creation is merely good as means to an end, or as the substratum of that order of existence which is capable of apprehending and enjoying good. In the sentient creation, existence becomes a good in itself, or a good capable of terminating the divine will. The countless multitudes of sentient creatures are created that they may enjoy life, and attain their particular end in this enjoyment. Nevertheless this

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particular end is a minor and less principal end in reference to the general end of the created universe. To this more general end the sentient order contributes, by increasing the beauty and perfection of the whole, and ministering to the happiness of the higher, intelligent order.

This third and highest grade of existence represents the divine *intelligere*. It includes all rational natures, or intelligent spirits, created after the similitude of that in the divine essence which is the highest archetype imitable in finite existences. According to the regular series of gradation, man comes next in order above the animal world, and should be first considered. There is a particular reason, however, which will appear hereafter, for considering the angels first.

The angels represent most perfectly the order of pure intelligence as distinct from the irrational creation. By their nature they are at the summit of existence, and participate in the most immediate and elevated mode which can be connatural to any created essence, in the divine perfections. The perfection of the universe requires that it should contain a grade of existence imitating that which is highest in the essence of God so far as it is an archetype of a possible creation. There is nothing conceivable in the divine essence higher than its intelligence or pure spirituality. The divine life is consummated in the most pure act of intelligent spirit, which is the procession of the Word and Holy Spirit from the Father. This divine procession within the divine essence being the archetype of the procession of created existences without it, the latter ought to imitate the former by producing that which represents the intelligent act of God as closely as possible. This intelligent act of God being consummated in love, or complacency in that infinite good which is the object of intelligence, creation, which imitates and represents it, ought to contain existences which are the recipients of love and are capable of its exercise in the highest possible manner which can be essential to a created nature. The creative act would therefore be most imperfect and incomplete if it stopped short with the material or even the sentient creation. Supposing that God determines to carry out his creative act by creating a universe or a world in which the potential is actualized in a universal manner by representing the *esse*, *vivere*, and *intelligere* of the divine essence in every generic mode, this universe must evidently contain intelligent spirits. Intelligent spirit alone can apprehend the image of God in creation, apprehend itself as made in the image of God, apprehend the infinite attributes of God by the intuition of reason, and become fully conscious of the good of existence, capable of enjoying it, and of returning to the creator an act of love, worship, and glorification, for his great boon of goodness conferred in creation. Creation is an overflow of the plenitude of good in the divine being proceeding from the complacency of God in the communication of this good. This communication can be made in a manner which appears to our reason in any way adequate to terminate the divine complacency, only by the communication of intelligence.

The type of intelligent nature is most perfectly actualized in the angels, whose essence and operation are purely spiritual, so far as created, finite nature and operation can be purely spiritual. Whatever is intelligible or conceivable of finite, intellectual activity as connatural, or intrinsically included in the essence of created spirit, is to be attributed to them.

The notion of any composition of nature in the angels, or hypostatic union of their pure, spiritual substance with another material substance distinct from it, is wholly gratuitous. It destroys the distinctive type of the angelic nature and the specific difference between it and human nature. It has no foundation in reason except the baseless supposition that a distinct corpo-

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real organization is necessary to the exercise of created intelligence. Nor has it any solid support from tradition or extrinsic authority.

Some of the fathers are cited as maintaining it. Their language is, however, for the most part explained by the best theologians as indicating not the union of the angelic spirit to a distinct subtle corporeity, but the existence of something analogous to matter in the angelic spirit itself. The angels are called corporeal existences, because their essence is extrinsic to the divine essence, and extrinsecation attains its extreme limit in matter; also because their potentiality is not completely reduced to act, and their operation is limited by time and space. This appears to be also the notion advocated by Leibnitz, and the exposition of the nature of material substance given above, in accordance with his philosophy, removes all difficulty from the subject.

The conception of the angelic essence as completely free from all composition with a distinct material substance, is also at least more evidently in harmony with the decree *Firmiter* of the Fourth Council of Lateran, than any other. "Firmiter credimus et simpliciter confitemur, quod unus est solus verus Deus æternus. . . . . qui sua omnipotenti virtute simul ab initio temporis, utramque de nihilo condidit creaturam, spiritualem et corporalem, angelicam videlicet et mundanam: ac deinde humanam quasi communem ex spiritu et corpore constitutam."

"We firmly believe and confess with simplicity, that there is one only true eternal God . . . who by his own almighty power simultaneously from the beginning of time made out of nothing both parts of the creation, the spiritual and the corporeal, that is, the angelical and the mundane: and afterwards the human creature, as it were of a nature in common with both, constituted from spirit and body."

Nevertheless, by the principle of the Thomist philosophy above cited, that the lowest point of any nature touches the highest of the nature beneath it, there may be something even in the spiritual operation of the angels cognate to material operation, and coming within the sphere of the sensible. We will venture to give a little sample of scholastic theology on this head from Billuart.

"It may be said with reason that the angels operate two things in the celestial empyrean. The first is the illumination by which the intrinsic splendor of the empyrean is perfected, according to St. Thomas and various testimonies of Holy Scripture in which certain places are said to have been sensibly illuminated by the angels. For although an angel cannot immediately produce alterative qualities, as heat or cold, he can produce light, because light is a celestial quality and the highest of corporeal qualities, and the summit of the inferior nature is touched by the superior nature.

"In the second place, the angels operate on the empyrean heaven, so that it may more perfectly and efficaciously communicate a suitable perpetuity and stability to all inferior things. For as the supreme angels who are permanently stationed there have an influence over the intermediate and lowest angels who are sent forth, although they themselves are not sent forth, so the empyrean heaven, although it is itself motionless, communicates to those things which are in motion the requisite stability and permanence in their being. And that this may be done more efficaciously and permanently the angels aid by their operation in it. For, the whole universe is one in unity of order; and this unity of order consists in that by a certain arrangement corporeal things are regulated by those which are spiritual, and inferior bodies by the superior; therefore, as this order demands that the empyrean spheres influence the inferior ones, it demands also that the angels influence the empyrean sphere." *

* De Angelis. Diss. II. Art. I.

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Whatever may be thought of this as philosophy, it is certainly brilliantly poetical, as is the whole treatise of the learned Dominican from which it is extracted. The physical theory of the universe maintained by the scholastics was a magnificent conception, although it has been supplanted by a sounder scientific hypothesis. There appears to be no reason, however, for rejecting the notion of angelic influence over the movement of the universe. The modern hypothesis of a central point of revolution for the universe being substituted for the ancient one of the empyrean, the entire scholastic theory of the influence of the angels upon the exterior order of the universe may remain untouched in its intrinsic probability.

The consideration of man has been reserved, because, although he is inferior to the angels in intelligence, he sums up in himself the three grades of existence, and therefore the consideration of the three as distinct ought to precede the consideration of their composition in the complex human nature. The human nature includes in itself the material, vegetative, animal, and intelligent natures, which represent respectively the divine *esse*, *vivere*, and *intelligere*. For this reason man is called a microcosm or universe in miniature. In certain special perfections of the material, sentient, and intelligent natures, he is inferior to each; but the combination of all gives him a peculiar excellence and completeness, and qualifies him to stand in the most immediate relation to the final cause of the universe, or to the consummation of its end.

What this end is, we must now more closely examine. It is plain at first sight that this end must be attained by creation through its intelligent portion, or through the angelic and human natures. As God is final cause as well as first cause; of necessity, these intelligent natures in themselves, and all inferior natures through them, must, in some way, terminate on God as their ultimate end. God is final cause as the supreme good participated in and attained to by the creation, through the overflow of the plenitude of the divine being. The divine complacency in this voluntary overflow of the fount of being and good was the ultimate and determining motive to the creative act. The good of being thus given is a similitude of the divine *esse*, *vivere*, and *intelligere*. As it is real, or existence in act, it must copy, as far as its grade of existence permits, the most pure act of God in the blessed Trinity. That is, the creature must reflect from its own essence an image of the divine essence, or a created similitude of the uncreated Word, in which its existence is completed and its act consummated. In the material world this is a mere dead image, like the representation of a living form made by a statue or picture. In the sentient world, so far as we can understand this most inscrutable and baffling of all parts of the creation, there is an apprehension by the sensitive soul of a kind of shadow of the intelligible object in sensible forms, and the imperfect resemblance of the life and felicity of an intelligent nature which corresponds to this imperfect apprehension. In the intelligent creature, its spiritual essence, by virtue of the rationality in which it is created, and is its constitutive principle, reflects an image of the divine Word in the contemplation of which its intelligent life is completed. So far as intelligent nature is merely potential, it is potential to this act of intelligent life; and when its potentiality is reduced to act, so as to produce the nearest similitude to the divine intelligence in act, which God has determined to create, intelligent nature, and in it all nature, has attained its finality. Intelligent nature has attained the highest good attainable; and, the different intelligent species and individuals existing together in due order and harmony in the participation of the common good, with all inferior grades of existence sub-

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ordinated to them, the universe has unity and is determined to a common final end.

Thus, creation returns back to the principle from which it proceeded by the consummation of the creative act. As the Father is united to the Word in the Holy Spirit, or in love and complacency, so the creation is united to God by the possession of good and the complacency of God in this good. It is actualized in the intelligent nature capable of knowing and loving God, and therefore having a similitude to the Son or Word. When it is ascertained what the highest union to the Father, or that approaching nearest to the union of the Son to him of which created nature is capable, is, it will be ascertained what is the end metaphysically final to which created nature can attain, if God wills to bring it to the summit of possibility. When it is ascertained what this summit of possibility is, it is ascertained what the end of creation is which is metaphysically final; and when it is ascertained how far toward this summit God has actually determined to elevate his creation, it is ascertained what is the end of creation actually final, and how far it coincides with the end metaphysically final.

This knowledge cannot be deduced from any first principle given to reason. It is communicated by revelation, and by this revelation we learn that God has determined to bring the creation to the end metaphysically final in the incarnation of the Word.

The revelation of the mystery of the Incarnation is concomitant with the revelation of the mystery of the Trinity; therefore, in the creed, the same terms which propose the dogma that the Word is of God and is God, propose the dogma that the Word is incarnate in human nature. The name given to the Second Person in the Trinity, in the creed, Jesus Christ, is the name which he assumed with his human nature. "Et in unum Dominum nostrum, Jesum Christum Filium Dei unigenitum, Deum de Deo, Lumen de Lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero, genitum non factum, consubstantialem Patri, per quem omnia facta sunt. Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de cœlis, et incarnatus est etiam pro nobis de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine, et homo factus est."

"And in one Jesus Christ our Lord, the only begotten Son of God, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father, by whom all things were made. Who, for us men, and for our salvation, descended from heaven, and was incarnate also for us by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man."

The mystery of the incarnation presents to us the idea, that the Word has assumed human nature, not by assuming all the individuals of the race, but by assuming humanity individuated in one perfect soul and body into a union with his divine nature, in which it terminates upon his divine person as the final complement of its existence, without any confusion of its distinct essence with the divine essence to which it is united. By this union, the Word is a theandric person, or one divine person in two natures, divine and human, really distinct from each other in essence and existence, but with one common principle of imputability to which their attributes and operation are to be ascribed. This is the union, called in theological language hypostatic, of the creature to the Creator, which is metaphysically final, or final to the divine intelligence and power; beyond which there is no idea in God of a possible act *ad extra*, and which is next in order to the procession of the divine persons *ad intra*. Through this hypostatic union, created nature participates with the uncreated nature impersonated in the Son in the relation to the Father as principle, and the Holy Spirit as consummation, of intelligence and love; that is, in the divine life and beatitude. The incarnation having been in the view and purpose of Almighty God from eternity,

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as the ultimatum of his wisdom and omnipotence, is the apex of the creative act, or the terminus at which the creative act reaches the summit of possibility. In it the creation returns to God as final cause, from whom it proceeds as first cause, in a mode which is metaphysically final. It is therefore certain that God, in his eternal, creative purpose, determined the universe to an end metaphysically final; and that this end is attained in the incarnation, or the union of created with uncreated nature in the person of the Word.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES Y SAAVEDRA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the value of the precious metals extracted from the American mines, the Spanish exchequer had not been in a satisfactory condition for a long time. War had scourged the kingdom since the conquest by the Moors. Ferdinand and Isabella had indeed dislodged them and their unlucky King Boabdil from their little paradise in Granada and Andaluçia, about a century before the poor Don made his first sally; but it was at a dread sacrifice of money and men's lives. Charles V. was engaged in ruinous wars during the greater part of his reign, and Philip II., his successor (unwillingly indeed), was put to trouble and expense while uniting with other Christian powers to prevent the ferocious sultan from bringing all Europe under the Mussulman yoke. The victory of Lepanto, gained by his half-brother, Don John, somewhat crippled the Sublime Porte and the terrible renegade Uchali, but did not prevent the Algerine and other African pirates from doing infinite mischief to all the Christian states bordering the Mediterranean. Ceaselessly they intercepted their merchant vessels, made booty of the freight and slaves of the crew, and obliged all in the rank of merchants or gentlemen to find heavy ransoms. Now what should have prevented Spain and France and the Italian kingdoms from collecting a large fleet and army at any one time, and battering down the strongholds of these ruthless plunderers, and effectually putting it out of their power to annoy their Christian neighbors? Philip was often urged to co-operate in such a good work, but he preferred to expend time and money, and his subjects' blood and property, on other projects.

An extract from the work mentioned below,* in reference to the state of Spain toward the latter years of Philip II., is well worth transcribing. The author is speaking of Cervantes in prison, sôme time between 1598 and 1603:

"He distinctly perceived, through the splendor and apparent unity of the Spanish monarchy, a muttering and stormy confusion, a thousand strange and opposed groupings; —politicians who in fact were mere favorites, austere gentlemen mixed with *galant* writers, —grave inquisitors condemning errant Bohemians, applying a barbarous law to barbarous hordes, and cauterizing but not curing wounds. Through this assemblage of contrasts he could see a wide separation between the social classes. Two distinct groups ex-

* Michel de Cervantes, sa Vie, son Temps, son Œuvre Politique et Litteraire. Par Émile Chasles. Paris: Didier et Cie.

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isted, not united by any common idea or sympathy—the extra-social world of Gitanos (gipsies), rogues, and mystics, whose lives were independent, and that of the alcaids and corregidors.

"Between these two camps hovered a mixed population so frequently treated of in Spanish letters,—the alguazil, the sacristan, the deserter, the refugee, a hybrid people attached to the law or the church, but affiliated to the *hampa* (illegal bond of union) by character, by nature, by origin, or by interest.

"In a country where poverty was every day increasing, necessity threw thousands every day on a career of adventure. It depopulated Spain in exiling to the Indies her best soldiers. It flung away innumerable renegades to the coast of Africa. It decimated that nobility erewhile so valiant, so full of pride and patriotism. Impoverished gentlemen soon formed a large class of honorable paupers. They endured, with a stoicism purely Spanish, the exigencies of honor and poverty, along with the necessity of living and dying useless to their country."

Let pity be awarded to the poor gentleman who took his promenade toothpick in hand, to impress on his world that he had dined. Cervantes had no need to go beyond his family recollections for materials for this sketch:

"Behold the hidalgo coming out of his house with unquiet eye. His suspicious humor inclines him to believe that every one knows his shoes are pieced, that perspiration has left marks on his hat, that his cloak is threadbare, and that his stomach is empty. He has taken a draught of water within closed doors, and just come forth displaying his hypocritical toothpick,—dolorous and decadire exhibition, which has grown into a fashion."

Political principles and social institutions prevalent during the long wars between the Christians and the Moors were still in vigor at the end of the sixteenth century, when the circumstances of the country had undergone a thorough change.

"During the centuries when Spain was struggling against the Arabs, the chief condition of the nationality was the purity of blood and the Christian faith. The Old Christian (Christiano Viejo), the irreproachable Castilian alone, could be intrusted with the defense of the soil or the government of the country. And now when the enemy was expelled the usage remained. The alcaid (magistrate) did not know the law, perhaps he could not read, but 'he had,' as he said, 'four inches of the fat of an Old Christian on his ribs, and that was sufficient.'"

In the interlude of the Election of the Alcaids of Daganzo, Cervantes specifies the personal gifts sufficient to qualify for the post. An elector proposing Juan Verrouil, thus dwells on his good qualities:

"At all events Juan Verrouil possesses the most delicate discernment. The other day, taking a cup of wine with me, he observed that it smacked of wood, of leather, and of iron. Well, when we got to the bottom of the pitcher, what did we discover but a key fastened by a strap of leather to a piece of wood!

"*Secretary.*—Wonderful ability, rare genius. Such a man might rule Alanis, Cazalla, ay even Esquivias."

Francis de Humillos is considered fit for the magistracy because of his neatness in soling a shoe. Michael Jarret is voted worthy, as he shoots an arrow like any eagle. Peter the Frog knows every word of the ballad of the "Dog of Alva" without missing one, but Humillos stands the examination with rather more credit than the rest; he knows the four prayers, and says them four or five times per week.

The number of wandering gipsies and brigands and thieves of all description was out of all rational proportion with the honest and respectable population. These were united under the hampa, and it was a matter of extreme difficulty to obtain information against any delinquent from a brother of the order.

Little is said about the mercantile or manufacturing classes in books connected with the time of Cervantes. Enough is told of the pride, and luxury, and generally perverted tastes of the great, and hints are given of the kind and considerate demeanor of the nobility residing on their estates to their dependents.

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DON QUIXOTE'S PREDECESSORS.

Spain is not the only country which for a time has set an extravagant estimate on some books or class of books. Even in our own days and in those of the last generation, have not literary furors prevailed for picturesque banditti, and feudal castles, and caverns, and awful noises in vast and dimly lighted bedchambers, for poetry beckoning its victims to despair and suicide, for novels stamped with the silver fork of high life, and lastly, for those which enlarge on the physiology of forbidden fruit? M. Chasles will pleasantly explain the literary *penchants* of the peninsula two hundred and sixty odd years since:

"We have seen the France of the seventeenth century enthusiastic for the Astrea and the Clelia,* and the England of the eighteenth assume shield and spear for Clarissa Harlowe,† but in 1598 and in Spain, the extraordinary popularity of the Amadises resembled a brain fever at which no one dared laugh. One day a certain nobleman coming home found his wife in tears. 'What is the matter? What bad news have you heard?' 'My dear, Amadis is dead.' They could not suffer the writers to put their heroes to death. The infant Don Alonzo personally interceded with the author of the Portuguese Amadis to rewrite the chapter in which the Signora Briolana was sacrificed. These creatures of the imagination assumed a personal reality among the people of that era in the mind of every one. Every one was convinced that Arthur of Britain would one day return among men. Julian of Castile, who wrote in 1587, affirmed (could we believe him) that when Philip II. espoused Mary of England, he was obliged to reserve the claims of King Arthur, and engage to yield him the throne when he returned. Chivalric fictions became an article of faith. A certain gentleman, Simon de Silveyra, swore one day on the Holy Gospel that he held the history of Amadis de Gaul ‡ for true and certain."

* For information concerning these slow romances and their contemporaries, and the great Honore d'Urfy, see University Magazine for February, 1844.

† A school of simple and warm-hearted working-class folk nightly assembled at a forge in Windsor to hear the perilous trials of Pamela read out to them. They watched with unflagging interest her progress through her ticklish trials, and showed their joy in her final triumph by running in a body to the church and ringing the bells.

‡ This first and best of the chivalric romances was composed by Vasco de Lobeira of Oporto, who died in 1403. It was written between 1342 and 1367, and first printed between 1492 and 1505. There is some uncertainty concerning the given dates.

Such were a few characteristics of Spanish life when Cervantes thought of writing his Don Quixote. In his numerous works he had it in purpose to improve the state of things in his native country, and to correct this or that abuse, but he obtained no striking success till the publication of this his greatest work. Alas! while it established his character as master in literature, it excited enmities and troubles in abundance.

YOUTH OF CERVANTES.

Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra was born in 1547 at Alcala de Hénarès. His parents, both of gentle birth, were Rodrigo de Cervantes and Leonor de Cortinas. Their other children born before Michael were Rodrigo, Andrea, and Luisa. His family belonged to the class of impoverished gentlefolk, poor but intensely proud of their descent from one of those hardy mountaineers the Saavedras, who, five centuries before, so heroically defended the northern portion of Spain against the Moors. While the hereditary possessions were growing less and less, the heads of the family would endeavor to compensate for present privations, by relating to their children the noble deeds and the great estates of their ancestors.

Cervantes' paternal roof was probably surrounded by some of the paternal fields, and it is likely that the domestic economy was similar to that described in the first chapter of Don Quixote, where translators have still left us at a loss as to the Saturday's fare, *duelos y quebrantos* (griefs and groans), some guessing it to be eggs and bacon; others, a dish of lentils; others, brains fried in oil; others, the giblets of fowl.

Alcala de Hénarès* was worthy to be the birthplace of Spain's best writer. The archbishops of Toledo owned a palace there, and there the great Cardinal Ximenes, an ex-student of its

* From the Arabic *Al-Cala-d'el-Nahr*, "the chateau by the river."

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college, returned when somewhat under a cloud, and prepared his world-famous polyglot Bible in Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, and Latin. From the day when the great scholar and statesman made the town his permanent residence, it aimed to become, and did eventually become, the intellectual metropolis of the native country of Cervantes. It possessed a university, nineteen colleges, thirty-eight churches, and works of art in profusion.

Whether debarred by poverty or negligence, the last an unlikely supposition, Cervantes did not graduate in the university of Alcala or in any other, a circumstance that occasioned him much mortification in his manhood and advanced age. Émile Chasles thus expresses himself on this subject:

"The graduated took their revenge. When Cervantes acquired celebrity they recollected that he had taken no degree. When he sought an employ they applied to him by way of iron brand the epithet, *Ingenio Lego*. 'He is not of ours,' said they; 'he is not a cleric.' The day when he attracted the attention of all Europe their anger was excessive towards the writer who possessed talent without permission, and genius without a diploma. Cervantes gaily replied, that he admired their pedantic learning, their books bristling with quotations, the compliments they paid each other in Greek, their erudition, their marginal notes, their doctors' degrees, but that he himself was naturally lazy, and did not care to search in authors for what he was able to say without them; and finally, that when there is a dull or foolish thing to be expressed, it will do in Spanish as well as in Latin."

He was smarting under the contempt of the learned asses of his day when writing the preface to his Don Quixote:

"Alas, the story of Don Quixote is as bare as a rush! Ah, if the author could do as others,—cite at the head of the book a litany of authorities in alphabetic order, commencing with Aristotle and ending with Xenophon or Zoilus! But the poor Cervantes can find nothing of all this. There he sits, the paper before him, the pen behind his ear, his elbow on the table, his cheek in his hand, and himself all unable to discover pertinent sentences or ingenious trifles to adorn his subject. Happily a humorous and intelligent friend enters and brings relief. 'Quote,' said he, 'and continue to quote; the first sentence that comes to hand will answer. "Pallida mors æquo pede" is as good as another. Horace will come in well anywhere, and you can even make use of the Holy Scriptures. The giant Golias or Goliath was a Philistine, whom David the shepherd slew with a stone from a sling in the valley of Terebinthus, as is related in the Book of Kings in the chapter where it is to be found.'"

THE FIRST PLAYS AT WHICH HE ASSISTED.

The earliest instructors of our brave romancer and poet were the excellent clergyman Juan Lopez de Hoyos, who took pride and pleasure in expanding the intellects of clear-headed pupils, and the talented strolling actor, Lope de Rueda, who at a time (middle of sixteenth century) when neither Alcala nor even Madrid could boast a suitably appointed theatre, went from town to town, and amused the inhabitants from his rudely contrived stage. This consisted of a platform of loose planks supported by trestles, and a curtain as respectable as could be afforded, doing duty as permanent scene, and affording a hiding-place behind it to the actors when not performing, and to the few musicians who occasionally chanted some romantic ballad.

Rueda had been in his youth a goldbeater at Seville, whence, finding in himself a strong vocation for the mimetic art, he made his escape, carrying some of the popular satiric stories in his head, and moulding them into farces. His troupe consisted of three or four male actors, one or two occasionally presenting female characters, and these were found sufficient to present a simple story in action, the manager himself being an actor of rare ability. These open air performances took a very strong hold on Cervantes' imagination. An outline is given of one of these acted fables, the precursors of the voluminous repertory furnished some years later by Lope de Vega.

Rueda himself, presenting an old laborer, tired and wet, and carrying a fagot, appears before his door, and calls on his wife, who should have his supper ready. His daughter (represented by

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a beardless youth) acquaints him that she is helping a neighbor at her skeins of silk. She is called, and a fierce scolding match ensues, he demanding his supper and vaunting the severity of his labor, she vilifying the fagot he has brought home. By-and-by the discourse falls on a little plantation of olive trees which he has just put down, and the Signora Aguéda de Toruegano forgets her anger in the anticipation of the large profits to accrue from her seedlings:

"*Wife.*—Do you know, my dear, what I've been just thinking? In six or seven years our little plantation will produce four or five fanèques (about fifteen barrels) of olives, and putting down a plant now and again, we shall have a noble field all in full bearing in twenty-five or thirty years.

"*Husband.*—Nothing more likely; it will be a wonder in the neighborhood.

"*Wife.*—I'll gather the fruit, you'll take them to market on the ass, and Menciguela (the daughter) will sell them; but mind what I tell you, girl! you must not sell them a maravedi less than two reals of Castile the celemin (bushel).

"*Husband.*—Two reals of Castile! O conscience! a real and a half * will be a fair price.

"*Wife.*—Ah, hold your tongue! They are the very best kind—olives of Cordova.

"*Husband.*—Even so, a real and a half is quite enough.

"*Wife.*—Ah, don't bother my head! Daughter, you have heard me; two reals of Castile, no less.

"*Husband.*—Come here, child. What will you ask—the bushel?

"*Daughter.*—Whatever you please, father.

"*Husband.*—Just a real and a half.

"*Daughter.*—Yes, father.

"*Mother.*—Yes, father! Come here to me. How will you sell them the bushel?

"*Daughter.*—Whatever you say, mother.

"*Father.*—I promise you, my lass, two hundred stripes of the stirrup leathers, if you don't mind my directions. Now what'll be the price?

"*Daughter.*—Whatever you like, father.

"*Mother.*—How! Ah, here's for your 'whatever you like.' (*She beats her.*) Take that, and maybe it'll teach you to disobey me.

"*Father.*—Let the child alone.

"*Daughter.*—Ah, mother, mother, don't kill me! (*Cries out; a neighbor enters.*)

"*Neighbor.*—What's this, what's this? Why do you beat the little girl?

"*Wife.*—Ah, sir, it's this wasteall that wants to give away all we have for nothing. He'll put us out of house and home. Olives as large as walnuts!

"*Husband.*—I swear by the bones of my ancestors that they are no bigger than grains of millet.

"*Wife.*—I say they are.

"*Husband.*—I say they're not.

"*Neighbor.*—Will you please, ma'am, to go inside? I undertake to make all right. (*She enters the house.*) Now, my friend, explain this matter. Let us see your olives. If you have twenty fanègues, I will purchase all.

"*Father.*—You don't exactly comprehend. The fact is—do you see?—and to tell the honest truth, the olives are not just in the house, though they are ours.

"*Neighbor.*—No matter. Sure it's easy to get them brought here. I'll buy them at a fair price.

"*Daughter.*—My mother says she must get two reals* the bushel.

"*Neighbor.*—That's rather dear.

"*Father.*—Now isn't it, sir?

"*Daughter.*—My father only asks a real and a half.

"*Neighbor.*—Let us see a sample.

"*Husband.*—Ah, don't ask to talk about it farther. I have to-day put down a small plot of olives. My wife says that within seven or eight years we'll be able to gather four or five fanègues of fruit from them. She is to collect them, I to take them on the ass to market, and our daughter to sell them, and she must not take less than two reals. She says yes, I say no, and that's the whole of it.

"*Neighbor.*—A nice affair, by my faith! The olives are hardly planted, and yet your daughter has been made to cry and roar about them.

"*Daughter.*—Very true indeed, sir, what you say.

"*Father.*—Don't cry any more, Menciguela. Neighbor, this little body is worth her weight in gold. Go, lay the table, child. You must have an apron out of the very first money I get for the olives.

"*Neighbor.*—Good-by, my friend; go in and be agreeable with your wife.

"*Father.*—Good-by, sir. (*He and his daughter go in.*)

"*Neighbor, alone.*—It must be owned that some things happen here below beyond belief. Ouf! quarrel about olives before they're in existence!"

The reader will easily recognize the

* This has been substituted for fifteen deniers, about three farthings, the amount in M. Chasles' version.

* The Spaniards keep their accounts in piastres, reals, and maravedis, the first-named being worth about 8s. 6d. of our money. Thirty-four maravedis make a real, eight reals a piastre. The real mentioned in the text was probably a piece of eight or piastre.

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"Maid with the milking pail" at the bottom of this illustration. Before the production of any of the regular pieces of De Vega, or Calderon, or Alarcon, or Tirso de Molina, the easily pleased folk of country or town were thoroughly satisfied with Rueda's repertory. When the talented stroller died in 1567, he was honored with a costly funeral, and solemnly interred in the cathedral of Cordova. Strange contrast between his posthumous fortune and that of Molière!

The impression made on Cervantes by the performances on Rueda's platform was strong and lasting. He ever retained a high respect for the talent of observation, the native genius and the good sense of Lope de Rueda.

In the preface to his own plays, Cervantes left an inventory of the theatrical properties of the strolling establishments in his youth:

"All the materials of representation were contained in a sack. They were made up of four jackets of sheepskin, laced with gilt leather, four beards, as many wigs, four shepherd's crooks. The comedies consisted of eclogues or colloquies between two or three shepherds and one shepherdess. They prolonged the entertainments by means of interludes, such as that of the *Negress*, the *Kaffian*, the *Fool*, or that of the *Biscayan*,—four personages played by Lope as well as many others, and all with the greatest perfection and the happiest natural ability that can be imagined."

One evening in the old age of Cervantes, the company around him were discussing the living actors and the present condition of the theatre. Among other things they treated of the infancy of the Spanish stage, and the artist who first essayed to make it something better than a platform for tumbling. Cervantes at once brought forward the claims of his early master:

"I remember having seen play the great comedian Lope de Rueda, a man distinguished for his intelligence and his style of acting. He excelled in pastoral poetry. In that department no one then or since has shown himself his superior. Though then a child, and unable to appreciate the merit of his verses, nevertheless when I occasionally repeat some couplets that have remained in my memory, I find that my impression of his ability is correct."

HIS FIRST STEP IN LIFE.

The young admirer of Lope de Rueda exhibited in his temperament and appearance more of the soldier than the poet. With his high forehead, his arched eyebrows, his hair flung behind, his firm-set mouth, he seemed to present little of the imaginative dreamer. However, there was that in the delicate contours of the countenance, in the searching look, in the fire of the large dark eyes, which betrayed the ironical powers of the observant man of genius. No doubt he had the literary instincts somewhat developed by the practical lessons of Rueda, but military aspirations had the ascendant for the time. Though his brother Rodrigo had departed for the war in Flanders, and it seemed as if he was destined to remain at home with his family, fate and inclination were against this arrangement. However, the first step he took in life was not in the direction of the battle-field. An Italian cardinal took him to Rome in quality of secretary. The brave Don John, half-brother of Philip II., was appointed general of the league arming against the Grand Turk at the same time, and the young and ardent Miguel eagerly took arms under him, and was present at the memorable naval engagement of Lepanto. Philip did not enter with much good-will into this strife, and prevented any advantages that might result from the glorious victory by shortly withdrawing his brother from the command of the allied forces of Christendom. The enthusiastic young soldier received three wounds as well as a broken arm in the fight. This was in the year 1571, and until 1575 we find Cervantes attending Don John in his contentions with the Mohammedan powers on the coast of Africa, in which the chivalric commander was hampered by the ill-will of his brother, Philip II. He went into the Low Countries much against his will, and after several victories met a premature death there in 1578, when only thirty-two years old.

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CAPTIVE IN ALGIERS.

Cervantes received from his great-souled commander written testimonials of his valiant conduct and moral worth, and sailed for Spain from Naples in the year 1578. On the voyage the vessel was attacked by three Turkish galliots; those who fell not in the engagement were made prisoners, and our hero became the slave of a lame renegade called the "Cripple," in Arabic, Dali Mami.

The Algerians, rigid Mussulmans as they were, killed as few Christians in these attacks as they could. Slaves and ransoms were the cherished objects of their quests, and as soon as could be after the landing in Algiers, the classification was made of "gentles and commons." The captors were cunning in their generation, and this was the process adopted for the enhancement of their live property.

The captive's owner proceeded with wonderful skill to raise the value of his goods. While the slave declared his poverty, and lowered his station in order to lower the terms of his ransom, the master affected to treat his victim with the greatest respect. He gave him almost enough of nourishment, and professed he was ruining himself for the other's advantage through pure deference and good-will; and slipped in a word as to his hopes of being repaid for his outlay. The prisoner might undervalue himself as much as he chose, "he was merely a private soldier." Ah, his master knew better; the man of the ranks was a general, the man before the mast a *caballero*, the simple priest an archbishop.

"'As for me,' said the captive Dr. Sosa, 'who am but a poor clerk, they made me bishop by their own proper authority, and *in plenitudine potestatis*. Afterwards they appointed me the private and confidential secretary of the Pope. They assured me that I had been for eight days closeted with His Holiness in a chamber, where we discussed in the most profound secrecy the entire affairs of Christendom. Then they created me cardinal, afterwards governor of Castel Nuovo at Naples; and at this present moment I am confessor to Hor Majesty the Queen of Spain.' In vain Dr. Sosa renounced these honors. They produced witnesses, both Christians and Turks, who swore to having seen him officiating as cardinal or governor."

The letters of Don John of Austria having been found on Cervantes, the poor soldier of Lepanto became at once a great lord, from whom a large ransom might be expected. They began with genuflexions, and frequently ended with the scourge, not in his case, however. Many poor wretches, to save themselves from the horrible treatment they endured, or expected to endure, became Mohammedans, on which they immediately obtained their liberty, were set on horseback, with fifty Janissaries on foot, serving as cortège, the king defraying the expense of the ceremony, bestowing wives on the hopeful converts, and offering them places among his Janissaries.

Cervantes became the centre, round which the hopes of many poor captives were grouped. He made several attempts at evasion, and, strange to say, was not in any instance punished by his otherwise cruel master.

Several Christians enjoying the benefit of safe conduct were free to come and go among these Algerines, and the Redemptorist Fathers enjoyed thorough freedom, as through them the ransoms were chiefly effected. A Spanish gentleman being set at liberty, carried a letter from our hero home to his family, and in consequence the brave old hidalgo, his father, mortgaged his little estate, took the dowries of his two daughters, and forwarded all to his son for the liberation of himself and his brother, who was also in captivity. When he presented himself to Dali Mami with this sum in his hands the renegade cripple only laughed at him. He and Rodrigo were men of too much importance to be ransomed for so trifling a sum.

The cruel viceroy of Algiers having spent his allotted time in charge of that nest of vultures, was replaced by a governor still more cruel, under whom Cervantes made a desperate effort to escape, and carry off forty or fifty fel-

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low-captives with him. He paid his brother's ransom, and he, when set at liberty, managed to send a vessel near the spot where Miguel had his companions in safety in a grotto of a certain garden. Through some mismanagement the descent failed, and the hiding-place was revealed by the treachery of a trusted individual. All were brought before the new Viceroy Hassan, and Cervantes avowed himself the chief and only plotter among them. Hassan used flattery, promises, and threats to induce the intrepid Spaniard to criminate a certain brother Redemptorist as privy to the plot, in order that he might come at a much coveted sum of money which he knew to be in his possession. All was in vain. Cervantes was not to be turned from the path of loyalty, and when every one expected sentence of death to be pronounced on him at the moment, Hassan became suddenly cool, and merely ordered him to be removed.

The bagnio of Hassan was a sufficiently wretched place, but while our hero sojourned there, he made it as cheerful as he could by composing poetical pieces and reciting them, and getting up a Spanish comedy. There were forty priests in it at the time, and these performed their clerical duties as if at liberty. They celebrated mass, administered holy communion, and preached every Sunday. When Christmas approached, he arranged a mystery, such as he had seen performed in his native Alcala under the direction of the ingenious Lope de Rueda. All were prepared,—the shepherds' dresses, the crib, the stable, etc.; the guardian admitting outsiders at a small charge, and a shepherd reciting the opening verses of the entertainment, when a Moor entered in hot haste, and shouted out to all to look to their safety, as the Janissaries were rushing through the streets, and killing the Christians. Some clouds on the northern horizon had been taken for the Christian fleet under Don John, and the terrible guards determined to put it out of the Christian captives' power to aid the attack. The massacre ceased on the clearing away of the vapors.

About that time, Philip II. was collecting a large naval force in the Mediterranean for the ostensible purpose of storming Algiers, though in reality his intent was merely to seize on the kingdom of Portugal. Its romantic sovereign, Don Sebastian, the hero of one of Miss Porter's romances, had just been slain in Morocco, and his successor Henry, whose days were numbered, was unable to cross his projects. The report of Philip's meditated descent inspired Cervantes with a project of a general rising of the slaves. He even addressed to the sombre king, through his secretary Mateo Vasquez, a remonstrance and encouragement, of which we present a few extracts:

"High and powerful lord, let the wrath of thy soul be enkindled. Here the garrison is numerous, but without strength, without ramparts, without shelter. Every Christian is on the alert; every Mussulman is watching for the appearance of the fleet as the signal for flight. Twenty thousand Christians are in this prison, the key of which is in your hands. We all, with clasped hands, on bended knees, and with stifled sobs, and under severe tortures, beseech thee, puissant lord, to turn your pitying looks towards us, your born subjects, who lie groaning here. Let the work courageously begun by your much loved father be achieved by your hand."

Hassan employed the slaves in building fortifications for his garrison, but he kept Cervantes strictly guarded. "When my disabled Spaniard," said he, "is under guard, I am sure of the city, the prisoners, and the port." But though well watched, the restless captive made three other attempts at escape, for each of which he was to receive, but did not, two thousand bastinadoes. In the fourth attempt, two merchants who were compromised, and feared he might betray them under the torture, offered to pay his ransom, and thus secure his departure, but he did not accept the terms. He braved the examination, and would

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not reveal the names of any accomplices except four who were already out of danger. Strange to say, even this time he escaped without punishment. A renegade, Maltrapillo, high in Hassan's confidence, and who seems to have entertained great esteem for the fearless and generous character of Cervantes, probably saved his back sundry stripes on these different occasions. On this subject we quote some lines from M. Chasles:

"Either through the interference of Maltrapillo or the influence exercised by the noble character of Cervantes on all around him, this time again he was spared by Hassan. How was he enabled so many times to escape his master's rage? In following his fortunes through these years of trial, I am struck by the mysterious influence of his noble character on the events and the persons by whom he was surrounded. In the midst of a diverse population incessantly changing, among a crowd of soldiers and captive doctors, he occupied an exceptional station. Brothers of Mercy, Christian merchants, renegades, all recognize in him a moral superiority. 'Every one,' says the eye-witness Pedrosa, 'admired his courage and his disposition.'"

The acts of kindness done by the renegades to the captives were not small nor few. Nearly all of them had conformed through the immediate prospect of promotion, or fear of punishment, and there was scarcely a conscientious Mussulman among every hundred of them. In general they were anxious to obtain from the captives about to be ransomed certificates of their own good offices towards them. These were intended to be available for some possible future contingencies.

The poor sorrowful father continued to make unavailing efforts for his ransom. He even disturbed the court officials with representations of his son s services and sufferings; but "circumlocution" was a word understood even in Madrid and in the days of Philip II. The afflicted and impoverished gentleman died in dragging his suit through the lazy and unpatriotic officials, and if ever a death resulted from heartbreak his was one. Still his mother, his brother Rodrigo, and his sister Andrea exerted themselves, and dispatched to Algiers 300 crowns. A strong representation at the court insured in addition the amount of a cargo then consigned to Algiers, which produced only sixty ducats, say £30. These sums were not sufficient, and the heart sick captive would have been carried by Hassan to Constantinople, his viceroyalty having expired, only for the deficiency being made up by the Brothers of Mercy, Christian merchants, etc., who were "tightly targed" for that purpose by the good-hearted and zealous brother superior, Gil. This providential redemption occurred in 1580.

Before he quitted his abode of little ease he had the forethought to demand a public scrutiny of his conduct by the Christian authorities. Witnesses in great number came forward to testify to his worth. The following facts were irrevocably established. He had rescued one man from slavery only for the treachery of Blanco. The pure morality of his life was attested by a gentleman of high standing. Others proved his many acts of charity to the unfortunate and to children, all done as secretly as possible. He had contrived the escape of five captives. A gentleman, Don Diego (James) de Benavides, furnished this testimony:

"On coming here from Constantinople, I asked if there were in the city any gentlemen by birth. I was told there was one in particular—a man of honor, noble, virtuous, well-born, the friend of caballeroes, to wit, Michael de Cervantes. I paid him a visit. He shared with me his chamber, his clothes, his money. In him I have found a father and a mother."

The declarations of Brother Gil and of Rev. Dr. Sosa solemnly confirmed the facts brought forward by numerous captives. Sosa wrote his declaration while still in irons, and avowed with a mixture of dignity and feeling that his principles would have prevented him from allowing himself such inti-

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macy with Cervantes, had he not considered him in the light of an earnest Christian, liable to martyrdom at any moment.

A scrutiny was also made in Spain at the request of the elder Cervantes, in 1578, and both the justifying documents, signed by notaries, are still in existence.

"Ah!" says Haedo (himself an eye-witness of the sufferings of the Christians in that vulture's nest), "it had been a fortunate thing for the Christians if Michael Cervantes had not been betrayed by his own companions. He kept up the courage and hopes of the captives at the risk of his own life, which he imperilled four times. He was threatened with death by impaling, by hanging, and by burning alive; and dared all to restore his fellow-sufferers to liberty. If his courage, his ability, his plans, had been seconded by fortune, Algiers at this day would belong to us, for he aimed at nothing less."

Cervantes did not put his own adventures in writing. The captive in Don Quixote said with reference to them, "I might indeed tell you some strange things done by a soldier named Saavedra. They would interest and surprise you, but to return to my own story." The disinterested hero had more at heart the downfall of Islamism than his own glorification.

HIS RESTORATION TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Cervantes touched his native land again with no very brilliant prospect before him. His father was dead; his mother could barely support herself, his brother was with the army, and his friends dispersed. Still the first step on his beloved Spain gave him great joy, afterwards expressed through the mouth of the captive in Don Quixote:

"We went down on our knees and kissed our native soil, and then with eyes bathed in tears of sweet emotion we gave thanks to God. The sight of our Spanish land made us forget all our troubles and sufferings. It seemed as if they had been endured by others than ourselves, so sweet it is to recover lost liberty."

At the time of his arrival king and court were at Badajos, watching the progress of the annexation of Portugal. He joined the army, and during the years 1581, '2, '3, shared in the battles between Philip and the Prior Antonio de Ocrato, the latter being assisted by the French and English. In one of these fights the Spanish admiral ordered the brave Strozzi, wounded and a prisoner, to be flung into the sea. At the engagement of the Azores, Rodrigo Cervantes and another captain flung themselves into the sea, and were the first to scale the fortifications, thus giving their soldiers a noble example.

MARRIAGE AND SUBSEQUENT TROUBLES.

He lived in Lisbon a short time and composed his Galatea there. Next year he returned to Madrid, and married the lady Dona Catalina de Palacios y Salazar y Vomediano. She was of a noble family, but her dowry consisted of a few acres of land. In the marriage contract, signed in presence of Master Alonzo de Aguilera, and still in existence, mention is made of half a dozen fowl forming part of the fortune brought by her to the soldier and poet. The marriage was celebrated 12th December, 1584, at the bride's residence, Esquivias, a little town in the neighborhood of the capital.

He now betook himself seriously to literature, published the Galatea, and began to write for the theater. At first he was very successful, but on a sudden Lope de Vega came on the scene, and exhibited such dramatic aptitude and genius and mental fertility, that managers and actors and audience had no ears for any other aspirant to dramatic reputation, and poor Cervantes found his prospect of fame and independence all at once clouded. The pride of the Spanish hidalgo and "Old Christian"* had been much

* One unsuspected of having Moorish or Jewish blood in his veins.

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modified by his life in the army and bagnio, and his good common sense told him that it was his duty to seek to support his family by some civil occupation rather than indulge his family pride, and suffer them and himself to starve.

But oh, Apollo and his nine blue stockings! what was the occupation dropped over our soldier-poet's head, and doing all in its power to extinguish his imaginative and poetic faculties? Nothing more nor less than the anti-romantic duties of a commissary. Well, well, Spain was no more prosaic than other countries, and Cervantes had brothers in his mechanical occupations. Charles Lamb's days were spent in adding up columns of "long tots." Burns gauged whiskey casks and kept an eye on private stills; Shakespeare adjusted the contentions of actors, and saw that their exits and entrances did not occur at the wrong sides; perhaps the life of the mill-slave Plautus furnished as much happiness as any of the others. The mill-stones got an occasional rest, and he was in enjoyment for the time, when reading comic scenes from his tablets or scrolls, and listening to the outbursts of laughter that came from the open throats of his sister and brother drudges.

The Invincible Armada, while preparing to make a hearty meal on England, had need meantime of provender while crossing the rough Biscayan sea, and four commissaries were appointed to collect provisions for that great monster, and for the behoof of the Indian fleets. Cervantes was one of the four, Seville appointed his head-quarters, and his time most unpoetically employed collecting imposts in kind from all tax-paying folk.

The regular clergy (houses of friars and monks) were at the time at deadly feud with his Most Catholic Majesty, Philip II., and refused to pay him tribute. They founded their refusal on a papal bull; and on the other side, the alcaids produced the royal warrant. Between the contending powers the author of Galatea found himself sufficiently embarrassed.

For some years Cervantes endured a troubled and wretched existence in such employment as the above, in purchasing corn for the use of the galleys, and in making trips to Morocco on public business. He solicited the government for an office in the Indies, and was on the point of obtaining it when some influence now unknown frustrated his hopes. He describes his condition and that of many other footballs of fortune in the Jealous Estremaduran:

"In the great city of Seville he found opportunities of spending the little he had left. Finding himself destitute of money, and not better provided with friends, he tried the means adopted by all the idle hangers-on in that city, namely, a passage to the Indies, the refuge of the outcasts of Europe, the sanctuary of bankrupts, the inviolable asylum of homicides, paradise of gamblers who are there sure to gain, resort of women of loose lives, where the many have a prospect, and the few a subsistence."

Our poet not being born with an instinct for regular accounts and being charged to collect arrears of tax in Granada to the amount of two millions of maravedis, say £1,500, found his task difficult among people who were slow in committing to memory the rights of the crown. His greatest mistake was the intrusting of a considerable sum to a merchant named Simon Freire de Luna in order to be deposited in the treasury at Madrid. Simon became bankrupt, and Cervantes was cast into prison for the deficiency in his accounts. He was soon set at liberty, but the different appearances he was obliged to make before the courts of Seville, Madrid, and Valladolid were sufficient to turn his hair grey before its time. The judges reproached him for his deficit, the people gave him no praise. The alcaids of Argamasilla in La Mancha gave him particularly bad treatment. Perhaps he recollected it when writing his romance.

Subjected to the interrogatories of the royal councillors, judges, and even

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alcaids, a servant to all merely for means to live, and always moving about, poor Cervantes appears at last to have given way. From 1594, when sent to collect arrears in Granada, to 1598, little can be gathered concerning him, but from this last date till 1603 nothing whatever is known of his fortunes. The probability is that he spent part of the time in a prison of Andaluçia or La Mancha, and there meditated on the vanity of human expectations, and wrote the first part of Don Quixote.

HIS LITERARY LIFE.

Wherever he spent this interval his brain had not been idle—he had passed in review the defects of the Spanish government and of the Spanish character. He had been unable to rouse the king to crush the power of the Algerine pirates, either by the memorials he had consigned to his friend the secretary, or by the vigorous pictures he had presented on the stage (after his return from captivity) of the cruelties inflicted by them on their unhappy captives. He had failed in his great and cherished object, but there remained one reformation yet to be made, namely, of taste among those Spaniards, ladies and gentlemen, to whom reading was a pleasure, and who could afford to purchase books. To substitute a relish for healthier studies was a darling object of our much worried poet for years. It was cherished in prisons, and the first part of his great work written, or nearly so, at the time when we find him again mixing with society in Valladolid, where Philip III. held his court. This was in the year 1603. The following extract concerning his residence and his mode of life in that city, is taken from the work of M. Chasles:

"There is at Valladolid a poor looking house, narrow and low, hemmed in among the taverns of a suburb, and near the deep and empty bed of a torrent called Esguéva. There Cervantes came to live in 1603, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. With an emotion which I cannot express I have visited this dwelling, which stands outside the city, and which remains unmarked by stone or inscription. A well-used staircase conducts to the two modest chambers used by Cervantes. One, in which he slept, no doubt, is a square room with a low ceiling supported by beams. The other, a sort of ill-lighted kitchen looking on to the neighboring roofs, still holds his *cantarelo* or stone with three round hollows to hold water jars. Here lived with him his wife, Dona Catalina, his daughter Isabelle, now twenty years old, his sister Dona Andrea, his niece Constanza, and a relation named Dona Magdalena. A housekeeper increased the family. Where did all sleep? However that was arranged, they all did their work together. The ladies earned money by embroidering the court-dresses. Valladolid, adopted for abode by the new king and by the Duke of Lerma, was then incumbered, as was Versailles afterwards, with gentlemen, with the grandees, and with generals. Our impoverished family was supported by this affluence. The Marquis of Villafranca, returning from Algiers to the court, got his gala-suit made by the family of the soldier-poet, with whom he had erewhile been acquainted. Cervantes was occupied either with keeping the books of people in business, or regulating the accounts of some people of quality, or striving to bring his long lawsuit with the government to a close.

"In the evening, while the needles of the women flew through the stuffs, he held the pen, and on the corner of the table he put his thoughts in writing. There it was he composed the prologue of that work which had been a labor of love in the composition, and in which he employed all the force of his genius. In bringing it with him to Valladolid, he experienced alternations of hope and fear, being fully sensible that it was his masterpiece. 'Idle reader,' said he in the first page, 'you may credit my word, for I have no need to take oath, that I wish this book, child of my brain, were the most beautiful, the most brilliant, and the most witty that any one could imagine.' He had published nothing since the Galatea, which had appeared twenty years before and was an amiable apology for the taste of the times. The book about to be printed was a flagrant attack on the same literature."

Those who despise the old books of chivalry, and have probably never opened one, are too ready to undervalue Cervantes' apprehension about bringing out his book, and the service it eventually rendered to society and literature. We recommend an indifferent individual of this way of thinking to peruse about the eighth of the contents of one of the con-

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demned volumes of Don Quixote's library, and work himself into the conviction that the body of the Spanish readers of 1603, ladies and gentlemen, not only admired such compositions more than living readers admire the most popular writings of our times, but in many instances believed the contents to be true.

Let us hope that there is some mistake about the non-accommodation afforded to the seven individuals of Cervantes' family, six of whom were of gentle blood. It is easy to imagine what delightful evenings they would have enjoyed if tolerably comfortable with regard to furniture and space, the soldier-poet reading out some passages from the Don, or the Exemplary Novels, or one of his plays, and the well-bred women plying their needles, listening with interest, and occasionally breaking out into silvery laughs at the comic misfortunes of the knight, or the naive pieces of roguery of the squire.

We can readily imagine the desolation of Cervantes' spirit during the troubled years of his official wanderings, his superiors urging him to grind the faces of his countrymen and fellow-subjects, and these entertaining most unfriendly feelings towards himself. The ladies of his family—where were they during this nomadic life of his, and how were they situated? Separation from their society and anxiety about their privations must have added much to the present suffering, and forebodings of things still worse, the companions of his lonely hours.

A pleasant interruption to the monotony and privations of the family life must have been the appearance of the first part of the Don in 1604, and the popularity it soon attained.

HIS LABORS AND THEIR REQUITAL.

Some who merely neglected the author till found by fame, were soon ready to do him disservice by passing censure on the execution of the great work, and even searching for subjects of blame in his past career. Lope de Vega, as we have seen, had put it out of his power to turn his dramatic talents to account. Further, he did not act in a kind manner towards him in private, though outwardly friendly. But Lope's friends and admirers so deeply resented an honest and judicious criticism on the works of the prolific dramatist by Cervantes, that they ceased not during the remaining dozen years of his life to do him every unfriendly act in their power. One was so full of malice and so unprincipled, that towards the end of Cervantes' life he wrote a second part of the Adventures of Don Quixote, distinguished by coarseness, dullness, and inability to make the personages of the first part of the story act and speak in character. The impudent and talentless writer called himself Don Avellaneda of some town in La Mancha, but one of De Vega's admirers was supposed to be the real culprit. Suspicions fell on several, but the greater number centred in Pere Luis de Aliaga, a favorite of the Duke of Lerma, and the confessor of Philip III. He was tall, meagre, and dark-complexioned, and had got the sobriquet of *Sancho Panza* by antithesis.

The wretched attack, for it was no better, was published in 1614, two years before the death of Cervantes. Though suffering from illness, and overshadowed by the expectation of approaching death, the appearance of the impudent and worthless production acted on him as the bugle on the nerves of the old battle-steed. In the order of Providence good is extracted from mere human evil, and to the false Avellaneda the world is indirectly indebted for the second part of Don Quixote, the wedding of Gamacho, the wise though unsuccessful government of Barataria by Sancho, the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and all the delightful adventures and conferences that had place at the ducal chateau, province unknown.

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But between the publishing of the first part of Don Quixote in 1605, and the second in 1614, how had the great heart and head been occupied? Probably with little pleasure to himself. On his return from the wars of Portugal in 1584, he had the pleasure and profit of seeing several of his plays acted, some expressly written to direct public spirit towards a crusade on the Algerines.* Of these he thus speaks in the prologue to his dramatic works, published 1613:

"In all the playhouses of Madrid were acted some plays of my composing, such as the Humors of Algiers, the Destruction of Numantia, and the Naval Battle, wherein I took the liberty of reducing plays to three acts which before consisted of five. I showed, or, to speak better, I was the first that represented the imaginations and secret thoughts of the soul, exhibiting moral characters to public view to the entire satisfaction of the audience. I composed at that time thirty plays at least, all of which were acted without anybody's interrupting the players by flinging cucumbers or any other trash at them. They ran their race without any hissing, cat-calling, or any other disorder. But happening to be taken up with other things, I laid aside play-writing, and then came on that prodigy of nature, that marvellous man, the great Lope de Vega, who raised himself to be supreme monarch of the stage. He subdued all the players, and made them obedient to his will. He filled the world with theatrical pieces, finely and happily devised, and full of good sense, and so numerous that they take up above ten thousand sheets of paper all of his own writing, and, which is a most wonderful thing to relate, he saw them all acted or at least had the satisfaction to hear they were all acted."

Good-hearted, generous Cervantes, who could so dwell on that success in a rival which condemned himself to the wretched life of an inland revenue officer, to the hatred of non-payers of tax, to prosecutions, and to the discomforts of an Andaluçian or Manchegan dungeon, and separation from his niece, sister, daughter, and wife, whom, in absence of data to the contrary, we take to be amiable and affectionate women.

When the court returned to Madrid he and his family followed it, but we find no employment given by him to the printing presses of that city from 1604 to 1613, when he got published the collection of plays and interludes before mentioned. In the same year he published his twelve Exemplary Novels,* dedicating them to his patron, Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, count of Lemos. This nobleman, in conjunction with Archbishop Sandoval, and the actor, Pedro de Morales, had succeeded (let us hope) in cheering the poet's latter years. In the preface he gives a portrait of himself in his sixty-sixth year, distinguished by his own charming style, always redolent of resignation, goodwill, and good-nature. He pretends that a friend was to have got his portrait engraved to serve as frontispiece, but, owing to his negligence, he himself is obliged to supply one in pen and ink:

"My friend might have written under the portrait—This person whom you see here, with an oval visage, chestnut hair, smooth open forehead, lively eyes, a hooked but well-proportioned nose, a silvery beard that, twenty years ago, was golden, large moustaches, a small mouth, teeth not much to speak of, for he has but six, all in bad condition and worse placed, no two of them corresponding to each other; a figure between the two extremes, neither tall nor short, a vivid complexion, rather fair than dark, somewhat stooped in the shoulders, and not very light-footed: this I say is the author of Galatea, Don Quixote de la Mancha, . . . commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. He was for many years a soldier, and for five years and a half in captivity, where he learned to have patience in adversity. He lost his left hand by a musket-shot in the battle of Lepanto, and ugly as this wound may appear, he regards it as beautiful, having received it

* Between the days of Lope de Rueda and those of Cervantes' debut, Naharra of Toledo had made considerable improvements in the mechanics of the art. The sack was rejected, and chests and trunks held the properties. The musicians came from behind their blanket, and faced their customers. He rejected the beards except in the case of disguisements, and invented or adopted thunder, lightning, clouds, challenges, and fights. He himself was a capital personator of cowardly bullies.

* The Lady Cornelia, Rinconete and Cortadillo, Doctor Glass-case, the Deceitful Marriage, the Dialogue of the Dogs Scipio and Berganza, the Little Gipsy Girl, the Generous Lover, the Spanish-English Lady, the Force of Blood, the Jealous Estremaduran, the Illustrious Scullery-Maid, and the Two Damsels.

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on the most memorable and sublime occasion which past times have ever seen, or future times can hope to equal, fighting under the victorious banners of the son of that thunderbolt of war, Charles V. of blessed memory. Should the friend of whom I complain have no more to say of me than this, I would myself have composed a couple of dozen of eulogiums, and communicated them to him in secret," etc.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Cervantes' Voyage to Parnassus, in which he complains to Apollo for not being furnished even with a stool in that poets' elysium, was published in 1614, the second part of Don Quixote in 1615, and that was the last book whose proofs he had the pleasure to correct. He was employed on his Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda,* and wrote its preface, and the dedication to his patron the Count of Lemos, while suffering under his final complaint, the dropsy, and having only a few days to live. From the preface to the Persiles he appears to have received extreme unction before the last word of it was written. From the forgiving, and patient, and tranquil spirit of his writing, even when annoyed by much unkindness and injustice on the part of the Madrid coteries, from the spirit of religion and morality that pervades his writings, and the care he appears to have taken to meet his summons as a sincere Christian, we may reasonably hope that his sorrows and troubles for time and eternity ended on 23d April, 1616 the day on which a kindred spirit breathed his last at Stratford-on-Avon.

And indeed in our meditations on the characteristics of the author and man in Cervantes, we have always mentally associated him with Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott. We find in all the same versatility of genius, the same grasp and breadth of intellect, the same gifts of genial humor, and the same largeness of sympathy. The life of Cervantes will be always an interesting and edifying study in connexion with the literature and the great events of his time. We find him conscientiously doing his duty in every phase of his diversified existence, and effecting all the good in his power. When he feels the need of filling a very disagreeable office in order to afford necessary support to his family, he bends the stubborn pride of the hidalgo to his irksome duties—and it is not easy for us to realize the rigidity of that quality which he inherited by birth, and which became a second nature in every gentleman of his nation. In advanced years he still vigorously exerts his faculties, and endures privations and disappointments in a resigned and patient spirit; and when complaints are wrung from him they are neither bitter nor ill-natured. Even his harmless vanity has something amiable and cordial about it. When he has just reached his sixtieth year he effects a salutary revolution in the corrupt literary taste of his countrymen and countrywomen, and save a few coarse expressions inseparable from the literature of his day, a deathbed examination would have found few passages in his numerous writings which it would be desirous to find omitted. He closed an anxious and industrious life by a Christian death.

* It was published by his widow, Dona Catalina, in 1617.

NOTE.

Towards the end of Cervantes' life he belonged to the third order of Trinitarian monks, and was buried in their church with his face uncovered. These brothers having quitted their convent in 1633, the site of the interment could not be discovered when a search was afterwards made. The house he occupied in Madrid being pulled down about twenty years since, his bust has been placed in a niche in front of the new building.

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ORIGINAL.

SILENT GRIEF.

You bid me raise my voice,
And pray
For tears; but yet this choice
Resteth not with me. Too much grief
Taketh the tears and words that give relief
Away:
Though I weep not, silent and apart,
Weeps and prays my heart.

You like not this dead, calm,
Cold face.
So still, unmoved, I am,
You think that dark despair begins
To brood upon me for my many sins'
Disgrace:
Not so; within, silent and apart,
Hopes and trusts my heart.

Down underneath the waves
Concealed
Lie in unfathomed graves
A thousand wrecks, storm never yet—
That did the upper surface madly fret—
Revealed.
Wreck'd loves lie deep; tears, with all their art,
Ne'er could show my heart.

Complaint I utter not.
I know
That He who cast my lot,
In silence also bore His cross.
Nor counted lack of words or tears a loss
In woe.
Alone with Him, silent and apart,
Weeps and prays my heart.

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ORIGINAL.

THE GODFREY FAMILY; OR, QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER I.

MR. GODFREY AND HIS FAMILY.

ABOUT the time the events of the era 1792 were creating a panic throughout the European world, an English gentleman sat at breakfast with his wife and children in a noble mansion on the south eastern coast of his native island. The newspaper was unfolded with more than usual interest, for the Honorable Mr. Godfrey's sister had married a French nobleman, and the daily accounts from France struck every day new terror to the heart of this gentleman. Until now, he had been what is termed a liberal in his politics, and, alas! an unbeliever in his religion, and had prided himself on bringing up his family free from all bigotry and superstition; he had kept up correspondence with men of science all over the world, and fondly hoped that the reign of intellect "would emancipate the world from evil." His children had been brought up under all these influences, and thus far with success to his scheme. Accustomed from infancy to refinement, elegance, domestic happiness, and intellectual culture, these young people felt that in their case goodness and happiness were synonymous. All that was beautiful they loved, for they had cultivated tastes; all that was noble in sentiment they admired, for their father prided himself, and taught them to pride themselves, on their noble ancestry, whose deeds of daring and renown he was never weary of recounting. Fame, honor, and glory were their idols. Brought up among such genial influences as foster agreeable manners and bring out the most lovable of earth's dispositions, together with an intellectual expression of beauty, and a poetic appreciation of nature's charms, it was little wonder that they mistook strong impulses for principle, thought themselves firm in integrity of purpose, and were disposed fearlessly to launch their vessel on the ocean of life, secure that intelligence and high aims would guard them for ever against shipwreck. But now a change seemed pending. The fear engendered by the French Revolution had somewhat revolutionized Mr. Godfrey's mind, he was becoming more cautious in his theories, and more morose in his temper than he had ever been before. His wife hesitated ere she asked: "Any news of the countess to-day?"

"No; though affairs are getting more desperate every hour. Would she and the count were safe in England."

"But, in that case, their estates would be confiscated, would they not?'

Mr. Godfrey rose uneasily and paced the room. "What is the world coming to?" he said.

A loud ring at the outer gate prevented reply; it was early for visitors at the front entrance. They paused, and listened; soon a servant announced "M. de Villeneuve."

"M. de Villeneuve! why, what can bring him here? Where have you shown him to?"

"He is in the library, sir."

Mr. Godfrey hastened to receive his visitor. "I thought you were in America," he said, after the first greetings were over.

"I went back to France to finish arranging some affairs for my father;

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and well for me that they were settled before these scenes of blood had crazed the populace, or we should have lost everything."

"And now——"

"Now, everything of ours has been favorably disposed of, and my father and his family are settled in America without loss of property; my father is delighted at the prospects of the *new* world, where every man is to be EQUAL before the laws; you know he is an enthusiast."

"Yes, but it is an untried experiment yet, and France is presenting a very fearful spectacle at this moment in endeavoring to follow in the track."

"It is of that I came to speak to you. You have relations there?"

"My sister—do you know anything about her?"

"I and some other friends brought her and her husband's daughter across the Channel last night."

"Last night! across the Channel! And her husband——"

"Has perished by the guillotine!"

"Great God!" Mr. Godfrey hid his face in his hands. "My poor sister! how did she bear it? where is she? how did you come?"

"We came over in an open fishing boat—the Countess de Meglior, Euphrasie, the priest of the old chateau, and myself; it was all we could do to escape detection. I, of course, passed unnoticed, as an American citizen; but the Countess of Euphrasie and M. Bertolot had to disguise themselves and to suffer many hardships. The countess now lies ill in the little inn at New-Haven; she sent me on to tell you of her situation."

"My poor sister! My poor sister! Has she lost all?"

"Nearly so. The estate is confiscated, and save a little money and a few jewels she was able to save nothing; indeed she was too much terrified to think. Mademoiselle de Meglior had been sent for on the first alarm from the south of France, where she had been educated; she arrived in time to throw herself into her father's arms as the officers were taking him from his house; and in less than a week he was no more. Secret intimation was sent to the countess that she and her daughter were both denounced, and they fled, as I have told you."

To hasten to his sister's aid was, of course, the first thing to be thought of. It was some days before the countess was sufficiently recovered to be able to be removed to her brother's house; and even after removal she was for a long time confined to her room.

Euphrasie, her step-daughter, tended her most assiduously, but the poor lady could scarcely be comforted. To have lost everything at once—husband, estate, wealth, power, and position, and to be reduced to depend upon a brother's bounty—it was not wonderful that she should feel her situation acutely. She had lived exclusively for this world's honors; every duty of domestic life had given place to her love of the court and its pleasures. Euphrasie, brought up at the convent and under the guardianship of her paternal grandmother, was almost as much a stranger to her as the nieces to whom she was now newly introduced.

. . . . . .

It was a long time ere the Countess de Meglior rallied sufficiently to appear in the drawing-room of the mansion, and meantime her step-daughter, Euphrasie, was simply her slave. Madame never considered her welfare, or seemed to think she was in any way concerned in the misfortune that had overtaken them; yet never, perhaps, was a child more fondly attached to a father than had been our heroine. Although since the death of her own mother she had for the most part resided away from him, yet her father's frequent visits to his ancestral chateau, and the still more frequent correspondence with his mother and daughter, had kept up a warm interest. At the death of her grandmother she had received her education at a neighboring convent, for her step-mother

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declined taking charge of her. She was summoned home at last in consequence of the troubles of the times; arrived in time to be torn by force from the arms of her father, into which she had thrown herself; passed days of agonizing suspense, which were terminated only by hearing of his death.

Paris was no longer safe; advertised of her own proscription, Madame de Meglior, almost in a state of frenzy, accepted the kind offices of M. de Villeneuve, and, with the old family chaplain, had fled the country, taking with her Euphrasie, with whom she so suddenly became aware she was connected, though a stranger alike to her character and disposition.

Euphrasie, though overwhelmed by the blow, was constrained to hide her own emotions, the better to console one who seemed so inconsolable as the countess, her step-mother. Truly, the poor girl did feel she was as a stranger in a strange land. Until the storm broke forth which drove the nuns from the convent, and let infidelity and irreligion like "the dogs of war" loose over the fated kingdom, Euphrasie had dwelt in happy ignorance of all grosser evil, and with light and merry heart, chastened by earnest piety, pursued her innocent way; but suddenly awakened by such horrors to the knowledge of crime, vice, and their concomitant miseries, she shrank from entering into a world which contrasted with the abode she had left, seemed to her over-excited imagination filled with mysterious terrors, and fraught with indescribable dangers.

She met, then, the advances of her entertainers with constraint; kept the young people absolutely at a distance, and would more willingly shut herself up in the apartment of her peevish, unloving step-mother, to whom she manifested the affection and paid the respect of a daughter, than join with Adelaide or Annie either in study or amusement.

Adelaide, the eldest daughter of Mr. Godfrey's family, was within two months of her eighteenth year—Eugene, the only son and heir, was then sixteen—while her sister Annie was but a year younger; and the merry, laughing Hester had scarcely counted thirteen years. With the compassionate eagerness of youth they crowded round Euphrasie, whom they persisted in saluting as "cousin," and were not a little chagrined to find their advances met in so chilling a manner; they spared no pains to distract her from her moodiness, or hauteur, or ill-temper, or whatever it might be, that made her so different from themselves. Yet moodiness it scarcely could be, for the young French girl was cheerful in society, so far as the expression of her countenance went; and when surprised in solitude, a calm serenity sat on her youthful brow, and she bore the ill-temper of the countess with wonderful sweetness; her mother's impatience, indeed, seemed but to increase her patience, and the harshness she underwent served but to make her more gentle. She was a mystery to her animated young friends, who, loving a life of excitement and intellectual progress, could not understand how Euphrasie could exist in so stupid and monotonous a course.

Yet was the young French girl far from being deficient in those branches of accomplishments which are especially feminine. She played and sang with taste and feeling, but the airs were generally of a solemn character. She loved, also, to exercise her pencil, but it was to delineate the head of the thorn-crowned Saviour, of the penitent Magdalene, or of "Mary, highly favored among women." Earthly subjects and earthly thoughts had no attraction for her, yet there were moments when, as if unconsciously, she gave utterance to fancies which startled her young companions. She would walk with them by the sounding shore, and while they were busy gathering and classifying shells and sea-weed and geological specimens, she, too, would seem to study and listen and learn a lesson, but a far

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different lesson from the one they sought. The young ladies Godfrey were scientific, though in a playful way; there was aim, object, *utility*, in short, in all their seekings. "Knowledge is power," was the axiom of the family; and the members of it might fairly challenge the world for the consistency with which they sought to carry that axiom into practice. But Euphrasie would wonder and ponder, and philosophize unconsciously. She did not decompose the fragments of the mighty rocks with acids as her young friends did; she did not classify and dissect the lovely flower; but she stood in mute wonderment at the base of the rocks, and heard their disquisitions on its strata having been once liquid and gradually consolidating, and said: "What a wondrous history! what a sight for the angels to behold the atomic attraction forming the world's grand order! A true theory of geology would be like a chapter of the *life of God*—a true revelation of his spirit to man."

"Yes," said Adelaide; "science will yet banish superstition from the earth."

"Superstition!" said Euphrasie. "Yes! if superstition means false views of God's relation to the human soul. True science is mystic, and must reveal God interiorly; but true science can scarcely be attained by guesses or dissection. You destroy a beauteous flower by pulling it to pieces, but I do not see how its separate petals and crushed leaves can speak so plainly to the soul as the living plant on the stem, or how your anatomy is a revelation."

"Nay, we discern the uses of the different parts thereby, and admire the structure, seeing how each organ fulfils its office duly, in minuteness as in grandeur."

"But your long words," said Euphrasie; "do they too reveal God? To me they hide him in a cloud of dust. I feel the order, I love the beauty, I am elevated by the grandeur of creation, because nature is a metaphor in which God hides himself and reveals himself at once, but I distrust a mere human key. How can we be sure of systems, unless we spend a life in verification? Did not Pythagoras teach astronomy in the Copernican fashion? and yet the world did not receive the teaching till centuries after. The world receives the theory of Copernicus now on trust; would it be wise to spend a life in verifying it?"

"Have you any other key?" asked Annie.

"There is a key to the lesson which nature teaches," said Euphrasie, in a low tone; "but not so much as to its formation as to its being a manifestation of God. We must not speak of these things; they are too high for us."

"Nay," said Eugene; "they are the very things to speak about, especially if, as you say, they lead to higher things; my idea of science is utility. The old Magian astrologers, the Chaldean sages and Eastern sophists, studied cloudy myths and wrapped up their theories in a veil of obscurity; but the modern idea is *usefulness;* an abridgment of man's toil, and promotion of his comfort. Do you reject all human research?"

"I reject nothing that God has given," said Euphrasie; "but truth is one, error is many. The science first to be taught, is how to discover truth—the next, how to apply it. You say the ancients applied science to other purposes than we; if they applied it to learn the qualities of their own souls, and we apply it to the comfort of our bodies merely, which is the highest object?"

"What, then, would you do?" said Adelaide, a little impatiently; "shut up our books, and sit and dream on the sea-shore on matters beyond all practical use?"

Euphrasie answered very gently, as she rose to walk to the seaside, "I am not a teacher, *ma cher cousine*, but I think mind has its laws as well as matter, and as on the government of our minds so much depends, even in

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our researches after material knowledge, it is likely that the science of mind is more important than that of matter, and necessary for the truth-seeker to study first. But I am getting quite out of my depth; let us go and throw pebbles into the sea."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Godfrey was a kind-hearted and very reasonable woman, in the way in which she understood reasoning. She was bent on rousing her young inmate to energy and action. She was but a *girl*, she said—a girl of seventeen could not have been so spoiled by the insipidities of a convent as to be beyond reclaiming for the tangible world surrounding her; or was it that her thoughts were with the dead, and that the deep sorrow she had undergone had penetrated to the depths of her being? Whatever the cause, Mrs. Godfrey was dissatisfied with the result, and her motherly warmth of heart yearned to comfort the young orphan in her desolation. She let a few weeks pass away in hopes of witnessing a change, but when none came, or seemed likely to come, she thought it her duty to remonstrate with Euphrasie, the more so as the countess being now recovered sufficiently to join the family circle, Euphrasie had no plausible excuse for passing hours together in the solitude of her own chamber.

"It is not good for you, my dear, to be so much alone," said Mrs. Godfrey to her, as one day she intruded on the young girl's privacy. "Rouse your energies to some good purpose, and employ your mind in some definite pursuit; it is very injurious, I assure you, to let your faculties lie dormant so long."

Euphrasie laid aside the embroidery on which she had been employed, and answered meekly, "What shall I do to please you, my dear madam?"

"Why, exercise your mental faculties—study."

"I am most willing to do so, madam; but what shall I begin?"

"Why, languages if you will; but you know enough of these, perhaps; your own language and that of this country may content you. Or will you study German and Italian?"

"I will, if you wish it, madam; though I confess I have no great inclination. It seems to me as if to learn different names for the same thing were not very profitable; and unless I had occasion to visit the countries in which these languages are spoken, I think it would be time thrown away."

"How time thrown away? Could you not read the literature of the languages? That will expand your mind.'

"Literature? Do you mean poetry and fiction—such as your daughters read? I do not care for them. I want to study truth."

"Truth? Yes, but fiction may be covert truth. Tales show us mankind as they are. Literature has a refining tendency, and gives us elegance of taste."

"I should defer to your opinion, madam," replied Euphrasie, with a resigned air; "and when you wish, I will begin."

"Yes," said Mrs. Godfrey, "but not as a punishment; it is as a source of attraction, of interest, that I wish you to cultivate literary tastes."

"I cannot feel interest, madam, in that which will unfit me for my duty."

"Unfit you for your duty! what do you mean?"

"Pray, madam, pardon me; I, of course, defer to you."

"I want no deference, child, save what your reason gives. Explain your meaning."

"I only mean, dear madam, that too much refinement and elegance might make us forget our inherent weakness; teach us to set too high a value on exterior accomplishments, and to forget the tendency to sin ever abiding within us.'

"The girl is raving! Now, Euphrasie, do you honestly believe in the corruption of your heart?"

"I know I am prone to evil in many

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ways, and that I must keep a constant watch over all my dispositions. I suppose I do not know the extent of evil in my own heart—that were a rare grace, vouchsafed to few—but I see nothing in myself to lead me to suppose that I am naturally better than the men who murdered my father."

"Do you feel disposed to murder, then?"

"No; but the very indignation I often feel at their crimes teaches me not to trust myself. Did we give way to our passions, and had we power, who can tell what we should do? Nero showed good dispositions when he began his reign. Alfred the Great was a licentious youth till Almighty God chastened him by adversity, and humbled him through life by inflicting him with an incurable disease, which kept him ever mindful of his former delinquencies."

"Do you think that disease was a good to Alfred?"

"Decidedly; it helped to keep him mindful of the ever-present Deity whom his former life had offended, and probably prevented his relapsing into sin."

"You foolish child! his disease was probably occasioned by the hardships he had undergone during his campaign; it was the natural consequence to damp and wet and bad living. You must study science, Euphrasie; that will rid you of all these foolish notions."

"I will study what you please, madam," replied Euphrasie.

But Mrs. Godfrey's endeavors to make her young protégé comprehend results as *inevitable* signally failed, to her own great astonishment. The girl pursued easily and willingly the course of study marked out for her; was somewhat amused by chemical and other experiments, but could never be brought to declare them necessary results in the absolute sense. "The action of the same spirit that established these relationships," said she, "might at will disturb them; even as the chemical relationship between two substances is disturbed by the presence of a third substance more potent in its affinities."

"What, then, is a natural law?" demanded Mrs. Godfrey.

"A natural law," replied Euphrasie, "is the ordinary mode in which Divine Providence causes one portion of insentient matter to act on another portion of insentient matter."

Her instructor would object to this. "Nay, but there are natural laws affecting mind also."

"Doubtless," said Euphrasie, "there are ordinary modes of acting upon mind, both by the action of matter and by the action of other minds; but as the special object of this life is to reunite, to re-bind man to his Creator, supernatural means are ever at work to effect this object, and of these we can predicate nothing certain."

"Supernatural nonsense, child—who put this precious style of reasoning into your head?"

"Does not religion mean re-binding, madam? Was not man severed from God by disobedience? Was not the whole spirit of religion, both before and since our Lord's advent, founded on the fact that the mercy of God wished to provide a remedy for that fatal act of Adam and Eve? And has not insentient nature ever been made to depart from her ordinary rules, when such departure could forward the cause for which Christ died?"

Mrs. Godfrey was silenced. She did not wish to avow her scepticism and infidelity, but in secret she rejoiced that her own children were free from such a bar to improvement.

The arrival of a box of books as a present to Euphrasie from M. de Villeneuve, who, in a note addressed to the countess, asked her permission "to be allowed to present to the daughter of his departed friend a few works which, he believed, would suit her taste, and which she would be scarcely likely to find in Mr. Godfrey's library, valuable as that library was in many respects," came to help the enemy's

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cause in Mrs. Godfrey's view of the case, for among the works were selections from St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, from Bede, St. Thomas Aquinas, and others of the fathers of the church.

"I did not know you read Latin, cousin," said the girls in surprise.

"Nor do I, except church Latin," said Euphrasie. "I learnt church Latin on purpose to study these books, which my father had promised me as soon as I could read them. M. de Villeneuve must have heard of this promise from M. Bertolot. It was very kind in him to send them to me."

"I wonder you did not say 'it was a special providence'," bantered Annie; but Eugene looked at her beseechingly and reprovingly, so she said no more.

In spite of the new attraction, Euphrasie continued to study the course appointed by Mrs. Godfrey, but in learning thus there was so evidently a want of appreciation of the importance of the study—science seemed to her so very little higher than a game of ball with a little child—that her instructors were fairly discomfited, and inclined to turn her over to the musty old fathers she had the bad taste to prefer to their intelligent elucidations.

The young people, too, were annoyed, for they could not attribute to stupidity the indifference she manifested, and that indifference seemed felt as a tacit reproach of their own eagerness.

"She is not only not stupid," said Adelaide, the oldest of the girls; "she is absolutely clever; she intuitively comprehends what it takes me hours to make out. I began to explain algebra to her, and before a month was up, she knew more of it than I did myself; and when I spoke to her of this new discovery of locomotive power, which has taken us so long fully to comprehend, she gave me what she calls the course of the ordinary sequences of matter, in proof that the invention *must* succeed, if this course of sequences be properly applied; and that then we may travel without horses as fast as we can reasonably wish; 'but,' she added, 'it will be worth no one's while to perfect such an invention, for, travel as fast as we may, we cannot run away from ourselves by any material means.'"

"She is a monomaniac," said Mr. Godfrey; "sensible on all points but one."

"Unless," urged Eugene, "it be true, as she once said, that there is higher science than the science of matter, and that *that* science is the necessary one for us to study."

"*Et tu, Brute*," shouted the father indignantly. "Now, children, let us have no such trash in my own family. Pity your young friend, and withhold your censure. Remember, she was brought up in superstition and ignorance. It cannot be expected that her mind should awaken at once to the beauty of the physical law. But for yourselves, after the pains that have been taken to keep your minds unfettered by the trammels of superstition, it were a disgrace indeed to see you yield to any such worn-out fancies. The close of the eighteenth century must witness higher thoughts."

"The close of the eighteenth century has witnessed terrific doings over the water," said Eugene.

"Yes, and see there the effect of superstition," answered his father. "Had those poor wretches been taught an enlightened philosophy instead of an abject superstition, the reaction would not have produced such awful results."

"Do you then believe, father, that when Euphrasie throws off her religion, she will become such as these men are?"

"No; Euphrasie is better educated already, even from her intercourse with us; besides, she is refined and elegant."

"But so they say is Robespierre. A Frenchman, and one not friendly to him, said to me the other day that his house is the very picture of simple elegance. Besides, the Roman emperors were excessive in their luxurious magnificence at the very time they

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were murdering by wholesale. Nero sang to his lyre the Siege of Troy while Rome was burning. What if it were true that he set the city on fire merely to revel in the luxury of a new sensation, and to realize the emotion he deemed he ought to feel at such a catastrophe?"

"Why, Eugene," said Hester, laughing, "you, too, are growing metaphysical. What will come next?"

"Why, next we will inquire how far metaphysics are true when they teach that mental sensation and moral power are distinct from each other, and that a man may be consequently imaginatively great—capable of every grand mental sensation—and be morally weak; nay, the very slave of his lowest propensities. We have many examples of this."

"So says Euphrasie; and therefore she insists that what we call mental culture is at best but of secondary value, well enough as an assistant agent, but not to be considered as a principal means in attaining the ultimatum of life."

"Euphrasie is a simpleton," said Mr. Godfrey.

Eugene rose to quit the room. He was considering within himself whether Euphrasie were not in the right.

CHAPTER II.

THE EARTHLY UTOPIA, AND THE LOST EMPIRE.

In a little country town where society is scarce, it often happens that people associate together whose rank is dissimilar, for the mere sake of relieving ennui of solitude. Thus in Estcourt a half-pay captain, his wife, the clergyman and his family, the lawyer, the doctor, and their incumbrances, were occasionally admitted as visitors to Estcourt Hall, as Mr. Godfrey's residence was called; and here, though somewhat restrained by being found in such aristocratic society, opinions were sometimes broached which plainly manifested that "the spirit of the times" was working even in that remote district.

St. Simon, Fourrier, Owen, had not then developed the social system which is now endeavoring to sap the foundations of all that antiquity held in solemn reverence; but the principles of socialism to which these men afterwards gave a "shape" were even then fermenting in the minds of many. Disturbed spirits were questioning the rights of landed proprietors, while the sudden introduction of machinery was raising a faction among the displaced artisans. Ominous signs were visible on the political horizon, and perhaps an English "reign of terror," that would have vied in horror with that of France, would have been inaugurated, had not the threatened invasion of the island by Napoleon united all classes anew to repel the foreign foe.

Certain it is that, early in the nineteenth century, it was found necessary to have government agents in many a petty country town in England to watch the progress of disaffection, and five or six shopkeepers could hardly assemble together without the fact being recorded, and inquiries set on foot respecting the purport of their meeting. Rebellious spirits were mysteriously *pressed* to man the royal navy, and the magistrates not only connived at such kidnapping, but frequently designated the individuals whom it was desirable to remove.

This process, comparatively easy when it concerned apprentices, journeymen, or those belonging to the laboring population, could not be brought to bear upon obnoxious members of the gentry with equal facility. Now, Alfred Brookbank was one of these. His father was rector of Estcourt, and, independently of his living, was proprietor of a pretty landed estate, the whole of which by right of primogeniture was to fall to the eldest son, a careless, unprincipled prodigal, who had already involved his family in pecuniary embarrass-

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ments by his reckless expenditure, and brought disgrace on his father's cloth by his loose morality.

His brother Alfred was the reverse of this—astute, aspiring, ambitious, he was smitten with the prevailing mania, and at times talked loudly of the folly and injustice of sacrificing the interests of a whole family to one selfish fool. The girls, too, whose fortunes had been injured by the elder brother's extravagance, lent no unwilling ear to the doctrine of equal participation of property.

Alfred Brookbank was gifted with an eloquent tongue, an insinuating manner, and a gentlemanly deportment. His figure was good, and his features, without being handsome, were agreeable from their animated expression. He was a general favorite; and being prudent enough to avoid the expression of his opinions before the elder branches of the family, it was seldom that he was suspected of spreading sedition and disaffection among the young.

Of Mr. Godfrey's three daughters, the second one, Annie, was, at this period of our tale, by far the most susceptible of these novel ideas. She professed that she would follow truth wherever it should lead her, even though it involved the relinquishment of her own superior rank in society. Mr. Godfrey only laughed at such protestations from a girl of seventeen, well knowing they would not stand the test of experience; but however harmless might be her sallies, he had not calculated on one result of freedom of opinion; Annie began to take pleasure in Alfred Brookbank's attentions, and to feel flattered when he expatiated to her on the beauty of such a system of co-operative industry as would banish vice and misery from the globe and renew the golden era.

"Is it to be wondered at," said Alfred, "that revolutions take place in blood, when property is so unequally divided? nay, when oftentimes the property is in the possession of the fool, while the wise man has to get his living by hard labor? Look at the *rationale* of the thing! One man holds wealth, as it is called, and on the strength of it he must compel fifty men to work for him, while he lives at his ease—the roasted pigeons flying into his mouth, crying, 'come eat me!'"

"But some one must work," argued Annie.

"You mean to say," replied Alfred, "that food must be raised and clothing furnished. True. But how many are employed in really useful labor, compared with those whose occupations might be dispensed with without loss to society, and those who are mere appendages of wealth—mere creatures of idleness—men who, by forestalling their master's wants, make *him* dependent on themselves; who, by surrounding him with luxuries, effeminate him; and who, by pandering to his pleasures, surfeit him, at the same time that by doing these things they degrade themselves; for why should one man be a mere appendage to another?"

"But if all must work," said Annie, "all cannot work in the same way. We must have hewers of wood and drawers of water, as well as poets and philosophers. A community needs a head, as well as hands and feet. Suppose you were elected head of a community, you would need servants to do the manual labor?"

"True, but I would not badge them for it," answered Alfred, glancing at the liveried servants, who were then bringing in refreshments. "All men must work for the common weal; therefore, all labor is honorable; and no man need lord it over another, as if himself were made of porcelain, and the other of earthenware. An American philosopher has lately calculated that in order to supply the world with necessaries, if each grown individual were to work four hours a day, the whole population of the world might be far better provided for than it is now."

"And what would they do with their spare time?" asked Annie.

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"What but improve their minds, and employ their energies in loftier labors—what but grow out of the drudge into the man! Oh! we have yet to learn the wonders that are to be achieved by a well-regulated community. Men are scarcely men yet. Half of them are slaves to the mere bread-winning to support their bodies, and the other half are seeking phantoms—they are trying to find pleasure in lording it over their fellows, or they are driven to excess by the mere necessity of passing away time. It is an unfair position to place a man in, to set him above that reciprocal dependence which binds man to man as equals. It is a practical injustice to individuals to sever them thus from their kind, and prevent their feeling their brotherhood." Alfred continued, warming with his subject:

"There are, deep seated in the human heart,
A thousand thrilling, yearning sympathies—
A thousand ties that bind us to our kind—
A thousand pleasures only there enjoyed
In cheering intercourse with fellow-man.
'Tis thus the voice of nature speaks aloud,
Proclaims from pole to pole the heav'n-born truth:
'Ye are the children of one only God,
Learn to acknowledge your fraternity.'

I think you have not seen my poem on Human Brotherhood, Miss Annie?"

"I have not, but to judge from the specimen you have just quoted, I should like very much to read it. These truths seem so evident now, it is wonderful they have not been discovered before."

"They have been discovered, though not acted on. The fact is that men's minds have been so trammelled with superstition, they have been afraid to tread out of the beaten track. They have been afraid to reason, I scarce know why, even on their own grounds. Yet matters are mending in this respect. I was present the other day when an indignant orator thus addressed his audience: Shall he, the Author of life and light, who has given to man, as the reward of the use of reason, the power of traversing the trackless deep, and of drawing down the lightning innocuous from the skies—shall he deny to his creature the privilege of using his own gift on themes that more immediately concern man's happiness? Oh no! believe it not! Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of light, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' The audience he was addressing shouted applause; so you see the people's cause is progressing, and even Scripture is called in to aid this desirable change."

"I wish Euphrasie could hear you speak," said Annie; "she might begin to believe that there is some good in human learning, and that it can promote true happiness. I must introduce you to her more particular acquaintance."

"No; if she is a votary of ignorance, pray don't. I dislike silly unideaed girls—they are the pest of society."

"But Euphrasie is neither; she is only original and opinionated. Ideas seem to grow with her indigenously; for no one can tell how she gets them; but they are very crude, and directly contrary to the spirit of progression. I wish you would convert her."

"I doubt it would be difficult, and, to say the truth, I do not wish to attempt it. She is not my taste at all. I prefer animation, zeal, sympathy. She looks like a marble statue of Contemplation; well enough in its way, but possessing no interest for me, who am all for practical life."

"Euphrasie is a great thinker, and thought aids practice. You had better enlist her on your side; for there is no saying how much she might assist you, if once she could be brought to see how happy a paradise you have planned for the human race."

But Alfred was by no means anxious for this. He evidently felt that Euphrasie would not listen to him. Perhaps he feared that she would set Annie against himself, and mar his own schemes in her regard; for differ-

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ent as was their rank in life, and improbable as it was that Mr. Godfrey should condescend to ally himself with aught save the high aristocracy, this young man intended, if possible, to secure an interest in Annie's affections. Not that he loved her; his self-love was so absorbing that it was almost impossible for him to love any one save himself; but he thought such an alliance would forward his ambitious projects, and enable him to begin life under favorable auspices.

Annie had no idea whatever beyond the amusement of the passing hour, and was more intent just now on making a convert of the young refugee than in paying regard to the homage tendered her by Alfred. Euphrasie was a difficult subject to deal with; but there are some minds to whom difficulty is an incentive.

She was one day sitting in the library with Eugene, intent in depicting on canvas the glories of the "Golden Era." Euphrasie entered, and sat down to some work. Annie called to her:

"Now, my dear Euphrasie, come to me. You are a judge of painting; tell me what you think of my picture."

Euphrasie drew near. "It is very pretty," she said, "but what does it represent? Those peasants resting under the fig-trees, those vine-dressers plucking the beautiful grapes, have very graceful figures, and most happy and intelligent faces; but what do they belong to?"

"To the new Utopia," said Annie, "where all are intelligent and beautiful, and where discord enters not."

Euphrasie looked dreamily in Annie's face, and said doubtingly: "Heaven? This is no picture of heaven."

"No; it is an earthly paradise, *ma chère amie.* One need not die in order to enjoy it," laughingly rejoined Annie.

"Oh! a fancy piece," said Euphrasie; "well, it is very pretty, but I am no judge of fiction;" and she sat down.

"Fiction or not, I cannot let you off so," said Annie; "do you not think it would be very pleasant to dwell with a goodly number of intelligent people, each taking his own share of work, and aiding in making life happy —all good, all instructed and accomplished?"

"Pleasant? Yes, very pleasant. I have lived with such," said Euphrasie; "but their happiness was of a very different kind to that which is delineated here.'

"You have lived with such! Where, in the name of wonder?" asked Annie.

"In France," said Euphrasie.

"And what sort of happiness was theirs?" asked Eugene, now thoroughly roused.

"I cannot tell you—that is, I could not make you understand. Excuse me," said Euphrasie, evidently sorry she had said so much.

"And why not? why could we not understand?' asked brother and sister, both in a breath.

"Because your principles are so different."

"Nay, then, explain the principles, *ma chère.* You have excited our curiosity; you must gratify it now."

"Nay, I know not how. The principles belong to the interior life, and on that I cannot speak."

"Why not? are you sworn to secrecy?" asked Annie. Eugene looked his request for information, but spoke not.

"Not so," said Euphrasie; "but, in the first place, I am no teacher; and, in the second, there are some subjects which can only be approached with reverence, and I am afraid—" she hesitated.

"You are right, mademoiselle," said Eugene; "we have too little reverence."

Euphrasie looked distressed. But Annie broke in with—"But we can be reverent, and we will be reverent when the case demands it. Tell us your principles, dear Euphrasie."

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The young girl, with evident reluctance, said:

"My friends held that the soul had been originally endowed with power over the mental faculties, as also over the senses and the appetites of the body, and all inferior nature; and that that empire had been lost through man's fault. They believe that no lasting, no high enjoyment can be procured until that empire has been regained."

"What kind of empire do you mean?" said Annie.

"As thus," replied Euphrasie. "We *will* our foot to tread here or there, and it obeys us. We *will* our hands to grasp or to work, and it is done. But when we *will* our feelings to be calm, or our appetites to keep within certain limits, they do not always obey. We resolve, and find that our resolutions fail. We determine, and do not act. When children, nay, when grown people, are taxed with doing wrong, they reply, 'I could not help it.' This is a confession of failure in self-government, or, as might be said, a proof of empire lost."

"That is, supposing it admitted such empire once existed. But do you seriously think that perfect self-government may be acquired, or, as you say, regained?"

"At least a near approach to it may, if the proper means are used."

"And those means?"

"Are too serious for me to mention; besides, they are paradoxical in appearance; for, though impossible to mere humanity, they are nevertheless possible. But you must carry your inquiry to a better teacher than I am;" and Euphrasie rose to depart.

"No; we have no other teacher near us, and I shall not let you go until you have told me what I want to know;" and Annie laid her hand somewhat forcibly on the young stranger's arm, and compelled her to reseat herself.

"Well, then," faltered out the poor girl, "when the soul was in possession of its pristine empire, it had also the power of communion with high spiritual intelligences—nay, with the highest—even with the creative intelligence. The same fault that lost man the high empire over all inferior natures, and over his own appetites and passions, by disturbing the equilibrium which primarily existed in the higher part of his soul, also severed the bond of that high spiritual communion; and that bond must be reunited ere the empire be restored to him. Man of himself cannot reunite that severed bond, nor can he be happy without such reunion; because the higher part of man's soul was created for such high spiritual communion, and can no more be content without it than could our inferior senses without the gratification they require. But what he cannot do will be done for him, if he prepare himself duly. He must build the altar of sacrifice, lay on the wood, prepare the victim. Fire from heaven will then descend for his enlightenment, for his purification, and more than he had lost may be regained."

"You speak oracularly, *ma belle amie*, but I want something more tangible yet. Tell me some of the practical rules observed by your friends; may be I shall better understand your sybilline wisdom then."

Euphrasie shook her head. "They are too minute," she said. "You might even think them childish." But Annie had not yet relaxed her grasp, and appeared determined to be satisfied; so Euphrasie continued: "Nevertheless, if you will promise to let me go immediately after, I will give you one of their rules of action."

"One, only one?"

"One will be enough at a time. When you have solved one rule, it will be the time to ask for more."

"Solved one rule? What do you mean by that?"

"There is a body and a soul to every religious rule—the letter and the spirit. Observance must be yielded to both. I can only give you the body. God only can teach you to understand the spirit of it."

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"Well; proceed with your enigma."

"You promise to let me go, whether you understand it or not."

"Yes, provided the rule is practical," said Annie.

"Well, then," said Euphrasie, "one reason that my friends were so happy together—that though there were fifty of them, there was no quarrelling, no ill-will, no envy—was, that they constantly endeavored, each one of them, to choose for herself the *poorest* things; in her diet, the poorest fare; in her clothes, the coarsest habit; in her employment, the most humbling functions."

"Impossible!" said Annie. "Stay, cousin!" But Euphrasie had already made her escape, and her reluctance to dwell on these subjects in that presence was so evident that Annie did not choose to pursue her, and she was left to conjecture whether the young French girl had been playing on her credulity or not. The mere fact that fifty ladies had been guided practically by such a principle as that given, was clearly beyond her belief. Not so, however, did Eugene decide. His interest in their young and mysterious inmate was ever on the increase. Each word she uttered was gathered up as food for thought. The ideas were new to him, and, not only so, they were *contrary* to those in which he had been educated, and he had but a faint glimmering of their meaning. Yet they worked strangely within him, and fain would he have sought explanation from that pale sybil, but that for to-day she had forbidden it.

When Annie also had left the apartment, he walked up and down in deep thought repeating to himself:

"Man has lost the empire over himself and over inferior nature."

"Man has lost the power of high spiritual communion."

"*But these may be regained.*"

"If this be true, any privation or sacrifice may be undergone for their repossession; too small the price, whatever the cost. But then, how can contentment with the meanest things, or filling the humblest offices, assist this conclusion? And this is but one rule; are the others of a like fashion?" The young man was fairly mystified; that the oracle had emitted truth, he doubted not; but a clue to the meaning of that truth was wanting, and where should he find that clue?

CHAPTER III.

THE "MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE."

THERE was a visible excitement in the house; even Mr. Godfrey, ever so solemn, and latterly so inclined to severity, put on a cheerful appearance; people outside the family were *guessing* at the cause. For a long time, guessing was the only thing they could do; even Madame de Meglior was not in the secret until one morning she received a letter from M. de Villeneuve, which appeared to contain some news, for she said to Mr. Godfrey, who happened to be the only one present: "Brother, can this be true?"

"Can what be true, my good sister?" was the question returned.

"That the Duke of Durimond is coming here to marry Adelaide?"

"Why should it not be true?"

"Why, the duke is an old man!"

"Not at all; he was quite young when he made proposals for Adelaide; surely you remember them."

"Remember them! Do you mean the agreement you made at the dinner-table, when Adelaide was two years old."

"The agreement was made before, between his father and me; it was ratified, then, by himself; he had just come of age."

"And that is sixteen years ago. Will you give Adelaide to a man of seven-and-thirty?"

"Why not, if she makes no objection?"

"Has she ever seen him?"

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"Yes, she saw him in town last winter; 'twas there he renewed his offer; but, in fact, we have always corresponded. The duke is fond of the arts; 'twas he sent those fine pictures you admire so much."

"He can't know whether he likes Adelaide or not, and she never struck me as being in love all this time."

"Pshaw! The duke has proposed; Adelaide is satisfied. The marriage was agreed upon years ago; what would you have? I thought you knew the world by this time."

This was taking madame by her foible, so she said no more. Mrs. Godfrey was simply quiescent: she was not accustomed to oppose her husband's will, and, incredible as it may seem, the young girl herself offered no objection to the marriage announced to her. To deck her brow with a coronet had charms enough for the deeply fostered pride of that young heart to induce her to forego the prospect of love, sympathy, and domestic happiness; she simply coveted rank and power. The duke had immense revenues; he offered ample settlements: what mattered it that he was thirty-seven, and she but sweet eighteen? Marriages occurred every day in which the disparity was more glaring. What mattered it that she had scarcely seen the noble duke; that she knew little of his private life, or of his tastes and feelings? He was a nobleman of high birth; he paid her courtly compliments, presented her with a magnificent casket of jewels; pleaded his long absence on the Continent in excuse for his apparent want of attention to herself; and urged his long friendship and unbroken correspondence with her father as a plea for hurrying on his happiness; and thus, almost unwooed, the fair Adelaide was won. Poor girl, the chief idea in her head was that she should like to be a duchess; and thus both she and her father contrived to overlook the fact that but little allusion had been made to the proposed alliance in the sixteen years' correspondence on art and science that had been maintained between the gentlemen. The matter had been settled years ago. There was little occasion for the world to interfere, if the parties concerned were satisfied. The father's scientific friend was necessarily a fitting husband for the daughter. And so the preparations went forward. The house was filled for a time with dress-makers and bandboxes, and when these were dismissed, there came guests to witness the bridal. Among these was the Comte de Villeneuve, whom we have already introduced to our readers; a friend of both families was the comte, and had been a friend too of the late Comte de Meglior. This made him welcome also to Madame de Meglior and Euphrasie; indeed he treated the latter with distinguished attention, and she seemed more at her ease with him than with any person at the Hall. M. de Villeneuve was thirty-five years of age, but good-looking and animated, and Madame de Meglior was in some slight degree uneasy at first at the evident friendship he evinced for Euphrasie, for she did not approve of disproportionate marriages, and she thought Adelaide's example a bad one. Gradually, however, she became so absorbed in the duties imposed upon her by Mrs. Godfrey of directing the embellishments, that she forgot to look after the object of her solicitude in the subject which suited her better. Living as she had been wont to do in the gay circles of Parisian exclusives, she was regarded as a very oracle of fashion and elegance, and consequently she willingly took the lead in planning the arrangements for the bridal day.

The young people were in a puzzle, Annie especially. It was the first act of unblushing worldliness she had ever witnessed. She felt as if she did not know the world she lived in. She looked at her mother; there was no joy on her face; she looked at Adelaide; already the young girl had

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assumed her rank; the calm hauteur, the majestic politeness, with which she received her guests, astonished every one. Adelaide was born to command, every one felt it; none more so than Annie, who had been so fondly attached to that sister from whom she felt already severed.

"O Euphrasie!" she said to her cousin, as they were walking together in the grounds that surrounded the house, "you must be my sister when Adelaide is gone; it will be so dreary to have no one of my own age to love and talk to; will you not try to love me?"

"I love you already, dear; you must not talk in that way—how can I do other than love you?'

"I was afraid you thought me a reprobate whom it was a sin to love." This was said half playfully, but the tears started to Euphrasie's eyes.

"You a reprobate! a sin to love you who have been so kind to the poor orphan girl! O Annie! have I really been so ungrateful as to give you this idea?"

"No, dear, no! not so; but I seriously thought you deemed all human nature utterly depraved, and did not wish to form strong attachments with those not of your creed."

"If human nature were utterly depraved, how could it hear the voice of God in the soul? and if you here were utterly depraved, would you have opened your house and your heart to the wandering outcast?"

"Then you do not think religion essential to goodness? How is that, then?"

"Man was made in the image of God, my dear Annie, and even his natural qualities bear witness to this, unless, indeed, he become utterly depraved."

"You do not, then, exclude us from your heaven," said Annie, embracing her. "I am so glad; you will be my friend and sister, Euphrasie."

Euphrasie warmly returned the embrace, and said: "I have no heaven to exclude you from, dear Annie, but if you wish for eternal bliss, you must offer your natural qualities to him who alone can stamp eternity upon them."

"And how shall I do that, dear?"

"Pray to God, and he will teach you."

"I would rather have your teaching just now; tell me, if you believe human nature to be good, what is meant by 'original sin,' as it affects us. I know the story of Adam and Eve, but not what it means."

"Adam was created with certain natural qualities, even as the inferior animals were, adapted to the part he was to perform as lord of earth; these qualities were good, nay, in Adam perfect. They are transmitted to us, shorn of their brightness by the fall, but still they are good, though imperfect now. Natures differ in individuals, but some have very high qualities, very lofty aspirations. Have you not noticed this?"

"Well, I used to think so, but—"

"But what?"

"No matter what; tell me, what are we to do with our high qualities more than cultivate them, and act upon them?"

"Bring them under supernatural action, that they may be purified, refined, and stamped with the seal of immortal truth."

"Is this your religion?"

"I know no other."

The approach of M. de Villeneuve, who was gathering flowers for Hester to make into bouquets, prevented further conversation. The merry girl was making garlands, and flung them round Euphrasie and Annie as they approached. "Now sit down here," she said, "and I will crown you both as victims to the sacrifice. M. de Villeneuve shall be the priest. What deity will you offer these victims to, monsieur? They are ready bound.'

"That is a serious question; we must take time to consider, and luckily here comes Eugene to solve the question for us. What divinity rules

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here, young man? your sister wants to offer up these two victims to the genius of the place."

"Indeed, it were difficult to say; ours is a pantheistic worship just now, and we will defer the rite until we know what star is in the ascendant. What beautiful ceremonies those old worshippers used to have! We might raise an altar to Flora, I think, just to use to advantage Hester's flowers."

"Mademoiselle Euphrasie would find a use for your flowers, without going to a heathen goddess," said M. de Villeneuve. "All beauty symbolizes good with her, and all nature reveals some truth."

"What a splendid idea, monsieur!" said Annie. "How did you know that it was Euphrasie's? did she tell you so?"

"Not in words, but I know her of old; to her there was a spirit in every flower, a mystic word in every form. Matter was the expression of mind, its language in a certain sense; and she was ever inquiring its meaning."

"You are laughing at me, monsieur," said Euphrasie; "but those were pleasant days at the old chateau, when you used to scold me because I would not reason, but only enjoy."

"Nay," said Annie, "by monsieur's account you did reason, and very beautifully too. Some people want hard words and long-drawn deductions for apprehension of what to others is inspiration. I like the inspiration best."

"It is the easiest, at any rate," said Eugene.

"To those to whom it comes," said the Frenchman; "the materialism of our day stifles inspiration; men see only in rocks and stones a moneyed value. Niagara is valued less than a mill-turning stream. Inspiration is no longer believed in."

. . . . . .

The wedding-day approached, and all were busy trying to make a show of gladness, which, however, they but imperfectly succeeded in effecting; but what was wanting in hilarity was more than compensated for in dignity and magnificence. M. de Villeneuve acted as groomsman, Annie and Hester as bridesmaids, Euphrasie excused herself on account of her mourning habit, which she declined to remove; she was not visible during the whole day and one or two subsequent ones.

And now the hour was come which was to place a coronet on that fair brow; but could the courtly bridegroom have seen how little he entered into the thoughts of his young bride, perchance he had been but half pleased, even though she was as stately and as fair as his great pride demanded. But love, esteem, or mutual respect entered into the thoughts of neither during the time that the Bishop of Chichester was marrying them by special license, in the drawing-room at Estcourt Hall.

This same arrangement was a great disappointment to the townspeople. They had been desirous of witnessing the ceremony, and were not well-pleased that the duke had not honored the church with his presence. The duke, however, liked not to be gazed at, and the sight-seers had no opportunity of gratifying their curiosity till the bridal party left the house.

The public entrance was besieged by expectant congratulators, who waited to shower bouquets over the blooming bride. But here again they were doomed to disappointment; for, to avoid this publicity, which was distasteful to them, the bridal party walked through that portion of the splendid grounds which had been specially decorated for the occasion, and entered their carriages at the opposite side of the park. They were, however, obliged to pass through part of the town, and shouts of "they come —they come!" resounded as the carriages made their appearance. The road lay down a deep hollow, on the turn leading to which stood a small inn. The road was so steep that the drivers necessarily checked the horses, in order to pass safely down the declivity. At the cry raised of "they come

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—they come!" a woman elegantly dressed ran out of the inn, and gazed wildly at the carriages. At that moment the duke put his head out of the window to see what occasioned the delay, caught the eye of the woman, turned pale, and hastily bade the coachman drive on.

The woman shrieked, rather than said, "'Tis he! O my God!" and fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The bystanders raised her—the carriage passed; but the spirit of the crowd seemed changed, they scarcely knew why; they crowded round the woman; they questioned her; and each seemed eager to afford her help. But, as soon as her strength permitted, she withdrew without gratifying their evident curiosity, merely apologizing for her passing weakness, and deliberately saying she would recover best when alone. The style, the manner, the elegance of the stranger interested them all, and with difficulty did they persuade themselves to abandon their inquiries. The groups which had collected to congratulate the bride were now occupied in discussing the appearance of the stranger, and many surmises were hazarded as to her connection with the newly wedded pair.

Meantime that lady ordered a post-chaise to be got ready, and, ere half recovered, entered it, to the great discomfiture of the gaping crowd, whom she thus left to their conjectures.

The landlord was now besieged with questions, but he could tell nothing of importance. The lady came the previous evening; gave her name as Mrs. Ellwood; made many inquiries concerning the family at Estcourt Hall, and had the duke's person described to her; seemed restless, agitated; went out, and hovered round Mr. Godfrey's residence till nightfall; then returned and locked herself immediately in her bed-chamber. In the morning she rose late, ate little or nothing, but sat watching and listening intently, till she issued forth to enact the scene described. The townspeople shook their heads, and wished Miss Godfrey, now the Duchess of Durimond, might not be the worse for it. Adelaide had been very popular among them, and the public festivities on the occasion of her wedding were not so mirthful as, but for this incident, they would have been.

The inmates of the hall, however, were as yet in happy ignorance of the ominous conjectures raised respecting the fate of the fairest and cleverest daughter of their house. The incident we have related came to their knowledge as an accidental circumstance, altogether unconnected with the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey were well pleased at their daughter's accession to rank and power, and the merry Hester laughed delightedly at the anticipation of shortly visiting the ancient castle of which her sister was now mistress, promising herself much interest and delight in rambling amid the ancient chambers, which had been the scene of famed historic deeds. Annie was pondering whether her sister's rank could consist with the newfangled ideas of liberty and equality that the times were teaching. She was wondering whether high rank were a fetter or a privilege—a relic of man's ignorance or a help to man's advancement. Eugene hoped that the "old man" would use his sister well. He had not been pleased with his new brother-in-law; he was too courtly, too stately for friendliness, and altogether the whole affair had looked too much like bartering youth, beauty, and intelligence for rank and wealth. He had entertained high ideas of woman's purity, of woman's devotedness, of woman's disinterestedness, and what was he to think? His beautiful, his gifted, his cultivated sister had sold herself for a ducal coronet! Was it true, then, as Shelley sings, "that all things are venal, and that even a woman's heart may be put up in an auction mart?"

Soon after the wedding, the young man sought but did not obtain permission to go abroad. In default of this he went to Cambridge, and said

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to himself he intended to find out TRUTH.

The society of an English university is very various. Almost any disposition may suit itself there. The boisterous, the idle, the reckless, the gay, the meditative, and the sober, with the refined and the sentimental, alike are there, and it is of no small importance to a young man to be well introduced on the outset. Mr. Godfrey, himself a Cambridge man, could not fail to procure every advantage for his son, and that son felt himself entitled to stand proudly on his father's position, not only as a country gentleman, but as a scientific man, for, as we have already hinted, the Honorable Mr. Godfrey was an exception to the ordinary stamp of the English country gentlemen of that day. He cared more for his library than he did for his hounds and horses, and though he himself was far from being a profound searcher into nature's secrets, he was a great patron of science and of scientific men. Eugene had then little to fear from friendlessness; he was well cared for, and his friends were sober, well-conducted men.

But accompanying him to college was one whose society he would not willingly have sought.

Frederic Morley, son of the lawyer at Estcourt, had early given evidence of a studious disposition, and his father wished to bring him up to the church, as, by means of Mr. Godfrey's patronage, he hoped to push him into some church preferment. The young man, however, was in fact a sentimentalist, a transcendentalist, too refined, too sensitive, for this world of stern reality. Petted at home as a poet, he held himself superior to common influences, prided himself on having a fine mind, on possessing elegant and cultivated tastes, and affected disgust at the coarse, homespun ideas of ordinary people. He wrote pathetic tales of unrealities; touching verses of despairing affection, with which it was his delight to draw forth tears of sympathy from young lady audiences.

A more uninteresting companion Eugene Godfrey could scarcely have met; yet as his disposition was naturally kind and urbane, and as Morley was without friends or acquaintances in the university, he continued his friendship to him, and endeavored to direct his attention to earnest themes and loftier subjects. This, however, was unwelcome to so clever a person as Morley believed himself to be. He wanted no direction even from the cleverest. All he sought for was appreciation, sympathy. He could think for himself, and guide himself. The study of Aristotle's Ethics was in his case soon supplanted by Paine's Age of Reason and Volney's Ruins of Empires. The coarseness of the former author he termed "wit" and the sophistry of the latter passed with him for "wisdom." Eugene felt sorry for these freaks, for in indulging them Frederic Morley was throwing away his livelihood; he endeavored to reason with him, and then he became vexed that he had so few efficient arguments to bring forward, and none but interested motives to present. Was he to tell Frederic to be a hypocrite, and to study theology for a "living?" He felt rather than knew the foolish boy was pursuing a phantom, and was urged forward by very selfish motives, yet he could not explain his own ideas, vague, mysterious, and undefined as they were.

> "There is a fire
> And motion in the soul, which will not dwell
> In its own narrow being; but aspire
> Beyond the fitting medium of desire,
> And but once kindled, quenchless evermore."

This Eugene felt, but why he felt it, or how to satisfy it, he knew not. The words of Euphrasie, "that perhaps there is a science of mind, more worth than all the science of matter," recurred continually, for in that science must lie the solution of every difficulty that beset him. How could he learn this science? how investigate this truth, if truth it were? And he wandered hour after hour on the banks of the Cam, in profound medi-

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tation, burying himself in the thickets near to avoid observation.

"O truth!" exclaimed he aloud one day, in the intense excitement of his feelings—"O truth! if ever thou deignest to visit mortals, reveal thyself to me; teach me the way, and by all that is holy or dear to me, I swear to follow thee!"

He was leaning against a tree; the drops stood on his forehead, caused by the depth of his emotion, and suddenly the answer came: "PRAY, child of aspirations, bow in prayer."

Eugene started; looked around; no form was visible, but again the words were repeated: "Pray, seeker for truth, pray! it will come to thee."

CHAPTER IV.

MAGNETIC INFLUENCES.

"Behold he prayeth."

"PRAY, pray!" repeated Eugene; "what is prayer? Is it to hold communion with a higher being? To be raised above the mists of this murky earth? If so, how glad I should be to pray!' and involuntarily he exclaimed: "O mighty Being, who rulest all, if indeed thou willest to communicate with man, instruct me how to approach thee; my mind is dark and sad. Oh! teach me truth." Eugene Godfrey was sincere; he wished for truth; but educated in scornful intellectual supremacy, educated to tolerate religion as a means of keeping in order the lower classes, it was difficult for him to comprehend how "faith" could exist otherwise than as a beautiful poetic fancy, to be classed with the imagery of the Iliad or the Odyssey.

The real, the sentient, had been his study, and till the horrors of the French Revolution turned his mind to consider how man could influence man by higher motives than merely getting "good things for one's self," he had been satisfied to leave these themes unthought of. But now they were forced upon him. Events unprecedented in the annals of the world bade him lay aside physical science and turn to study mental and moral influences. He had heard enough in the little town to which he belonged to feel sure that the multitude must be cared for, must be looked to. He saw his father uneasy at every commotion, lest the English aristocracy should likewise be sent on their travels. He saw Alfred Brookbank hating his own brother, because that brother stood between him and a property; and his sister—his fearless sister, accomplished, beautiful, the very epitome of a refined lady—he dared not think of her! Oh! for a motive to raise these groveling aims! Oh! for purity, heroism, good. But for the vision of Euphrasie, all would have been darkness then. Such were Eugene's thoughts as he bent his steps to his chambers and sat down in his easy chair to indulge in this absorbing reverie.

How long he sat he scarcely knew, but at length he became conscious that he was not alone. He had forgotten to "sport his oak" (as closing the outer door was called by the students) in token that he wished to be alone, and Frederic Morley had entered, and, perceiving him so engrossed, had quietly seated himself without speaking, till Eugene gave signs of life.

"Ah, Morley, is that you? how long have you been there?"

"I scarcely know, Mr. Eugene; I have been watching your absent thoughts. You were so still, I might have supposed you magnetized, but I suppose the great wizard would not take so great a liberty with you."

"What wizard?" asked Eugene.

"Have you not heard, then? There is a man here who can throw a person into a trance, and make him reveal all kinds of secrets," answered Frederic.

"Pshaw!" said Eugene.

"Nay," answered Frederic, "I will tell you what I saw. I was at Mrs. Moreton's yesterday evening, singing duets with Isabel, and young Moreton came in with a tall, dark-haired, mustachioed, whiskered fellow, with eyes

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like lighted coals, they were so large and piercing. Where Moreton picked him up. I could not find out, but he was evidently fascinated with him. He introduced him laughingly to his mother as a great wizard, and they interrupted the music to hear him talk. He was grandiloquent enough, told tales of spirits and influences that haunt me still; but more than this, he insisted that mind can influence mind irrespective of matter; that the old tales of magic were true, and the deeds wrought by men of wondrous power, who had found the key to nature's mighty secrets—only nature with him does not mean inert matter as we mean by it, but matter and intelligences who act upon matter. The universe, he says, is peopled by wondrous forms, and these forms can be communicated with by a privileged soul. Oh, he is a mighty man!" and Frederic shuddered.

"And you have no more sense than to believe such a cock-and-bull story as that? Fie, Morley, I am ashamed of you!"

"But let me tell you what I saw with my own eyes. He first threw Isabel into a trance, from which neither Mrs. Morley, nor her brother, nor I could awaken her. Then when Mrs. Morley grew frightened, he assured her there was no danger, that she was only bewitched by his art, and that he would make her talk as he pleased. Then he put her brother's hand in hers, and bade him think of the walk he had taken that afternoon, of the people he had met and spoken to; he did so, and the wizard bade the girl speak, and she recounted the events of the walk from his leaving college to his meeting with the wizard, and their entering the room in which we were—all, as her brother declared, correctly. The wizard then disenchanted her, and she slowly roused herself, pale and listless, but quite unconscious of what had passed."

"I have heard of animal magnetism before," quietly responded Eugene.

"Have you? But do you know its power? It is absolutely frightful. He lifted my arm before I knew what he was about, passed his hand two or three times above and below it, and there it remained fixed horizontally from the shoulder, without my having power to move it up or down. Young Moreton tried to put it down for me, but he could not; and there I stood fixed till it pleased the wizard to unloose the spell he had cast around me."

"Yours was not an agreeable position, truly," said Eugene, "but he did not hurt you; you are safe and sound now."

"Yes, but the most wonderful is yet to come. Little Helen Moreton came into the room to bid her mamma good-night. Seeing the stranger, she was shy, and went to the window-curtains to hide. Mrs. Moreton called her, but she looked out for a minute, seemed to take a greater dislike to the stranger than before, and hid again. Mrs. Moreton was annoyed, and the wizard said: 'Do you want her, madam? If so, I will bring her to you.' But Mrs. Moreton replied, 'Oh no! if you go near her she will shriek and cry; she is so shy.' 'Nay,' said the man, 'I will stand here, and here she shall come without a shriek, and lie down at my feet.' What he did we could not find out, for he seemed perfectly still. The window-curtain unfolded, and apparently against her will the child came forward. She caught at a chair, as if determined to resist the influence, but that seemed to urge her forward; she let it go, and then grasped the table with both hands, as if determined to resist. She pouted, she frowned, she strove to keep her place, but keep it she could not. Step by step she came and laid herself quietly down at the wizard's feet. Mrs. Moreton almost shrieked, but the child lay as if she dared not leave until the magician gave permission."

"Well, and what do you infer from all this?" asked Eugene.

"I hardly know; I am terrified; what

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if it is true, as this man says, that weak minds must obey the strong; that resistance is useless? I should not like to become the slave of a spirit such as his."

"You believe him to be a wicked man?"

"I do, yet I know not why; I should not like to meet him when unprotected."

"Why, Morley, you astonish me; I could not conceive you so weak. These fears are unworthy a noble mind."

"But what are we to do if such theories be true?"

"They are not true—at least not in the way you state them. There are protecting, counteracting influences for the weakest. I cannot explain all this to-night; but all history, all experience go to prove that the 'race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong'—that bad power is often overcome by weak means. I will repeat to you a piece of advice I received myself to-day, and which I intend to take. It is one you must often have received, for your father intends you for the church. *Pray*, Morley, to the highest of all intelligences, to the greatest of all powers. The strongest will then be invoked to your aid."

"*Pray?* Are you serious, Mr. Eugene?"

"I am serious; why doubt it?"

"An advice so contrary to the spirit of the age! why, it is the last to be expected."

"Perhaps so; but listen: That mind is not matter, your experience proves, as does that of most people. What mind is, perhaps we do not know; but that mind acts upon mind, irrespective of space and obstacles, we feel. Listen! you know my family; a family less superstitious scarcely exists. We are too much wedded to cause and effect lightly to believe. My grandfather was as little credulous as my father. Now hear what happened to him. He had a brother to whom he was fondly attached, and by whom he was as fondly loved. Their correspondence was constant. That brother went to India, as an officer. One night about twelve o'clock, as my grandfather was going to sleep, having sat up later than usual, the curtains at the foot of the bed were withdrawn, and his brother, pale, but in full regimentals, appeared and said, 'Good-by, Frank.' My grandfather related the circumstance at breakfast next morning, and noted it down in writing, being confident that he was not asleep. After due time the Indian mail arrived, giving an account of the brother's death on the field of battle at the exact hour and day specified. Ere his spirit winged its flight, we know not whither, it had communicated with the being it loved best on earth."

Frederic turned pale. "What do you infer from this?" he asked.

"Simply this," returned Eugene; "that 'there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy,' and this influence of mind on mind is one of them. If the Supreme Ruler have made a law that man, to be assisted by him, must pray to him, must put himself in communication with him, who are we that we should refuse the means? If you fear the evil spirit in a man, try if there be no good spirit capable of protecting you. The universal testimony of mankind is in favor of supernatural agencies. We should ponder well ere we throw from us such aid."

Frederic smiled, and rose to take his leave. Advice so different from what he had expected was scarcely likely to be well received. He had no answer ready, so he left the narrow-minded religionist to his own crude fancies.

And Eugene closed the oaken door, and returned, and for the first time of his life knelt down to beseech light from the Author of light—light to guide him through these wearisome shoals of doubt and darkness—light to show him something more than how to render matter subservient to animal comfort—light to enlighten the

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inward feeling. Good and evil, what are they? Mind and matter—which is the true reality? What are we to live for—the animal life, or the spiritual? And is the purely spiritual distinct from the purely intellectual as well as from the animal? Is there a soul, the functions of which are different, distinct, from those of the body, and to the knowledge of which mere intellect cannot arrive? What is nature? What is revelation? How do they act upon each other? What is the office, what the aim of each? Revolving these themes, it was deep in the night ere the young man sought his couch.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGINAL.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE CHURCH.

Our age is more sentimental than intellectual, more philanthropic than Christian, more material than spiritual. It may and no doubt does cherish and seek to realize, with such wisdom as it has, many humane and just sentiments, but it retains less Christian thought than it pretends, and has hardly any conception of catholic principles. It studies chiefly phenomena, physical or psychical, and as these are all individual, particular, manifold, variable, and transitory, it fails to recognize any reality that is universal, invariable, and permanent, superior to the vicissitudes of time and place, always and everywhere one and the same. It is so intent on the sensible that it denies or forgets the spiritual, and so engrossed with the creature that it loses sight of the creator.

Indeed, there are not wanting men in this nineteenth century who deny that there is any creator at all, or that anything has been made, and maintain that all has been produced by self-development or growth. These men, who pass for the great scientific lights of the age, tell us that all things are in a continual process of self-formation, which they call by the general name of progress; and so taken up are they with their doctrine of progress, that they gravely assert that God himself, if God there be, is progressive, perfectible, ever proceeding from the imperfect towards the perfect, and seeking by unremitting action to perfect, fill out, or complete his own being. They seem not to be aware that if the perfect does not already really exist, or is wanting, there is and can be no progress; for progress is motion towards the perfect, and, if the perfect does not exist there can be no motion towards it, and in the nature of the case the motion can be only towards nothing, and therefore, as St. Thomas has well demonstrated, in proving the impossibility of progress without end, no motion at all. Nor do they seem any more to be aware that the imperfect, the incomplete, is not and cannot be self-active, or capable of acting in and from itself alone, and therefore has not the power in itself alone to develop and complete itself, or perfect its own being. Creatures may be and are progressive, because they live, and move, and have their being in their Creator, and are aided and sustained by him whose being is eternally complete who is in himself infinitely perfect They forget also the important fact

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that where there is nothing universal, there can be nothing particular, that where there is nothing invariable there can be nothing variable, that where there is nothing permanent there can be nothing transitory, and that where there is no real being there can be no phenomena, any more than there can be creation without a creator, action without an actor, appearance without anything that appears, or a sign that signifies nothing.

Now the age, regarded in its dominant tendency, neglects or denies this universal, invariable, persistent, real, or spiritual order, and its highest and most catholic principles are mere classifications or generalizations of visible phenomena, and therefore abstractions, without reality, without life or efficiency. It understands not that throughout the universe the visible is symbolical of the invisible, and that to the prepared mind there is an invisible but living reality signified by the observable phenomena of nature, as in the Christian economy an invisible grace is signified by the visible sacramental sign. All nature is in some sense sacramental, but the age takes it only as an empty sign signifying nothing. Hence the embarrassment of the Christian theologian in addressing it; the symbols he uses and must use have for it no meaning. He deals and must deal with an order of thought of which it has little or no conception. He is as one speaking to a man who has no hearing, or exhibiting colors to a man who has no sight. He speaks of the transcendental to those who recognize nothing above the sensible—of the spiritual to men who are of the earth earthy, and have lost the faculty of rising above the material, and piercing beyond the visible. The age has fallen, even intellectually, far below the Christian order of thought, and is apparently unable to rise even in conception to the great catholic principles in accordance with which the universe is created, sustained, and governed.

Nobody in his senses denies that man is progressive, or that modern society has made marvellous progress in the material order, in the application of science to the productive arts. I am no *laudator temporis acti;* I understand and appreciate the advantages of the present, and do not doubt that steam navigation, railroads, and lightning telegraphs, which bid defiance to the winds and waves, and as it were annihilate space and time, will one day be made to subserve higher than mere material interests; but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that in many and very important respects, the modern world has deteriorated instead of improving, and been more successful in losing than in gaining. The modern nations commonly regarded, at least by themselves, as the more advanced nations, have fallen in moral and religious thought below the ancient Greeks and Romans. They may have more sound dogmas, but they have less conception of principles, of the invisible or spiritual order, excepting always the followers of Leucippus, Democritus, and Epicurus, whose absurd materialism is revived with hardly any disguise by the most approved thinkers of our own age. The Gentiles generally held catholic principles, but misapprehended and misapplied them, and thus fell into gross idolatry and degrading and besotting superstition; but the moderns while retaining many Catholic dogmas have lost the meaning of the word principle. The Catholic can detect, no doubt, phases of truth in all the doctrines of those outside the church, but the Christianity they profess has no universal, immutable, and imperishable principle, and degenerates in practice into a blind and fierce fanaticism, a watery sentimentality, a baseless humanitarianism, or a collection of unrelated and unmeaning dogmas, which are retained only because they are never examined, and which can impart no light to the understanding, infuse no life into the heart, and impose no restraint on the appetites and passions.

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Having fallen below the conception of a real order above the visible and phenomenal, and sunk to complete Sadduceeism, which believes in neither angel nor spirit, the age makes war on the church because she asserts such order, and remains fast anchored in it; because she is immovable and invariable, or as her enemies say, stationary, unprogressive, and therefore hostile to progress. She has, it is said, the insolence to attempt to teach and govern men and nations, instead of gracefully submitting to their views and wishes, and bestowing her blessing on their exertions for the liberty and progress of society. The age denies her to be the church of God, because she fails to prove herself to be the church of man, holding simply from a human authority. It denies her divine origin, constitution, and authority, because she is stable, cannot be carried away by every wind of doctrine, does not yield to every popular impulse, and from time to time resists individuals, civil rulers, the people even, and opposes their favorite theories, plans, and measures, whenever she finds them at war with her mission and her law. It applauds her, indeed, to the echo, when she appears to be on the side of what happens to be popular, but condemns her without mercy when she opposes popular error, popular folly, popular injustice, and asserts the unpopular truth, defends the unpopular cause, or uses her power and influence in behalf of neglected justice, and pleads with her divine eloquence for the poor, the wronged, the down-trodden. Yet this is precisely what she should do, if the church of God, and what it would be contrary to her nature and office on that supposition not to do.

The age concedes nothing to the unseen and eternal. In its view religion itself is human, and ought to be subject to man, and determinable by society, dictated by the people, who in the modern mind usurp the place of God. It should not govern, but be governed, and governed from below, not from above; or rather, in its subversion of old ideas, it holds that being governed from below is being governed from above. It forgets that religion, objectively considered, is, if anything, the revelation and assertion of the divine order, or the universal and eternal law of God, the introduction and maintenance in the practical affairs of men and nations of the divine element, without which there would and could be nothing in human society invariable, permanent, or stable—persistent, independent, supreme, or authoritative. The church is simply the divine constitution and organ of religion in society, and must, like religion itself, be universal, invariable, independent, supreme, and authoritative for all men and nations. Man does not originate the church. She does not depend on man, or hold from him either individually or collectively; for she is instituted to govern him, to administer for him the universal and eternal law, and to direct and assist him in conducting himself in the way of his duty, to his supreme good, which she could not do if she held from and depended on him.

The point here insisted on, and which is so far removed from the thought of this age, is, that this order transcending the phenomenal and the whole material or sensible universe, and which in the strictly philosophical language of Scripture is called "the Law of the Lord," is eminently real, not imaginary, not factitious, not an abstraction, not a classification or generalization of particulars, nor something that depends for its reality on human belief or disbelief. Religion which asserts this divine order, this transcendental order, is objectively "the Law of the Lord," which, proceeding from the eternal reason and will of God, is the principle and reason of things. The church, as the divinely constituted organ of that law, is not an arbitrary institution, is not an accident, is not an afterthought, is not a superinduction upon the original plan of the Creator, but enters integrally into that plan, and is therefore founded in the

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principle, the reason, and the constitution of things, and is that in reference to which all things are created, sustained, and governed, and hence our Lord is called "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

But this our age does not conceive. For it the divine, the invariable, the universal, and the eternal are simply abstractions or generalizations, not real being. Its only conception of immensity, is space unlimited—of eternity, is time without end—of the infinite, the undefined, and of the universal, totality or sum total. *Catholic*, in its understanding, means accepting or ranking together as equally respectable the doctrines, opinions, views, and sentiments of all sects and denominations, Christian, Jewish, Mahometan, and Pagan. He, in the sense of modern philosophers, has a catholic disposition who respects all convictions, and has no decided conviction of his own. Catholicity is held to be something made up by the addition of particulars. The age does not understand that there is no catholicity without unity, and therefore that catholicity is not predicable of the material order, since nothing material or visible is or can be strictly one and universal. The church is catholic, not because as a visible body she is universal and includes all men and nations in her communion; she was as strictly catholic when her visible communion was restricted to the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles as she is now, or would be if all the members of the race were recipients of her sacraments. She is catholic because she is the organ of the whole spiritual order, truth, or reality, and that order in its own intrinsic nature is one and universal. All truth is catholic, because all truth is one and invariable; all the dogmas of the church are catholic, because universal principles, always and everywhere true. The law of the Lord is catholic, because universally, always and everywhere law, equally law for all men and nations in every age of the world, on earth and in heaven, in time and eternity. The church is catholic, because she holds under this law, and because God promulgates and administers it through her, because he lives and reigns in her, and hence she is called his kingdom, the kingdom of God on earth, a kingdom fulfilled and completed in heaven. It is this order of ideas that the age loses sight of, and is so generally disposed to deny. Yet without it there were no visible order, and nothing would or could exist.

The principle, reason, nature, or constitution of things is in this order, and men must conform to it or live no true, no real life. They who recede from it advance towards nothing, and, as far as possible, become nothing. The church is independent, superior to all human control, and persistent, unaltered, and unalterable through all the vicissitudes of time and place, because the order in which she is founded is independent and persistent. She cannot be moved or harmed, because she rests on the principle, truth, and constitution of things, and is founded neither on the individual man, the state, nor the people, but on God himself, the Rock of Ages, against which anything created must rage and beat in vain. "On this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The church is therefore, by her own divine constitution, by the very principle and law of her existence, indefectible. No weapon forged against her shall prosper. The wicked may conspire for her destruction, but in vain, because they conspire to destroy reality, and all reality is always invincible and indestructible. They cannot efface or overthrow her, because she is founded in the truth and reality of things, or what is the same thing, in the unalterable reason and will of God, in whom all creatures have their principle—live, move, and have their being.

They who oppose the church in the name of humanity or human progress, cannot succeed, because she is invinci-

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ble, and they would utterly defeat themselves if they could. They would deprive the human race of the law of God, which makes wise the simple and strengthens the weak, and deprive men and nations of the truth and reality of things, the very principle of all life, and of the very means and conditions of all progress. Man no doubt is progressive, but not in and by himself alone. Archimedes demanded a *pou sto*, a whereon to rest his fulcrum outside the earth, in order to move it, and there is no conceivable way by which a man can raise himself by a lever supported on himself. How is it that our philosophers fail to see the universal application of the laws which they themselves assert? All progress is by assimilation, by accretion, as that hierophant of progress, Pierre Leroux, has amply demonstrated, and if there is no reality outside of man or above him, what is there for him to assimilate, and how is he to become more than at any given time he already is? Swift ridiculed the philosophers of Laputa, who labored to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, but even more ridiculous are they who pretend that something may be assimilated from nothing, or that a thing can in and of itself make itself more than it is. Where there is nothing above man with which he does or may commune, there is for him no possibility of progress, and men and nations can never advance beyond what they are. This is so in the nature of things, and it is only what is implied in the maxim, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

An institution, no matter by what sacred name called, founded by savages, embodying only what they are, and worked by them, would have no power to elevate them above their savage state, and could only serve to perpetuate their savagery. The age speaks of the applications of science to the productive arts, of the marvels of the steam-engine, steamboats, the locomotive, and the magnetic telegraph, and boasts that it renders mind omnipotent over matter. Vain boast, poor philosophy. We have in these things gained no triumph over matter, no control over the forces of nature, which are as independent of our reason and will as ever they were, as the first steamboat explosion will suffice to convince the most skeptical. We have subjected none of the forces of nature; we have only learned in some few instances to construct our machinery so as to be propelled by them, as did the first man who built a mill, constructed a boat, or spread his sails to catch the breeze. We alter not, we control not by our machinery the forces of nature, and all the advantage we have obtained is in conforming to them, and in suffering them, according to their own laws, or laws which we have not imposed on them, to operate for us. The principle is universal, catholic, and as true in the moral or spiritual as in the mechanical or physical world.

Man does not create, generate, or control the great moral and spiritual forces on which he depends to propel his moral and spiritual machinery. They exist and operate independently alike of his reason and his will, and the advantages he derives from them are obtained by his placing himself within the sphere of their influence, or, to be strictly correct, by interposing voluntarily no obstacle to their inflowing, for they are always present and operative unless resisted. Withdraw him from their influence, or induce him obstinately to resist them, which he may do, for he is a free moral agent, and he can make no more progress than a sailing ship at sea in a dead calm. These forces are divine, are embodied in the church as her living and constitutive force—are in one sense the church herself, and hence men and nations separated from her communion and influence are thrown back on nature alone, and necessarily cease to be progressive. We may war against this as much as we please, but we cannot alter it, for the principle on which it rests is a universal and indestructible law.

Individuals and nations separated

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by schism or heresy from the visible communion of the church do not become at once absolutely and in all respects unprogressive, for they are carried on for a time by the momentum she has given them, and besides, they are not, as she continues to exist, absolutely beyond or outside of the sphere of her influence, though indirect and reflected. But from the moment of the separation their progress begins to slacken, their spiritual life becomes sickly and attenuated, and gradually they lose all that they had received from the church, and lapse into helpless and unassisted nature. This, which is demonstrable *à priori*, is proved by the experience of those nations that separated from the church in the sixteenth century. These nations at first retained a large portion of their old Catholic culture, and many of the habits acquired under the discipline and training of the church. But they have been gradually losing them ever since, and the more advanced portions of them have got pretty clear of them, and thrown off, as they express it, the last rag of Popery. Indeed this is their boast.

In throwing off the authority of the church, they came in religious matters under the authority of the state, or the temporal sovereign or ruler—a purely human authority, without competency in spirituals—and thus lost at once their entire religious freedom, or liberty of conscience. In Catholic nations the civil authority has always, or almost always, been prone to encroach on the authority of the church, and to attempt to control her external discipline or ecclesiastical administration; but, in the nations that were carried away by the so-called reformation, the civil authority assumed in every instance complete control over the national church, and prescribed its constitution, its creed, its liturgy, and its discipline. This for them completely humanized religion, and made it a department of state. It is true these nations professed to recognize the Bible as containing a divine revelation, and to be governed by it; and this would have been something, even much, had they not remitted its interpretation to the civil magistrate, the king, the parliament, the public judgment of the people, or the private judgment of the individual, which made its meaning, as practically received, vary from nation to nation, and even from individual to individual.

This sacrificed, in principle, the sovereignty of God and the entire spiritual order, departed to a fearful distance from the truth and reality of things, and if it retained some of the precepts of the Christian law, it retained them as precepts not of the law of God but as precepts of the law of man, enjoined, explained, and applied by a purely human authority. In process of time, the authority of the state in religious matters was found to be usurped, tyrannical, and oppressive, and the thinking part of the separated nations asserted the right of private judgment, or of each believer to interpret the Holy Scriptures for himself. Having gone thus far, they went still farther, and assert for every one the right to judge for himself not only of the meaning, but of the inspiration, authenticity, and authority of the Scriptures, though the civil government in none of these nations, except the United States, not in existence at the time of the separation, has disavowed its authority in spirituals. Practically, the doctrine that each individual judges for himself is now generally adopted.

The authority of the Scriptures has followed the authority of the church, and is practically, when not theoretically, rejected. It was perhaps asserted by the reformers at first for the purpose of presenting some authority not precisely human, which no Catholic would deny, as offset against that of the church, rather than from any deep reverence for it, or profound conviction of its reality. But, be this as it may, it counts for little now. The authors of Essays and Reviews, and the Anglican bishop of Natal, take hardly less liberty with the Scrip-

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tures than Luther and Calvin did with the church. The more advanced thinkers, if thinkers they are, of the age go further still, and maintain not only that a man may be a very religious man, and a true follower of Jesus Christ, without accepting either the authority of the church or that of the Bible, but without even believing either in the existence of God or the immortality of the soul. Schleiermacher, the great Berlin preacher, went thus far in his Discourses on Religion, addressed to the Cultivated among its Despisers; and equally far, if not farther, in the same direction, go the rising school or sect called Positivists. Religion is reduced to a spontaneous development—perhaps I should say, to a secretion of human nature, implying no reality above or distinguishable from human nature itself.

It is not pretended that all persons in these nations have as yet reached this result; but as there is a certain logic in error as well as in truth, all are tending and must tend to it. What is called progress of religious ideas or religious enlightenment is not held to consist in any accession to our stock of known truth, in penetrating farther into the world of reality, and attaining a firmer grasp of its principles, nor in a better understanding of our moral relations and the duties growing out of them, but in simply casting off or getting rid of so-called Popery—of everything that has been retained in the nations, and the sects into which they divide and subdivide, furnished by the Catholic Church in which the reformers had been reared, and in reducing men and nations to the nakedness and feebleness of nature. The more advanced portion are already seen sporting *in puris naturalibus*, heedless alike of shame and winter's cold. The others are following more or less rapidly in the same direction; for there is no halting-place between Catholicity and naked naturalism, and men must either ascend to the one or descend to the other. But those who choose to descend can find no resting-place even in naturalism, for nature, severed from Catholicity, is severed from its principle, is severed from God, from the reality and truth of things, and is therefore unreal, nothing. Hence the descent is endless. Falsehood has no bottom, is unreal, purely negative, and can furnish no standing. Men can stand only on the true, the real, and that is Catholicity, the order represented in society by the church. Those who forsake the church, Catholicity, God, forsake therefore the real order, have nothing to stand on, and in the nature of the case can only drop into what the Scripture calls "the bottomless pit."

We hear much of the ignorance, superstition, and even of idolatry of Catholics, nothing of which is true; but this much is certain, that those who abandon the church, and succeed in humanizing religion, making it hold from man and subject to his control, do as really worship gods of their fashioning as did the old worshippers of gods made of wood and stone, because their religion is really only what they make it, and fall into as gross an idolatry and into as besotted and besotting a superstition as can be found among any heathen people, ancient or modern.

It is easy therefore to understand why the church sets her face so resolutely against modern reformers, liberals, revolutionists, in a word, the whole so-called movement party, professing to labor for the diffusion of intelligence and the promotion of science, liberty, and human progress. It is not science, liberty, or progress that she opposes, but false theories substituted for science, and the wrong and destructive means and methods of promoting liberty and progress adopted and insisted on by liberals and revolutionists. There is only one right way of effecting the progress they profess to have at heart, and that is by conforming to truth and reality, for falsehood is impotent, and nothing can be gained by it. She opposes the movement party, not as a movement party, not as a party of light, liberty,

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and progress, but as a party moving in the wrong direction, putting forth unscientific theories, theories which amuse the imagination without enlightening the understanding, which if they dazzle it is only to blind with their false glitter, which embraced as truth to-day, must be rejected as falsehood to-morrow, and which in fact tend only to destroy liberty, and render all real progress impossible. As the party, collectively or individually, neither is nor pretends to be infallible, the church, at the worst, is as likely to be right as they are, and the considerations presented prove that she is right, and that they are wrong. There is no science but in knowing the truth, that which really is or exists, and there is no real progress, individual or social, with nature alone, because nature alone has no existence, and can exist and become more than it is only by the gracious, the supernatural assistance of God, in whom all things live, move, and have their being.

A great clamor has been raised by the whole movement party throughout the world against the encyclical of the Holy Father, dated at Rome, December 8, 1864, and even some Catholics, not fully aware of the sense and reach of the opinions censured, were at first partially disturbed by it; but the Holy Father has given in it only a proof of his pastoral vigilance, the fidelity of the church to her divine mission, and the continuous presence in her and supernatural assistance of the Holy Ghost. The errors condemned are all aimed at the unity and invariability, universality and persistency, of truth, the reality of things, the supremacy of the spiritual order, and the independence and authority of the divine law, at real science, and the means and conditions of both liberty and progress. In it we see the great value of the independence of the church,—of a church holding from God instead of holding from man. If the church had been human or under human control, she would never have condemned those errors, because nearly all of them are popular, and hailed as truth by the age. Man condemns only what man dislikes, and the popular judgment condemns only what is unpopular. It is only the divine that judges according to truth, and without being influenced by the spirit of the age, or by what is popular or unpopular. If the church had been human, she would have been carried away by those errors, and proved herself the enemy instead of the friend, the protector, and the benefactor of society.

These remarks on the divine character and independence of the church are not inappropriate to the present times, and may serve to calm, comfort, and console Catholics amidst the national convulsions and changes which, without the reflections they suggest, might deeply afflict the Catholic heart. The successes of Italy and Prussia in the recent unjustifiable war against Austria, and the humiliation of the Austrian empire, the last of the great powers on which the church could rely for the protection of her material interests, have apparently given over the temporal government of this world to her enemies. There is at this moment not a single great power in the world that is officially Catholic, or that officially recognizes the Catholic Church as the church of God. The majority of Frenchmen are or profess to be Catholics, but the French state professes no religion, and if it pays a salary to the Catholic clergy, Protestant ministers, and Jewish rabbis, it is not as ministers of religion, but as servants of the state. The Russian state is schismatic, and officially anti-papal; the British state, as a state, is Protestant, and officially hostile to the church; Italy follows France; and Prussia, which at the moment means Germany, is officially Protestant and anti-Catholic; and so are Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. Belgium and our own great Republic profess officially no religion, but give freedom and protection to all religions not held to be *contra bonos mores*. Spain and Portugal, no longer great powers, and

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most of the Central and South American states, officially profess the Catholic faith, but they count for next to nothing in the array of nations. Hellas and the Principalities, like Russia, are schismatic, and the rest of the world, including the greater part of Asia and all of Africa, is Mahometan or pagan, and of course hostile to the church.

I have not enumerated Austria, for what is to be her fate no one can now say; but as a portion of her population belong to the Greek schismatic church, and a larger portion still are Protestants, the most that can be expected of her is that she will, in regard to religion, assume the attitude of France and Italy. There is then really no power on which the church can now rely for the support of her external and material interests. I will not say that the triumph of Prussia is the triumph of Protestantism, for that would not be true; but it is, at least for the moment, the success of the party that denounced the papal encyclical, and would seem to be a complete victory, perhaps a final victory, over that system of mixed civil and ecclesiastical government which grew up on the downfall of the Roman empire and the conversion of the barbarian nations that seated themselves on its ruins. It is the total and final destruction of the Christian empire founded, with the aid of the Pope and bishops, by Charlemagne and his nobles, and not unlikely will end in the complete severance of all official union of church and state—alike the official union between the state and the heretical and schismatic churches, and between the state and the Catholic Church; so that throughout the civilized world the people will be politically free to be of any religion they choose, and the state of no religion.

This result is already reached in nearly all the nations hitherto called Catholic nations, but not in the officially Protestant and schismatic nations; and for a long time to come the anti-Catholic or anti-papal religions, schismatical, heretical, Mahometan, and pagan religions, will be retained as official or state religions, with more or less of civil tolerance for Catholics. For the moment, the anti-papal party appears to be victorious, and no doubt believes that it is all over with the Catholic Church. That party had persuaded itself that the church, as a ruling body, was of imperial origin—that the papal power had been created by the edicts of Roman emperors, and that it depends entirely on the civil authority for its continuance. Hence they concluded that, if the church could be deprived of all civil support, it must fall. They said, the church depends on the papacy, and the papacy depends on the empire; hence, detach the empire—that is, the civil power—from the papacy, and the whole fabric tumbles at once into complete ruin. It is not improbable that, to confound them, to bring to naught the wisdom of the wise, and to take the crafty in their own craftiness, Providence has suffered them to succeed. He has permitted them to detach the empire, that they may see their error.

The successful party have reckoned without their host. They have reasoned from false premises, and come necessarily to false conclusions. The church is, undoubtedly, essentially papal as well as episcopal, and the destruction of the papacy would certainly be her destruction as the visible church; but it is false to assume that the papacy was created by imperial edicts and depends on the empire, for it is an indisputable historical fact that it existed prior to any imperial edict in its favor, and while the empire was as yet officially pagan, and hostile to the church. Hence it does not follow that detaching the empire from the papacy will prove its destruction. The church was as papal in its constitution when the whole force of the empire was turned against it, when it sought refuge in the catacombs, as it is now, or was in the time of Gregory VII. or Innocent III., and is as papal in this country, where it has no civil

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support or recognition, as in Spain, or the Papal States themselves. The very principle, idea, and nature of the church, as we have set them forth in asserting the independence and supremacy of the spiritual order, of which she is the organ, contradict in the most positive manner the dependency of the papacy on the empire.

The church as a visible body has, no doubt, temporal relations, and therefore temporal interests susceptible of being affected by the changes which take place in states and empires, and it is not impossible, nor improbable, that the recent changes in Europe may more or less deeply affect those interests. The papacy has itself so judged, and has resisted them with all the means placed at its disposal. These changes, if carried out, if completed, will affect in a very serious manner the relations of the papacy with temporal sovereigns, or, to use the consecrated term, with the empire, and many of its regulations and provisions for the administration of ecclesiastical affairs will certainly need to be changed or modified, and much inconvenience during the transition to the new state of things will no doubt be experienced. All changes from an old established order, though in themselves changes for the better, are for a time attended with many inconveniences. The Israelites escaping from Egyptian bondage had to suffer weariness, hunger, and thirst in the wilderness before reaching the promised land. But whatever temporal changes or inconveniences of this sort the church in her external relations may have to endure, they are accidental, and by no means involve her destruction, or impair her power or integrity as the church of God, or divinely instituted organ of the spiritual order.

There is no question that the party that regards itself as having triumphed in the success of Italy and Prussia is bitterly hostile not only to what it calls the papal politics, but to the Catholic Church herself, and will not be satisfied with simply detaching the empire from her support, but will insist on its using all its power and influence against her. That party, indeed, demands religious liberty, but religious liberty, in its sense of the term, is full freedom for all religions except the Catholic, the only true religion. Error, they hold, is harmless when reason is free, but truth they instinctively feel is dangerous to their views and wishes, and must for their safety be bound hand and foot. But suppose the worst; suppose the civil power becomes actively hostile to the church, prohibits by law the profession and practice of the Catholic religion, punishes Catholics with fines and imprisonment, fire and sword, the dungeon and the stake, the church will be no worse off than she was under the pagan emperors, hardly worse off than she was under even the Arians. The empire under the Jew and the Gentile exerted its utmost fury against her, and exerted it in vain. It found her irrepressible. The more she was opposed and persecuted, the more she flourished, and the blood of the martyrs fattened the soil for a rich growth of Catholics. Individuals and nations may be, as they have been, detached from her communion, and many souls for whom Christ died perish everlastingly, which is a fearful loss to them, and society may suffer the gains acquired to civilization during eighteen centuries to be lost, and moral and intellectual darkness gather anew for a time over the land, once enlightened by the Sun of righteousness, for God governs men as free moral agents, not as machines or slaves; but the church will survive her persecutors, and reconquer the empire for God and his Christ. Is she not founded on the Rock of Ages, and is it not said by him who is truth itself, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her?

It would be impossible to subject the church to a severer ordeal than she has time and again passed through, and it is not likely that her children will be exposed to greater trials than

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those to which they were subjected in the fifth and sixth centuries by the subversion of the Roman empire by the pagan and Arian barbarians, or to suffer heavier calamities than were inflicted on them by the so-called reformation in the sixteenth century. The Protestants of to-day cannot be fiercer, more intolerant or fanatical than they were in the age of Luther and Calvin; and the infidels of to-day cannot be more envenomed against the church, or more bloodthirsty and brutal, than were the infidels in the French revolution; and all these the church has survived.

The well-being of society, its orderly, peaceful, and continuous progress, requires, as the Holy See has constantly maintained, the co-operation and harmonious action of the church and the empire or republic, but the church has seldom found the empire ready and willing to co-operate with her, and the record of the struggles between her and it fills more than a brief chapter in ecclesiastical and civil history. In point of fact, the church has usually found herself embarrassed and oppressed by officially Catholic states, and most of the popular prejudices that still exist against her owe their origin neither to her doctrines nor to her practices, but to the action of secular governments officially Catholic. In the last century, her bitterest enemies were the sovereigns of officially Catholic states; the most generous friends of the Holy See were states officially heretical or schismatic, as Russia, Great Britain, Sweden, and Prussia. Austria is humiliated and suffering now for being in the way of the anti-papal aggression, and every generous-hearted man sympathizes with her noble-minded and well-disposed if not able emperor, and it is no time to speak of her past shortcomings; but this much may be said, she has seldom been a generous supporter of the Holy See, and sometimes has been its oppressor.

Governments, like individuals, seldom profit by any experience but their own; yet experience has proved, over and over again, that governments the most powerful cannot, however determined on doing so, extirpate Catholicity by force from their dominions. Pagan Rome, once the haughty mistress of the world, tried it, made the profession of the Christian faith punishable with death, and death in the most frightful and excruciating forms, but failed. England, with all her power, with all her Protestant zeal, aided by her intense national prejudices, though she emulated the cruelties of the Cæsars and even surpassed the Cæsars in her craft and treachery, has never been able to extinguish the Catholic faith and love of the Irish people, the great majority of whom have never ceased to adhere to the Catholic religion. The church thrives under persecution, for to suffer for Christ's sake is a signal honor, and martyrdom is a crown of glory. The government can reach no farther than to the bodies and goods of Catholics, and he who counts it an honor to suffer, a crown to die, for his faith, fears nothing that can be done to these, and is mightier than king or kaiser, parliament or congress. The Christians, as Lactantius well says, conquered the world not by slaying but by being slain. Woe to him who slays the Catholic for his religion, but immortal honor and glory to him who is slain! Men are so constituted that they rarely love that which costs them nothing, no sacrifice. It is having suffered for our native land that hallows it in our affections, and the more we suffer for the church, the more and the more tenderly do we love her. St. Hilary accuses the Arian Constantius of being a worse enemy to the church then Nero, Decius, or Diocletian, for he seduced her prelates by favors, instead of enabling them to acquire glory in openly dying for the faith.

The civil power can never uproot Catholicity by slaying Catholics, or robbing the church of her temporalities. Impoverish the church as you will, you cannot make her poorer than she was

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in our Lord himself, who had not where to lay his head, nor than she was in the twelve apostles when they went forth from that "upper room" in Jerusalem to conquer the world. She has never depended upon the goods of this world as the means of accomplishing her mission, and her possessions have often been an embarrassment, and exposed her to the envy, cupidity, and rapacity of secular princes. If deprived by the revolution of the temporalities of her churches, and left destitute, so to speak, of house or home, she can still offer up "the clean oblation," as she has often done, in private houses, barns, groves, catacombs, caverns in the earth, or clefts in the rocks.

The church has frequently been deprived of her temporal possessions and of all temporal power, but the poor have suffered by it more than she. She is really stronger in France today than she was in the age of Louis XIV., and French society is, upon the whole, less corrupt than in the time of Francis I. Religion revives in Spain in proportion as the church loses her wealth. There are no countries where the church has been poorer than in Ireland and the United States, and none where her prosperity has been greater. Let matters, then, take the worst turn possible, Catholics have little to fear, the church nothing to apprehend, except the injury her enemies are sure to do themselves, which cannot fail to afflict her loving heart.

Yet, whatever may be the extent of the changes effected or going on in the states and empires of Europe, I apprehend no severe or prolonged persecution of Catholics. The church in this world is and always will be the church militant, because she is not of this world, and acts on principles not only above but opposed to those on which kings and kaisers and the men of this world act. She therefore necessarily comes in conflict with them, and could render them no service if she did not. Conflicts there will be, annoyances and vexations must be expected; but in all the European states as well as our own, if we except Sweden and Denmark, there is too large a Catholic population to be either massacred, exiled, or deprived of the rights of person and property common to all citizens or subjects. The British government has been forced to concede Catholic emancipation, and all appearances indicate that she will be forced ere long to place Catholics in all respects on a footing of perfect equality with Protestants before the state. Prussia, should she, as is possible, absorb all Germany, will have nearly as many Catholic as Protestant subjects, and though she may insist on remaining officially Protestant and anti-Catholic, she will find it necessary to her own peace and security to allow her Catholic subjects to enjoy liberty of religion and equal civil rights. The mass of the Italian people are Catholics, and will remain Catholics; and these are not times when even absolute, much less constitutional, sovereigns can afford to disregard the rights, feelings, and convictions of any considerable portion of their people.

The anti-papal party may prove strong enough to deprive the Holy Father of his temporal sovereignty and make Rome the capital of the new kingdom of Italy; that is undoubtedly laid down in the programme, and is only a natural, a logical result of Napoleon's campaign of 1859 against Austria, and Napoleon holds that the logic of events must be submitted to. He said in 1859 that there were two questions to be settled, the Italian question and the Roman question. As the former has been settled by expelling the Austrians from Italy, so the latter is likely to be settled by the deprivation of the Pope as temporal sovereign—the plan of settlement being evidently to secure to the anti-papal party all it demands. Austria humiliated cannot interpose in behalf of the temporal sovereignty, and is reported to have abandoned it; Napoleon will not do it, unless compelled, for he has been the determined but politic enemy of that sovereignty ever

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since, with his elder brother, he engaged in a conspiracy, in 1831, to destroy the papal government; and Russia, Great Britain, and Prussia, all anti-catholic states, will abandon the papal throne to the logic of events. Under the providence of God, it depends on the Italian people whether the Holy Father shall retain his temporal sovereignty or not, and what they will do nobody can say. They are capable of doing anything hostile to the Pope one moment, and the next of falling on their knees before him, and, with tears in their eyes, begging his absolution.

But beyond the rights of the Supreme Pontiff as sovereign of the Roman state, I do not apprehend any serious attacks on the papacy; or after the first fury has passed, even on ecclesiastical property. Much hostility for a time will be displayed, no doubt, against the monastic orders, and where they have any property remaining in their possession, it, not unlikely, will be confiscated, and the right of the church to be a proprietor may be legally denied or not recognized, yet property dedicated to religious uses will be passably secure under the general law protecting citizens in their rights of property, to make gifts *inter vivos*, and testamentary bequests. The law will gradually become throughout Europe what it is with us. The civil law in the United States knows nothing of the canons of the church establishing religious orders, or of the vows taken by the religious; it takes no cognizance of the church herself, it recognizes in her no proprietary rights, and gives her no standing in the courts, and yet nowhere is ecclesiastical property better protected or more secure, and nowhere are religious orders more free in person or more secure in property. This proceeds from the right of property secured to the citizens, and the right of the church, and of religious orders, not as proprietors, but, if I may so speak, as recipiendaries, or their right to receive and enjoy eleemosynary gifts, grants, and bequests in whatever form made, which the courts protect according to the will of the donors or testators. There may be great inconveniences resulting from the inevitable changes taking place, and great wrong is pretty sure to be done. The church has a valid right to be a proprietor, and it is a great crime and a great sin to rob her of any of her possessions; but she can carry on, and in most countries long has carried on, her mission without the law recognizing in her any proprietary rights.

Present appearances indicate that the church throughout the world will be thrown back, as she was in the beginning, on her internal resources as a spiritual kingdom; that she will cease to be the official church of any nation —at least for a time, if not for ever; and that she will not henceforth govern or protect her children as civil communities, states, or empires through their civil rulers, but simply as Catholics, individual members of her communion, through her own spiritual ministry, her bishops and prelates alone, without any official relation with the state. She can even then exercise her full spiritual authority over her own members, as the independent kingdom of God on earth, free from all entangling alliances with the shifting politics of nations.

It is not assumed that the changes recent events have produced, or are producing, were desirable, are not evil, or are not brought about by evil passions, and from motives which every lover of truth and right does and must condemn; all that is argued is, that the church can survive them, and with less detriment to her material interests than her enemies have contemplated. Nothing that has taken place is defended, or defensible; but who can say that God in his gracious providence will not overrule all to the glory of his church and the good of them that love him? Who knows but he has given the victory to his enemies for the very purpose of confounding them, and showing them how vain are all their strivings against him and the order he has established? That very victory, seemingly so ad-

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verse and so afflicting to the Catholic heart, may prove to be the means of emancipating the church from her thraldom to the secular powers officially Catholic, but really anti-Catholic in spirit, and of preparing the way for her to labor more effectually than ever for the advancement of truth, the progress of civilization, and the salvation of souls! It is the prerogative of God to overrule evil for good, and the church, though immovable in her foundation, inflexible in her principles, and unchanging in her doctrines, has a wonderful capacity of adapting herself to all stages of civilization, and to all the changes in states and empires that may take place; she is confined within no national boundaries, and wedded to no particular form of civil government—she can subsist and carry on her work under Russian autocracy or American democracy, with the untutored savage and the most highly cultivated European, and is equally at her ease with the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free. The events which, to all human judgment, seem adverse often turn out to be altogether in our favor. "All these things are against me," said the patriarch Jacob, when required to send his son Benjamin down to Egypt, and yet the event proved that they were all for him. When the Jews with wicked hands took our Lord and slew him, crucified him between two thieves, they, no doubt, thought that they had succeeded, and that it was all over with him and his work; out what they did was a means to the end he sought, for it was only in dying that he could accomplish the work he came to do.

The detachment of the empire from the church, which has been effected for purposes hostile to her, and with the hope of causing her destruction, perhaps will prove to her enemies that she does not rest on the state, that the state is far more in need of her than she of it, and show in a clear and unmistakable light her independence of all civil support, her inexhaustible internal resources, her supernatural energy and divine persistence. The empire detached from her and abandoning her to herself, or turning its force against her, will cease to incumber her with its official help, will no longer stand as an opaque substance between her and the people, intercepting her light, and preventing them from beholding her in her spiritual beauty and splendor. The change will allay much political hostility, remove most of the political prejudices against her, and permit the hearts of the people to turn once more towards her as their true mother and best friend. It may in fact tend to revive faith, and prepare the nations to reunite under her divine banner. Be this as it may, every Catholic knows that she is in herself independent of all the revolutions of states and empires, of all the changes of this world, and feels sure that she is imperishable, and that in some way the victories of her enemies will turn out to be their defeat, and the occasion of new triumphs for her.

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From The Month.

THE MYSTERY OF THE THATCHED HOUSE.

It was a clean, bright, wholesome, thoroughly lovable house. The first time I saw it, I fell in love with it, and wanted to live in it at once. It fascinated me. When I crossed its threshold, I felt as if I had opened a book whose perusal promised enchantment. I felt a passionate longing to have been born here, to have been expected by the brown old watchful walls for years before it had been my turn to exist in the world. I felt despoiled of my rights; because there was here a hoard of wealth which I might not touch, placed just beyond the reach of my hand. I was tantalized; because the secrets of a sweetly odorous past hung about the shady corners, and the sunny window-frames, and the grotesque hearth-places; and their breath was no more to me than the scent of dried rose-leaves.

It was my fault that we bought the Thatched House. We wanted a country home; and, hearing that this was for sale, we drove many miles one showery April morning to view the place, and judge if it might suit our need. Aunt Featherstone objected to it from the first, and often boasted of her own sagacity in doing so, after the Thatched House had proved itself an incubus—a dreadful Old Man of the Mountains, not to be shaken from our necks. I once was bold enough to tell her that temper, and not sagacity, was the cause of her dislike that April morning. We drove in an open phaeton, and Aunt Featherstone got some drops of rain on her new silk dress. Consequently she was out of humor with everything, and vehemently pronounced her veto upon the purchase of the Thatched House.

I was a spoiled girl, however; and I thought it hard that I might not have my own way in this matter as in everything else. As we drove along a lonely road, across a wild, open country, I had worshipped the broken, gold-edged rain-clouds, and the hills, with their waving lines of light and their soft trailing shadows. I had caught the shower in my face, and laughed; and dried my limp curls with my pocket-handkerchief. I was disposed to love everything I saw, and clapped my hands when we stopped before the sad-looking old gates, with their mossy brick pillars, and their iron arms folded across, as if mournfully forbidding inquiry into some long hushed-up and forgotten mystery. When we swept along the silent avenue my heart leaped up in greeting to the grand old trees, that rose towering freshly at every curve, spreading their masses of green foliage right and left, and flinging showers of diamond drops to the ground whenever the breeze lifted the tresses of a drowsy bough, or a bird poised its slender weight upon a twig, and then shot off sudden into the blue.

Aunt Featherstone exclaimed against the house the very moment we came in sight of it. It was not the sort of thing we wanted at all, she said. It had not got a modern porch, and it was all nooks and angles on the outside. The lower windows were too long and narrow, and the upper ones too small, and pointing up above the eaves in that old-fashioned, inconvenient manner. To crown its absur-

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dities, the roof was thatched. No, no, Aunt Featherstone said, it was necessary for such old houses to exist for the sake of pictures and romances; but as for people of common sense going to live in them, that was out of the question.

I left her still outside with her eyeglass levelled at the chimneys, and darted into the house to explore. An old woman preceded me with a jingling bunch of keys, unlocking all the doors, throwing open the shutters and letting the long levels of sunshine fall over the uncarpeted floors. It was all delicious, I thought; the long dining-room with its tall windows opening like doors upon the broad gravel, the circular drawing-room with its stained-glass roofing, the double flights of winding stairs, the roomy passages, the numerous chambers of all shapes and sizes opening one out of another, and chasing each other from end to end of the house; and above all, the charming old rustic balcony, running round the waist of the building like a belt, and carrying one, almost quick as a bird could fly, from one of those dear old pointed windows under the eaves down amongst the flower-beds below.

I said to myself in my own wilful way, "This Thatched House must be my home!" and then I set about coaxing Aunt Featherstone into my way of thinking. It was not at all against her will that she completed the purchase at last. Afterwards, however, she liked to think it was so.

In May it was all settled. The house was filled with painters and paper-hangers, and all through the long summer months they kept on making a mess within the walls, and forbidding us to enter and enjoy the place in the full glorious luxuriance of its summer beauty. At last, on driving there one bright evening, I found to my joy that the workmen had decamped, leaving the Thatched House clean and fresh and gay, ready for the reception of us, and our goods and chattels. I sprang in through one of the open dining-room windows, and began waltzing round the floor from sheer delight. Pausing at last for breath, I saw that the old woman who took care of the place, she who had on my first visit opened the shutters for me and jingled her keys, had entered the room while I danced, and was standing watching me from the doorway with a queer expression on her wrinkled face.

"Ah, ha! Nelly," I cried triumphantly, "what do you think of the old house now?"

Nelly shook her gray head, and shot me a weird look out of her small black eyes. Then she folded her arms slowly, and gazed all round the room musingly, while she said:

"Ay, Miss Lucy! wealth can do a deal, but there's things it can't do. All that the hand of man may do to make this place wholesome to live in has been done. Dance and sing now, pretty lady—now, while you have the heart and courage. The day'll come when you'd as soon think of sleepin' all night on a tombstone as of standin' on this floor alone after sunset."

"Good gracious, Nelly!" I cried, "what do you mean? Is it possible that there is anything—have you heard or seen—"

"I have heard and seen plenty," was Nelly's curt reply.

Just then, a van arriving with the first instalment of our household goods, the old woman vanished; and not another word could I wring that evening from her puckered lips. Her words haunted me, and I went home with my mirth considerably sobered; and dreamed all night of wandering up and down that long dining-room in the dark, and seeing dimly horrible faces grinning at me from the walls. This was only the first shadow of the trouble that came upon us in the Thatched House.

It came by degrees in nods and whispers, and stories told in lowered tones by the fireside at night. The servants got possession of a rumor, and the rumor reached me. I shuddered in silence, and contrived for the

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first few months to keep it a jealous secret from my unsuspecting aunt. For the house was ours, and Aunt Featherstone was timorous; and the rumor, very horrible, was this—the Thatched House was haunted.

Haunted, it was said, by a footstep, which every night, at a certain hour, went down the principal corridor, distinctly audible as it passed the doors, descended the staircase, traversed the hall, and ceased suddenly at the dining-room door. It was a heavy, unshod foot, and walked rather slowly. All the servants could describe it minutely, though none could avow that they had positively heard it. New editions of this story were constantly coming out, and found immediate circulation. To each of these was added some fresh harrowing sequel, illustrative of the manners and customs of a certain shadowy inhabitant, who was said to have occupied the Thatched House all through the dark days of its past emptiness and desolation, and who resented fiercely the unwelcome advent of us flesh-and-blood intruders. The tradition of this lonely shade was as follows: The builder and first owner of the Thatched House was an elderly man, wealthy, wicked, and feared. He had married a gentle young wife, whose heart had been broken before she consented to give him her hand. He was cruel to her, using her harshly, and leaving her solitary in the lonely house for long winter weeks and months together, till she went mad with brooding over her sorrows, and died a maniac. Goaded with remorse, he had shut up the house and fled the country. Since then different people had fancied the beautiful, romantic old dwelling, and made an attempt to live in it; but they said that the sorrowful lady would not yield up her right to any new-comer. It had been her habit, when alive, to steal down stairs at night, when she could not sleep for weeping, and to walk up and down the dining-room, wringing her hands, till the morning dawned; and now, though her coffin was nailed, and her grave green, and though her tears ought to have been long since blown from her eyes like rain on the wind, still the unhappy spirit would not quit the scene of her former wretchedness, but paced the passage, and trod the stairs, and traversed the hall night after night, as of old. At the dining-room door the step was said to pause; and up and down the dreary chamber a wailing ghost was believed to flit, wringing her hands, till the morning dawned.

It was not till the summer had departed that I learned this story.

As long as the sun shone, and the roses bloomed, and the nightingales sang about the windows till midnight, I tried hard to shut my ears to the memory of old Nelly's hint, and took good care not to mention it to my aunt. If the servants looked mysterious, I would not see them; if they whispered together, it was nothing to me. There was so short a time for the stars to shine between the slow darkening of the blue sky at night and the early quickening of flowers and birds and rosy beams at dawn, that there was literally no space for the accommodation of ghosts. So long as the summer lasted, the Thatched House was a dwelling of sunshine and sweet odors and bright fancies for me. It was different, however, when a wintry sky closed in around us, when solitary leaves dangled upon shivering boughs, and when the winds began to shudder at the windows all through the long dark nights. Then I took fear to my heart, and wished that I had never seen the Thatched House.

Then it was that my ears became gradually open to the dreadful murmurs that were rife in the house; then it was that I learned the story of the weeping lady, and of her footstep on the stairs. Of course I would not believe, though the thumping of my heart, if I chanced to cross a landing, even by twilight, belied the courage of which I boasted. I forbade the servants to hint at such folly as the existence of ghosts, and warned them

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at their peril not to let a whisper of the kind disturb my aunt. On the latter point I believe they did their best to obey me.

Aunt Featherstone was a dear old, cross, good-natured, crotchety, kind-hearted lady, who was always needing to be coaxed. She considered herself an exceedingly strong-minded person, whereas she was in reality one of the most nervous women I have ever known. I verily believe that, if she had known that story of the footstep, she would have made up her mind to hear it distinctly every night, and would have been found some morning stone-dead in her bed with fear. Therefore, as long as it was possible, I kept the dreadful secret from her ears. This was in reality, however, a much shorter space of time than I had imagined it to be.

About the middle of November Aunt Featherstone noticed that I was beginning to look very pale, to lose my appetite, and to start and tremble at the most commonplace sounds. The truth was that the long nights of terror which passed over my head, in my pretty sleeping-room off the ghost s corridor, were wearing out my health and spirits, and threatening to throw me into a fever; and yet neither sight nor sound of the supernatural had ever disturbed my rest—none worth recording, that is; for of course, in my paroxysms of wakeful fear, I fancied a thousand horrible revelations. Night after night I lay in agony, with my ears distended for the sound of the footstep. Morning after morning I awakened, weary and jaded, after a short, unsatisfying sleep, and resolved that I would confess to my aunt, and implore her to fly from the place at once. But, when seated at the breakfast-table, my heart invariably failed me. I accounted, by the mention of a headache, for my pale cheeks, and kept my secret.

Some weeks passed, and then I in my turn began to observe that Aunt Featherstone had grown exceedingly dull in spirits. "Can any one have told her the secret of the Thatched House?" was the question I quickly asked myself. But the servants denied having broken their promise; and I had reason to think that there had been of late much less gossip on the subject than formerly. I was afraid to risk questioning the dear old lady, and so I could only hope and surmise. But I was dull, and Aunt Featherstone was dull, and the Thatched House was dreary. Things went on in this way for some time, and at last a dreadful night arrived. I had been for a long walk during the day; and had gone to bed rather earlier than usual, and fallen asleep quickly. For about two hours I slept, and then I was roused suddenly by a slight sound, like the creaking of a board, just outside my door. With the instinct of fear I started up, and listened intently. A watery moon was shining into my room, revealing the pretty blue-and-white furniture, the pale statuettes, and the various little dainty ornaments with which I had been pleased to surround myself in this my chosen sanctuary. I sat up shuddering and listened. I pressed my hands tightly over my heart, to try and keep its throbbing from killing me; for distinctly, in the merciless stillness of the winter night, I heard the tread of a stealthy footstep on the passage outside my room. Along the corridor it crept, down the staircase it went, and was lost in the hall below.

I shall never forget the anguish of fear in which I passed the remainder of that wretched night. While cowering into my pillow, I made up my mind to leave the Thatched House as soon as the morning broke, and never to enter it again. I had heard of people whose hair had grown gray in a single night, of grief or terror. When I glanced in the looking-glass at dawn, I almost expected to see a white head upon my own shoulders.

During the next day I, as usual, failed of courage to speak to my aunt. I desired one of the maids to sleep on the couch in my room, keeping this

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arrangement a secret. The following night I felt some little comfort from the presence of a second person near me; but the girl soon fell asleep. Lying awake in fearful expectation, I was visited by a repetition of the previous night's horror. I heard the footstep a second time.

I suffered secretly in this way for about a week. I had become so pale and nervous, that I was only like a shadow of my former self. Time hung wretchedly upon my hands. I only prized the day inasmuch as it was a respite from the night; the appearance of twilight coming on at evening invariably threw me into an ague-fit of shivering. I trembled at a shadow; I screamed at a sudden noise. My aunt groaned over me, and sent for the doctor.

I said to him, "Doctor, I am only a little moped. I have got a bright idea for curing myself. You must prescribe me a schoolfellow."

Hereupon Aunt Featherstone began to ride off on her old hobby about the loneliness, the unhealthiness and total objectionableness of the Thatched House, bewailing her own weakness in having allowed herself to be forced into buying it. She never mentioned the word "haunted," though I afterward knew that at the very time, and for some weeks previously, she had been in full possession of the story of the nightly footstep. The doctor recommended me a complete change of scene; but instead of taking advantage of this, I asked for a companion at the Thatched House.

The prescription I had begged for was written in the shape of a note to Ada Rivers, imploring her to come to me at once. "Do come now," I wrote; "I have a mystery for you to explore. I will tell you about it when we meet." Having said so much, I knew that I should not be disappointed.

Ada Rivers was a tall, robust girl, with the whitest teeth, the purest complexion, and the clearest laugh I have ever met with in the world. To be near her made one feel healthier both in body and mind. She was one of those lively, fearless people who love to meet a morbid horror face to face, and put it to rout. When I wrote to her, "Do come, for I am sick," I was pretty sure she would obey the summons; but when I added, "I have a mystery for you to explore," I was convinced of her compliance beyond the possibility of a doubt.

It wanted just one fortnight of Christmas Day when Ada arrived at the Thatched House. For some little time beforehand, I had busied myself so pleasantly in making preparations, that I had almost forgotten the weeping lady, and had not heard the footstep for two nights. And when, on the first evening of her arrival, Ada stepped into the haunted dining-room in her trim flowing robe of crimson cashmere, with her dark hair bound closely round her comely head, and her bright eyes clear with that frank unwavering light of theirs, I felt as if her wholesome presence had banished dread at once, and that ghosts could surely never harbor in the same house with her free step and genial laugh.

"What is the matter with you?" said Ada, putting her hands on my shoulders, and looking in my face. "You look like a changeling, you little white thing! When shall I get leave to explore your mystery?"

"To-night," I whispered, and, looking round me quickly, shuddered. We were standing on the hearth before the blazing fire, on the very spot where that awful footstep would pass and repass through the long, dark, unhappy hours after our lights had been extinguished, and our heads laid upon our pillows.

Ada laughed at me and called me a little goose; but I could see that she was wild with curiosity, and eager for bedtime to arrive. I had arranged that we should both occupy my room, in order that, if there was anything to be heard, Ada might hear it. "And now what is all this that I have to learn?" said she, after our door had been fastened for the night, and we

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sat looking at one another with our dressing-gowns upon our shoulders.

As I had expected, a long ringing laugh greeted the recital of my doleful tale. "My dear Lucy!" cried Ada, "my poor sick little moped Lucy, you surely don't mean to say that you believe in such vulgar things as ghosts?"

"But I cannot help it," I said. "I have heard the footstep no less than seven times, and the proof of it is that I am ill. If you were to sleep alone in this room every night for a month, you would get sick too."

"Not a bit of it!" said Ada, stoutly; and she sprang up and walked about the chamber. "To think of getting discontented with this pretty room, this exquisite little nest! No, I engage to sleep here every night for a month—alone, if you please—and at the end of that time, I shall not only be still in perfect health, my unromantic self, but I promise to have cured you, you little, absurd, imaginative thing! And now let us get to bed without another word on the subject. 'Talking it over,' in cases of this kind, always does a vast amount of mischief."

Ada always meant what she said. In half an hour we were both in bed, without a further word being spoken on the matter. So strengthened and reassured was I by her strong, happy presence that, wearied out by the excitement of the day, I was quickly fast asleep. It was early next morning when I wakened again, and the red, frosty sun was rising above the trees. When I opened my eyes, the first object they met was Ada, sitting in the window, with her forehead against the pane, and her hands locked in her lap. She was very pale, and her brows were knit in perplexed thought. I had never seen her look so strangely before.

A swift thought struck me. I started up, and cried, "O Ada! forgive me for going to sleep so soon. *I know you have heard it.*"

She unknit her brows, rose from her seat, and came and sat down on the bed beside me. "I cannot deny it," she said gravely; "*I have heard it.* Now tell me, Lucy, does your aunt know anything of all this?"

"I am not sure," I said; "I cannot be, because I am afraid to ask her. I rather think that she has heard some of the stories, and is anxiously trying to hide them from me, little thinking of what I have suffered here. She has been very dull lately, and repines constantly about the purchase of the house."

"Well," said Ada, "we must tell her nothing till we have sifted this matter to the bottom."

"Why, what are you going to do?" I asked, beginning to tremble.

"Nothing very dreadful, little coward!" she said, laughing; "only to follow the ghost if it passes our door to-night; I want to see what stuff it is made of. If it be a genuine spirit, it is time the Thatched House were vacated for its more complete accommodation. If it be flesh and blood, it is time the trick were found out."

I gazed at Ada with feelings of mingled reverence and admiration. It was in vain that I tried to dissuade her from her wild purpose. She bade me hold my tongue, get up and dress, and think no more about ghosts till bedtime. I tried to be obedient; and all that day we kept strict silence on the dreadful subject, while our tongues and hands and (seemingly) our heads were kept busily occupied in helping to carry out Aunt Featherstone's thousand-and-one pleasant arrangements for the coming Christmas festivities.

During the morning, it happened that I often caught Ada with her eyes fixed keenly on Aunt Featherstone's face, especially when once or twice the dear old lady sighed profoundly, and the shadow of an unaccountable cloud settled down upon her troubled brows. Ada pondered deeply in the intervals of our conversation, though her merry comment and apt suggestion were always ready as usual when occasion seemed to call for them. I noticed

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also that she made excuses to explore rooms and passages, and found means to observe and exchange words with the servants. Ada's bright eyes were unusually wide open that day. For me, I hung about her like a mute, and dreaded the coming of the night.

Bedtime arrived too quickly; and when we were shut in together in our room, I implored Ada earnestly to give up the wild idea she had spoken of in the morning, and to lock fast the door, and let us try to go to sleep. Such praying, however, was useless. Ada had resolved upon a certain thing to do, and this being the case, Ada was the girl to do it.

We said our prayers, we set the door ajar, we extinguished our light, and we went to bed. An hour we lay awake, and heard nothing to alarm us. Another silent hour went past, and still the sleeping house was undisturbed. I had begun to hope that the night was going to pass by without accident, and had just commenced to doze a little and to wander into a confused dream, when a sudden squeezing of my hand, which lay in Ada's, startled me quickly into consciousness.

I opened my eyes; Ada was sitting erect in the bed, with her face set forward, listening, and her eyes fastened on the door. Half smothered with fear, I raised myself upon my elbow and listened too. Yes, O horror! there it was—the soft, heavy, unshod footstep going down the corridor outside the door. It paused at the top of the staircase, and began slowly descending to the bottom. "Ada!" I whispered, with a gasp. Her hand was damp with fear, and my face was drenched in a cold dew. "In God's name!" she sighed, with a long-drawn breath; and then she crept softly from the bed, threw on her dressing-gown, and went swiftly away out of the already open door.

What I suffered in the next few minutes I could never describe, if I spent the remainder of my life in endeavoring to do so. I remember an interval of stupid horror; while leaning on my elbow in the bed, I gazed with a fearful, fascinated stare at the half-open door beside me. Then, through the silence of the night there came a cry.

It seemed to come struggling up through the flooring from the dining-room underneath. It sounded wild, suppressed, smothered, and was quickly hushed away into stillness again; but a horrible stillness, broken by fitful, confused murmurs. Unable to endure the suspense any longer, I sprang out of bed, rushed down the stairs, and found myself standing in the gray darkness of the winter's night, with rattling teeth, at the door of the haunted dining-room.

"Ada! Ada!" I sobbed out, in my shivering terror, and thrust my hand against the heavy panel. The door opened with me, I staggered in, and saw——a stout white figure sitting bolt upright in an arm-chair, and Ada standing quivering in convulsions of laughter by its side. I fell forward on the floor; but before I fainted quite, I heard a merry voice ringing through the darkness,

"O Lucy! your Aunt Featherstone is the ghost!"

When I recovered my senses, I was lying in bed, with Ada and my aunt both watching by my side. The poor dear old lady had so brooded over the ghost-stories of the house, and so unselfishly denied herself the relief of talking them over with me, that, pressing heavily on her thoughts, they had unsettled her mind in sleep. Constantly ruminating on the terror of that ghostly walk, she had unconsciously risen night after night, and most cleverly accomplished it herself. Comparing dates, I found that she had learned the story of the spirit only a few days before the night on which I had first been terrified by the footstep.

The news of Aunt Featherstone's escapade flew quickly through the house. It caused so many laughs, that the genuine ghosts soon fell into ill repute. The legend of the weeping lady's rambles became divested of its

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dignity, and grew therefore to be quite harmless. Ada and I laughed over our adventure every night during the rest of her stay, and entered upon our Christmas festivities with right good-will. I have never forgotten to be grateful to Ada for that good service which she rendered me; and as for Aunt Featherstone, I must own that she never again said one word in disparagement of the Thatched House.

From the German.

THE RESURRECTION.

Rise? Yes, with the myriads of the just,
After short sleep, my dust!
Life of immortal fire
Thine from the Almighty Sire!
Alleluia!

Sown, to upspring, O joy! in richer bloom,
The Lord of harvest's tomb
Gives forth his sheaves within—
Us, even us, who died in him!
Alleluia!

O victory! O dayspring's kindling ray!
God's everlasting day!
In the grave's solemn night,
Slumbering, soon shall thy light
Wake me to sight.

As if of visionary dream the end—
With Jesus to ascend
Through joy's celestial door—
Pilgrims of earth no more—
Our sorrows o'er,

My Saviour, to the Holiest leading on;
That we may at the throne,
In sanctuary free,
Worship eternally!
Alleluia!

F. W. P.

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ORIGINAL.

AUBREY DE VERE.*

Out of the greater breadth and catholicity, so to speak, of our present literary taste, it results that one class of poets is arising among us which has been very rare before our day: those in whom the soul is the predominant force—men who care nothing for popularity, and barely enough for recognition by their peers to make them publish at all—men by nature high-strung and shy, yet tranquil, balanced, and strong; who write, in short, from the spiritual side of things. These could not, in ordinary times, hope for a wide, general favor, and they sailed the nautiluses of literature; dropping from the surface of themselves, equally native to the cooler, deeper waters below. But so strong have been the gales of awakening love of reading, that even these stranger ships, not bound for the ports of popularity, find wind enough to waft them wherever refinement and scholarship care to deal in their rare and choice cargoes.

An extreme of this class is Aubrey de Vere. Naturally not a poet of the people, and still further isolated by holding and eloquently celebrating a faith which incurs certain ostracism from the literature of sectarian bigotry, he is almost unknown in America. Fresh from his works, we are almost at a loss to understand how, in a country not only of so many Catholic readers, but where there is so much pretension to literary taste, he can be such a stranger. All the usual and more accessible sources are so barren of his biography that we cannot trust ourselves to attempt any sketch of his life. From materials so meagre and of such indifferent authenticity, nothing satisfactory—nothing vivified—can be gathered; and biography that fails in personality is a body without a soul. So we content ourselves with the poet as we see him in his works.

In attempting an analysis of the qualities displayed in these volumes, we find, to begin with, none of the inequalities of those writers who begin quite young, and whose works go comet-like through after years, the youthful nebulosity tailing off from the maturer nucleus, in a long string of promising but not much performing versicles. There is none of the crudeness of journeywork, but everywhere thought and gravity. The latter quality indeed is conspicuous. De Vere can be too sarcastic for us to deny him wit, but humor seems to be unknown to him. There is not the ghost of a joke in all his pages. We call this remarkable, because he treats of so very many things. In Thomson's Seasons (even waiving Thomson's nationality) or Paradise Lost—in any one poem—we may not expect humor; but in a miscellany, where every side of a man's mind usually displays itself, it seems odd not to find a trace of sense of the ludicrous. Certainly there is variety enough for it. The range of subjects is perhaps not very great, but the individual poems exhibit almost every shade of style, beginning on the hither side of quaintness and bringing up on the boundaries of the colloquial. An artificial style like that of the Idyls of the

* Search after Proserpine, and other Poems. London, 1843.
Poems, by Aubrey de Vere. London, 1855.
The Sisters, Inisfail, and other Poems. London, 1861.
May Carols. New York: Lawrence Kehoe, 1866.

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King, or the Emersonian dialect ("*virtute ac vitiis sapientia crescat*"), our author never attempts; his thoughts, as a rule, seem to choose their own channel. He is willing enough to spend pains in making a thought clear, but such grave, antique costuming of ideas he takes no time for. The manner is always kept well in subordination to the matter of what he has to say.

There is a strange versatility in these books in unconsciously adopting peculiarities of other writers. The author himself, in his notes, acknowledges this, or rather detects himself after the fact, in a few instances; but though acute so far, he does not see half. More honest and unconscious imitation there never was, and just as the impression of the archetype rarely rose to a fact of consciousness, so the consequent resemblance seldom amounts to a traceable parallelism. There is no reproduction of passages, but of characteristics. A shade, a turn of phrase, a suggestion, a *soupçon*, as we read, recalls at once some great writer. The sonnets are full of subtle odors and flavors of Shakespeare, evanescent, intangible, and charming. There are also what the French would call "coincidences of style" with Coleridge, and often, especially in the May Carols, with Tennyson. Both are easily accounted for; the one by kindred tendencies to philosophy, the other by the strong likeness in plan to In Memoriam. But perhaps the most singular of all occurs in the very forcible poem called The Bard Ethell, which bears a curious resemblance to the poet of all poets the very opposite of De Vere—Robert Browning. There is nothing at all like this poem in all our author's works. It stands as saliently alone as a meteoric boulder in a meadow. The subject is an Irish bard, a relic of the bardic days, but a zealous convert to a Christianity of his own, tinged with a wild, ineradicable barbarism, whose outcroppings make the interest of the character. There is all Browning's sharp outline sketching, all his power of handling contradictions of character, yet none of the topsy-turvy words and sentences without which the Great Inversionist would not be himself;—in short, it is Browning with the constitutional gnarl in the grain left out.

Another—a closer parallelism than usual—we find in The Year of Sorrow:

> "The weaver wove till all was dark,
> And long ere morning bent and bowed
> Above his work with fingers stark,
> And made, nor knew he made, a shroud."

The terrible parallel passage in the Song of the Shirt is too familiar to need more than an allusion.

Yet through all these coincidences runs an abundant individuality that proves De Vere to be anything but a wilful or even permissive plagiarist. He is, in simple truth, a great reader, with a mind in such true tune with all things high and refined, that it responds as the accordant string of some delicate instrument echoes a musical note. There needs no better test than this, that mere imitators invariably copy faults, while Mr. De Vere always reproduces excellences.

In point of language, our author inherits an Irishman's full measure of vocabulary. Through a most varied series of metres, his verse is full of ease, fluency, and grace. In rhythm he rises to the rank of an artist. He has passed the first degree—that baccalaureateship of verse-making whose diploma is perfect smoothness and melody; where Tom Moore took a double first, and beyond which so few ever attain. He is one of the *maestri*, like Tennyson and Swinburne, who know the uses of a discord, and can handle diminished sevenths. His lines are full of subtle shadings, and curious subfelicities of diction, that not every one feels, and few save the devotee to metre (such as we own ourselves to be) pause to analyze and admire. His taste, too, is fastidiously unerring; there is never a swerve beyond the cobweb boundaries of the line of beauty. Sometimes he misses the exact

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word he wants, but he never halts for want of a good one. The only deficiency arises from his temperament. Where spirit demands to be heard in sound as felt in sense, he uniformly fails. He cannot often make his lines bound and ring like Moore's. In the face of the fiery episodes of Irish history which he deals with in Inisfail, he is too often like one of his own bards on a modern battle-field.

So much for the mere style; the man himself remains. Pre-eminently he is a philosopher—too much of one to be a great poet. Not that any man can be a poet at all without being also a philosopher. Only his philosophy should be to his poetry as a woman's brain to her heart—a suggesting, subordinate element—the "refused" wing of his progress. With him it is just the reverse. Philosophy is the primary fact of his inner life, out of which blossom incidentally his poetry and his patriotism, but whose legitimate and beautiful fruit is his religion. The consequence is, everything is too much a development of high principle, instead of an impulse of deep feeling. He is too *right*, too reasonable, too well-considered. He has not enough *abandon*. This one, but final and fatal fault to the highest poetical success, ramifies curiously through everything he writes. The first result is occasionally too much abstractness. There are fetters of thought poetry cannot be graceful in. Her vocation is to lead us among the fostered flowers and whispering groves of the beautiful land, not to go botanizing far up the cold heights, among the snow-growths, whose classification is caviare to the general. There let science climb with her *savans*. On rare occasions, indeed, the poet may tellingly deal with the naked truths of nature, but it demands the inspiration of a Lysimachus and the glorious contours of a Phryne. Tennyson, in his In Memoriam, has touched with the rarest felicity on the most pregnant problems of natural divinity, without even rippling the smoothness of his verse; De Vere has done the same, with excellent success, in his May Carols; but he tries too often not to fail oftener than we could wish. It must be owned an honorable failure; not of strength, but of grace. His lines lift the weight they grapple with, but he does not interest us in the labor. At the risk of trespassing on time-honored critical demesnes, we differ with that tacit *consensus doctorum* which suffers sonnets, and some other things, to be as abstract as the author pleases.

Another effect of this over-philosophic temperament, while equally hurtful to his popularity, greatly endears him to the few. It is the pure and elevated tone of all he writes. In this quality he is eminent. He is a mountaineer on the steeps of Parnassus, whose game by instinct never flies to the plains. He lifts ordinary subjects into a seeming of unreality. Things seem to lose outline and glide away from the grasp; as clouds that have form enough when seen from the earth, are shapeless vapor to the aëronaut among them. So, again, the interest fails in comparison with a lower grade of thought. People will buy very indifferent sketches, but care very little for the most accurate bird's-eye view. There is a singular charm in this unlabored, if not unconscious loftiness; but the mass of readers weary, as they do of a lecture on astronomy, from over-tension of unused faculties. What is the difference to a reader whether an author passes beyond his reach by going apart into abstruseness or soaring away into idealism?

We have shown before how the versification suffers. Everywhere reason clogs the wings of rhyme. Our author is for ever putting his Pegasus in harness to the car of some truth or other. A warm human sympathizer, a deep and poetical worshipper, a burning and noble protestant against the woes and wrongs of Ireland, with scholarship, reading, talent, every auspicious omen, he has never fulfilled, and may never fulfil, the promise that is in him. His reason is for ever

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making clear to his better angels of fancy and feeling the exact boundaries of just thought, which they may not overstep. It robs his philanthropy of human tenderness, his religion of ardor, his patriotism of enthusiasm. His is the calm, trained strength of perfect mental soundness; the fiery contractile thrills, that make of the impassioned man a giant for one grand effort, he seems to do battle with and slay before they can grow into acts. What a combination of qualities goes to the making of a great poet!

The poems now before us range themselves mainly into three grand classes—sonnets, religious poems, and lyrics, etc., on Ireland. There are some noteworthy exceptions, however—as, for example, the excellent poems on Shelley and Coleridge, whom he thoroughly appreciates, the widely known stanzas called The Æolian Harp, and the splendid lines on Delphi—one of his very best efforts. But our purpose lies rather with the poet, as revealed through his works, than with the poems themselves. So we must leave a wide, unnoted margin of miscellaneous pieces, where any reader whom we may succeed in interesting in the beauties of our author may range unprejudiced by our expressions of opinion, and confine ourselves to our true subject—the poet himself, viewed successively in the three great pathways he has opened for himself. We only pause to advise our reader that we make no pretensions to gathering the harvest, but leave golden swathes behind instead of ordinary gleaning.

Sonnets seem to require a peculiar talent. Almost all our best men have written them, and almost all badly, while the small newspaper and periodical craft strand on them daily. Only our deepest and most refined thinkers have written really good ones, and to succeed in them at all, is to join a very limited coterie, where Shakespeare and Milton have but few compeers. When, then, we say that De Vere is the author of some of the best we have in our literature, we justify high expectation.

He is one of the most voluminous of sonnet writers. There are in these books between one hundred and fifty and two hundred. It seems to be his favorite outlet for those briefer, choicer reflections that lose their charm by being amplified for the vulgar comprehension,

> ". . . . As orient essences, diffuse
> On all the liberal airs of low Cashmere,
> Waft their rich faintness far to stolid hinds,
> To whom the rose is but a thorny weed;"

but which, after all, are the trifles that make up the inner life of a soul, and for whose waste, as our author himself says,

> "Nature, trifled with, not loved,
> Will be at last avenged."

It may well be imagined that this is a path peculiarly adapted to our author's contemplative yet versatile mind. He is singularly fitted for this style of composition, which does not demand the least particle of that kind of spirit and impulsive animation in which he is wanting; and accordingly he has written a number of sonnets which will, we think, compare with the very best for eloquence and just thought. Walter Savage Landor —*non sordidus auctor*—deliberately pronounced the one on Sunrise the finest in the language.

Two others, by which he is probably best known to American readers, appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, one written March, 1860, the other, June 12, 1861, addressed to Charles Eliot Norton, the editor of the North American Review. Both relate to the national struggle, and indicate a somewhat lively interest in our affairs, but otherwise are not remarkable. Much better than these we find the following. It is a good sample besides of the author's general style:

> "Silence and sleep, and midnight's softest gloom,
> Consoling friends of fast declining years,
> Benign assuagers of unfruitful tears,
> Soft-footed heralds of the wished-for tomb!
> Go to your master, Death—the monarch whom
> Ye serve, whose majesty your grace endears,
> And in the awful hollows of his ears
> Murmur, oh! ever murmur: 'Come, O come!'

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Virginal rites have I observed full long,
And all observance worthy of a bride.
Then wherefore, Death, dost thou to me this wrong,
So long estranged to linger from my side?
Am I not thine? Oh! breathe upon my eyes
A gentle answer, Death, from thine elysian skies!"

It is no easy thing to be publicly and yet gracefully sad. Do not we mentally associate an idea of weakness or effeminacy with melancholic writings? Yet here is—we feel it at once—the true sadness we all respect: the unaffected weariness which does not cry out its grief, but sighs because it suffers and is strong.

It is not often that De Vere leaves the lofty pinnacles of thought or the pleasant hills of fancy for sterner fields, but here for once he swoops from his eyrie into the following scathing lines. They are the last of five very spirited sonnets on Colonization, each of which is worth quoting, did but our space permit:

"England, magnanimous art thou in name;
Magnanimous in nature once thou wert;
But that which oftimes lags behind desert,
And crowns the dead, as oft survives it—fame.
Can she whose hand a merchant's pen makes tame,
Or sneer of nameless scribe—can she whose heart
In camp or senate still is at the mart,
A nation's toils, a nation's honors claim?
Thy shield of old torn Poland twice and thrice
Invoked; thy help as vainly Ireland asks,
Pining with stark, lean finger from the crest
Of western cliffs plague-stricken, from the West—
Gray-haired though young. When heat is sucked
from ice,
Then shall a Firm discharge a nation's task."

This speaks for itself. It sums up the faults of the English nation better in a dozen lines than a congress of vaporers about British tyranny or essayists on *perfide Albion* could do in a month of mouthings. There is not a weak line or phrase in it, or one that is not auxiliary to the general effect intended. This, in short, is what we call masterly.

There are a score of other sonnets that we would wish to quote in illustration of the refined thought and elegant delicacy of diction which characterize them all; but we are constrained to content ourselves with one also noticed by Landor for its singular felicity and beauty. It is from his first book, page 268:

"Flowers I would bring, if flowers could make thee
fairer,
And music, if the muse were dear to thee;
(For loving these would make thee love the bearer.)
But sweetest songs forget their melody,
And loveliest flowers would but conceal the wearer:
A rose I marked, and might have plucked; but she
Blushed as she bent, imploring me to spare her,
Nor spoil her beauty by such rivalry.
Alas! and with what gifts shall I pursue thee,
What offerings bring, what treasures lay before
thee;
When earth with all her floral train doth woo thee,
And all old poets and old songs adore thee;
And love to thee is naught; from passionate mood
Secured by joy's complacent plenitude?"

This poem is remarkable to us as containing one of the few recognitions we have ever seen of that beauty which rises above the province of passion, and strikes a dim awe into admiration. They are not many who can feel it, and few, indeed, who have expressed it. The same thought occurs in another passage referred to by Landor:

"Men loved; but hope they deemed to be
A sweet impossibility."

But we have a further reason for preferring this to several equally fine. It is to note what may be another of De Vere's unconscious adaptations. The well-known scholar, Henry of Huntington, addressed to Queen Adelicia of Louvaine some lines which hinge upon the very same turn of thought. The real excellence of the verses emboldens us to subjoin a few of them, that the reader may observe the resemblance:

"Anglorum regina, tuos, Adeliza, decores
Ipsa referre parans Musa stupore riget.
Quid diadema tibi, pulcherrima? quid tibi gemma?
Pallet gemma tibi, nec diadema nitet.
Ornamenta cave; nec quicquam luminis inde
Accipis; illa nitent lumine clara tuo . . . ."

We are not sure but the mediæval poet, having no further idea beyond mere laudation, has rather the better of the complimenting. But then praise to a queen would be flattery to a subject.

Without trying the rather dubious policy of attempting to prove our taste, we think that upon these sonnets alone we could rest De Vere's claim to be a first-class sonnet writer. If it were not a received impossibility, we should be tempted to call him the equal in this respect of Shakespeare. Of course we admit the impossibility.

Leaving the sonnets, we come to a far more interesting portion of the

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works before us—the religious poems. As a Christian, our author is indeed admirable. He evinces not only a deep, strong, real, and realizing faith, but much fruitful thought over the mental details, so to speak, and a wonderful comprehension of the theory, theology, and mysteries of the church.

More properly than religious poems, we should speak of poems on religion; for the man's whole life is a religious poem. Scarcely a scrap is not full of his deep Catholicity. Of verses specially and professedly devotional, these volumes contain few, besides the May Carols, save some Poems on Sacred Subjects, which we find below the author's average. Some of them carry abstractness to the verge of vagary. What color of pretence, for instance, has a man for printing (if he *must* write it), and deliberately inviting the public to read, a copy of verses on the Unity of Abstract Truth? We internally know we are not Wordsworths, but it is very unpleasant to have it made so plain. In shrewd anticipation of any mental queries, we utterly decline saying whether we have read the lines or not. We cannot determine which would be the more to our credit.

But we pass by unnumbered beauties to reach our author's best and most memorable work—May Carols. This is noble alike in design, tone, and execution. The plan is simple—to produce a series of poems in honor of the Blessed Virgin, graduating poetical expositions of her relations to faith according to the progress of her month of May. It is just the topic for him, and the result is the most beautiful development of the entire subject that can be imagined. We have no words for the subtlety and success with which the individualities of Mary and Jesus are wrought out. The man who, without seeking adventitious aid by startling and shocking the habits of Christian thought and Christian reverence, can so draw a portrait of the Saviour, has in this alone deserved the thanks of the ages as a standard-bearer on the march of the hosts of God. These great delineations form the first and main function of the whole work. We cannot set forth his purpose more lucidly than in his own words, as we find them in the preface:

"The wisdom of the church, which consecrates the fleeting seasons of time to the interests of eternity, has dedicated the month of May (the birth-day festival, as it were, of creation) to her who was ever destined in the divine counsels to become the Mother of her Creator. It belongs to her, of course, as she is the representative of the incarnation, and its practical exponent to a world but too apt to forget what it professes to hold. The following poems, written in her honor, are an attempt to set forth, though but in mere outline, each of them some of the great ideas or essential principles embodied in that all-embracing mystery. On a topic so comprehensive, converse statements, at one time illustrating the highest excellence compatible with mere creaturely existence, at another, the infinite distance between the chief of earthly creatures and the Creator, may seem, at first sight, and to some eyes, contradictory, although in reality mutually correlative. On an attentive perusal, however, that harmony which exists among the many portions of a single mastering truth can hardly fail to appear, and with it the scope and aim of this poem."

This certainly is aiming high. Not only does the poet include in his plan the moral delineation of her whom the church holds the highest type of created humanity; he scales the heavens themselves. But our author is no impious Enceladus crushed beneath his own presumption, but a Jacob wrestling with the angel of the Lord, and rising to the infinite sky in beatific visions. Perhaps we best realize the boldness of the enterprise when we think for how many centuries the praise of the Mother and Son has exhausted the thought and imagination of the greatest souls. He is a daring gleaner who follows the fathers of the church over their chosen fields. Yet the May

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Carols are a sheaf from the same golden foison where Augustine and Aquinas and Chrysostom led the reapers. How fruitful must be the soil!

We have never seen anything to compare with the picture of the Holy Child here presented, unless it be the picture of the Holy Mother. We cannot, in our allotted space, render all the admirable gradations and delicate shadings, but must cull with difficult choice one or two only. One of the first is the

MATER CHRISTI.

"Daily beneath his mother's eyes
Her lamb matured his lowliness:
'Twas hers the lovely sacrifice
With fillet and with flower to dress.

Beside his little cross he knelt,
With human-heavenly lips he prayed;
His will within her will she felt,
And yet his will her will obeyed. . . .

He willed to lack; he willed to bear;
He willed by suffering to be schooled;
He willed the chains of flesh to wear;
Yet from her arms the world he ruled.

As tapers 'mid the noontide glow
With merged yet separate radiance burn,
With human taste and touch, even so,
The things he knew he willed to learn.

He sat beside the lowly door:
His *homeless* eyes appeared to trace
In evening skies remembered lore,
And shadows of his Father's face.

One only knew him. She alone
Who nightly to his cradle crept,
And *lying like the moonbeam prone*
Worshipped her Maker as he slept."

Whoever can read that without admiring it, is a clod: whoever can read it without having his whole idea of Christ's childhood intensely vivified and expanded, must be a St. John or an angel. How beautiful, and, when we look at it, how bold is the epithet "homeless!" How exactly it embodies the longing of his spirit out of its human prison toward the freedom of the heavens! Yet how daringly true to imagine the omnipresent Deity homeless! Again, how acutely the last scene characterizes the tender timidity of Mary's mother-love, and how natural and intensely human the conscious, sweet self-deception which brought her to worship when only the humanity slept, and she seemed separated from her Son and alone with her Creator! But the simile of the taper is perhaps the best touch of all, as being the masterly expression of one of the most subtle and difficult conceptions of the human mind. It must divide the honors of comparison with the concluding lines of the

MATER SALVATORIS.

"O heart with his in just accord!
O soul his echo, tone for tone!
O spirit that heard, and kept his word!
O countenance moulded like his own!

Behold, she seemed on earth to dwell;
But, hid in light, alone she sat
Beneath the throne ineffable,
Chanting her clear magnificat.

Fed from the boundless heart of God,
The joy within her rose more high,
And all her being overflowed,
Until the awful hour was nigh.

Then, then there crept her spirit o'er
The shadow of that pain world-wide,
Whereof her Son the substance bore;—
Him offering, half in him she died.

Standing like that strange moon, whereon
The mask of earth lies dim and dead,
An orb of glory, shadow-strewn,
Yet girdled with a luminous thread."

For originality, and perfect expression of an idea by an image, we know of nothing better in all our range of poetry than those two similes. The last is especially wonderful for its reconditeness. Who would ever think of an annular eclipse of the moon as an illustration of religion? And yet how marvellously well it does illustrate! The first verse of the poem is very poor and strained in its rhythm, and the second not much better in its mysticism, which is rather adapted to the enthusiasm of the middle ages; but the end counterbalances all.

Having thus digressed to the Blessed Virgin, we go on to note in how many lights these poems display her. The idea of her they present is, to an ordinary idea, as the flashing, many-faceted jewel to the rough gem of the mines. Here, for example, the whole poetry of motherhood is pressed into her service in a few dense lines:

"O Mother-Maid! to none save thee
Belongs in full a parent's name:
So faithful thy virginity,
Thy motherhood so pure from blame!

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All other parents, what are they?
Thy types. In them thou stood'st rehearsed
(As they in bird, and bud, and spray).
Thine Antitype? The Eternal First!

Prime parent he, and next him thou!
O'ershadowed by the Father's might,
Thy 'fiat' was thy bridal vow:
Thine offering he, the 'Light of light.'

Her Son thou wert; her Son thou art,
O Christ! Her substance fed thy growth,
She shaped thee in her virgin heart,
Thy Mother and thy Father both!"

Let us pass on from this, without breaking the continuity, to

CONSERVABAT IN CORDE.

"As every change of April sky
Is imaged in a placid brook,
Her meditative memory
Mirrored his every deed and look.

As suns, through summer ether rolled,
Mature each growth that spring has wrought
So love's strong day-star turned to gold
Her harvests of quiescent thought.

Her soul was as a vase, and shone
Translucent to an inner ray;
Her Maker's finger wrote thereon
A mystic Bible new each day.

Deep heart! In all his seven-fold might,
The Paraclete with thee abode,
And, sacramented there in light,
Bore witness of the things of God."

The last verse has a flaw rare in these volumns—a mixture of metaphors. In the first two lines, "heart" is strongly personified, and clearly represents Mary herself. In the third, with no intimation whatever, and without a break in the construction of the sentence, the same heart is become a place, and is indicated by "there." We cannot imagine how the author, with his susceptible taste, read it over in the proof-sheets without feeling the jar of the phrases.

So much for the loving side of Mary's character. In depicting her suffering, the poet has even excelled this. The first broad stroke of his picture is

MATER DOLOROSA.

"She stood; she sank not. Slowly fell,
Adown the cross, the atoning blood.
In agony ineffable
She offered still his own to God.

No pang of his her bosom spared,
She felt in him its several power.
But she in heart his priesthood shared:
She offered sacrifice that hour. . . . . ."

Beautifully our author has named the succeeding poem also Mater Dolorosa. The one is the agony of loss, the other the bitterness of bereavement:

"From her he passed; yet still with her
The endless thought of him found rest;
A sad but sacred branch of myrrh
For ever folded in her breast.

A boreal winter void of light—
So seemed her widowed days forlorn:
She slept; but in her breast all night
Her heart lay waking till the morn.

Sad flowers on Calvary that grew;
Sad fruits that ripened from the cross;
These were the only joys she knew,
Yet all but these she counted loss.

Love strong as death! She lived through thee
That mystic life *whose every breath*
From life's low harp-string amorously
Draws out the sweetened name of Death.

Love stronger far than death or life!
Thy martyrdom was o'er at last.
Her eyelids drooped, and without strife
To him she loved her spirit passed."

For once we can leave the beauty of a poem to the unaided italics with a good grace. To expound the exquisiteness of these lines would be like botanically dissecting a lily. But there is a deeper underlying excellence that may perhaps not suggest itself so irresistibly—the marvellous intuitive delicacy of the whole conception embodied by this poem. Only a truly profound religious feeling could thus happily have characterized the effect of such a sorrow on such a nature. A mere pietist would have painted a sanctified apathy; a merely smart writer would have imbued her with an eagerness for the end of earthly trouble; a man of talent would have made her resigned to death; the man of genius makes her resigned *to life*. Here is the effortless exactness of the true poet.

Two more views, and we can turn from this picture of the Blessed Virgin of the May Carols—one, her human and inferior relation to God; the other, her human and superior relation to ourselves. To the first point, perhaps the most explicit of the poems is the following, which, also, is a good example of the author's peculiar, sudden manner of turning his broad philosophy into the channel of some forcible application:

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"Not all thy purity, although
The whitest moon that ever lit
The peaks of Lebanonian snow
Shone dusk and dim compared with it;

Not that great love of thine, whose beams
Transcended in their virtuous heat
Those suns which melt the ice-bound streams,
And make earth's pulses newly beat—

It was not these that from the sky
Drew down to thee the Eternal Word:
He looked on thy humility;
He knew thee, 'Handmaid of thy Lord.'

Let no one claim with thee a part;
Let no one, Mary, name thy name,
While, aping God, upon his heart
Pride sits, a demon robed in flame.

Proud vices, die! Where sin has place,
Be sin's familiar, self-disgust.
Proud virtues, doubly die; that grace
At last may burgeon from your dust."

But the poem which of all most truly, tenderly, and perfectly develops the whole beautiful spiritual dependence of the true Catholic upon the Mother of his God, is the Mater Divinæ Gratiæ, already published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for May, p. 216.

The beauty of this piece has already attracted wide attention. The wonder is that any Catholic could have passed it by. It is a theological treatise in itself. Could all the repositories of divinity furnish a more complete refutation of those cold and narrow organisms (we hesitate to call them hearts) whose breasts would seem to have room for just so much piety, of a prescribed quality and regulation pattern, and who insist that every one we love is a unit in the divisor which assigns to each his portion of that known and limited store, our affection? These people sincerely cannot see how one can love Mary too without loving God less. It is as if a tree could not strike another root without sapping its trunk. Perish this narrowness! How long before these strait-laced souls—the moral progeny of that unhappiest of men, Calvin—will learn to love God as well as believe in him?

There is something very difficult of analysis about the power of these poems. They have none of that dramatic force which consists in skilfully selecting and emphasizing the striking adjuncts of the situation. De Vere's strength does not seem to tend toward the outward personality, but rather lies in the direction of the soul and its sensations. When we lay down the May Carols, we do not conceive a whit the more clearly how the Virgin Mary looked; there is no impression to overlie and mar our memories of the great painters' pictures of her. But we cannot read aright without bearing away an expanded comprehension and near, real, vivid insight into her love, her pain, her humility, her deserving, her glory. We so enter in spirit into the scenes of her life as absolutely to lose sight of the surroundings. This kind of power may not be the most broadly effective, but we must admit that it reaches our admiration through our best faculties. Its secret lies in the fact that the author's own ideas both of Christ and his Mother are so complete and exalted. At what advantage, for example, he stands over the author of Ecce Homo, who, it seems, would have us believe Christ in his childhood to have been a Hebrew boy, much like other Hebrew boys, till ill-explained causes metamorphosed a Galilean peasant youth into the most transcendent genius of history! With this cold casuistic theory compare De Vere's picture of the mother lying worshipping by the moonlit cradle of her Son and God. He accepts in their entirety the received ideas of the church, neither varying nor wishing to vary one jot or tittle of the law, but lovingly investing it with all the developments of thought and all the decorations of fancy. No Catholic can help being struck by the singular doctrinal accuracy which pervades without perturbing the whole of this work. The result is a portraiture of the incarnation and the Blessed Virgin, such as an author who could set all the ruggedness of Calvary before our eyes, and make every waving olive-leaf in Gethsemane musically mournful in our souls, could not hope to rival by all the efforts of graphic genius.

But scarcely less remarkable is the success in the other grand aim of the

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May Carols—what he himself calls "an attempt at a Christian rendering of external nature." His attempt has brought forth a series of purely descriptive pieces, interspersed at intervals, intended to present the symbolism which the aspect of May's successive phases might offer to the imagination of faith. To cultivate Christianity in the shifting soil of fancy is of itself a bold endeavor; but when the method proposed is by picturing the delicate and evanescent shades of spring's advance, the difficulty can be realized.

How far the author succeeds in this most subtle undertaking of educing the symbolism of May, we must leave to country criticism for final adjudication. We have our opinion; we can discover many sweet emblems; but we cannot analyze or reason out our thoughts satisfactorily. We recognize portraits in the May-gallery, but are not familiar enough with nature's costumes to judge of the historical order. We can exult with the earth in the gladness of the season; we are permeated in a measure, as are all, with the influences of the bluer skies, the softer breezes, the more confident advance of the flowers. But when it comes to reading the succession of the changing clouds, harmonizing the melody of the gales, deciphering the hieroglyphics that spring's myriad fingers write in verdure on the woods and meadows, we feel that ours is but a city acquaintance with May. We have rested too well content with the beauty to think of its moral suggestiveness or significance.

But this we do know, that the author has struck such a vein of descriptive felicity that, according to Dr. Holmes's witty logic, he can afford to write no more description till he dies. There are touches of this here and there in other places, but nothing to promise such little gems of landscape as stud the May Carols. There is an accession of naturalness and a flow of happy phrases as soon as he reaches one of these themes, that is like swimming out of fresh water into salt. Take, for instance, this:

"When April's sudden sunset cold,
Through boughs half-clothed with watery sheen,
Strikes on the high, new-cowslipped wold,
And bathes a world half gold, half green,

Then shakes the illuminated air
With din of birds; the vales far down
Grow phosphorescent here and there;
Forth flash the turrets of the town;

Along the sky thin vapors scud,
Bright sephyrs curl the choral main;
The wild ebullience of the blood
Rings joy-bells in the heart and brain.

Yet in that music discords mix;
The unbalanced lights like meteors play;
And, tired of splendors that perplex,
The dazzled spirit sighs for May."

It is a great disadvantage to these beautiful little poems to be thus taken from their frames, thereby losing their emblematic and retaining only their intrinsic beauty. But even so, there are two more which we fearlessly present on the merit of their own unaided charms. Here is the first:

"Brow-bound with myrtle and with gold,
Spring, sacred now from blasts and blights,
Lifts in a firm, untrembling hold
Her chalice of fulfilled delights.

Confirmed around her queenly lip
The smile late wavering, on she moves,
And seems through deepening tides to step
Of steadier joys and larger loves.

The stony ash itself *relents*
Into the blue embrace of May,
Sinking, like old impenitents,
Heart-touched at last; and far away

The long wave yearns along the coast
With sob suppressed, like that which thrills
(While o'er the altar mounts the host)
Some chapel on the Irish hills."

We scarcely know which to admire most, the precise, clear-cut elegance of the opening personification, the beauty of the third verse, or the melody (how the first line matches the sense!) and admirable comparison in the last one. Only, if the poet had ever waded among the waves of bloom of our western prairies, he would have found a better expression than the awkward one of "deepening tides," which is out of character with the rest.

But the last one we give is the finest. We had put it in the first rank ourselves before finding that it had also

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struck the fine ear of Mr. Landor. It is a Claude Lorraine done into verse:

"Pleasant the swarm about the bough,
The meadow-whisper round the woods,
And, for their coolness pleasant now,
The murmur of the falling floods.

Pleasant beneath the thorn to lie,
And let a summer fancy loose;
To hear the cuckoo's double cry,
To make the noontide sloth's excuse.

Panting, but pleased, the cattle stand
Knee-deep in water-weed and sedge,
And scarcely crop the greener band
Of osiers round the river's edge.

But hark! far off the south wind sweeps
The golden-foliaged groves among,
Renewed or lulled, with rests and leaps—
Ah! how it makes the spirit long

To drop its earthly weight, and drift,
Like yon white cloud, on pinions free
Beyond that mountain's purple rift,
And o'er that scintillating sea!"

We do not think we can say anything that will add to this.

There are two very noticeable faults of detail in the May Carols. One is the great occasional looseness of rhyme. We are no lover even of the so-called rhymes to the eye—words ending, but not pronounced alike—but when there is no similarity of sound at all, we emphatically demur. Here are some, taken at random, of the numberless false rhymes which disfigure these poems: "Hills—swells;" "height—infinite;" "best—least" (these last two in one short piece of sixteen lines); "buds—multitudes;" "repose—coos;" "flower—more;" "pierce—universe," etc. Now such as these are utterly indefensible. The different sounds of the same vowel are as different among themselves as from any other sounds, and there is no sense in taking advantage of the accident that they are represented by the same letter to cheat the ear and plead the poverty of the alphabet. In a man who labored for words, we could condone a roughness here and there; but in a writer of De Vere's fluency there is no excuse for such gross carelessness.

We observe also at intervals a kind of baldness of expression—a ruggedness and disregard of beauty in uttering ideas—that is unpleasant. We think, with a learned friend who first drew our attention to it, that this comes of the author's anxiety and determination to be clear. The lines seem like men trained down to fighting-weight—all strength and no contour. No doubt the high and difficult ideas to be rendered (for it is never seen in the descriptive interludes) constitute ample cause for this fault; but yet, in noticing the whole, we are constrained to note it as a blemish.

It remains to speak of the author's poems on Ireland. Here it is evident that he feels warmly as the chief organizer himself; and yet nothing can be further from to-day's Fenianism than the tone of his writings. Irish they are to the core—as animated as the best in proclaiming the wrongs of Ireland and the misrule of the invaders—but from the same premises somehow he seems to draw a different conclusion. This is to our author one of those near and dear subjects which are elements in a man's inner life: he has published another volume* upon it, and a large portion of his poems turn on it. Most of the best among his single poems—The Irish Celt to the Irish Norman, the Ode to Ireland, the beautiful Year of Sorrow, and others—are either too long or too close-woven for quotation. Another able one is The Sisters, which is full of beautiful thoughts, independent of the Irish bearing.

But the most prominent and elaborate of these poems is Inisfail, or Ireland in the Olden Time—a chronological series of odes, songs, and all manner of remarks in rhyme, illustrative of Ireland's history and the feeling of her people, through the various epochs of her national and denationalized life. There is more historical research, more talent, and more time buried to waste in this poem, than would make ten ordinary shallow reputations. The author shows a thorough and a *vitalized* knowledge of Irish history, and he penetrates well and nobly the succes-

* English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds. London, 1848.

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sions of popular sentiment; nay, he has done a more difficult thing still—he has caught much of the spirit of bardic verse. Only our very decided and deliberate opinion is, that the spirit of bardic verse is extremely like the gorilla—very hard to catch, and not particularly beautiful when caught. We have read, we are fairly sure, the better part of the English-Irish poetry that has attained any note—that class of which Clarence Mangan stands at the head, and are very much grieved and dissatisfied with it. Wherever the Gaelic ode-form is adopted, or the Gaelic symbolism—the Roisin Dhu, Silk of the Kine, etc.—we cannot help wishing it absent. Whatever has pleased us in poems of this sort would have pleased as well or better in another guise; whatever has fatigu d or offended, has generally done so on account of its Gaelic form. From weary experience, we have reached the firm conclusion that the Gaelic style is peculiarly adapted to the Erse tongue, and we earnestly hope that future twangings of the harp that hung in Tara's halls may be either in the aforesaid dialect, or else, like Moore's Irish Melodies (and does any one wish for anything more nobly Irish?), consonant in style with the spirit of the language they are written in. The best talent devoted to grafting Gaelic blossoms on English stems has only served to show them essentially uncongenial. Every attempt of this kind reads like a translation from Erse into English, and, like all translations, hints in every turn of the superiority of the original. And, speaking disinterestedly (we are, as it happens, neither Gael nor Sassenach), we scarcely think any translator likely to swim in waters where Clarence Mangan barely floated.

Thus we admire much of Inisfail for the wonderful adaptiveness which revivifies for us the dead feelings of dead generations, while at the same time we cannot thoroughly like nor enjoy it. There is great artistic taste throughout, but the poetical merit, as indeed might be expected, appears to us to be greatest in the delineations from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century—neither too far nor too near in point of time. The outlawry times elicit some fine lines; in fact, violation of law seems always to bring our author out at his best. Of the earlier poems, perhaps the best are The Malison and The Faithful Norman. These are of the first, or pure Irish period. The next, or Irish-Norman epoch, is full of the best and the worst of our author's verse. Of The Bard Ethell we have spoken before. The Bier that Conquered is a striking poem, as are also the quaint, rambling, suggestive lines called The Wedding of the Clans. Amid several long, fierce, and highly Gaelic exultations over battles, chiefs, and things in general, we find a noble poem, The Bishop of Ross, which we really regret we cannot quote here. Just before it, however, is one of the best, which we may have space for:

KING CHARLES'S "GRACES."

A.D. 1626.

"Thus babble the strong ones, 'The chain is slackened!
Ye can turn half round on your sides to sleep!
With the thunderbolt still your isle is blackened,
But it hurls no bolt upon tower or steep.
We are slaves in name! old laws proscribe you;
But the king is kindly, the queen is fair.
They are knaves or fools who would goad or bribe you
A legal freedom to claim. Beware!'

II.

"We answer thus: Our country's honor
To us is dear as our country's life!
That stigma the bad law casts upon her
Is the brand on the fame of a blameless wife.
Once more we answer: From honor never
Can safety long time be found apart;
The bondsman that vows not his bond to sever,
Is a slave by right, and a slave in heart!"

There is the true ring about this—strength and spirit both. Close by it is another—the only one of the odes we like—The Suppression of the Faith in Ulster, which is of the same calibre.

The last book (there are three) is full of beauty as the style grows modern. But we have cited so much that is beautiful, that we prefer quoting one of the few but forcible instances where our most Christian poet gives vent to

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his very considerable powers of sarcasm:

GOOD-HEARTED.

"The young lord betrayed an orphan maid—
The young lord soft-natured and easy:
The clan was 'good-hearted,' the neighbors said;
Flung meat to his dogs; to the poor flung bread.
His father stood laughing when Drogheda bled;
He hated a conscience queasy!

II.

"A widow met him, dark trees o'erhead,
Her child and the man just parted—
When home she walked her knife it was red;
Swiftly she walked, and muttered, and said,
'The blood rushed fast from a fount full-fed!
Ay, the young lord was right "good-hearted!"'

III.

"When morning was its first beam shed,
It fell on a corpse yet wanner;
The great-hearted dogs the young lord had fed
Watched, one at the feet and one at the head—
But their mouths with a blood-pool hard by were red;
They loved—in the young lord's manner."

There is something about the fierce bitterness here that strongly reminds one of Tennyson's poem of The Sisters, with its weird line—

"Oh! the Earl was fair to see!"

From several of very nearly the same purport, we select the following, influenced to choose it, as we own, by the wonderful flow of its measure, as well as its truly Irish beauty. There is a kind of peculiar richness of diction that no other nation on earth ever attains. Every reader of Tom Moore will know what we mean, and recognize a kindred spirit in

SEMPER EADEM.

"The moon, freshly risen from the bosom of ocean,
Hangs o'er it suspended, all mournful yet bright;
And a yellow sea-circle with yearning emotion
Swells up as to meet it, *and clings to its light.*
The orb, unabiding, grows whiter, mounts higher;
The pathos of darkness descends on the brine—
O Erin! the North drew its light from thy pyre;
Thy light woke the nations; the embers were thine.

II.

"'Tis sunrise! The mountains flash forth, and, new-reddened,
The billows grow lustrous so lately forlorn;
From the orient with vapors long darkened and deadened,
The trumpets of Godhead are pealing the morn:
He rises, the sun, in his might reascending;
Like an altar beneath him lies blazing the sea!
O Erin! who proved thee returns to thee, blending
The future and past in one garland for thee!"

But what we regard as really the finest poem in Inisfail is an apparent, perhaps a real, exception to our rule above stated, that whatever of this poetry pleases us would please as well if divested of its Gaelic form. The charm of this lies in its being so essentially Irish in conception. It is just such an original, bold, wild inspiration as no other body than an Irish clan could without incongruity be made to feel. There is more intense *Irishness* (what other word will express it?) in it than in all the poems—ay, and half the poets—of this century. We give it with the author's own explanation prefixed:

THE PHANTOM FUNERAL.

"James Fitz-Garret, son of the great Earl of Desmond, had been sent to England, when a child, as a hostage, and was for seventeen years kept a prisoner in the Tower, and educated in the Queen's religion. James Fitz-Thomas, the 'Sugane Earl,' having meantime assumed the title and prerogatives of Earl of Desmond, the Queen sent her captive to Ireland, attended by persons devoted to her, and provided with a *conditional* patent for his restoration . . . . As the young earl walked to church, it was with difficulty that a guard of English soldiers could keep a path open for him. From street and window and housetop every voice urged him to fidelity to his ancestral faith. The youth, who did not even understand the language in which he was adjured, went on to the Queen's church, as it was called; and with loud cries his clan rushed away and abandoned his standard for ever. Shortly afterward he returned to England, where, within a few months, he died.

Strew the bed and strew the bier
(Who rests upon it was never man)
With all that a little child holds dear,
With violets blue and violets wan.

Strew the bed and strew the bier
With the berries that redden thy shores, Corann;
His lip was the berry, his skin was clear
As the waxen blossom—he ne'er was man.

Far off he sleeps, yet we mourn him here;
Their tale was a falsehood; he ne'er was man!
'Tis a phantom funeral! Strew the bier
With white lilies brushed by the floating swan.

They lie who say that the false queen caught him
A child asleep on the mountains wide;
A captive reared him, a strange faith taught him;—
'Twas for no strange faith that his father died!

They lie who say that the child returned
A man unmanned to his towers of pride;
That his people with curses the false Earl spurned:
Woe, woe, Kilmallock! they lie, and lied!

The clan was wroth at an ill report,
But now the thunder-cloud melts in tears.
The child that was motherless played. "'Twas sport."
A child must sport in his childish years!

Ululah! Ululah! Low, sing low!
The women of Desmond loved well that child!
Our lamb was lost in the winter snow;
Long years we sought him in wood and wild.

How many a babe of Fitzgerald's blood
In hut was fostered though born in hall!
The old stock burgeoned the fair new bud,
The old land welcomed them, each and all!

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Glynn weeps to-day by the Shannon's tide,
And Shanid and she that frowns o'er Deal;
There is woe by the Laune and the Carra's side,
And where the knight dwells by the woody Feale.

In Dingle and Beara they chant his dirge:
Far off he faded—our child—sing low!
We have made him a bed by the ocean's surge,
We have made him a bier on the mountain's brow.

The clan was bereft! the old walls they left;
With cries they rushed to the mountains drear.
But now great sorrow their heart has cleft;—
See, one by one they are drawing near!

Ululah! Ululah! Low, sing low!
The flakes fall fast on the little bier;—
The yew-branch and eagle-plume over them throw!
The last of the Desmond chiefs lies here."

We close, far from completing our sketch of the poet. We have not exhausted the volumes before us, and they do not exhaust their author. De Vere has written several other books, mostly of early date—from 1843 to 1850—which one must read to know him entirely. But we are very sure that those who will read the books from which we have drawn our illustrations will read all. There are few authors who grow so upon the reader. Somehow the force and beauty of the thoughts do not impress at first. We think the rationale of the process is that we mostly begin by reading three parts of sound to one of sense. After the melody comes the harmony; gradually, on after-reading, the glitter of the words ceases to dazzle, and then, if ever, we commune mind to mind with the author. This is as rare with modern readers as a hand-to-hand bayonet fight in modern battles. Now Aubrey de Vere writes a great deal of thought so very quietly, that we miss the cackling which even talent nowadays is apt to indulge in on laying any supposed golden eggs of wisdom. Hence we have some singular opinions about him. One finds him cold and impassible; another votes him a sort of gentlemanly Fenian visionary, while a third devotes a column of one of our best hypercritical periodicals to viewing him as a mere love-poet. These are all windfall opinions, which had been better ripening on the tree. The grace, the rhythm, and, above all, the stern ascendency of truthful exactness over inaccurate felicities of expression, strike one constantly more and more. We have ourselves passed through these phases of opinion, besides several others; but every day fortifies our final conviction. It is, that Aubrey de Vere is one of those true poets whom the few love well; who will always have admirers, never popularity; and who must wait for his full fame until that distant but coming day when blind, deep movements of unity shall thrill the sects of Christendom, and bigotry no longer veil from the gifted and appreciative the merits of the first Catholic poet of to-day.

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From The Lamp.

UNCONVICTED; OR, OLD THORNELEY'S HEIRS.

CHAPTER X.

UNCONVICTED!

Up to the time when James Ball entered the witness-box, the whole case had been dead against the prisoner. Even the grave doubts which the cross-examination raised about the housekeeper's veracity had passed unsubstantiated by any further evidence or proof; and the cook's story of the footstep on the stairs died out of all reckoning in the modicum of balance left in favor of the accused man when Davis, the chemist, had closed his evidence. But when his luckless assistant got down, after making such astounding admissions, we breathed again, and hopes that had been trampled under foot rose once more with renewed buoyancy. The rigid face of Serjeant Donaldson relaxed into anxious gravity, and the frank, genial countenance of Mr. Forster—Hugh Atherton's contemporary, and at whose side he had fought many a legal battle—shook off its cloud as he sat down and conferred with his senior colleague; whilst I heard a deep sigh of relief burst from Merrivale as he muttered, "Thank God, we have got over *that* rock!"

Then Donaldson rose. I think I hear and see him still, that grey-headed serjeant, with his rugged Scotch features lighted up by all the earnestness of his will, all the acute intelligence of his mind, as he turned to the jury, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, though it failed not to set forth the firmness of his purpose, and the honest conviction of his soul, opened his defence of Hugh Atherton.

"Though standing at this bar," said Serjeant Donaldson, "with a heavy cloud of accusation overshadowing his hitherto stainless name, though branded by public opinion with the foul epithet of murderer, I can still call Mr. Atherton 'my friend' without a flush of shame; I can yet take him by the hand and feel proud to hail him brother by profession, companion in the same vocation. If," said the serjeant, raising his voice and looking boldly around him, "the last witness had never been placed before you and made the remarkable revelation which you have all heard, I would still indorse what I have just said, and assert to you, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, my deep and heartfelt conviction of the innocence of the prisoner. But I have other and better grounds upon which to plead before you to-day—the only grounds upon which you can legally and conscientiously find a verdict."

He then proceeded to review the evidence, pulling it to pieces, and cutting right and left into every deposition, showing up the flaws, attacking *sans ménagement* the character and veracity of the witnesses, dealing blows with no gentle hand on every side, and evidently lashing "his learned friend the Solicitor-General" into a state of suppressed fury; the whole drift and gist of his argument going to prove that, unless the fact of the prisoner's visit to the chemist's shop in Vere street did, to the minds of the jury, involve as a necessary consequence his purchasing the paper of strychnine, that also being satisfactorily established by conclusive ev-

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idence, no verdict against the prisoner could be found. On the other hand, the last witness has positively declared that the strychnine had been purchased under false pretences by a female, and that on the following day hush-money had been sent to and received by James Ball not to identify that woman who bought the poison. Further, he should presently call a witness who would corroborate all that had been disclosed by James Ball —one whom he, Ball, had evidently considered as effectually silenced; one who, though but a boy, had given a very steady, consistent, and lucid account of what had transpired on the evening of the 23d and on the following day. After commenting further upon this, and touching pointedly upon the curious coincidence of my rencontre with the woman in Vere street and the visit of the woman to the chemist's shop, he wound up his address: "There has been question today, gentlemen, of one whose name should never have been dragged before your notice, but who, in her agonized wish of doing her feeble part in clearing *him*, her betrothed husband, from the foul charge laid on him, has besought us, who are engaged in his defence, not to spare her, not to deprive her of taking her share in the testimony we shall bring forward in his favor. Gentlemen, this noble-minded girl, Miss Ada Leslie, will tell you in what terms the prisoner at the bar used to speak of his deceased uncle—the only guardian and father whom he ever remembers—in that intimate communion which exists between a man and the woman whom he is going to make part of himself. I need add no more. Providence has shaken from under your feet the only ground upon which you could condemn Mr. Atherton; Providence has, to my mind, pointed out the road along which further inquiries into this most heinous and wicked murder can be pursued. The same almighty and just God will enlighten your understandings and bring your minds to a righteous conclusion upon the case before you. But, gentlemen, although, as I said at first starting, we have better grounds than those of private conviction upon which to urge the prisoner's innocence—viz., those of proof and evidence—still I cannot but think you all feel with me that, as you look at him standing there, as you remember the tones of his voice, so familiar to us in this court, urging upon us the arguments of a powerful mind, thoroughly healthy in its moral tone, and the pleadings dictated by a heart whose impulses were intrinsically generous and humane, whose guileless soul—and I crave his pardon for uttering these words in his presence—shone out of his honest eyes, and whose blameless life was openly known to all and clear as the noonday—I think, if the evidence had been other than it was, or than that which you are going to hear will be, you would still be ready to exclaim, 'That man *cannot* be guilty of the crime imputed to him; *who* is innocent if *he* is proved guilty?'"

I had no idea that Ada would be in court, far less give evidence; and I concluded she had not mentioned it to me lest I should object or be distressed on her account. The sensation was tremendous in court when she entered the witness-box, accompanied by her mother. The latter's agitation, whether affected or real, seemed very great, and the frequent application of her handkerchief to her eyes betrayed she was crying. How Ada had got her there at all was a wonder; how she remained silent *when* there, was a greater marvel. Can I ever forget her as she stood there, that tall slender girl, with her pale colorless face of calm and high resolve, the dark shadows beneath those eyes that looked as if now they never slept, but with the steadfast light of deep, devoted affection shining in them as they fell upon Hugh; her whole figure quivering with emotion, and her clasped hands leaning upon the table before her? One look at Hugh, and then she returned to the Lord Chief-Justice. I saw the

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undisguised rush of sympathy and of interest flash across his countenance as his gaze met hers; and he leaned towards her with the courteous attention of the innate gentleman that he was.

"My lord," she began, in tones that at first were scarcely audible, though peculiarly sweet, but which rose and deepened as she went on, "I have come here because there is something I wish to say to you, although I know you think *he* is innocent; but still I had best say it. For many months past I have known every thought of his heart; there has been no secret kept back from me. My lord, he loved that poor murdered man very tenderly, even as he would have loved his father had he lived, and he never spoke of him but with kindness and affection. It was only on the very day *it* happened that he was talking with me of the future. We were to have been man and wife—oh, I trust in God we shall still be!—and that day he, my Hugh, said how he was looking forward to the time when we should have a home of our own, and he could win his uncle away sometimes from his solitary life, and make him come to us. Do you think," she said, turning with passionate suddenness to the jury, —"do you think he could say that to *me*, and an hour afterwards kill the old man? do you think that of him who never bore an unkindly thought even to a dumb animal?"

And then her womanly timidity seemed to come back, or physical excitement overpower her; and when Mr. Frost, a young and rather conceited-looking man, rose with a view doubtless to cross-question her, the Solicitor-General waved him back, for she had sunk on the chair placed for her.

Then I heard, and hearing it my heart seemed like to break, a heavy groan burst from the prisoner's lips—the first sign of deep emotion that had escaped him during those long weary hours of suffering and suspense; and I saw him stretch out his arms toward her with a wild movement of unutterable love. Thank God, she neither saw nor heard! Merrivale hastened to her, and with her mother led her out of the court.

Jacob Mullins was then called by Serjeant Donaldson.

He said: "I am sixteen years of age, and have lived two years with Mr. Davis, chemist in Vere street, as errand-boy. I take the medicines home when made up, and make myself generally useful in the shop. I never serve over the counter. I clean the pestles, mortars, and all vessels used, but I never serve out medicines. I quite well remember the evening of the 23d. I was sitting at the far end of the shop behind the counter, polishing a brass mortar. I could see who came into the shop, because where I sat was opposite the flap of the counter, and I looked through each time any one came in. I wasn't very busy that evening. I remember a tall gentleman coming in and asking for some spirits of camphor. Master served him; Mr. Ball was in the shop. I suppose it was about eight o'clock or thereabouts. I never take much count of time, except when I have to hurry. He didn't buy anything else. I am quite sure of it; I could swear it. I was listening all the time. He was a very tall gentleman. I think it was the prisoner at the bar; he was like him, but he had his hat on."

Baron Watson: "Let the prisoner put on a hat."

Witness: "Yes, that is the gentleman. I could swear it is the same."

Serjeant Donaldson: "What happened next?"

Witness: "A few minutes after the gentleman went out, a lady came in. I did not see her face. She had on a thick veil. She asked for a grain of strychnine. My master was out of the shop. Mr. Ball said to her, 'That's poison; I daren't give it you.' 'Oh,' says she, 'it's all right. It's for my husband to try on a dog. He's a doctor.' 'A doctor!' says Mr. Ball; 'where does he live?' 'Just round the corner—

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Mr. Grainger, at the top of Vere street.' 'All right,' says Mr. Ball; and goes to the drawer where the poisons are kept, and unlocks it, and I see him weigh it out and put it up.' 'How much?' says she. 'A shilling,' says he; 'and I shall come round presently and see if it's all right.' 'Very well,' says she; 'come now if you like.' 'No, by-and-by,' says Mr. Ball, 'when the master's back.' On that she went out. I couldn't swear to her, nor to what she wore. I never notices ladies' togs. She had a veil on—that's all I know. I went home soon after nine that evening. Mr. Ball sleeps in the house. The next day we heard that old Mr. Thorneley of Wimpole street had been poisoned by strychnine; and then, that the poison had been bought at our shop. Everybody was talking of it who came in. I went up to Mr. Ball when we were alone in the shop at dinner-time, and says I, 'It's along of that strychnine that was bought last night here, I guess, as the murder's been done.' 'Hold your confounded tongue,' says he, 'or we shall get into a precious mess.' He jaws awful at me sometimes, and I'm afraid of him; so I said no more and kept aloof from him, for he looked terrible black all the afternoon. At five o'clock the postman brought in a letter for Mr. Ball. He was in the parlor having his tea. I called out there was a letter for him, and he came into the shop. I saw him open the letter and take out a banknote. 'My eyes!' says I, 'you're in luck to-day, Mr. Ball.' He was reading the letter. With that, he turned on me as fierce and red as a turkey-cock. 'You young viper,' says he, 'if you go blabbing about my affairs I'll get you discharged as sure as I am standing here!' I thought he'd have killed me. Why haven't I told this before? Because nobody's asked, and because I have been frightened of him. He's given me money several times lately, and mother's been ill, and—" (Here the witness broke down and began to cry.) It was no use the gentleman (the Solicitor-General, who was cross-questioning him) trying to bully him. He'd told the truth; it was true as gospel. He'd take his oath any day. He could and did swear to it all. Nobody had given him a farthing except Mr. Ball. He'd only told this to a gentleman a few days back who had spoken to him and then served a paper on him to appear to-day. The gentleman had told him afterwards he was a detective officer.

This was the pith of what Jacob Mullins deposed. In vain did the Solicitor-General try to badger and browbeat him; he stuck like a limpet to the same story. Confronted with James Ball, only the same results produced. Serjeant Donaldson, at Merrivale's whispered instigation, tried to bring out of them both a clearer identification of the person who had bought the strychnine, but in vain. Only Mullins, in reply to a query as to whether she spoke like a foreigner, said he couldn't just exactly tell, but she did seem to talk rather funny. Confronted at the prisoner's request with Mrs. Haag, became confused, and said he didn't think it was the lady; it might be and it mightn't; was sure he never could point her out for certain. But although the person who did buy the strychnine had not been identified, the fact that Hugh Atherton did *not* buy it was satisfactorily proved, and that was matter for the deepest thankfulness.

The two detective officers Keene and Jones were next examined. To what is already known the following was added: Ten years ago a man of the name of Bradley had been convicted at the Old Bailey of burglary at Mr. Thorneley's house in the City, and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. Inspector Keene had been employed in the case, and had been helped principally by anonymous letters, giving information which had led to the detection of the burglar. Bradley on being captured had hinted that he knew to whom he was indebted for

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his apprehension. Thinking to ferret out some accomplice, Inspector Keene had shown him one of the anonymous communications received, and he had immediately identified the handwriting as his wife's. He then confided to Inspector Keene that she was a foreigner, a Belgian by birth; that he had married her at Plymouth, and separated from her two years after; that she was in domestic service—but where and in what capacity he would not divulge. Either fear of or affection for her seemed to be greatly influencing his mind. This same Bradley had made his escape from the penal settlement in Australia during the spring of the present year, and had been seen and recognized by Detective Jones in a small public-house in Blue-Anchor Lane, known as one of the worst haunts of bad characters in the metropolis. But unable with safety to take him into custody on the night in question, the police had lost sight of him since, up to the present time. Putting two and two together, Inspector Keene had last week travelled down to Plymouth, searched the parochial registers, found and obtained the certified copy of marriage between Robert Bradley and Maria Haag which Serjeant Donaldson had handed in to their lordships. Further, Detective Jones stated, as a corroboration of what I had already related in my evidence, that this Bradley, or O'Brian, as he now called himself, was in close communication with a man of the name of De Vos, *alias* Sullivan, who again was in communication with Mr. Lister Wilmot; this same De Vos, or Sullivan, having formerly been in prison for embezzlement, and was now under suspicion of uttering false coin. The full relation of the conversation between De Vos and O'Brian on the night of our visit to "Noah's Ark" was not without its effect upon judges and jury.

Both the Chief-Justice and Baron Watson put repeated questions to Jones; and the Solicitor-General quite surpassed himself in his endeavors to browbeat both him and Inspector Keene. All to no purpose. Nor could that learned gentleman in his final address, after the case for the defence was closed, at that supreme moment which English law gives to the prosecutor to the crushing of all hopes raised by the evidence and appeal of the prisoner—not then could he remove the impression made on all minds that a mystery hitherto unpenetrated lay beneath the last evidence adduced.

The Lord Chief-Justice summed up. He said that, to convict a man of murder by poison, evidence must be adduced to prove that the poison was administered by the person accused; that the points of the case before them were these: The murdered gentleman, Mr. Thorneley, had on the evening of the 23d of October last received a visit from his two nephews, Mr. Lister Wilmot, and Mr. Philip Hugh Atherton, the prisoner at the bar; that a dispute had occurred between the three, relative to advancing money by the deceased to Mr. Wilmot; that the brunt of Mr. Thorneley's anger had fallen, strange to say, and from some unknown cause, upon the prisoner; that the prisoner had retaliated, and used words of threatening import, implying that the deceased would repent on the morrow what he had said that night; that at nine o'clock the housekeeper brought in the usual refreshment of which Mr. Thorneley partook at that hour—bitter ale and hard biscuits. The prisoner at the bar went to the table, poured out the ale into a glass, and handed it to his uncle. Soon after the nephews, one after the other, took leave of him and went away. Mr. Thorneley retired to rest that night about ten o'clock, without having any further communication with his household. In the morning he was found dead in his bed. On medical evidence he is proved to have been poisoned by strychnine, and strychnine is found in the few drops of bitter ale left in the tumbler out of which the deceased had drunk on the

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previous evening. In the ale remaining in the bottle no strychnine is found. Now here arises a question and a doubt. Was there, or was there not, any ale poured out in the glass before it was brought up into Mr. Thorneley's study? The prisoner in his statement before the magistrates, and before the coroner, distinctly says there was; the Housekeeper swears there was not. Is the housekeeper's evidence to be relied on? Much had been adduced that day which tended to show that at least it was doubtful. The Chief-Justice commented at length upon the evidence of the two detectives, and then said:

"The suspicions, however, of the police were directed to Mr. Hugh Atherton; and the evidence had shown that he was met coming out of a chemist's shop in Vere street on the evening of the murder, and before visiting his uncle; that upon being taken into custody the next day, an empty paper, labelled *Strychnine*, and bearing the name of Davis, chemist, Vere street, was found in the pocket of the overcoat which he had worn on his visit to Wimpole street. On the other hand, both James Ball, the chemist's assistant, and Jacob Mullins, the errand-boy, had sworn that the grain of strychnine entered as sold on the 23d was purchased by a female on false pretenses. Both likewise swore that the prisoner did not purchase any strychnine, but only the bottle of camphorated spirits found on his table. Then, again, James Ball had owned to receiving a letter containing hush-money, and a caution not to identify the person who had bought the poison. How, then, did the paper labelled 'strychnine' get into the prisoner's pocket? He declares he knows nothing of it; and on that point there is no further evidence. There was another mystery also which in his, the judge's, mind bore very direct influence upon the case in question; and that was the assertion of Mr. John Kavanagh that he had made and executed a will for the deceased gentleman on the night of his death, leaving the bulk of his property to a hitherto unknown and unrecognized son, which son and heir had been found under peculiar and difficult circumstances—a living confirmation of the truth of Mr. Kavanagh's statement. The question of this will was not for the present jury to consider; but simply they were to bear in mind the circumstances under which it was made, the disclosures attendant, and, above all, the fact that whereas this last will, conferring a handsome income on the prisoner at the bar, remained a buried secret from everybody, the prisoner included, save the lawyer who made it under solemn promise of silence, the other will, bequeathing a mere nominal sum to the prisoner, and cutting off with a shilling the rightful heir, namely, Mr. Thorneley's son, was lodged with the deceased's family lawyers, produced, read, and acted upon by them and the sole residuary legatee, Mr. Wilmot. This was to be considered *vis-à-vis* with the motive by which the prisoner at the bar was implied to have been influenced to the commission of the crime charged against him." The Chief-Justice concluded, after many more comments, by saying that, although every one must have been touched by the appearance and words of the first witness heard in the defence, yet that, as far as evidence went, they must not be allowed to weigh with any value. The one great question, deduced from all that had gone before, which the jury had to consider was, whether the prisoner at the bar had or had not purchased the strychnine in question, had or had not introduced it into the glass of bitter ale handed by him to the deceased, Mr. Thorneley. And he prayed the God of light, and truth, and justice to enlighten their minds and guide them to a right conclusion.

I have but faintly portrayed the clear, lucid manner in which that able judge summed up the evidence, or the deep feeling expressed in every tone of his voice. Cautious and prudent

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to a degree as he had been in his language, it yet gleamed out from time to time, like a ray of sunshine, that in his own mind he considered Atherton *not* guilty. The jury after five minutes' deliberation asked to retire.

Do you know what that suspense is,—that hanging on each minute which might bring the issues of life or death? Can you think what it was to stand there for that hour and a quarter, seventy-five minutes, forty-five hundred seconds, when every minute seemed an hour, and every second a minute; with the dead silence reigning in the court, broken only by casual sounds now and then, that were hushed almost instantly, to so great a pitch had the interest and suspense of the whole crowd collected there risen; your eyes fixed upon that fatal door through which you knew the decision would be borne, with your heart throbbing in dull, heavy thumps against your breast, and your breath almost hushed and dying on your lips? So we stood that evening, the dense November fog stealing into the court, and the gas-lamps flaring garish and yellow in the thick atmosphere, waiting for the verdict. Twice over was a message sent in from the jury-room to the judges, demanding further explanation or elucidation on some point or other. And still we waited. At last the door opened, and they filed back one by one into their box, and took their seats in solemn silence, and were instantly harangued by the clerk of the court, and called upon to declare whether Philip Hugh Atherton was guilty or innocent of wilful murder. Amidst a dead hush, a stillness that was thrilling in its intensity, the foreman stood up and pronounced the verdict, "NOT GUILTY." I saw the prisoner raise his hands for one moment, and then his head drooped on his breast, and he leaned heavily against the railing in front of him. I saw Merrivale rise hastily, and, turning round, lay his hand upon Hugh's shoulder, and his counsel eagerly stretching out their hands towards him in fervent congratulation; and then was heard the Chief-Justice's voice addressing the foreman of the jury:

"The peculiarities and complexity of the case make it needful that we should ask upon what grounds you have given in your verdict."

Foreman: "We find the prisoner not guilty, my lord, on the ground that it is proved he did not buy the strychnine, and that the evidence of the housekeeper is unreliable evidence. But we think that until the mystery of the murder is cleared up, suspicion must still attach itself to Mr. Atherton."

The Chief-Justice to the prisoner: "It is usual to say whether we, before whom a case has been tried, agree in the verdict of the jury. Both myself and my brother Watson do most fully in this instance. We agree that upon the evidence brought forward to-day you could not by the criminal law be convicted; but we also agree in the remark made by the foreman that a degree of suspicion and doubt will rest upon you so long as the real perpetrator of this horrible crime is not forthcoming. As having known you under happier circumstances, I sincerely trust and pray for your sake that time may bring to light this hidden deed of darkness."

The judges rose and left the court. Then arose from all parts a savage yell of disappointment. Once before I told how thirsty the public were for another sight of the hangman and his victim; and now to snatch their prey from under their very eyes, with the stain of crime upon him, with a shadow of the gallows hanging over him, was more than they could bear. Amidst groans and hisses, amidst a deluge of the foulest epithets, he passed out of the court—UNCONVICTED. Unconvicted, but not unsuspected; uncondemned, but not unblemished. With the taint of murder clinging to him, with his fair good name tarnished by the withering breath of imputed crime, and his innocent life robbed of its

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noblest beauty in the eyes of his fellow-men, Philip Hugh Atherton left that criminal court and became once more a free, and yet a marked man beneath his native sky. His whole position opened out clear before me in that one brief second which succeeded the closing the trial—all its future suffering and sorrow. Oh! if he would but now realize that at least one friend was true to him, that one heart warmed to him with the same affection as ever, who would devote himself to clearing away every cloud that dimmed his future! And dashing away the blinding tears that would force themselves into my eyes, I made my difficult way through the crowd and gained the outer court. A carriage stood opposite the private door, and a double line of policemen guarded a passage to it. I hurried forward. Hugh Atherton and Lister Wilmot passed quickly out, the carriage-door shut, and they drove off.

"Atherton and Wilmot!" I was saying the names aloud to myself, when I heard a mocking laugh. Standing beside me, and looking up into my face, was Mrs. Haag.

"Have you been drinking again, Mr. Kavanagh?" she said in her peculiar hard tones, and was gone in a moment. But she left what she little dreamed of leaving behind her—the indelible impression on my mind of her strong resemblance to Lister Wilmot.

CHAPTER XI.

FOUND!

Yes, most undoubtedly, most undeniably, a strong likeness did exist between Lister Wilmot, old Thorneley's nephew, and Maria Haag, Thorneley's housekeeper,—a likeness that, as I walked home from the Old Bailey and recalled the various points in their features and expressions, grew yet more striking to my mental vision. The housekeeper was fair, with sandy hair; so was Lister Wilmot. The housekeeper's eyes were of that peculiar blue-grey, cold, passionless in their expression; so were Wilmot's. Mrs. Haag's features were cast in a perfectly Flemish mould, unmarked, broad, flat; Wilmot's were better defined, especially the nose, and yet they were of the same stamp, allowing for that difference. But the particular resemblance lay in the character of the tightly-drawn lips, in the dark, evil, scintillating light that gleamed from time to time in both his and her eyes; the expression so often alluded to in these pages, full of danger, of defiance; a glance that sent your blood shivering back to your heart; a look that told, as plain as words could speak, of unscrupulousness and utter relentlessness in the pursuit of any selfish purpose. And as this forced itself with distinct clearness upon my mind, I remembered the question put to me in Merrivale's office on the day of the funeral by Inspector Keene,—"Did you ever see a likeness to any one in Mr. Wilmot?" and my answer, "No, not that I know of. We have often said he was like none of his relatives living." But how to account for this likeness established so suddenly? I tried to recollect all I had ever heard about Wilmot. Thorneley had acknowledged and treated him in all respects as his nephew; he was thus named in the will made by Smith and Walker, and Hugh Atherton had told me Lister was the son of Gilbert Thorneley's sister, his own aunt; that the marriage had been an unhappy one; that she died soon after her son's birth; and that of Mr. Wilmot, his uncle-in law, he knew nothing. How had this strange and striking likeness arisen? Had he been privately married to Mrs. Haag? Surely not; and then I remembered what had come out in court to-day about her connection with Bradley, alias O'Brian. Old Gilbert Thorneley certainly was no fool; he would have been too wide awake to be tricked into a marriage with a woman of whose ante-

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cedents he had not made himself perfectly sure. The conjecture of Haag being his wife was dismissed almost as soon as it was entertained. Fairly at a nonplus, and yet feeling that much might come out of this new conviction, I resolved to send for Inspector Keene as soon as possible, and impart to him all the crowd of thoughts and speculations and ideas to which the impression received this evening had given birth. Meanwhile it is necessary I should relate events as they happened after the trial.

Discharged and yet disgraced, Hugh Atherton left the court that day with his future blasted, with a blot on his shield and a stain upon his name. The jury could not convict him, but public opinion hooted him down, and the press wrote him down. His character was not simply "blown upon" by the insidious soft breath of undertoned scandal, but caught up and shivered to pieces in a whirlwind of shame and ignominy. Friends shunned him, acquaintances cut him; society in general tabooed him, and "this taboo is social death." Society set its ban upon him; but Lister Wilmot stuck to him. Stuck to him tight and fast—after this manner: He went about from one person to another, from this house to that, and talked of "his poor cousin Atherton, his unfortunate relative, his much-injured friend." He would ask So-and-so to dinner, and then when the invitation was accepted, he would add, "You won't mind meeting my cousin, poor Atherton; he is very anxious to do away with that unfortunate impression made at the trial; I do assure you that he is innocent."

The consequences are evident. You may damn a man with faint praise; you may doubly damn a man by overstrong patronage. And this was done to perfection by Wilmot. He—a young, agreeable, and not bad-looking man— was a far different person in the eyes of the world from rough old Gilbert Thorneley; and when he stepped into the enormous wealth of his uncle—when, in spite of the existence of the son and heir, no will was forthcoming, no legal grounds could be found on which to dispute his possession, the world made her best bow to him, and society knelt at his feet, offered up her worship and swung her censers before him. And I had to stand aside and see it all—stand aside with the bitter smart of broken friendship, of rejected affection, rankling in my breast. That fatal evening, oh that fatal evening! One word, and he had turned with me, friends for evermore; one word, and all the anguish and misery, the blight and the sorrow, of the past weeks had been saved!

Hugh and I never met after his trial but once. It was on the 3d of December, the day on which Ada Leslie attained her majority, that I saw him for the last and only time. I went to Hyde Park Gardens early in the morning, to offer her my congratulations for her birthday, to relinquish my guardianship, and to settle many matters which were necessary on her coming of age.

I need not say that it cost me something to give up the sweet relationship of guardian and ward; that it was like bidding a farewell to almost the only brightness that had been cast across my path in life. There was much business to settle that day, and perforce I was obliged to detain Ada for a long time in the dining-room. Just before I rose to leave, Hugh came in. He greeted Ada, and then turning to me simply bowed. My blood was up; now or never should he explain the meaning of his past conduct; now or never should the cloud which had intervened between us be cleared away; now or never should the misunderstanding be removed.

"Atherton," I said, "I have a right to demand the cause of this change in you; I have a right to know what or who it is that is murdering our friendship. No, Ada, do not go away. Be my interpreter with him. *You* know how much cause he has had to doubt me."

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I saw his face working as if powerful emotions were contending for mastery in him; but he answered in very cold, measured tones: "If I have been mistaken, if the heavy load of trouble I have had to go through has warped my judgment, I trust I may be forgiven; but I see no reason at present to wish that our former intimacy should be renewed."

"But why? in heaven's name, why?"

He looked towards Ada, who was standing near him, and then at me.

"If your own heart, Kavanagh, does not supply the reason, I have nothing more to say." And then, as if a sudden impulse had come over him, he stretched out his hand to me, and as I grasped it he said in a voice that shook with agitation: "It is best for us both. John; we can only forgive and forget."

"O Hugh!" said Ada, laying her hand upon his arm, "do be friends with him. I cannot imagine what has made you think so ill of your best and truest friend."

But for reply he shook his head and quickly left the room. I took my leave of Ada and went away. And thus we parted—Hugh and I, after more than twenty years passed almost entirely together in the most intimate communion of friendship—a friendship that I for one had never thought could have been broken save by death, and which even then would have risen strengthened, purified, and perfect beyond the grave.

Weeks passed on after this last meeting. I was very much occupied with business that had been accumulating during the past three months, and I was thankful to plunge into it, and drown in the overpress of work bitter thoughts that rose but too constantly for my peace. I seldom if ever went to Hyde Park Gardens. How could I after Hugh Atherton's steady refusal of any explanation? for I knew I should constantly meet him there, and it would prove only a source of pain to us all. Poor young Thorneley remained under my care; Merrivale had been told by Hugh that he should not interfere in any way, excepting to make over the 5000*l.* left him by his uncle to the idiot. Further, I learnt that he had withdrawn his name from the barrister's roll; but nothing more as to his future movements transpired. The housekeeper had suddenly disappeared, and with her had likewise disappeared Inspector Keene. Jones told me he believed he had gone, on his own responsibility, "to keep an eye on her." So December went by, Christmas had gone, and the new year had set in. "I shall hear of their marriage soon,' I thought to myself. "Surely they will let me know *that*." And it was now the end of January, when one day, as I was deep over some papers, the door of my private office opened, and a young clerk who was replacing Hardy, laid up with a fit of gout, looked in. "A lady, sir, wants to see you."

"What is her name? I'm very busy. If it's nothing particular, ask her to call to-morrow."

"She says it's *most* particular, and she won't give her name. She's very young, and I think she's crying.'

"Then show her in.'

And in a moment Ada Leslie stood before me.

"Ada! my dear child, what is it?"

She was trembling violently.

"Gone!" she said in her heart-broken accents.

"Gone!" I repeated. "Who?"

"Hugh. Gone to Australia. Look here!" and she thrust a crumpled letter into my hand. It was indeed a farewell from him—a farewell written with all the passionate tenderness of his love for her, but admitting not the shadow of a hope that he would falter in his determination. It was more than he could bear, he said, the disgrace that had been heaped upon him; more than he could stand, to meet the cold averted looks, the sneers, the innuendos which fell so thickly on his path. Nor would he condemn her to share his lot; the shame that had come

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on him should never be reflected on her. He bade her farewell with many a vow and many a prayer. She had been his first love, she would be his last; and to know she was happy would be all he would ever care to hear from the land he was leaving, even if that happiness were shared with another. Much more he said, and I read it on to the end.

"How could he! Oh, how could he!" she cried, wringing her hands, when I had finished and laid down the letter. "Did he not know my whole heart and soul were bound up in him? Did he not know that he was my very life? And he has gone from me, left me."

I could not answer for a minute. I was thinking deeply.

"Ada," I said at last, "this is not entirely his own doing. It is Lister Wilmot's."

"No, no!" she said, moaning and rocking herself backwards and forwards; "you are mistaken. He is in great distress about it. This letter was inclosed to him last night; he knew nothing of it."

"Ada, I feel convinced that he did and that he does know. Child, let me speak to you once more as your guardian and your dead father's friend. Take your mind back to that morning before the inquest, and to a conversation which passed between us then. You remember that Wilmot had been at your house before me, and repeated something which poor old Thorneley said the evening of his death—something about you and me. You called it then, Ada, 'worse than foolishness;' so I will call it now. Do you remember?"

"I do," she said faintly, the color rising to her cheeks.

"That has been dragged out several times since, privately and publicly—always by Wilmot himself or at his instigation. Has Hugh never spoken about it with you?"

"Yes," she answered in the same low tones. "He spoke of it once, very lately. I was trying to persuade him to be friends with you. It was the only time he ever said an unkind word to me; but he was angry then." A sob broke from her at the remembrance.

"I don't wish to distress you; but just think if those thoughts and feelings were put into his mind and harped upon, traded with by one professing himself to be so staunch a friend just now,—can we wonder at the results?"

She looked at me as if she hardly understood.

"I mean," I said, speaking as calmly as I could, "that he was led to believe it true. He thought I was attached to you, and desirous of winning you from him."

She was silent for some moments.

"What am I to do?" she said at last.

And I too was silent. One thing presented itself to my mind, if only I had the heart to speak it out, if only the courage. Suddenly she looked up with a happy light in her eyes and almost a smile on her lips. She leaned forward with breathless earnestness. I felt instinctively she had thought on the same thing, and that she had resolved to act upon it.

"I can go after him. That is the right thing for me to do, is it not, guardian?"

For a moment my heart stood still. I *knew* she would go.

"Can you bear the voyage, Ada?"

"I could bear anything,—all for his sake."

And I felt that her answer was but a faint shadowing of the great truth that filled her heart.

"Then go," I said; "and may God's blessing go with you!"

I rose, turned my face towards the window, and looked out into the desolate square with its leafless trees, its snow-covered walks; looked out into the dull blank future, into the cheerlessness of coming years.

There and then it was settled she should follow Atherton to Australia by the overland route, and thus reach Melbourne before his ship could arrive. I asked her if she would not find great difficulty in persuading her mother to

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accompany her, and without whom she could not go; but she told me she thought not; Mrs. Leslie would rather enjoy the excitement of travelling. We talked long and earnestly that morning, and I expressed to her my strong convictions that the day would come before long when we should see Atherton cleared from the remotest suspicion of his uncle's murder. All the sweet old confidence of former days seemed to have come back, and she opened her heart fully and freely to me. I learnt from her very much of Wilmot's late conduct, of which I mentally made notes; it was all, though she little thought it then, valuable information to guide me on to the one thing I had set my heart on doing, viz., sifting the mystery of Thorneley's murder and the discovery of the lost will. Before she left me I had exacted a promise that of her intended journey nothing should be said to Wilmot; and finally we fixed on the 4th of February for her to start.

The days flew by with more than usual fleetness, so it seemed to me; and the 1st of February found Ada and her mother with every preparation completed for their long journey. Up to that moment the promise made to me had been rigidly kept, and Lister Wilmot was still in ignorance of their intended movements. His absence from town for a fortnight rendered this a comparatively easy task, and he was not expected to return until after the 6th. On the evening of the 1st I received a note from Miss Leslie.

"I have been greatly taken by surprise and much distressed," she wrote; "this morning's post brought me an offer of marriage from Lister Wilmot. He speaks of Hugh's heartless desertion and his own *long* attachment. Either he is mad or deliberately insults me. I entreat you to act as if you still were, and what I shall always consider you, my guardian, and answer it for me. A horrible fear of him possesses me, and all I pray is that he may know nothing of this journey until we are well on our road."

"This then," said I to myself, as I sat down to do Ada's bidding, "is the reason why Hugh was got off so suddenly and secretly. The secret is out at last, Master Wilmot; but you have overshot your mark. This time you have not a trusting friend, not a confiding girl, to deal with; but with me, a man of law; and I'll be even with you yet. I've a heavy grudge to wipe out against you, and you shall smart with a bitter smart."

But before all it was necessary to be prudent, and I answered his letter to Ada with temperate words and calm politeness in her name. *At present*, I wrote, she had commissioned me to say she could not entertain the subject of his letter. In a month's time she would be glad to see him. Only let him fall into that trap, and she would be safely on her road to Hugh.

How anxiously I waited for a reply, I need hardly say. It came at last to Ada (I had told her what and why I had thus written). He would wait a month, a year, ten years, if only at last she could learn to love him. The bait had taken; and we breathed again.

The 4th of February came, and they started. I had engaged an experienced and trusty courier to travel with them, and they took an old confidential servant to act as maid. I accompanied them to Dover, and saw them on board the packet. Before it started Ada took me aside.

"John."

For the first time and the last she called me by my Christian name.

"Yes, Ada."

"Will you keep this for my sake, in case we never meet again? and remember, oh remember, that I shall always cherish you as the dearest friend I ever had!"

She took my hand and slipped on my finger a twisted circlet of gold, in which one single stone was set, engraven with the word "Semper." It lies there now, it will lie there when I am in my grave.

"I will keep it for ever and ever, Ada."

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One kiss I took from her uplifted tearful face—that too the first and last; and praying God to bless and guard her, left her. Until far out at sea, till the last faint speck of the departing vessel had disappeared beyond the horizon, till daylight had verged into the grey of approaching night, and shore and sea and sky were all blended in the thickening gloom, I watched from the desolate pier-head, with the winter wind whistling around me, and the dashing spray, the roaring waves, beneath. O Ada, fare you well! I have looked for the last time on your fair loved face, for the last time gazed into your tender eyes, for the last time pressed your kindly hand! Is it "worse than foolishness" now to kiss this little ring, and hold it to my heart to still the dull pain there? See now, as I write these lines my eyes grow dim looking back to the hour when I turned away from that distant view. Not on earth, Ada, shall we meet again, but in the better land, "the land beyond the sea."

. . . . . .

Two months had passed away since they had all gone,—Hugh, Mrs. Leslie, Ada. By this time they had reached that distant land for which they were bound; and I sat one evening in April by my solitary hearth, with my books and pipe by my side, and little Dandie, Hugh's dog, lying at my feet. I had begged hard of Ada to leave him with me. Both my clerks had long since gone home, and office hours were past, when a sharp double knock came at the outer door. I went and opened it. A man rushed in, took the door forcibly from me, closed it, and then seizing my hand wrung it till my arm ached. It was Inspector Keene.

"*Found it!*" he cried, flourishing his hat in the air. "Hurrah! found it!"

I thought he had been drinking; and lugging hold of him by the collar of his coat, I drew him into my room, and sat him down in a chair.

"What the deuce is all this about? What have you found? Can't you speak?" I cried, giving him a shake; for he had only flourished his hat again in reply to my first question, and cried "Hurrah!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Kavanagh, but I'm beside myself to-night."

"So it seems," I answered drily. "What have you been drinking for?"

He was sobered in a moment.

"I've touched nothing but a cup of coffee since this morning, sir."

"Then what is the matter with you? What have you found?"

"Mr. Kavanagh, I've found *the will!*"

"Nonsense! Where?"

"In the house in Wimpole street. Do you recognize this, sir?" he said, drawing a document from his breast-pocket, crumpled and dirtied.

"Merciful heavens! it is the will I drew up!"

"You could swear to it, sir?"

"Yes, ten thousand times yes!" I had it unfolded and laid before me. There was the firm, bold signature of old Gilbert Thorneley; and below the crooked, ill-formed writing of John Barker, footman, and Thomas Spriggs, coachman. In the corner the date, and my own name which I had signed.

"In the name of heaven, where and how did you find this, Keene?"

"In the housekeeper's bedroom in Wimpole street, concealed under a loose plank in the floor. You know, sir, I have had my thoughts and suspicions for long; I have watched and waited. To-day my time came. The house is being done up. The plumber who has the doing of it is a friend of mine. One workman more or less made no difference: I have done odder things before than use the white-washing brush. I have been in that house for the last three days, and to-day I whitewashed the ceiling in Mrs. Haag's bedroom."

"I understand. And searched it besides?"

"Just so, sir. She had done it cleverly; but I'm her match in cunning. I found the plank that had been dis-

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turbed, and I found the will under it; and here I am."

A text came to my mind,—"Be sure your sin will find you out;" and I repeated it half aloud.

The Inspector heard me. "Yes, sir, yes," he said gravely. "And there's another and a worse crime than stealing her master's will that I'm fearful she's guilty of."

"You mean the murder?"

"I do."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

ORIGINAL.

MY SOLDIER.

"DEAR heart," he said, "I love you so,
I dare not offer you my love
Till passion purified in woe
Shall worthier offering haply prove.

"Then let us part. Mere absence is
To love like mine enough of pain,
As presence is enough of bliss;
So welcome loss that leads to gain.

"Yes, let us part. The bugles call,
For God and you I draw the sword:
Your tears will bless me if I fall,
And if I live your kiss reward."

He said, and parted. Long I staid
To watch while tears would let me see,
And longer, when he vanished, prayed
That God might bring him back to me.

Ah me! it was a selfish prayer
To rob him of the nobler part;
And God hath judged more wisely. Bear
His judgment humbly, bleeding heart!

Alas! I know not if I sin;
In vain I wrestle with my woe,
In vain I strive from grief to win
That loftier love he sought to know.

Mine is a woman's love alone—
A woman's heart that wildly cries,
"Oh! give me—give me back my own,
Or lay me where my soldier lies!"

D. A. C.

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ORIGINAL.

DIVORCE LEGISLATION IN CONNECTICUT.*

THE deadly and destructive epidemic of divorce legislation has crept through our social system with such stealthy and noiseless advances, and the Catholic community is so completely free from its contagion, that we were startled at the facts displayed in the able article which has suggested our present comments. Connecticut, it appears, stands pre-eminent among the states for the facility and frequency of divorce. Mr. Loomis says "that the name of Connecticut has become a name of reproach among her sister states, with a shameful notoriety surpassed by only one state in the Union." Nevertheless, many, if not most of the other states, are entitled to a fair share in the same reproach, having admitted the same false and ruinous principle into their legislation. We confine our remarks therefore to Connecticut, merely because it is a sample of the state of things generally existing, and because we are furnished with the authentic statements which are our necessary data by the principal periodical published in that state.

These statements are, briefly, that divorces are granted by the Superior Courts, under the statutes of the Legislature, *a vinculo matrimonii*, leaving both parties free to marry again, for the following causes: 1. Adultery; 2. Desertion; 3. Habitual Intemperance; 4. Intolerable Cruelty; 5. Imprisonment for Life; 6. Infamous Crime; 7. "*Any such misconduct as permanently destroys the happiness of the petitioner and defeats the purposes of the marriage relation.*" Moreover, that within the last fifteen years 4,000 divorces have been granted, or one for every twenty families. To this we add the further statement that, more than one-fifth of the population being Catholics, who never ask for these divorces, the proportion is increased to one married couple out of every sixteen Protestant families.

These are the demonstrated facts in the case. And, in addition, we have the testimony of Mr. Loomis, published with the sanction of the editor of the New Englander, that the courts despatch these divorce cases with the most shameful levity and haste, in many cases without any due notice having been given to the respondent, and without any close examination of witnesses.

Mr. Loomis says:

"It need hardly be matter of surprise, in these circumstances, if a citizen of the state of Connecticut, entitled to the protection of the law in his most sacred rights, should chance to return from a temporary absence on business in another state, and find that in the meanwhile he had been robbed of wife and children, and of all which, for him, constituted home, on evidence which would not be sufficient before any *jury* in the state to take from a man property to the amount of five dollars, or even the possession of a pig; and to find, moreover, that both wife and children have, by the authority of law, been placed beyond his own control, perhaps in the hands of one who has conspired and paid for his ruin. The case supposed is not wholly imaginary. There is no reason, so far as the administration of the law is concerned, why it should not be frequent! In many cases the absence of the respondent is assured by pecuniary inducements, and in a yet larger number it must be confessed there is no opposition, because there is a common desire to be free from a burdensome restraint.

"It is doubtless true that, in the main, our courts have held themselves bound at least by the letter of the law, though their decisions are often hurried and based upon

* Divorce Legislation in Connecticut. By Rev. H. Loomis, Jr., North Manchester, Conn. An Article in The New Englander, for July, 1865.

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wholly unsifted evidence. And yet lax as are even the terms of the present law, it is difficult to conceive how some of the decrees of divorce which have been granted during the past five years can be brought within the language of the so-called 'omnibus clause.' What shall we say of such cases as these, for instance, in which, in the western part of the state, a man and woman came into court with the confession that they had entered into the bonds of matrimony at the mature age of threescore and ten, but that now, after three weeks' experience, having become convinced of their folly, they desired relief from the court; or in which, after having failed to prove legal desertion, the counsel simply stated his ability to prove that the husband, from whom divorce was sought, had called his wife by an opprobrious epithet, too vile and vulgar to be repeated; or in which the sole plea made was that the parties themselves had agreed through their counsel that a divorce should be had. And yet in each one of these cases, we are credibly informed, a decree of divorce was actually granted. Would not all this tend to show that the administration of no law can be wholly trusted to a court which is private in its proceedings, unwatched in its purity, unguarded in its power, with no barriers against abuse, and in which suits are practically contested only when property or reputation are sufficiently at stake to induce, in one case in eleven, a defence?"

Comment on our part seems hardly necessary. This page in the history of one state, which has its counterparts in those of many others, is too black to need or admit of any deepening tints. As Mr. Loomis well remarks, such a complete subversion of the essential nature of the marriage contract by legislation endangers the very institution of marriage itself, and tends to reduce it to legalized concubinage. An ostensible marriage contract, in which both or one of the parties intends to contract for a union which may be dissolved whenever there is ground for complaint or dissatisfaction, is not a marriage. So far, therefore, as the idea on which this infamous legislation is based becomes common, so as to underlie the matrimonial contracts which are entered into, those contracts are invalidated, and the institution of Christian marriage is abrogated. This is sapping the foundations not only of the Christian moral law, but of our civil institutions and social organization. The extent to which this cancer has already spread reveals a moral condition truly alarming. It indicates much more than the discontent of certain married persons with each other, which is only a symptom of moral depravation lying deeper and more widely spread in the community.

We are glad to see that some influential clergymen and laymen in Connecticut are endeavoring to stem and turn back this tide of moral evil, and to effect a reform in the divorce laws. What have they been thinking of during these past years, while this destructive work has been going on? Why have they not preached against these infamous laws, written against them, agitated against them—in a word, shown the zeal and energy in a matter which concerns so nearly the public and private well-being, the very existence of the community in which they live, which they have displayed concerning the reformation and improvement of mankind at large? It is useless to ask the question now, for the mischief is done. The only thing they can do in reparation for their supine neglect, is to work and agitate now for a correction of public sentiment which will produce a reformation in public law. They will have all the influence of the Catholic clergy on their side, and the support of the whole mass of Catholic voters in any political measure which may be necessary for restoring a sounder system of legislation.

The Catholic law, which denies all power to any tribunal, secular or ecclesiastical, to grant a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* for any cause whatever, in the case of marriages validly contracted and consummated according to the institution of Christ, is manifestly the most perfect protection possible to the inviolability of marriage. Those who reject the authority of the church have no certain and indubitable basis on which to rest the doctrine that marriage is indissoluble. The author of the article we are noticing does not deny the right of the civil power to

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dissolve the bond of matrimony in certain cases of grievous criminality. The civil power is consequently the judge of both the law and the fact, and the clergy cannot pretend to exercise any judgment whatever. They are left, therefore, to exert what influence they can on public sentiment, in view of the demoralizing and destructive effects of divorces upon society. If there is enough left of sound moral sentiment in the community to compel legislators to restrict the concession of divorces within the ancient limits, a great good can be effected in checking this gigantic evil. This is all that the Protestant clergy can accomplish, and their only means of doing it. They cannot impose their interpretation of Scripture or their ecclesiastical laws upon the state. Nor can we expect legislatures or judicial courts to take the New Testament as their code of laws, to interpret its meaning, or embody its principles in statutes and decisions. On Protestant principles, the doctrines of Christianity can be applied to legislation only as they are absorbed by public opinion, which sways the minds of those who make and execute the laws. Therefore there is no remedy in this case except the one we have indicated, namely, to form a public opinion on the deleterious effects of the divorce laws upon society, and, as far as this motive is still available, their contrariety to the spirit of Christianity. If a word of advice from a Catholic source can be received, we counsel the Protestant clergy of Connecticut to lose no time before putting all their energies at work to save their state from the moral desolation which threatens it; and the respectable lawyers to do something to wipe out the stigma which attaches to their profession on account of these infamous divorce laws.

From St. James' Magazine.

A SUMMER SORROW.

SHE began to droop when the chestnut buds
Shone like lamps on the pale blue sky;
She faded while cowslip and hawthorn blew,
And the blythe month, May, went by.

I carried her into the sun-bright fields,
Where the children were making hay;
And she watch'd their sport as an angel might—
Then I knew she must pass away.

With the first white roses I decked her room,
I laid them upon her bed;
Alas! while roses still keep their bloom,
My own sweet flower lies dead!

I felt that the parting hour was near,
When I heard her whisper low—
"Take me once more, my father dear,
To see my roses grow.

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"Take me once more to the sunny pool
Where the dear white lilies sail,
And below their leaves, through the crystal depth,
The buds lurk mildly pale.

"Take me once more to the waterfall,
That seems blithe as a child at play;
Where the ivy creeps on the mossy wall,
And the fern-leaves kiss the spray."

So I bore her along through the summer air,
And she looked with a dreamy eye
At the brook, the pool, and the lilies fair,
And she bade them all good bye.

Next day my darling's voice was gone;
But her yearning spirit-eyes
Told how she longed for a nameless boon,
And love made my guessing wise.

Again I bore her beneath the trees,
Where their soft green shadows lay;
But a darker shadow stole o'er my child,
And at sunset she passed away!

From The Irish Industrial Magazine.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF BOOKS.

THE manufacture of books has grown from obscure and insignificant beginnings, in a commercial point of view, to what it has become in our day—an industrial resource of great importance—and as such inviting our attention to see and examine its growth. The importance of literature, as the great agent for educating the intellect for good or for evil, is obvious to the most unreflecting; but it is not so generally thought of, in the subordinate or trade aspect, as giving employment to many hands and heads, that might not easily have found the means of subsistence elsewhere.

Let us begin the study with the brain that lays the eggs—golden or leaden, addled or prolific, as the case may be; thence to the publisher, whose province it is to bring them out; onward to the press in all its departments, that feathers the offspring for flight; pass out thence into the paper mill; and end with the poor rag-collector of delicate scraps, for "wearisome sonneteers" and well-woven and worn reviews. When you have ranked your items, and summed them, the total will be found something few imagine. Then we may search a little closer; and, as we pass through the busy department, it may strike us that this peculiar work requires a peculiar class, that might not have been by constitution of mind or body so well fitted for other employments as they are just suited to this. First the author: if we praise his head, he will not be offended if we say little of his hand; indeed, his handwriting is not always of the best. The publisher might suc-

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ceed in cheese and pickles; but for the *publishing trade* a corresponding intelligence is required, he must be a man of tact and discernment in intellectual tastes and demands; then compositors, readers, *et hoc genus omne*, should be men of mind; and the neat and dexterous female can find work for her hands to do,—type-setting, stitching, etc. And thus, while they are ministering to the spread of civilization, civilization repays them by finding a place for them, where they may gain support and comfort in this working world.

Books, like the air which surrounds us, are everywhere, from the palace to the humblest cottage; wherever civilization exists, and people assemble, books are to be seen. But, though all know what books are, all do not know their origin and development, and by what process they have arrived at their present perfection. We therefore venture to present a sketch of their beginning and advancement, and the means by which they have become such a powerful agency to forward thought and accumulate stores of knowledge ever increasing.

Without affectation of any erudite speculative knowledge respecting the origin and progress of language from the first articulate sounds of the human voice to words, symbolic signs, hieroglyphic characters, letters, alphabets, inscriptions, writings, and diversities of tongues, we shall in business-like manner commence with the elementary raw materials of writing and book-making, in the order of their use. Stone, wood, metal, in which letters were cut with a sharp instrument, were the earliest materials. The art of forming letters on lead was known when the Book of Job was written, as appears from the memorable sentence —"Oh, that my words were now written, that they were printed in a book, that they were graven with a pen and lead in the rocks for ever!' Sheets of lead were used to grave upon; and inscriptions cut in rocks or smooth stones in Arabia, where Lot is supposed to have lived, have been discovered. But even more primitive materials were the barks and leaves* of trees prepared for the purpose. Shepherds, it is said, wrote their simple songs by means of an awl, or some similar instrument, on straps of leather twisted round their crooks. Even in the days of Mahomet, shoulder-blades of mutton, according to Gibbon's account, were used by the disciples of Mahomet for recording his supposed inspirations. The introduction of *papyrus* from Egypt into Greece produced great results, in increasing the diffusion of writings, and making books known by many for the first time. Previously, the Greeks had used the materials which we have enumerated. Vellum was brought into use about two centuries later; but not commonly, on account of its brittleness. Its introduction is attributable to a curious incident, remarkably illustrative of the fact that the protectionist system was acted upon at a remote age, when political economy was not understood, and the good effects of free trade were unappreciated. Ptolemy Philadelphus (B.C. 246, to whom the Septuagint version of the Hebrew Testament is due) had prohibited the exportation of papyrus from Egypt, to prevent Eumenes, king of Pergamos, from obtaining that material, in hopes of preventing him from multiplying MSS.; for Eumenes, like Ptolemy, was a patron of learning, and formed libraries. This unworthy jealousy on the part of Ptolemy was deservedly defeated by Eumenes, who ascertained that parchment would be a good substitute for papyrus. This far less abundant material was, however, used before; but Eumenes so improved the process of its preparation, that he may be almost termed the inventor of parchment. Vellum—the prepared skin of a calf—probably was brought into use at the same time; the deep yellow which both materials had was subsequently removed by some process

* The terms library and folio are derived from *liber*, the *inner bark*; and *folium*, a leaf.

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adopted at Rome, which made it white. The introduction of parchment led to the present form of books, and it became the general material for writing upon not long afterward, though vellum was employed in all state deeds until the eighth century.

Cotton paper was introduced into Europe from China about the ninth century, and superseded parchment. Documents in cotton, of that period, including diplomas of Italian princes, have been preserved in foreign museums.

The first manufactory of cotton paper was established in Spain in the twelfth century, also almost contemporaneously in France and Germany; but, its durability being questioned, all state and official documents for preservation were written, or at least engrossed, on parchment or vellum. Paper made from linen rags is supposed to have originated in Spain, and to have been introduced into England in the fourteenth century. It has been considered a pre-eminently good material, with which none of the various substances used from the earliest times to the present can victoriously compete.

Dr. Fuller, a noted and quaint writer of the seventeenth century, affected to detect national characteristics from the qualities of the paper produced in the respective countries; *e. g.*, Venetian paper he compared to a courtier of Venice—elegant in style, light, and delicate. French paper corresponds with the light-heartedness and delicacy of the Frenchman. Dutch paper, thick and coarse, sucking up ink like a sponge, is in this respect, he says, a perfect image of the Dutch race, which tries to absorb everything it touches. Durability distinguished English paper, a quality essentially English.

In 1749 the Irish Parliment granted a sum of money to a Mr. Jay, for having introduced the first paper factory into Ireland, which probably had the distinction of anticipating England in this respect. Be this as it may, the first eminent establishment of the kind was not in operation in England until 1770, when a paper-mill was erected at Maidstone, by John Whatman, who had acquired much knowledge in the art by working at Continental factories.

In the British Museum is a book, dated 1772, which contains more than sixty specimens of paper, made of different substances. The paper called foolscap, so common in our use, derives its appellation from the historical circumstances following: When Charles I. of England found difficulties in raising revenue, he granted monopolies, among which was one for making paper, the water-mark of which was the royal arms. When Cromwell succeeded to power, he substituted, with cruel mockery, a fool's cap and bells for the royal arms. Though this mark was removed at the Restoration, all paper of the size of the "Parliamentary Journal" still bears the name of foolscap.

When books first appeared is quite uncertain; for, though the Books of Moses and the Book of Job are the most ancient of existing books, it seems from a reference Moses has made to them that there were earlier ones. Among profane writers Homer is the most ancient; he lived at the period when King Solomon reigned so gloriously. Four hundred years afterward the scattered leaves of Homer were collected and reduced to the order in which we have them; and two hundred years still later they were revised and accented, so as to have become perfect models of the purest Greek—the noblest language in the world. And, Greek words being so remarkably expressive of the meaning of the things or ideas which they are used to signify, they are now used in arts and sciences as descriptive of the subjects or things referred to; and very often in a ludicrously pedantic manner, especially among inventors of patent medicines and mechanical instruments. But it is not within the range of our subjects, or knowledge

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even, to touch upon languages and literature, authorship and authors, and the gradual development and progress of literary composition, but simply the subject of books, as before intimated, as they have been presented to us, in their material development from age to age.

In a number of the Cornhill Magazine there has appeared an article, "Publishers before the Art of Printing," which presents a very interesting account of bookmaking in Italy during the Augustan age. The brothers Sosii, celebrated by Horace, issued vast supplies of manuscript books; fashionable literature was eagerly bought from Roman booksellers; and, to supply the demand for them, slaves were educated in great numbers to read aloud to indolent ladies and gentlemen as they reclined on couches. The copying of MSS. was done principally by slave scriveners, of whom a great staff was maintained, and, by their penmanship, books and newspapers could be multiplied quickly. From the dictation of one reader to several writers a large edition, comparatively with the number of the reading public, could be soon produced; in some private families readers and transcribers were employed in this way. The demand for school-books was also great. As slave labor was very cheap, bookmaking was then correspondingly inexpensive, yet authors of high reputation were well paid by publishers. They received much larger sums than were given long after the invention of printing. Martial received for his epigrams a vast remuneration—Milton, for his Paradise Lost, only 24*l.*

The number of what may be called books published by the fathers of the church in the first centuries of the Christian era was great. Origen wrote 6,000; many of these were more properly tracts; but his polyglot version of the Bible (most of which has perished), and his great work against Celsus, were laborious works indeed. Of the writings of the fathers generally (apart from the Evangelists) but few have descended to us. The Koran (partly compiled from the Bible) was composed by the impostor Mahomet, in the seventh century. At that epoch there were few books even in Europe, the most enlightened portion of our world, and this literary darkness prevailed three hundred years longer.

A curious episode in the history of early bookmaking occurred in the sixth century. Cornelius Agrippa has related, in his Vanity of Science, that a contrivance had been invented, by which the several parts of speech in any language could be combined by a system of circles worked in an ingenious manner. The component parts—nouns, verbs, etc.—come together so as to form complete sentences—a very convenient contrivance for writers who are deficient in what we consider essentials—intellect, learning, and invention. Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Swift, says that the dean was indebted for his entertaining and witty satire on pretending philosophers, as displayed in his Flying Island of Laputa, to the above historical fact. The machine of the Professor of Lagado, in Gulliver's Travels, for imparting knowledge and composing books on all subjects without assistance from genius or knowledge, was designed to ridicule the art invented by Raymond Tully, the individual referred to by Cornelius Agrippa. Various improvements on this mechanical mode of composition were tried, but of course with utter failure.

During long periods of barbarism, entire libraries of rolls and books were destroyed by ruthless and ignorant soldiery, as in Cæsar's time, when the library of 700,000 volumes which had been amassed by Ptolemy was burnt by Cæsar's troops. The great library collected at Constantinople by Constantine and his successors was burnt in the eighth century.

The number of books written and collected by King Alfred was exten-

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sive, when we take into account the extent of ignorance that prevailed in England during the ninth century—an amount which may be estimated from the fact that there was much difficulty in providing a tutor competent to instruct the royal youth when twelve years old. Yet he, like his celebrated contemporary, Charlemagne, became eminent for encouraging literature, and for his high repute in erudition and book-writing, when Anglo-Saxon literature was despicably low. The extreme paucity of books in England in the eleventh century may be inferred from a mandate of Archbishop Lanfranc to librarians of English monasteries, ordering them to deliver one book at the commencement of Lent to the monks in turn, and that any monk who neglected to read it should perform penance. Anciently every great church and monastery had its little library; and, as education was almost entirely limited to ecclesiastics during the middle ages, few books and transcribers were required.

The survey of the lands of England called Doomsday Book, in two volumes, was commenced by command of William the Conqueror, in the year 1080, and completed in six years. The book obtained its name either from a room in the Royal Treasury called *Domus Dei*, in Winchester, or from Saxon words signifying doom or judgment, no appeal from its record being permitted. The first volume is a folio, the second a quarto, and both are written in abbreviated Latin; the writing being on vellum, strongly bound, studded, and inclosed in a leather cover. A copy of *Magna Charta*, the great charter of British liberty, granted and confirmed by preceding monarchs, but re-enacted after a struggle between the Barons and that wicked man, King John, in the thirteenth century, is preserved in Lincoln Cathedral. There were twenty-five original sealed copies of it written on vellum; one copy was sent to each English diocese, and to a few special places besides. About twenty-five barons were present when this important document was drawn up, none of whom signed it; it was only attested by the Great Seal of England. His majesty could not write; and it may be assumed that his twenty-five nobles were equally illiterate. If any of them were penmen, it was very courtier-like on their part to decline doing what their king was incompetent to do.

Whether Italian or Irish manuscripts were the earliest in which ornamental letters were employed, is an undecided question. The finest specimen of the illuminated is the Book of Kells, of the fifth or sixth century. This beautiful antique is preserved in the library of the King's College, and is thought to surpass in minuteness of finish and splendor of decoration the famous Durham Book, or Gospels of Lindisfarne, which, though probably executed in the north of England, is classed among Anglo-Hibernian books, because Irish literature was more advanced than English in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. If this beautiful art of illuminating originated in the East, it reached its perfection in the west of Europe. In the British Museum there is a copy of the Gospels executed at Aix-la-Chapelle in the eighth century, known as the Golden Gospels, the entire text being in gold, on white vellum.

We are now to touch upon the variety and forms of books or booklings—if we may invent a name—after the art of printing was discovered, about the middle of the fifteenth century—a subject too familiar to occupy any space here for details as to invention or progress.

Chaucer expressed in rhyme the inconvenience of being obliged to correct every copy of his works after the scrivener's hands; he did not anticipate the invention of types in a century afterwards, and the employment of readers or correctors of the press.

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Almanacs shall have the precedence, not so much from their high rank in literary importance, but from their antiquity and *pioneer* character in the march of uninspired literature. The Arabians, who studied astronomy and astrology, noted the signs of the seasons, and regulated their field occupations by the direction of their almanac makers, who were their wise men; they would neither sow nor reap, nor trim their beards and nails, without consulting their almanacs; they introduced their rules of practice into Europe. A German named Müller constructed an almanac in its present form, suited to general writers. An English writer who called himself Poor Robin, published long ago an almanac remarkable for coarseness and eccentricity. The following are specimens of his style (they recently appeared in a public journal); we present but a few:

"Julius Cæsar did the Britons tame;
Conquering William into England came;
Brave Montrose was basely murdered;
The Rev. Dr. Stewart lost his head;
The plague raged very sore at London;
London burnt, whereby many were undone;
The crown on Anna's head was placed;
She expired, and George's head it graced."

So much for historical records. There was a calendar among his monthly observations:

"*January*—The gardens now do yield no posies,
And men in cloaks muffle their noses."

"*March*.—A toast we plunged in March beer,
Being sugared well, and drunk up clear,
Revives the spirit, the heart doth cheer;
And, had for three pence, is not dear."

This old Robin shamefully pecks at the fair sex. In his notes on April he says:

"Then let young people have a care,
Nor run their heads in marriage snare;
A woman's tongue is like the ocean,
It ebbs and flows in constant motion;
But yet herein a difference grows—
Her tongue ne'er ebbs, but always flows."

No booklings have multiplied more than almanacs: we have now clerical, medical, naval, military, aye, horticultural, down to children's almanacs; and amongst these almanacs there is one entitled *Almanac des Voleurs*. Magazines swarm, ranging from the highest class of religious, literary, and social-scientific, not forgetting *industrial*, subjects, to the most commonplace and trifling matters. The Gentleman's Magazine is stated to have been the first of the class published in England. Of reviews we have a long array, distinguished by every shade of uniform and badge, and from them a vast amount of useful and pleasurable information is obtainable. This class of books first appeared in the middle of the last century; one entitled the Monthly Review was the first published.

The first newspaper was published in the time of Queen Elizabeth—The English Mercury, of which the earliest number is in the British Museum, and bears the date 1588. In the reign of Queen Anne there was but one daily paper, which made a slow and tedious course of circulation; whereas in these days newspapers are everywhere, and the leading ones convey intelligence of the whole world's transactions, and issue admirable essays, affording information on every subject, and this within a marvellously short space of time.

Books are so common, that it becomes necessary to be careful in the selection of them. Tares and wheat will spring up together; the earth produces noxious weeds with the most excellent fruit. If, then, we do not reject the tainted and imperfect grains, a diseased crop is the result. It cannot be expected in this age of inquiry and the rapid progress of learning, that all books should be of an improving character, but the good greatly overbalance the evil. "This advantage," said Gregory the Great (writing so early as the end of the sixth century), "we owe to a multiplicity of books; one book falls in the way of one man, and another best suits the level or the apprehension of another; it is of service that the same subject should be handled by several persons after different methods, though all on the same principle." A superfluity of good books is beneficial; I would illus-

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trate this proposition thus: The Nile as it flows fertilizes a vast tract of land; but if it were not for the streams and rivulets that are artificially constructed to diverge from it, in order to draw from the main supply of water some portion of the alimentary matter it contains, other tracts would not be fertilized: so the great folios in their wide expanse of text and margin have their important use, while the streams and rills which issue from the parent flood are illustrative of quartos, octavos, duodecimos, 24mos, and 48mos, that refresh and enrich minds innumerable.

ORIGINAL.

LUCIFER MATUTINUS.

FROM a heart of infinite longing the youth
Looks out on the world;
"Where, spirit of candor—where, spirit of truth,
Are thy banners unfurled?

"O chivalrous chastity! lovely as morn,
The dew on thy helmet, I hail thee afar;
Like Lucifer, beautiful angel of dawn,
I wear thy deep azure, I follow thy star.

"Not mammon, not lucre; though white as sea-gulls
The broad sails I watch studding ocean's blue deep,
To droop their gay pennons where dreamily lulls
The tropical breeze, and the lotus-flower sleeps.

"But glory! but honor! the joy of a name
Not written on sand; which for ages will stir
All hearts that are noble, or kindle the flame
Of devotion consuming the rapt worshipper."

Thus from heart of infinite longing the youth,
Looking out on the world,
Cries ever, "Woo wisdom, woo beauty, woo truth:"—
The sordid world, jaded with care, answers: "Ruth
Waits on thy wild dreamings, O turbulent youth!"
And with laughter uncouth
Mocks life's fairest banners in brightness unfurled.

O heart of the ostrich! above its own graves
Of innocent hopes the world every day raves,
And moans, with a pitiful droon of despair,
O'er candor and honor, once blooming so fair;
Yet treads, with a wanton, unpitying scorn,
To earth every sweet aspiration of morn,
True mark of a soul to infinity born;
Or leaves, to the chance of the desert, the good
Which God, at creating, charged angels to brood,
And martyrs have guarded with rivers of blood.

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ORIGINAL.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

THE world has been so thoroughly explored now, at least in all but its most savage and inhospitable recesses, that it seems not unnatural to suppose that travellers should find it hard to get listeners to their tales of sight-seeing and adventure; and that wanderers into foreign lands should no longer deem it a part of their duty, as soon as their peregrinations are over, to come home and write a book about them. We can't expect any more Marco Polos or Mendez Pintos, unless some adventurous spirits have a mind to travel beyond the regions of the Albert and Victoria Nyanzas, and risk their lives among the dirty tribes of Central Africa, whom even Mr. and Mrs. Baker were unable to reach; and with all its little differences of manners and customs, there is after all so much sameness in the untamed negro life that we doubt whether anybody will think such a journey worth his trouble. Now that the source of the Nile has been found and the costly and useless problem of the North-west passage has been solved, there really seems to be nothing very new or startling which can be added to geographical science. But for all that there is, and undoubtedly there long will be, a certain fascination in every well-told narrative of life in a distant country, even though the main features of the story were familiar to us before. We know that a second Columbus can never come home to us from across the seas, with news of unsuspected continents; that old ocean has loosed all the bounds which once shut us in, and disclosed long ago all the new worlds which he once concealed; but we like to travel again and again over the lands we have already passed, to take a few repeated peeps at the inner life of distant peoples, even though their domestic interiors were long ago laid open to our inquisitive eyes. Now and then, moreover, it does happen that a traveller has something new to tell us, or at least something which has not been told often enough to be familiar to all the world. For example, in the spirited Sketches of Russian Life* which we have lately received from an anonymous hand in England, there is, if nothing very new or surprising, at least a liveliness and an air of novelty which are almost as good. The writer is an Englishman who spent fifteen years in Russia, engaged in business pursuits of various kinds, which brought him into contact with persons of all ranks and conditions, and led him long journeys back and forth across the empire—now in the lumbering diligence, now in the luxurious railway train, and many a time and for long distances in rude sledges across trackless wastes and through fearful snows. In some parts of Russia there are seasons when the mere act of travelling is a perilous adventure. In March, 1860, our author, in company with a Russian gentleman, made a dangerous journey of two hundred miles in an open sledge, through a snow-storm of memorable severity. They had been struggling for some miles through drifts and hidden pits, when the driver alarmed them with the cry of "Volka! volka!"—"Wolves! wolves!" Six gaunt-looking animals

* Sketches of Russian Life before and during the Emancipation of the Serfs. Edited by Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London. 16mo, pp. 298. London: Chapman and Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

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sat staring at them in the road, about one hundred yards in advance of them. The horses huddled themselves together, trembling in every limb, and refused to move. The Russian, who is known in the book only by the name of Fat-Sides, seized a handful of hay from the bottom of the vehicle, rolled it into a ball, and handed it to our author, saying "Match." The Englishman understood the direction, and as soon as the horses, by dint of awful lashing and shouting, were forced near the motionless wolves, he set fire to the ball and threw it among the pack. Instantly the animals separated and skulked away with their tails dragging, but only to meet again behind the sledge, and after a short pause to set out in full pursuit. The tired horses were whipped to their utmost speed, but in forcing their way through a drift they had to come to a walk, and the wolves were soon beside them. The first of the pack fell dead with a ball through his brain from the Englishman's revolver, and another shot broke the leg of a second. At that critical instant the pistol fell into the sledge as, with a sudden jolt, the horses floundered up to their bellies in a deep drift: then they came to a dead stop, and there was a wolf at each side of the sledge, trying to get in. The Englishman fortunately had a heavy blackthorn bludgeon, and raising it high he brought it down with the desperate force of a man in mortal extremity, crash through the skull of the animal on his side of the vehicle; while Fat-Sides coolly stuffed the sleeve of his sheepskin coat down the mouth of the savage beast on the other, and with his disengaged hand cut its throat with a large bear knife. The pistol was now recovered just in time to kill a fifth wolf which had fastened upon the neck of one of the horses. The sixth, together with the one that had been shot in the leg, ran away.

After a day's detention at Jaroslav, where some irritating business about passports had to be transacted, our travellers resumed their journey in a "kibitka," or diligence-sledge—a rather more comfortable conveyance than the one they had left, because it had a canvas cover. There were no more encounters with wolves, but perils enough awaited them in the snow. The first day three of their horses died, and in sixteen hours, with three separate teams, they accomplished only twenty-seven miles. All along the road they passed wrecks of sledges, horses struggling in the drifts and men digging them out, and vehicles overturned and abandoned until spring. Opposite a hut in which they found shelter one night a cottage had been entirely buried, and the family were not rescued until after four days. They were none the worse for their long imprisonment; but the diggers had come upon a sledge with its horse, driver, and two women frozen to death and buried in the drift. Three months after this, when the snows disappeared, from two hundred to three hundred corpses were found, all of whom had met their death in this fearful storm upon the Moscow road alone.

The wretchedness of the inns added a great deal to the sufferings of our travellers. A Russian hotel in the interior is the most filthy of all filthy places. As the floors are never washed, the mud and filth accumulate to an inch and a half in thickness the walls are black and fetid; horrible large brown beetles, called *tarakans*, crawl in myriads over everything, invading even the dishes out of which the traveller eats and drinks; and the dirty deal tables are further defiled with a dirty linen cloth. The public rooms are constantly filled with the offensive odor of the native tobacco. The waiters are all men, dressed in print trowsers and shirts; the trowsers stuffed into long boots, and the shirts hanging outside the trowsers; a particolored band or scarf round the waist completing the costume. Their hair, like that of all the peasants, is worn long, cut straight round the neck, and parted in front like a woman's, while the beard is

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neither cut nor trimmed. We are not surprised that our author preferred to lodge with the horses and cows in the stable.

The distance from Jaroslav to Moscow is about 160 miles, and the journey occupied seven days and the better part of seven nights.

Our author made another journey, accompanied by his wife and six children, and an amusing English "handy man," called Harry, who was for ever knocking somebody down and getting the party into all sorts of scrapes with the police. They started from Moscow, and rode about 500 miles into the interior. Their equipment consisted of two vehicles, called tarantasses, each drawn by three horses. The baggage, and a good store of bread, tea, sugar, sardines, brandy, and wine, were stowed away in the bottom of the wagons, and over them were spread straw, feather beds, rugs, and other contrivances for breaking the severity of the jolting. The passengers reclined on the top. Many a time they had no bed but the tarantass, and no food but what they had brought with them. Harry found plenty of employment for his fists, as well as for his ingenuity in bridge-building and other useful arts. Once he detected a waiter, in the inn where they stopped at Tula, stealing a bottle of castor-oil from the medicine-chest. It was only a fit punishment to make the thief swallow a large dose; but when the effects of the draught began to show themselves, the man declared himself poisoned, and was carried to the hospital, while the travellers and their effects were placed under the charge of the police.

"We were prisoners for nearly two hours, when a doctor from the hospital, fortunately for us, a jolly Russ, came with a captain of police. While the captain of police tackled Harry, who, ignorant of the language, answered, 'Da, da' (yes, yes) to everything, I explained to the doctor what had really happened. The worthy doctor having got hold of the oil-bottle, cried,

"'Bravo! Poison! The most excellent medicine in pharmacy. Look here, captain. The pig' (meaning the waiter) 'was taken ill with cholera, cramps, spasms, vomiting here—mind you, here in this room—before madame and mademoiselle. They run to the next room, so does my friend here, a great English my-lord. What could they do? But, sir, the case was desperate. This gentleman' (pointing to Harry) 'is a great doctor, accompanying my-lord and his family; there was no time to send for me. What does he do? He opens his great medicine-box—look, there it is— and gives the dying moushick a great dose of apernicocus celantacus hepreceincos masta, the best remedy in the world for cholera. I tell you, "Yea Boch!" there now, that's the truth.'

"'But,' said the captain, 'the moushick, doctor, how is he?'

"'Ah! the pig!' (and here he spat on the ground in contempt), 'I left the beast quite well and sleeping. I will answer for him. Come, captain, let us go. Poison! That is a good joke! Come, captain. Safe journey. Good-bye!'

"The police captain was satisfied, however reluctantly. With two bottles of something better than castor-oil, and a fee, which the doctor might or might not divide with the captain, I paid the cost of Harry's thoughtlessness."

Having reached their destination, and purposing to remain in that part of the country for some time, our English friends obtained a house, and went to housekeeping. The torment they suffered from thievish and idle servants is pitiful to read. The lower class of Russians seem to have no more idea of working without an occasional application of the stick than a sluggish horse; and an honest servant is the rarest thing in the empire. Our author began housekeeping with four—a key-keeper (housekeeper), cook, room-girl (housemaid), and footman. The dishes were put upon the table dirty, just as they had been taken away after the previous meal, because it was nobody's business to wash them; so a dish-washer was added to the retinue. At the end of a week it was found that nobody had time to scrub the floors; so scrubbers had to be hired. Then another was wanted to wash clothes (though nobody could be found who knew what it meant to get up linen, and the author's wife had to do it herself); another to clean boots; a man to cut and fetch wood; and another man to

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split it and keep up the fires. Thus in one week the establishment had increased to thirteen souls. Their wages, it is true, were small, but their pilferings were great. One day the master and mistress resolved to examine the servants' boxes. In the first one opened they found a canvas bag filled with lump-sugar, parcels of tea and coffee, needles, pins, buttons, hooks and eyes, tape, laces, soap, candles, children's toys, sealing-wax, pens, note paper, and a heap of small articles, all of which had been stolen. Every box had been opened in turn, and not one contained less than the first, and many of them contained more.

Dishonesty, as may be supposed, is not confined to the lower classes, but infects all ranks. The traders are the greatest cheats in the world; we were going to say the greatest except the government officials; but these are not exactly cheats, because their extortion is open and unblushing. When our author once told a Russian baron that English magistrates were incorruptible, the assertion caused an incredulous laugh, and a remark from the baron that he could buy any country magistrate in Russia for 50 kopecks (about 35 cents). Certainly our friend often found it convenient to prove their venality, especially when Harry of the strong arm had been giving his fists a little more exercise than was strictly according to law. Trade is a system of lying and cheating. The commonest purchase can rarely be made without a tedious and vociferous process of bargaining, very much such as goes on when a veteran jockey sells an old horse at a country fair. Our author had occasion to buy a pair of boots and a portmanteau at Tula. After over an hour's wrangling the price was reduced from 48 roubles to 16, and the latter sum afterward proved to be about twice as much as the articles were worth. "How shameful of you," said the buyer to the seller when the transaction was concluded, "to ask three times more than you would take, and then to tell so many lies!" "Oh!" he replied, "words do not rob your pocket. I am no thief. It is all fair bargaining." The larger operations of commerce, if not so noisy, are at least no more honest than the retail dealing. It has been remarked that profitably to understand trading in Russia would require a course of many years' training at a university teaching the principles and practice of chicanery, bribery, smuggling, and lying. A rich trader of St. Petersburg gave our author a good deal of information about the way business is carried on. Contracts with the government, especially, are managed in a very curious fashion. Some one is appointed by the state to draw up plans and specifications of the work to be done, and to fix an "upset price." The contract is then offered at auction, and the lowest bidder under this upset price takes it. As there is a tacit understanding that the successful competitor shall pay the official who fixes the upset price a commission of ten per cent on the gross amount of the contract, it follows, as a matter of course, that this price is always ridiculously high.

Smuggling is carried on very extensively, not as commonplace rascals do it, across the frontier, but through the custom-house itself. "Just look," said the merchant, "at this piano-forte—a first-rate 'grand' from Broadwood. Had that instrument come through the 'Tamoshny' as a 'forte-piano,' it would have cost me one hundred roubles, that is, fifteen pounds of your money. But, sir, I shipped it as a thrashing-machine—my children have certainly made it one—and it cost me no duty at all; machinery, you know, is the only thing duty free. I paid my expeditor his little commission, and he managed to convince the examining official, by what means I do not stop to inquire, that a thrashing-machine it was, and as such it passed." Not only is the temptation to dishonesty so strong, but honesty, on the other hand, is fraught with great danger. A trades-

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man, who was beginning business in St. Petersburg, imported a quantity of plain glass-ware, the duty on which was two roubles and twenty-five kopecks per pood. He meant to pay the duty in an honest, straightforward way; but this did not suit the custom-house officials, who wanted their little commission. They discovered by some singular optical delusion that the plain glass was all colored and gilded, the duty being thus raised to ten roubles per pood. Nor was this all, for the unfortunate tradesman was moreover fined fifty per cent. for a false declaration, and his clear loss by the importation was about $500. This and a few similar transactions with the custom-house, in which he stood out for the payment of just dues and no corruption, ruined him. There is no redress for such outrages in Russia.

We have no space to go into details of the condition of the serfs, which our author represents as miserable in the extreme. The stewards on many of the estates are German adventurers of the worst description, who cheat their employers, oppress the serfs, and do all that man can do to ruin the country. Many of the lower class do not thoroughly understand the czar's ukase of emancipation, and even those who do understand what great things it does for them, show little or no gratitude. That is a virtue of slow growth in a Russian bosom. Some of the wisest land-owners anticipated the time set by the decree for the abolition of serfdom, and immediately began to work their estates with paid labor. The result was perfectly satisfactory. In a few districts, however, the publication of the emancipation ukase was followed by tumults and disorders, and now and then the peasants took a bloody vengeance on their oppressors. Our author witnessed one scene between a villanous steward and his emancipated serfs, which came near being tragical. The steward was roused from his slumbers one morning by a big strong moushick, or peasant, who acted as his coachman. Entering the room rather unceremoniously, the man bawled out, in a peremptory voice:

"'Come, master, get up quick! You're wanted in the great hall.'

"The steward started at the unusual summons, and stared at the fellow in blank astonishment, unable to understand what he meant.

"'Come, I tell you; rise—you're wanted.'

"'Dog!' roared the steward, almost powerless with rage—'what do you mean by this insolence? Get out!'

"'No,' said the man, 'I won't get out. You get up. They are all waiting.'

"'Pig! I'll make you pay for this. Let me get hold of you, you villain!' and he jumped out of bed; but as he did so he perceived three of his other men-servants at the threshold ready to support the coachman.

"'Oh! this is a conspiracy; but I'll soon settle you. Evan, you devil, where are you? Come here.'

"Evan thus called—he was a lacquey—appeared at the door with a broad grin on his face.

"'Did you call, master?'

"'Yes, villain; don't you see? I am going to be murdered by those pigs. Go instantly for the policemen.'

"'No, no, baron; I have gone too often for the stan's men. We can do without them this morning.'

"'Come, come, master,' again struck in the tall coachman, 'don't you waste our time and keep the company waiting. Put on your halat; never mind the rest of your clothes; you won't need them for a little. You won't come—nay, but you must.' And he laid hold of him by the neck. 'Come along!' and so they dragged their victim into the great dining-hall.

"There, sitting round the room on chairs and lolling on the sofas, were all the souls belonging to his domestic establishment, about thirty in all. Pillows were spread on the floor in the middle of the room; to these the steward was dragged, and forcibly stretched on them face down, with two men at his feet and two at his head.

"The coachman, who had been pretty frequently chastised in former times, was ringleader. He sat down on a large easy-chair, the seat of honor, and ordered a pipe and coffee. This was brought him by one of the female servants. When the long cherry-tree tube began to draw, in imitation of his master's manner he puffed out the smoke, put on a fierce look, stretched out his legs, and said, 'Now then, go on. Give the pig forty blows! creapka (hard)!'

"In an instant the halat was torn up, and two lacqueys, standing at either side, armed with birch-rods, slowly and deliberately commenced the flagellation. The coachman told

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off the blows as he smoked in dignity, 'one, two, three,' and so on to forty.

"'Now, then,' said coachee, 'stop. Brothers and sisters, have we done right?'

"'Right!' they all said.

"'Is there one here whom he has not beaten?'

"'None.'

"'Are you satisfied?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then go all of you home, and leave this house. Not one must remain. Release the prisoner.'

"Up jumped their tyrant, little the worse bodily for the beating he had got, but he was livid with rage. His face turned green and purple, he gnashed his teeth, and spat on his rebellious slaves. Speech seemed gone, and they all laughed in his face.

"'Master,' said the coachman, walking leisurely towards the door, 'we have not hurt you, but have given you a small taste of your own treatment of us for many years; how do you like it? We are free now, or will be soon, and will not be beaten any more. Good-bye; don't forget the stick. And listen. If you whisper a breath against any of us for this morning's work, your life is not worth a kopeck two hours after.' Each made a respectful bow as he or she went out, and the tyrant was left alone in the deserted house."

This, however, was not the end. In a short time the peasantry from a long distance began to collect in the court-yard. A mill belonging to the estate stopped work, and its thousand hands joined the gathering crowd. The steward appeared among them, and in a terrible rage ordered them to work. They simply shrugged their shoulders and made him no answer. He struck one of them with his open hand, and the peasant in return spat in the steward's face.

"The Russian spit of contempt, the most unpardonable of Russian insults, is unlike any other kind of spitting. The Yankee squirt is a scientific affair; Englishmen who smoke short black pipes in bars, on rails, and elsewhere, expectorate in an uncleanly, clumsy way. But with an intense look of detestation, as he says 'Ah pig!' the Russian, with the suddenness and good aim of a pistol-shot, plunges a ball of spittle right into the face or on the clothes of his adversary, making a sound like the stroke of a marble where it hits. It is a weapon always ready. I have frequently seen a duel maintained with it for a considerable time at short range.

"Matt, having thus shown his contempt, coolly leaned himself up against the gate; but the steward, insulted as he had never been before in this characteristic manner, before so many of his cringing slaves, lost any remains of reason his rage might have left him. He used hands and feet on the crowd of passive and hitherto quiet serfs; and seeing the old starost—Matt's father—coming up the road, he ran and collared the old man, dragged him to where his son stood, and roared out his orders to take the devil into the stan's yard for punishment.

"'Old devil!' he said, 'you are at the bottom of all this rebellion, you and your son. You shall flog *him*; and then I shall make him flog *you*. Go, pig, and take him away!'

"The old man, for the first time in his life, openly disobeyed his tyrant's orders. He folded his arms across his sheepskin coat, gave the usual shrug, spat contemptuously on the ground, and said, 'No, steward, that is your work. Now, I will not.'

"'Dog! devil! do you refuse to obey your master? I will, if it is my work, drag you to punishment myself.'

"With that he seized the starost by his luxuriant white beard, and began pulling him towards the next house, which, I have said, was the magistrate's and the police-station. The old man resisted with all his might, and in the struggle he fell, leaving a large mass of grey or rather white hair in the steward's hands. The steward, finding he could not pull the starost by main force, lifted his foot, shod with heavy leather goloshes, and struck the old man twice on the head. The blood immediately ran down. Up to this moment the crowd of peasants, which had increased enormously, had been quiet spectators of the scene; but the sight of the old man's blood gave the finishing touch to their patience. Without a word the crowd began slowly to move and concentrate itself around the steward and his fallen official. There might then have been five or six hundred people, and the numbers were increasing every moment, as the men came in from the stopped works. A rush took place, and the centre space was filled up with the mass. The bleeding starost was passed to the outside. The steward was surrounded, and many hands were laid on him. I do not believe there had been any premeditated design to hurt the steward, cordially as they all hated him. Had he applied the lesson given him that morning, and apprehended the changed feelings and circumstances of the serfs, he might have passed from among them without further injury. But his passions were ungovernable, and he was slow to believe in the possibility of any resistance on the part of the poor slaves he had so long driven. The crowd swayed heavily from one side to another, tugging and pulling the poor steward about; and now he was in peril of his life. My window was wide open.

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He made a mute appeal to me for help. I signed to him to try the window. By some extraordinary effort he broke loose, and made a rush and a spring to catch the sill. He succeeded so far, and two pair of strong arms were trying to drag the fat body through into the room; but we were too late, or rather he was too heavy for us. The crowd tore him down, and held him fast. Then a voice was heard, clear and decided as that of an officer giving the word of command—'to the water!' The voice was Mattrie's. A leader and an object had been wanted, and here there were both. Instantly the order was obeyed. The crowd, dragging the steward, left the front of my house and took the direction of the lake.

"We hurried through the court-yard down to the end of the cotton-mill, and came out on the banks of the lake, just as the raging crowd of serfs were tying a mat with a large stone in it to the steward's neck.

"Around the margin of the lake the ice was to some extent broken, and their evident intention was to throw him in. We ran to meet them, and if possible prevent the horrid act of retribution. But we were too late; they had selected the part of the bank nearest the road, as it was higher than the rest; and just as we came panting up, we saw the body of the steward swaying in the hands of a dozen of the men, and heard the fatal words given out by Matt: '*Ras, dwa, tree*' (one, two, three); then a cry of despair, above the yelling of the crowd; then a plunge in the water; no, two plunges. The ragoshkie, or bark mat, containing the heavy stone which was to keep the steward down, had not been a good one; for as the body passed through the air, the stone fell from the mat, splashing a second or two before, and a little beyond the spot where he came down. He disappeared under the water for a moment or two, then made desperate efforts to scramble to his feet, in which he succeeded, standing up to his shoulders in the shallow water, with the mat-bag, drenched and limp, hanging from his neck. There he stood within twenty feet of the bank, facing a thousand yelling enemies. Outside was plenty of firm ice; but between him and them there might be thirty feet of deep clear water, the bed of the lake dipping many feet immediately beyond where he stood. He seemed to comprehend his position, and was evidently making up his mind to contend with the deep water rather than with the turned worms upon the bank. He had raised one arm, either for entreaty or defiance, and had taken a few steps towards the ice, when one of the many stones thrown at him struck the uplifted arm, and it fell powerless to his side. Another, but a softer missile, struck him on the head. He fell again under the water, and again recovered his feet; but the stones were now dashing like hail about him. The serfs were as boys pelting a toad or frog—and their victim in the water did look like a great overgrown toad.

"Saunderson and I had made several attempts to be heard, or to divert the attention of the people; but it was spending idle breath: 'Go away; it is not your business,' some of the men said; others, more savage, asked how we would like the same treatment."

The contrivance by which the unfortunate steward was rescued from his perilous situation was so theatrical that we can hardly help suspecting that the incidents of the story have been arranged with a sharp eye to effect. The man's fate seemed certain when our author espied a sleigh approaching at a considerable distance. No doubt it contained young Count Pomerin, the owner of the estate. If a little delay could be obtained, the steward might be saved. At this juncture our friend Harry interfered. "I'll try," he exclaimed; "blow me if I don't. The buffer's a bad lot, but I sha'n't see him killed;" and with that he jumped into the water, and was by the steward's side in a moment. The noise and stoning ceased, for Harry was a prime favorite; but the mob was not to be baulked of its vengeance, and after a vigorous exchange of expostulations, in the course of which Harry made several remarks that were more forcible than polite, the chivalrous Englishman was pulled out of the water, kicking stoutly, and the pelting was about to be renewed.

Just at this moment the sleigh, drawn by three magnificent greys, dashed into the centre of the crowd. Three gentlemen occupied it. Two were in official costume. The third, a tall, well-built man, rose, and threw off his rich black fox-skin cloak, and the mob beheld, dressed in the uniform of a general, not the young count, but his father, who had been exiled years before, and was thought to be dead. He had now come back, with an imperial pardon, prepared to resume the management of his estates. The steward was extricated from the water, and immediately called upon to set-

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tle his accounts. The old count had visited the estate before in disguise, and knew how it had been mismanaged. He had witnesses and all ready to convict the steward of peculation, and the result was that the wretched man was compelled to refund on the spot $750,000 of stolen wealth, and then allowed twenty-four hours to leave the place.

The next scene in this pretty little drama was between the count and his serfs. He called them all together, and told them they were free from that moment. He did not intend to wait for the period of emancipation fixed by the ukase. Moreover, he gave to each male peasant three acres of land, free of price—parting thus with one-sixth of his estate. The whole assembled multitude then went down on their knees, and cried, "Thanks, thanks, good count, illustrious master —God bless you!" And here, according to all dramatic rules, unless there was somebody to be married, the thing ought to have ended. But behold, ten grey-bearded peasants, who evidently had no idea of propriety, stepped forward and wanted to know what they were to do with their cows? Three acres would be enough for garden and grain-fields, but it would not give them pasture. Would not his excellency add to his gift? and so might God bless him! Well, the count allotted them pasture for ten years; and then the ten grey-beards advanced again, with the cry a Russian always raises when you give him anything—"prebavit" (add to it). Pasture was very good, but how were they to get fire-wood? "If it please your high-born excellency, add to your gift firewood. Prebavit!" So his high born excellency added firewood; and the incorrigible peasant stepped up again. "Prebavit! How were they to get fish? Would it please his high born excellency to let them fish in the lakes?" There were the usual thanks and prostrations when this was granted; and then "prebavit" again; they wanted something else; but they did not get it, and the meeting broke up. A little while afterward our author revisited the estate, and found that it had undergone a marvellous change. The village was no longer a collection of mud huts, but a thriving town. The people were not like the same beings; and there was decided evidence of the rise of a middle class—a class once unknown in such places.

Our author gives us an obscure glimpse of a curious religious sect in Russia called the *starrie verra*, or "old faith," of whose peculiarities he knows little, and of whose history he confesses that he knows nothing at all. Its members deem the present Russian Church an awful departure from the primitive faith and practice; deny the emperor's claim to be the head of the church; believe to any extent in witches; fast, scourge themselves; meet in secret, generally at night (for they are rigorously proscribed); hate the established religion of the realm as much as the old Scotch Puritans hated prelacy; and, if they had their wish, would probably advance the Czar to the dignity of martyrdom. It is said that many distinguished personages privately adhere to them, and submit to dreadful midnight penances, by way of compounding for the sin of outward subserviency to the modern heresy. People of the old faith are distinguished by a grim gravity and opposition to all dancing or light amusement. Our author had a woman-servant of this sect, who was remarkable for never stealing anything, and for continually smashing crockery which she supposed to have been defiled. There was a community of the old faith near his residence. An old wooden building like a Druid temple, set in the side of a hill among trees and rocks, was pointed out to him as the place of their midnight conventicles. It was said to be presided over by a priestess who never left the temple by night or by day. A roving fanatic, whom the writer sometimes encountered in the village, collecting

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peasants around him and shouting like a street-ranter, was looked up to by the sectaries as a prophet; though he was certainly not a very reputable one, being often helplessly drunk, and not very decently clad. He wore no covering for head or feet, even in the severest frost. He carried a long pole, and danced some holy dance, to words of high prophetic omen. Our author was rather surprised to find that, thanks to his crockery-smashing cook, he himself was commonly reputed a priest of the *starrie verra;* the big volumes of the Illustrated London News in which he used to read were supposed to be illuminated Lives of the Saints, and the little plays and dramatic scenes which his children used to perform on winter evenings were looked upon with holy awe as religious rites of dreadful power and significance. He bore his honors without complaining, and even when the cook, on the night of a party, broke all his best Wedgwood dinner-set, brought from England at a huge expense, he endured the loss with Christian patience: it was so delightful to have a Russian servant who would not steal.

From Russian servants to Italian brigands the transition is perfectly natural. Both are rogues of the same class, only external circumstances have made a difference in their modes of doing business. An English gentleman named Moens has recently obtained a more intimate acquaintance with the robber bands of Southern Italy than any of our readers need hope to make, and has given us the result of his observations in a very curious and interesting volume.* Mr. and Mrs. Moens, and the Rev. J. C. Murray Aynsley and his wife, had been visiting the ruins of Pæstum, on the Gulf of Salerno, on the 15th of May, 1865, when their carriage was stopped on the way home by a band of about twenty or thirty brigands. The ladies were not molested, but the gentlemen were hurried off across the fields, and through woods and thickets, until nearly daylight the next morning, when they were allowed to lie down to sleep for a short time on the bare earth. As soon as they felt themselves in a place of security the band halted, and their captain, a fine-looking fellow, named Manzo, got out paper and pen and proceeded to business. The two Englishmen were to be well treated, provided they made no attempt to escape, and on the payment of a ransom were to be released without injury. The sum demanded for the two was at first 100,000 ducats, or about $85,000, but this was afterward reduced one-half. It was now agreed that one of the two captives should be allowed to go for the money, and lots were drawn to determine upon whom this agreeable duty should fall. Good fortune inclined to the side of Mr. Aynsley, and the reverend gentleman set off under the care of two guides. He was hardly out of sight when the band was attacked by a party of soldiers, and for a short time there was a sharp skirmishing fire, in the course of which Mr. Moens came very near being killed by his would-be rescuers. He was forced to keep up with the bandits, however, and the whole party finally got away from the troops. Whatever plans he may have had of flight he now saw were futile. The brigands ran down the mountain like goats, while he had to carefully pick his way at every step. The robbers had eyes like cats: darkness and light, night and daytime, made but little difference to them. Their sense of hearing was so acute that the slightest rustle of leaves, the faintest sound, never escaped their notice. Men working in the fields, or mowing the grass, they could distinguish at a distance of miles, and they knew generally who they were, and to what village they belonged.

After four days of dreadful fatigue, during which the captive and his captors all suffered severely from hunger,

* English Travellers and Italian Brigands. A Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. With a Map and several Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 355. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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since the closeness of the pursuit prevented them from getting their usual supplies from the peasants, our party joined the main body of the band.

"On emerging from the trees we saw the captain and about twenty-five of his men reclining on the grass in a lovely glade, surrounded by large beech-trees, whose luxuriant branches swept the lawn. Several sheep and goats were tethered near, cropping the grass. The men, with their guns in their hands, their picturesque costumes and reclining postures, the lovely light and checkered shade of the trees, made a picture for Salvator Rosa. But I do not believe that Salvator Rosa, or any other man, ever paid a second visit to brigands, however great his love of the picturesque might be, for no one would willingly endure brigand life after one experience of it, or place himself a second time in such a perilous situation.

"The band all arose, and looked very pleased at seeing me, for we had been separated from them since the fight on the 17th, and they were in great fear that I might have escaped, or have been rescued by the troops. I stepped forward and shook hands with the captain, for I considered it my best policy to appear cheerful and friendly with the chief of my captors. He met me cordially in a ready way, and asked me how I was. I said I was very tired and hungry, so he immediately sent one of his men off, who returned in a few minutes with a round loaf of bread, and another loaf with the inside cut out, and packed full of cold mutton cut into small pieces and cooked. I asked for salt, and was told it was salted. When cooked the meat tasted delicious to me, though it was awfully tough, for I had not had meat since luncheon on Monday, in the temples of Pæstum, four days before. I ate a quantity, and then asked for water, which was brought to me in a large leathern flask with a horn round the top, and a hole on one side serving to admit air, as the water was required for drinking. I had observed a large lump of snow suspended by a stick through its centre, between two forked sticks; the water dripping from it was collected in flasks, and then drunk. There were two or three of these flasks. The captain asked me if I was satisfied. I answered 'Yes.'

"I was then told that there were two more companions for me. I was taken through a gap in the trees to the rest of the band, about seventeen in number. Here I found those who were destined to be my companions for the next three weeks. A young man about twenty-eight, with a black beard of a month's growth, dressed just like Manzo's band, who was introduced to me as Don Cice, alias Don Francesco Visconti, and one Tomasino, his cousin, a boy of fourteen years old. I shook hands with them, and condoled with them on our common fate, which Don Francesco described as fearful. I was told to sit down on one side, which I did, and looked around me.

"The spot seemed perfect for concealment. We were at the top of a high mountain, entirely surrounded by high trees, excepting two small gaps serving for entrances, opposite to each other. The surface of the ground was quite level. About twenty yards away, on the side opposite to where I entered, there was a quantity of snow, from which they cut the large pieces for drinking purposes. I saw five or six men bringing a fresh block, which they had just cut, and slung on a pole. It was now a little before mid-day, and they were preparing a caldron full of *pasta* (a kind of macaroni), which was ready by twelve o'clock. Some was offered to me, which I accepted. One brigand proposed putting the *pasta* into a hollow loaf, but another brigand brought forward a deep earthenware dish of a round shape. I thought milk would be an improvement, so I asked for some. Two men went to the goats and brought some in a few minutes. The *pasta* was very clean and well cooked. What with the meat and bread, and this *pasta*, I made an excellent dinner, and felt much better. The *pasta* was all devoured in a few minutes by the band, who collected round the *caldaja*, and dipped in spoons and fingers. I had now leisure to examine the men; they were a fine, healthy set of fellows.

"Here the two divisions of the band were united, thirty men under the command of Gaetano Manzo, and twelve under Pepino Cerino. The latter had the two prisoners, who had been taken on the 16th of April near the valley of Giffoni, at five o'clock in the afternoon, as they were returning from arranging some affairs connected with the death of a relative.

"The smaller band had four women with them, attired like the men, with their hair cut short—at first I took them for boys; and all these displayed a greater love of jewlery than the members of Manzo's band. They were decked out to do me honor, and one of them wore no less than twenty-four gold rings, of various sizes and stones, on her hands at the same moment; others twenty, sixteen, ten, according to their wealth. To have but one gold chain attached to a watch was considered paltry and mean. Cerino and Manzo had bunches as thick as an arm suspended across the breasts of their waistcoats, with gorgeous brooches at each fastening. These were sewed on for security; little bunches of charms were also attached in conspicuous positions. I will now describe the uniforms of the two bands. Manzo's band had long jackets of strong brown cloth, the color of withered leaves, with large pockets of a circular shape on the two sides, and others in the breast outside; and a slit on each side gave entrance to a large pocket

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that could hold anything in the back of the garment. I have seen a pair of trowsers, two shirts, three or four pounds of bread, a bit of dirty bacon, cheese, etc., pulled out one after the other when searching for some article that was missing. The waistcoats buttoned at the side, but had gilt buttons down the centre for show and ornament; the larger ones were stamped with dogs' heads, birds, etc. There were two large circular pockets at the lower part of the waistcoats, in which were kept spare cartridges, balls, gunpowder, knives, etc.; and in the two smaller ones higher up, the watch in one side and percussion caps in the other. This garment was of dark blue cloth, like the trowsers, which were cut in the ordinary way.

"The uniform of Cerino's band was very similar, only that the jacket and trowsers were alike of dark blue cloth, and the waistcoat of bright green, with small round silver buttons placed close together. When the jackets were new they all had attached to the collars, by buttons, *capuces*, or hoods, which are drawn over the head at night or when the weather is very cold, but most of them had been lost in the woods. A belt about three inches deep, divided by two partitions, to hold about fifty cartridges, completed the dress, which, when new, was very neat-looking and serviceable. Some of the cartridges were murderous missiles. Tin was soldered round a ball so as to hold the powder, which was kept in by a plug of tow. When used the tow was taken out, and, after the powder was poured down the barrel, the case was reversed, and, a lot of slugs being added, was rammed down with the tow on top. These must be very destructive at close quarters, but they generally blaze at the soldiers, and *vice versâ*, at such a distance, that little harm is done from the uncertain aim taken. Most of them had revolvers, kept either in the belts or the left-hand pocket of their jackets; they were secured by a silk cord round their necks, and fastened to a ring in the butt of the pistol. Some few had stilettoes, only used for human victims. Many wore ostrich feathers with turned-up wide-awakes, which gave the wearers a theatrical and absurd appearance. Gay silk handkerchiefs round their necks and collars on their cotton shirts made them look quite dandies when these were clean, which was but seldom.

"At last, tired of watching the band, I lay down and fell asleep. I slept for some hours, during which a poor sheep was dragged into the inclosure, killed, cut up, cooked in the pot, and eaten. I must have slept until near sunset, for when I awoke another sheep was being brought forward, and I watched the process of killing and cutting up the poor beast. The sheep was taken in hand by two men, Generoso and Antonio generally acting as the butchers of the band. One doubled the fore legs of the sheep across the head; the other held the head back, inserting a knife into the throat, and cutting the windpipe and jugular vein. It was then thrown down and left to expire. When dead, a slit was made in one of the hind legs near the feet, and an iron ramrod taken and passed down the leg to the body of the animal; it was then withdrawn, and the mouth of one of the men placed to the slit in the leg, and the animal was inflated as much as possible and then skinned. When the skin was separated from the legs and sides, the carcass was taken and suspended on a peg on a tree, through the tendon of a hind-leg; the skin was then drawn off the back (sometimes the head was skinned, but this rarely). The skin was now spread out on the ground to receive the meat, etc., when cut off the body; the inside was taken out, the entrails being drawn out carefully and cleaned; these were wound round the inside fat by two or three who were fond of this luxury—Sentonio, and Andrea the executioner, generally performing this operation. These delicacies, as they were considered, being made about four inches long and about one inch in diameter, are fried in fat or roasted on spits. It was some time before I could bring myself to eat these, but curiosity first, and hunger afterward, often caused me to eat my share, for I soon learned it was unwise to refuse anything.

"While these two men were preparing the inside, the other two were cutting up the carcass. The breast was first cut off, and then the shoulders; the sheep was then cut in half with the axe, and then the bones were laid on a stump and cut through, so that it all could be cut in small pieces. One man would hold the meat, while another would take hold of a piece with his left hand and cut with his right. As it was cut up, the pieces would be put into a large cotton handkerchief, which was spread out on the ground; the liver and lungs were cut up in the same way; the fat was then put in the *caldaja*, and, when this was melted, the kidneys and heart (if the latter had not been appropriated by some one) were put in, cooked, and eaten, every one helping himself by dipping his fingers in the pot. The pieces of liver were considered the prizes. All the rest of the sheep was then put in the pot at once, and after a short time the pot was taken off the fire and jerked, so as to bring the under pieces to the top.

"They liked the meat well cooked; and when once pronounced done, it was divided into as many equal portions as there were numbers present; the captives being treated as 'companions'—the term they always used in speaking of one another. I soon found that the sooner I picked up my share the better. If there was no doubt about there being plenty for all, the food was never divided. Then they dived with their hands,

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whoever ate fastest coming off best. I could only eat slowly, having to cut all the meat into shreds, as it was so tough; so I always took as much as they would let me, and retired to my lair, like a dog with his bone. If I finished this before all was gone, I returned for more, it being always necessary to secure as much as possible, as one was never sure when more food would be forthcoming, and it is contrary to brigand etiquette to pocket food when eaten thus. When it was divided, I might of course do as I liked with my share, but even then it was prudent not to allow them to know that I had reserved a stock in my pocket, or I was sure to come off short on the next division taking place. The skin was now taken and stretched out to dry, and then used to sleep on."

There were five women with the band, all dressed just like the men, except that they wore corsets. Their hair was cut short, and two of them carried guns, the others being armed with revolvers. They had no share in the ransom-money, and were often beaten and otherwise ill treated by their lords. Doniella, the partner of Pepino Cerino, one of the subordinate chiefs, was a strapping young woman about nineteen years old, with a very good figure and handsome features, a pretty smile, and splendid teeth. She and her husband were prodigious gluttons, and Pepino was eventually deposed from his rank on account of his lawless appetite. Carmina, the companion of Giuseppe, was a good-natured creature, who was often kind and generous to the English prisoner. Antonina, the wife of a whole-souled rascal named Generoso di Salerno, had a thin, melancholy face, with magnificent great lotus-eyes. She was cheerful and generous, and did a great deal for Mr. Moens in the way of mending his clothes and sharing her food with him during the many periods when victuals were scarce. Maria and Concetta were both ugly and sulky, hardly ever spoke, and never gave away anything.

It was a terrible life these brigands led, very different from the free and picturesque career with which poetry and romance love to identify them. Hunted by the soldiers and fleeced by their friends the peasants; suffering the extremes of hunger, thirst, and fatigue; passing long days and nights of apprehension among the perpetual snows of the mountain summits, where they often durst not light a fire to warm their benumbed limbs or cook their stolen sheep or goat, for fear lest the flame should betray them, and where they would scarcely snatch a few moments for repose, that they might be ready for instant flight; dreading even to take off their clothes to wash themselves, because the pursuit might be upon them at any moment; paying absurd prices for all that they obtained from the country people; wasting in gambling the sums they received for ransoms; and haunted every hour by the Nemesis of past crimes and vain longings for a lawful and quiet life—the most wretched captive in his dungeon seems almost happy in comparison with them. Mr. Moens passed about a hundred days in their company. The ransom, finally reduced to 30,000 ducats, was not raised without some delay, in a country where he had few acquaintances, and even after it was raised the getting it safely to the band was a work of time and difficulty, for the government punishes all intercourse with the brigands with great severity. The robbers meanwhile became impatient. Our author was forced to accustom himself to kicks, cuffs, starvation, and every species of ill-usage, and there was serious talk of cutting off his ears and sending them to his wife as a gentle incentive to haste. The money came at last, however, and he parted from the gang on very friendly terms, receiving from them before he left enough money to enable him to travel to Naples "like a gentleman," besides several interesting keepsakes, such as a number of rings, and a knife which had been the instrument of one or two murders.

There is a sort of relief in turning from these two narratives of rascality to the next book on our list, though in literary merit it is very far inferior to

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them. It is the narrative of a lady's travels in Spain. There is not much novelty in the subject, and only a very moderate degree of skill in the execution; but it is something to get into decent company. Mrs. William Pitt Byrne* travelled from the Pyreneean frontier of Spain, through Valladolid, Segovia, Madrid, Toledo, and Cordova, to Seville. Her book, with all its faults, supplies some lively pictures of modern Spanish life, and the reader who has patience to hunt for them will also find in her pages some valuable bits of information about the condition and prospects of the kingdom. She has a great deal to say about the discomforts of travelling in Spain, and the horrors of the hotels and inns, which are scarcely less abominable than those of Russia. However useful these particulars may be to persons meditating a trip through the Peninsula, they can scarcely be thought very important to the public generally; and we shall therefore content ourselves with extracting from Mrs. Byrne's two handsome volumes an account of a bull-fight at Madrid, which, notwithstanding her sex, she was induced by a sense of public duty to witness. We pass over the description of the arena and the spectators, and the preliminary procession of the actors in the bloody spectacle, and come at once to the moment when the bull is let into the ring:

"No sooner was egress offered him than he rushed headlong into the circus, dashing madly round as if he sought an escape; baffled in this, and scared by the fanfare of the trumpets, the glare of the sun on the yellow sand, and the vociferous shouts of the people, he suddenly stopped, raised his head, and stared wildly round. The blood was already streaming from his neck where the *devisa*,† in this case a sky-blue ribbon, had been fixed. Meantime the *lidiadores*, fifteen in number, were scattered about the arena, each with a brightly tinted cloak of different colors twisted about his arm, the *picadores* being drawn up in a defensive attitude, one behind the other, as far as possible from the centre of the circus. The horses, we observed, were blindfolded, *pour cause*. Some precautions were taken for the safety of the *toreros*; thus there were, here and there, slits in the barriers,* through which an expert fellow could glide, in extreme cases, and there is a step all round, from which the more readily to vault over the paling. For the protection of the public, a tight rope was strained all round the circus, fixed to iron stays, to arrest the progress of the bull, if, in his fury, he should attempt to scamper upwards among the spectators. This frequently occurs, to the great delight of those who are far enough off not to be damaged, and who seem to forget that the next time it may be their turn. Frightful indeed are the accidents, both among actors and spectators, which sometimes happen during these games; and, as they are generally of some unexpected kind, one never knows whether some awful casualty may not be on the point of occurring; it is always on the cards.

"The bull now discovered his adversaries, and seemed instinctively to recognize their treacherous intentions. The people became impatient for an attack, and the trumpets blew; the *capeadores* hovered about, dazzling, perplexing, attacking and repelling the bewildered brute, according to the different colors of their cloaks, and always gracefully and ingeniously eluding his vengeance. At length one, emboldened by success, continued his provocations beyond the bounds of discretion; the bull abandoned the others, and selecting his persevering tormentor, defied him to single combat. Scattering about the sand with his hoofs, he ploughed the ground with his muzzle, and, putting himself in a butting attitude, he pointed the back of his head and the tips of his horns with a menacing determination towards the object of his just vengeance. The agile *torero*, however, knew his bull; he never lost presence of mind for a moment, but twisting about the *capa* till it became inflated, he flung it before the beast's face, and, under cover of its folds, fled nimbly to the barrier. The bull, furiously enraged, tossed the crimson silk, tearing it with his horns, and then, discovering how he had been duped, made for his foe with redoubled rage; but the *capeador* had just gained the time he needed to vault over into the fenced ring just as the bull came up with him. His eye was dilated, and seemed to glare with fire; he had pursued his foe with such fury that the impetus given to his course served him instead of address, and, never losing sight of his man, he followed him, tumbling rather than leaping over the barrier into the narrow passage,

* Cosas de España: Illustrative of Spain and the Spaniards as they are. By Mrs. Wm. Pitt Byrne, Author of Flemish Interiors, etc. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 270, 332. London and New York: Alexander Strahan.

† The *devisa* differs in color, and indicates the *ganaderia* whence the bull has come.

* At Seville the *lidiadores*, at least those who are on foot, have an additional chance of safety in the wooden screens placed all around at intervals, about fifteen inches in front of the fence I ring, behind which they can glide, without fear of being followed by the bull.

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within one short section of which man and beast were now shut up together.

"The approving roars from the amphitheatre were deafening; it was difficult not to be carried away by the general enthusiasm; it was a moment of intense excitement; the life of a fellow-being seemed to hand on a thread, and a moment more must decide his doom. It was a struggle between brute force and intelligent activity:—the man got the better of it. In that instant he made another desperate bound, and leaped over into the next division. The people, true to its character—

> 'Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
> Damnatos,'

and who but now had thundered a unanimous '*Bravo toro!*' changed its cry, and it was the *lidiador* they hailed. But he was not saved yet; the next move—quick as thought—was on the part of the bull, who, making a second and almost supernatural bound, was seen coming up behind him a third time, when the active fellow, by a happy inspiration, leaped back into the arena, and his brethren in arms, rushing to the rescue, threw open the communications to give his provoked and angry foe free course, till, one of the barriers being opened, he spontaneously returned into the circus, when it was neatly closed, and the combatant was saved for *this* time. Still panting from the desperate chase, the disappointed brute now turned upon the first *picador*, but received a check from the point of his lance; a broad stream flowed from the widening gash, crimsoning the sand, and, as might be expected, the wounded beast turned again with greater fury on his assailant, who by this time had driven his spurs into his horse, and by a bound had cleared the spot, so that the creature's horns struck violently, and with a fearful crash, into the wooden wall, and the bull, who as yet had gained no advantage, baffled and stung, coursed once more desperately round the ring.

"The men seemed to be taking breath; but the spectators had no intention of being satisfied with this tame dallying, and they vociferously signified their disapprobation. The trumpet sounded once more, and the *picador* advanced a second time to the bleeding hero of the sport, and provoked him with his '*vara*,' at the same time siding up to the fence, so that, in case his horse should fall, he might secure an escape: the sagacious beast, albeit blindfolded, seemed to have an instinctive presentiment of the fate that awaited him; he trembled for a moment in every limb, as the bull, with a thundering roar, rent the air; but, obedient to the spur and to his master's voice, he recovered his pace, and advanced to meet the inevitable attack. The bull, lowering his head, rushed at the *picador*, and, with all the force of his weight, plunged his horns deep into the poor beast's right flank, turning him completely round as on a pivot, and lifting his hind quarters several times from the ground, the horse kicking violently. It was a ghastly group. The *picador* kept his seat unmoved, while the whole assemblage yelled its savage delight. The attention of the bull, as soon as the lance had forced him to withdraw his horns, was called off by the *chulos*, who dazzled him with the evolutions of a yellow cloak, and the gored steed, now released, but frightfully torn, tottered on, a piteous spectacle, endeavoring, with his fast-failing strength, to bear his rider out of danger. Arrived near the middle of the arena, however, his broken steps were arrested; his hour was come, and, making one last but futile effort, he fell with his rider heavily to the ground. When a *picador* falls, and with his horse upon him, it is no easy matter for him to rise; and no sooner had the wretched steed succumbed, than the bull, dashing at the struggling and powerless mass, 'in one red ruin blent,' attacked horse and man once more with all the vigor of his horns. The *picador* was utterly helpless; imbedded in his deep saddle and ponderous stirrups, his lower limbs cased in iron, he had not the shadow of a chance of extricating himself. His lance he had dropped, and all he could do, and all he did, was to urge his dying horse with violent and desperate blows to rise and release him. The cruelly-used beast, willing and intelligent to the last, mangled as he was, and almost swimming in the crimson pool beneath him, made a supreme effort to rise; it was in vain, and all he could now do was to serve as a shield by receiving the attack of the enraged bull, instead of his master. Still the position was eminently critical; the struggles of the dying horse under the horns of the infuriated bull complicated the position, and the next moment might decide the helpless man's fate. He looked around, dismayed, when another *picador* advanced, and, driving his lance into the bull's shoulder, aroused him to the consciousness of a new foe. The *toreros* and *chulos* took advantage of the diversion to bear the bruised and wounded *picador* off the field, and the expiring horse—not deemed worth a thought, because, pecuniarily speaking, he was valueless—was left there, not only to struggle in the agonies of a cruel death, but to form a butt for the frantic bull every time he passed him in the fight.

"Meantime, as if to carry their barbarity to the lowest depth, two or three *chulos*, watching their opportunity, advanced to the moribund horse, and beating him violently with clubs and sticks, tried to force him to rise, but in vain; his feet, once so swift, were destined never to support him again, and, after several attempts to comply, he dropped his head heavily, and with an almost human expression of powerlessness and despair. His savage tormentors were not satisfied even now, and as if determined the noble beast should not even die in peace, forestalled the

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few moments he had yet to breathe, by dragging off, with frightful violence, the heavy accoutrements with which he was incumbered; and, having possessed themselves of these articles, departed without having even had the grace to put an end to his miserable existence, the bull being engaged in a deadly combat with the second *picador* on the other side of the circus. The second *picador*, indeed, came off better than the first. His horse, after the first goring, and when just about to fall, was recalled by a sharp spur-stroke in his already lacerated sides; he started off at a convulsive gallop, and bore his rider nearly round the ring, a miserable spectacle. His entrails were dragged along till, his feet getting entangled in them, his master, with surprising skill, contrived to dismount before he fell, and abandoning the dying and defenceless creature to the fury of the bull, who again gored and tossed him violently, escaped scot-free.

"But the term of the persecuted *toro's* own existence was shortening, and the people, fearing lest his end should arrive before they had had all the enjoyment that could possibly be exacted from his struggles, called loudly for the *banderillas*. The trumpet blew its approving blast, and two bold *banderilleros* presented themselves, after the bull had been provoked by the *chulos* into the right position and attitude for these new tormentors to commence their attack. The *banderillero* was an accomplished *torero*, who understood his business, and he took in at a glance the bull he had to deal with. His is a perilous office, but he executed it with intelligence, skill, and grace; he hovered about and around his bewildered victim, turning and twisting his *banderillas* with provoking perseverance, and gliding aside with surprising muscular accuracy every time the poor bull tried to parry a feint; at last he succeeded in planting his gaudy instruments of torture in the exact spot in which a clever *artiste* is bound to spike them, unless he can face the execrations of an assemblage of fastidious and disappointed *connoisseurs*. As it was, they testified their appreciation of the barbarous feat by a thunder of applause as the nimble *torero* eluded the pursuit of his foe by a swift retreat. The bespangled and befringed *banderillas* drooped over with their own weight, and flapped violently on either side of the poor wretch's neck, as with a sudden start and piteous roar at the unlooked-for aggravation, he bounded furiously across the sand, tearing up the ground with his horns and hoofs, and tossing everything in his way, in his frantic efforts to rid himself of the new torment; the blood, which had coagulated into a gory texture, hanging like a broad crimson sheet from either side of his neck, completely concealing his hide, now started in a fresh stream from the new wound, and his parched tongue hung from his mouth, eloquently appealing in its mute helplessness for one small drop of water. Strange to say, the pitiful sight touched no responsive chord in the hearts of that countless mass of humanity; on the contrary, like the beast of prey who has once licked up blood, this insatiate crowd seemed to gloat over the scenes that had well-nigh sickened us; so far from being moved to compassion, regret, or sympathy, they urged on the remaining *banderilleros*, eager in their turn to show their skill, and after the usual flourishes, two more pair of fiery *banderillas* were adding their piercing points to the smarting shoulders of the luckless bull, 'butchered to make a *Spanish* holiday.' What must the Roman circus have been, if this was so unendurable?—and yet tender, gentle, loving womankind assisted—ay, and applauded at the ghastly human sacrifice.

"It was a relief when the trumpet blew its fatal blast, and the *espada* came forward, bowed to the president, threw off his cap, and displayed his crimson flag. It was Cuchares—the great Cuchares himself: the theatre rang with applause. The Toledo steel, bright as a mirror, flashed in his practised hand, dexterously he felt his ground; he eyed the bull, and in a moment—a critical moment for him—perceived by tests his experience suggested to him the nature of the animal he had to deal with, and the mode in which he must be treated . . . and . . . despatched. All the other *toreros* had retired, and he stood alone, as an executioner, face to face with his foredoomed victim. It was a supreme moment, and the attention of the amphitheatre seemed breathlessly concentrated into a single point.

"There is a wonderful power of fascination in perfection of any kind, and, notwithstanding the nature of the act in which it was to be displayed, we felt ourselves insensibly drawn under its influence.

"The *matador* began his operations by dallying with the bull: possessing all the qualifications of a first-rate *espada*, the confidence he had in the accuracy of his eye and the steadiness of his hand was apparent in every gesture; the group formed a singular *tableau*, and the attitudes supplied a series of excitements. Every head was stretched forward with an eagerness which offered each individual character without disguise, to be read like the page of a book. The interest was intensified by a sudden and unexpected plunge on the part of the bull; it was vigorous, but it was his last; the poor beast was received with masterly self-possession on the point of the sword, which entered deep, deep into the shoulder, just above the blade, and with a fearful groan, the huge and bloody form fell, an inert mass, to the ground.

"The crimson tide of life burst like an unstemmed torrent from his wide nostrils and gaping mouth, and with a quiver which seemed to communicate itself to the whole amphi-

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theatre, he was still for ever. The air was rent with shouts of men, screams of women, cries of approbation and roars of applause, which were still at their height, when one of the barriers suddenly opened, and the mules, with their harness glittering, and their *grélots* tinkling, trotted gayly in; a rope was fastened with great dexterity round the neck of the still palpitating carcase, which was then dragged off with incredible rapidity, leaving a purple furrow in the sand: the dead bodies of the luckless horses, one of which still lingered on, were mercilessly disposed of in a similar manner; the *chulos* came in, some raked over the large deep stains beneath where the dead had lain, and cleverly masked the tracks they had left, and others sprinkled fresh sand over the spots. All traces of the deadly contest were obliterated, and in a few moments the arena, bright and sunny as ever, was prepared for a new *corrida;* the *toreros* appeared again, as smart and dapper as at first, their costumes as fresh, their silk stockings as spotless; not a splash of blood had touched them, and their limbs appeared to retain their original pliability to the last. One *corrida* is so like another, the routine is so precisely the same—never, apparently, having varied since the first bull-fight that ever was exhibited in the crudest times, and — unless there be an accident—the detail is so slightly varied, that it would be needless to add to the notes we have already recorded, especially as it is not an entertainment we would willingly linger over, even in recollection. We felt we ought to see it once; we saw it, were utterly disgusted, and hope never to witness the horrid exhibition a second time."

We have another book on Spain, just published in London, and much better written than Mrs. Byrne's, though it does not contain a quarter so much information as that lady's desultory journal. It is by Mr. Henry Blackburn,* who made a trip through the kingdom, in 1864, with a party of ladies and gentlemen. He too went to see a bull-fight at Madrid, and he really seemed to have enjoyed it, his chief regret, when he thinks of the performance, being that the odds were too great *against the bull!* If the beast had only been allowed a fair chance, he would have liked it a great deal better. He attended another bull-fight at Seville, and did not like it at all. The great attraction on this occasion was a female bull-fighter, who was advertised as the "intrepid señorita." She entered the arena in a kind of Bloomer costume, with a cap and a red spangled tunic, made her bow to the president, and then lo! to the English gentleman's unspeakable disappointment, a great tub was brought, and she was lifted into it. It reached her arm-pits, and there she stood, waving her darts, or *banderillas*. At a given signal the bull was let in, his horns having been previously cut short and padded at the ends. "As the animal could only toss or do any mischief by lowering its head to the ground, the risk did not seem great, or the performance promising." The bull evidently considered the whole thing a humbug, for at first he would have nothing to do with the tub, and kept walking round and round the ring. At last indignation got the better of him, and turning suddenly upon the ignominious utensil, he sent it rolling half way across the arena, with the intrepid señorita curled up inside. This seemed very much like baiting a hedgehog; but when the bull caught up the tub on his horns and ran bellowing with it round the ring, the sport began to look serious. There was a general rush of *banderilleros* and *chulos* to the rescue. The performer was extricated and smuggled shamefully out of the amphitheatre, and the bull was driven back to his cage. The next act Mr. Blackburn characterizes by the appropriate name of "skittles." Nine grotesquely dressed negroes stood up in a row, and a frisky young bull was let in to bowl them over. They understood their duty, and went down flat at the first charge. Then they sat on chairs, and were knocked over again. This was great fun, and appeared to afford unlimited satisfaction to the bull, the ninepins, the audience, and everybody except Mr. Blackburn. The performance was repeated several times. After that came a burlesque of the *picadores*. Five ragged beggars, with a grim smile on their dirty faces, rode for-

* Travelling in Spain in the Present Day. By Henry Blackburn. 8vo, pp. 248. London: Sampson, Low, Son & Marston.

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ward on donkeys, without saddle or bridle. The gates were opened, and the bull charged them at once. They rode so close together that they resisted the first shock, and the bull retired. He had broken a leg of one of the donkeys, but they tied it up with a handkerchief, and continued marching slowly round, still keeping close together. A few more charges, and down they all went. The men ran for their lives and leaped the barriers, and the donkeys were thrown up in the air. So, with many variations and interludes, the sport went on for three hours; and at last, when night came, two or three young bulls were let into the ring, and then *all the people!* "We left them there," says our author, "rolling and tumbling over one another in the darkness, shouting and screaming, fighting and cursing—sending up sounds that might indeed make angels weep."

The Spaniard does not always figure in Mr. Blackburn's book as the high-bred gentleman we are wont to imagine him. Take, for example, this picture of a señor travelling: "For some mysterious reason, no sooner does a Spaniard find himself in a railway carriage than his native courtesy and high breeding seem to desert him; he is not the man you meet on the Prado, or who is ready to divide his dinner with you on the mountain-side. He is generally, as far as our experience goes, a fat, selfish-looking bundle of cloaks and rugs, taking up more than his share of the seat, not moving to make way for you, and seldom offering any assistance or civility. He is not very clean, and smokes incessantly during the whole twenty-four hours that you may have to sit next to him; occasionally toppling over in a half-sleep, with his head upon your shoulder and his lighted cigar hanging from his mouth. He insists upon keeping the windows tightly closed, and unless your party is a large one you have to give way to the majority and submit to be half suffocated." Nor is it much better at the hotels: "A lady cannot, in the year 1866, sit down to a *table d'hôte* in Madrid without the chance of having smoke puffed across the table in her face all dinner-time; her next neighbor (if a Spaniard) will think nothing of reaching in front of her for what he requires, and greedily securing the best of everything for himself. That is an educated gentleman opposite, but he has peculiar views about the uses of knives and forks; next to him are two ladies (of some position, we may assume; they have come to Madrid to be presented at the levée to-morrow), but their manners at table are simply atrocious." In his own house, it must be admitted, the Spaniard behaves better; but it is only among the few that one encounters the same degree of refinement and good manners that commonly prevail in England and America. The Spanish gentry read little and are very ignorant; and, as a rule, ignorance and refinement are hardly ever found together."

As a specimen of one of the lower classes take this extract: "Our beds are made by a dirty, good-natured little man, who sits upon them and smokes at intervals during the process. Our fellow-travellers, who have been much in Spain and have been staying here some time, say that he is one of the best and most obliging servants they have met with. He attends to all the families on our *étage*, and earns 18s. or 20s. a day! Every one has to fee him, or he will not work. We found him active enough until the end of the week, when our 'tip' of 60 or 70 reals, equal to about 2s. a day, was indignantly returned, as insufficient and degrading. The latter was the grievance: his pride was hurt, and we never got on well afterward. He had a knack of leaving behind him the damp, smouldering ends of his cigarettes; and on one occasion, on being suddenly called out of the room, quietly deposited the morsel on the edge of one of our plates on the breakfast table."

The great feature of Spanish life seems to be its laziness. Crowds of

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idlers, wrapped in their picturesque cloaks, stand about the plazas from morning till night, doing nothing, rarely speaking, and scarcely seeming to have energy enough to light a cigarette. Sometimes they scratch their fuses on the coat of a passer-by, in a contemplative, patronizing fashion, that takes a stranger rather aback. A young Madrileño is content to lounge his life away in this manner; and if he has an income sufficient to provide him with the bare means of subsistence, with his indispensable *cigarito* and his ticket for the bull-fight, he will do no work. In the morning he lounges on the Puerta del Sol; in the afternoon he lounges (if he can't ride) on the Prado; in the evening he lounges in the café or the theatre. This is all he cares for, and about all he is fit for. The middle class—the shop-keepers—have as little energy as their betters. "We went into a confectioner's one day," says Mr. Blackburn, "to purchase some chocolate, and were deliberately told that, if we liked to get it down from a high shelf, we could have it; no assistance was offered, and we had to go empty away." Could we accept Mr. Blackburn's sketch, or Mrs. Byrne's either, as a true picture of Spanish society, we might indeed despair of the ultimate regeneration of the kingdom. But the author of Travelling in Spain at the Present Day has the candor to admit that he is only a superficial observer, and with the following honest and commendable passages from his concluding chapter, we take leave of him and our readers together:

"Spain is not a country to travel in, and there is no nation which is more unfairly estimated by foreigners who pay it only a flying visit. We have no opportunity of appreciating the Spaniards' good points, nor do we become at all aware of their latent fund of humor, their good-heartedness, and their true *bonhomie*. We jostle with them in crowds, we rub roughly against them in travelling, our patience is sorely tried, and we are apt, as Miss Eyre did, to denounce them as worse than 'barbarians.' But we should bear in mind that Spaniards differ from other nations conspicuously in this—that they become sooner '*crystallized*;' and crystals, we all know well, are never seen to advantage when in contact with foreign bodies. In short, Spaniards are not as other men; and Spain is a dear delightful land of contraries, where nothing ever happens as you expect it, and where 'coming objects *never* cast their shadows before!'"

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THE brooding July noon, the still, deep heats
Upon the full-leaved woods and flowering maize,
The first wheat harvest, and the torrid blaze
Which on the sweating reapers fiercely beats
And drives each songster to its own retreats,—
Much less the stately lily of the field,
Gorgeous in scarlet, whose large anthers yield
The honey-bee meet prison for its sweets,
A flame amid the meadow-land's rich green—
With the revolving year is never seen
But o'er the sunny landscape creeps a shade
Of solemn recollection. Lilies! lean
Your brilliant coronals where once was laid
A boy's brow grand in death, and "Rest in peace" be said.

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From The Month.

ST. CATHARINE AT FLORENCE.

THE history of every race, every institution, every community, and even every family, has facts, phenomena, and characteristics of its own, which are the necessary results of the operation of certain elements or influences that belong to the subject of the history, or bear upon it with a peculiar force. It is the province of the philosophical historian to seize upon these characteristic features in each case, and to give them their due prominence; and an intimate acquaintance with them and a due estimate of them are essentially necessary to any one who undertakes the work of such a historian. To be deficient in this point is enough to ruin the attempt. Thus, we might have a rationalistic writer on church history free from every prejudice, and endowed with literary powers of the highest kind—candid, impartial, industrious, judicious, full of generous sympathies, and large-minded and clear-sighted enough to take rank by the side of Thucydides or Tacitus—and yet he would fail even ludicrously as a Christian historian, because he did not recognize the ever-living supernatural agency by which the fortunes of the church are ordinarily guided—the force of prayer, the power of sanctity, the softening and restraining influences of faith, charity, and conscience, even on men or masses of men but imperfectly masters of their own passions, and by no means unstained by vice.

It is our object in these papers to give prominence to some of what may be conceded to be the more characteristic features of Christian history, which may nevertheless be left in the shade by those to whom it is little more than the history of Greece or Rome. Thus, a philosophical historian might see in the return of the Holy See from its long sojourn at Avignon a stroke of profound policy, by which its emancipation from the straitening influences of nationalism was cheaply purchased, even at the cost of the great scandals which followed, and which a calculating politician might have foreseen. But to such a writer the manner in which the step was brought about would seem to be a riddle; for nothing is clearer than that it was consciously no stroke of policy at all. The wisest heads and the most powerful influences at the pontifical court were united against it; it was the work of an irresistible impulse on the conscience of a gentle and peace-loving Pope, the subject of a secret vow, a design conceived under the personal influence of one saintly woman—of princely race indeed, and reverend age, and large experience—but carried out under that of another in whom these last qualities were wanting; young, poor, the daughter of an artisan, yet who was able to succeed in her mission when success seemed hopeless, and to become the instrument of strengthening the successor of St. Peter in an emergency that might have taxed the courage of the great apostle himself.

Catholic art has sometimes represented St. Catharine of Siena as taking a part in the triumphal procession with which Gregory XI. entered Rome, and so terminated the long exile of the Holy See at Avignon. These representations, although true in idea, are false as to the historical fact; for St. Catharine never entered Rome in the lifetime of Gregory. After having seen him embark from Genoa on his

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voyage toward the Holy City, she betook herself, with her company of disciples, to her own home at Siena, where she seems to have remained, with occasional excursions into the neighboring country, for nearly a year. She then reappears in public, having been sent once more by the Pope to Florence, in the hope that her presence there might strengthen the hands of the better party in the Republic, and bring it round again to peace with the church. In the interval she resumed her usual occupations, exerting herself in every possible way for the good of souls. Her letters at this time show great anxiety for the peace, which had not yet been obtained in Italy; for the crusade, which was always in her heart; and, perhaps more than all, for the most difficult, yet most necessary of the objects that were so dear to her—the reform of the clergy, and especially of the prelacy. It would be a thankless task to inquire into the many causes which had fostered worldliness among churchmen at that time, and so prepared all the elements for the great scandal that was so soon to follow in the "schism" of the West. The best interests of the church had, in reality, more deadly enemies than Barnabo Visconti or the "Eight Saints" at Florence, in men who wore the robes of priests and even the mitre of bishops.

There is every reason to suppose that the corruption was not widely spread; but it had infected many in high station and authority, and even a few bad and ambitious prelates can at any time do incalculable mischief. The illuminated eye of Catharine had become familiar with the evil that was thus gnawing at the very heart of the church, manifesting its presence already by the pride, ambition, and luxury of ecclesiastics, and ready, when the moment came to give it full play, to break out into excesses still more deplorable than these. She saw passion and vice enough to produce the worst of the evils by which the providence of God permits the church to be afflicted, if only the provocation came that would fan into full blaze the fire that was already kindled. The B. Raymond tells us that, so far back as the beginning of the troubles in the Pontifical States, when the news came of the revolt of Perugia, he went to her in the deepest affliction to tell her what had happened. She grieved with him over the loss of souls and the scandal given in the church; but, seeing him almost overwhelmed with sorrow, she bade him not begin his mourning so soon. "You have far too much to weep for: what you see now is as milk and honey to that which is to follow."

"How can any evil be greater than this," he replied, "when we see Christians cast away all devotion and respect to Holy Church, show no fear of her censures, and by their actions publicly deny their validity? Nothing remains for them now to do but to renounce entirely the faith of Christ."

"Father," said Catharine, "all this the laity do: soon you will see how much worse that is which the clergy will do."

Then she told him that there would be rebellion among them also, when the Pope began to reform their bad manners, and that the consequence would be a widespread scandal in the church; "not exactly a heresy, but which would divide it and afflict it much in the same way as if it were." This prophecy was made about two years before the time of which we are now speaking. It is no wonder that, with this clear view of the existing elements of evil before her, Catharine should have urged upon Gregory XI. the apparently impossible project of a reform of the clergy. It was apparently impossible, partly from the circumstances of the time, partly from the character of the pontiff himself. The troubles of Italy still continued: all attempts at pacification failed, and the fortune of the war was by no means favorable to the cause of the church. Moreover, at Rome, the *banderesi*, or bannerets, who had for some

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time had possession of the chief power in the city, had laid, indeed, their rods of office at the feet of Gregory at his entrance, but they still exercised their authority without regard to his orders or his wishes, and he found himself, therefore, not even master in his own capital. This was not a time to undertake that most difficult of all tasks, which was yet imperatively required for the welfare of the church. Nor was Gregory, with his feeble health, with the hand of death already upon him, and with his gentle and patient disposition, fitted rather for suffering than for action, the natural instrument for a work that called for sternness and severity. Nevertheless, Catharine urged it upon him with a firmness that shows at once the influence she had acquired, and her burning sense of the necessity of the measure. In one of the three letters to him that belong to this time, she tells him that the supreme truth demands this of him: that he should punish the multitude of iniquities committed by those who feed themselves in the garden of the Holy Church: "Beasts ought not to feed themselves on the food of men. Since this authority has been given to you, and you have accepted it, you ought to use your power: if you will not use it, it were better to renounce it, for the honor of God and the salvation of souls." She insists also upon the necessity of granting peace to the revolted cities on any terms that were consistent with the honor of God and the rights of the church. "If I were in your place, I should fear that the judgment of God might fall on me; and therefore I pray you most tenderly, on the part of Jesus Christ crucified, that you obey the will of God—though I know that you have no other desire than to do his will; so that that hard rebuke may never be made to you, 'Woe to thee, for that thou hast not used the time and the power that were committed to thee'" (Lett. xiii.) These were strong words. Catharine sent Father Raymond about the same time to Rome with a number of practical proposals for the good of the church. It appears from a letter to Raymond himself that Gregory XI. was displeased with her, either for her great liberty of speech, or, as is more probable, for the ill-success that seemed to have followed the step that he had taken at her advice. Nothing can be more beautiful or more touching than her humble apology for herself—she is ready to believe that all the calamities of the church were occasioned by her own sins.

Gregory had in fact continually occupied himself with endeavors for peace with Florence and the other confederated cities; but there had been the usual insincerity on the other side, and besides, the barbarities committed by the Breton troops at Cesena had produced their natural effect of alienating still more his revolted subjects. Negotiations had been recommenced even before the departure of the Pope from Avignon, at least so far that the Florentines had been desired to send ambassadors to meet him at Rome. He did not arrive there by the time appointed, and wrote again from Corneto to fix a later time. The negotiation failed, as we have said, not from any lack of a desire for peace on the part of Gregory, but on account of the bad faith of the rulers of Florence, who really wished the war to continue. Their cause seemed to gain strength with time; for Visconti now took their side, regardless of the treaty that had been made with him, and the English company under Sir John Hawkwood entered their service. A gleam of hope came when one of the revolted leaders, the Lord of Viterbo, made his peace with the church. Gregory immediately despatched two envoys to Florence, but their efforts were in vain; and in the autumn of 1377 the Eight, who still held the supreme power, ventured on a step which gave still greater scandal than any of their former excesses, and seemed to widen still further the breach between the Republic and the Holy See.

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Florence had now been for nearly a year and a half under an interdict. The churches were closed—the sacred offices could not be performed, nor the sacraments administered, except in private. This weighed heavily on the mass of the population. There were probably but few, besides the Eight and their immediate followers, who regarded it with indifference. The Italian character is in many respects unintelligible to those who have not studied it in Italy itself. We can hardly understand how nine-tenths of the population of a city or a duchy can submit quietly to be governed by a handful of usurpers, who proclaim themselves the representatives of the people—the great majority of whom have abstained from the nominal voting that has conferred that character upon them—and let things take their course under the tyranny of their new masters, though that course lead to financial ruin, burdensome taxation, and the spoliation of the best institutions of the country, as well as to open persecution of religion and deliberate attacks on morality. An Anglo-Saxon population would either have brought public opinion and general feeling to bear irresistibly upon the magistrates, or would have taken the matter into its own hands, and sent the "Eight Saints" floating down the Arno if they had not conformed their policy to the all but universal desire for peace. But the Florentines waited and suffered, showing their attachment to the church and to the services from which they were debarred in many touching ways, some of which have been specially recorded by the historians of the time. It was forbidden, for instance, that the divine office—at which, at that time, it was the custom of the laity to assist—should be sung publicly in the churches; but pious persons could not be forbidden from practising such devotions as might occur to them in place of the regular services; and we find that in consequence they organized themselves into confraternities, and went about in processions singing hymns in praise of God. Many of these seem to have been composed by followers or disciples of St. Catharine. There was a movement of popular devotion to make up for the solemn ecclesiastical worship which was suspended. No doubt it was a symptom of an irrepressible feeling in the public mind which frightened the "Eight Saints." At length the feast-day of St. Reparata approached—Oct. 8th. She was the titular saint of the cathedral,* and her feast was usually celebrated with splendor and popular devotion. Were the people to be shut out of the church again on the day of their patron saint? The Eight had, as we have seen, just concluded their league with the lord of Milan, and strengthened their arms by the accession of Hawkwood, and their envoys had returned from Rome without terms of peace. They determined to brave the Pope still further, and to plunge the city into still more flagrant rebellion against his authority, by ordering the violation of the interdict. They would indulge the religious wishes of the people, making them, at the same time, partners in a gross insult to religion. They would force the clergy themselves to the alternative of taking part against the church, or of suffering civil penalties and persecution if they refused to do so.

St. Catharine, in one of her letters about this time, blames certain members of the clergy, and some of the mendicant friars, as having either counselled this outrage, or as having been induced by worldly motives to justify and defend it in the pulpit. In a numerous clergy, connected by countless ties with every party and

* The Duomo of Florence, as is signified by its name—S. Maria del Fiore—is dedicated in honor of our Blessed Lady; but it was originally called after St. Reparata, an early martyr in Palestine, in gratitude for the deliverance of the city from a horde of Huns that besieged it in the fifth century; which deliverance took place on the day of the saint—Oct. 8th. The feast was kept as one of the first class, with an octave. The epithet "del Fiore," added to our Lady's name in the present title, signifies Florence itself, the emblem of the city being a lily.

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every class, it is far more surprising that so few should ordinarily be found to help on tyranny and persecution such as that of the Eight, than that some should be weak enough to yield to its threats or its bribes. But the scandal was very great, and it would seem that the great body of the clergy, notwithstanding heavy fines levied on those who did not obey the order of the government, stood firm. The bishop—a Ricasoli—had already left the city rather than expose himself to the danger of coercion. But there was the greatest danger for the better party both among the people and among the ecclesiastics; and the state of things called for the most vigorous exertions on the part of the Pope to provide a remedy before matters grew still worse. It may seem very strange to the ideas of our century to say that the remedy adopted by Gregory was the most fitting that could have been found, and the same of which the Florentines had bethought themselves when they had wished to make their own peace at Avignon. It had failed indeed, then, on account of their bad faith; but it had produced another great result for which Providence had destined it. The odious government that had plunged the Florentine republic into so many excesses was to be overthrown by the better and sounder part among the citizens themselves, who still might have been too timid to exert themselves on the side of peace and order if they had not had a saint among them to encourage and direct them. We should all think ourselves foolish if we were to deny that such results are the natural and lawful consequences of the exertion of personal influence: it is only that we cannot bring ourselves to conceive that the personal influence of great and recognized sanctity may be more powerful than any other.

Father Raymond, the friend and biographer of St. Catharine, tells us that he was then in Rome, governing the great convent of the Minerva. He had had some conversation, before leaving Siena, with Niccolo Soderini, a noble Florentine, who had told him that the great majority of the citizens wished for peace with the Holy See, and that it might easily be brought about if some of the present magistrates were deprived of their offices. He even pointed out the way in which it might be done. One morning the Pope sent for Father Raymond, and told him he had received letters suggesting that peace might be made if Catharine were sent to Florence to use her influence there; and he bade him, accordingly, prepare a paper stating with what powers it would be expedient to invest her. The bulls were at once drawn up, and Catharine received orders to go to Florence as legate of the Holy See. She was joyfully received, and at once set to work to confer with the most influential persons in the state. The first fruit of her exhortations was, that the interdict was again observed, and the first great scandal thus removed. The next step was a more difficult one. How were the obnoxious magistrates to be removed without a revolution? The friends of peace were obliged to have recourse to a curious institution, belonging to that long-established party organization which had been the fruit of the division of the Italian cities, and of each city, more or less, within itself, into the hostile factions of Guelphs and Ghibellines. Florence had always been Guelph, and it appears that certain elected leaders of the dominant party had obtained a recognized right, in order to maintain the government of the city on their own side, to object to persons of the opposite party, and remove them from any post that they might chance to hold. A power like this was of course liable to great abuse: it has reappeared now and then in history in some of the worst times, and been the instrument of the greatest injustice and wrong. In Florence it seems to have been exercised with more moderation than in many modern instances; still it had sometimes been used unscrupu-

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lously, and made the means of satisfying private malice and personal revenge or ambition. It was therefore very unpopular, and seems to have been practically disused at the time of which we speak. Catharine, however, thought that it might now be put in use with advantage, to take the reins of government out of the hands of the Eight, and break down their pernicious influence; and it is certain that a fairer use of such a power could never have been made. The plan seems to have been suggested by her friend Niccolo Soderini, whom we lately mentioned. It was urged on the Guelph officials by Catherine; and one of the Eight was accordingly "admonished," as the phrase was, that he was not to occupy himself with public affairs for the future. He was a man of much influence, but he does not seem to have resisted the admonition.

Unfortunately, the leaders of the Guelph party were willing to make peace with the Holy See, but their dominant idea was to restore themselves to power and ruin their enemies. They began to "admonish" on all sides, and to use the name and authority of Catharine as vouchers for the purity of their motives and the wisdom of their policy. It is said that in the space of eight months they either removed as many as ninety citizens from posts of authority, or prevented them from acquiring them. It may easily be imagined that this could not be done without exciting furious passions; a storm soon began to gather, which did not wait long to burst. Catharine protested and entreated, and, to some extent, checked the evil. She had already prevailed on the government to entertain seriously the project of peace. It was agreed that a congress should assemble at Sarzano for the settlement of the troubles that agitated Italy. The Pope sent a cardinal and the Bishop of Narbonne as his representatives; France, Naples, Florence, Genoa, and Venice were to send others; and Barnabo Visconti was to be present in person to arbitrate between the Pope and Florence. A strange position for that inveterate plotter against the church; but one which shows, at all events, that Gregory XI. was willing to do a great deal for the sake of peace. Everything seemed to promise well; but while the congress was deliberating, Gregory died, and nothing could therefore be concluded. His death took place in March, 1378. Catharine was still at Florence, and seems to have had good hopes of bringing matters to a favorable issue, notwithstanding the failure of the congress. The new "gonfaloniere" seems to have been elected on the first of May. He bore a name afterward destined to become connected with the later splendors of his country—Salvestro dei Medici—and he was a man of firmness and standing sufficient to enable him to defy and check the extravagances of the Guelph officials. It was agreed between them that there should be no more "admonitions," except in the case of persons really tainted with Ghibelline principles; and that in no case should the "admonition" be valid after the third time. He was, moreover, bent on carrying out the peace with the Pope, and, as it seems at the entreaty of St. Catharine, sent fresh ambassadors to Urban VI., who had now succeeded Gregory on the pontifical throne.

These fair prospects were soon clouded over by the mischievous obstinacy of the Guelph party. The time came on, very soon after the instalment of the new "gonfaloniere," for the selection of new "chiefs," into whose hands would pass the obnoxious power of "admonishing." The new men did not consider themselves bound by the promises made by their predecessors; they were not friends of Catharine, as some of the others had been, and they began to use their power in the former reckless manner. They especially threw down the gauntlet to Salvestro and to the other magistrates, by their exclusion of two men of distinction, which showed their determi-

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nation to carry things to extremities. Here, again, we meet with the historic name of Ricasoli. One of that family was among the captains of the Guelphs, and is said to have forced this exclusion on his less willing colleagues. The strain became at length too great, and Salvestro himself sanctioned a popular outbreak against the Guelph officials; a movement over which he soon lost all control, and which led in a few months to a still more terrible outbreak, known as the affair of the Ciompi. The fury of the people, led by the Ammoniti—those who had been excluded from office by the exercise of the power lately mentioned—and unchecked by any attempt on the part of the legitimate authorities to restrain it, was irresistible. Many lives were sacrificed; the leaders of the Guelphs saved themselves by flight, leaving their houses to be sacked and burnt. Niccolo Soderini and other friends of Catharine were among the fugitives, though they had not taken part in the excesses that provoked the rising. As the tumult gathered strength, and the people became blinder in their fury, ominous voices were heard calling for the death of Catharine herself. Her name had been freely used by the Guelph officials, though she had protested publicly against their violent acts, and had entreated them repeatedly to be guided by justice and prudence. The scene that followed, a kind of turning-point in her life, shall be told in the words of her simple biographer. When the rumor of the intended attack on Catharine spread, "the people of the house in which she dwelt with her companions bade them depart, for they did not wish to have the house burnt down on their account. She meanwhile, conscious of her own innocence, and willingly suffering anything for the cause of the Holy Church, did not lose a jot of her wonted constancy, but smiling and encouraging her followers to emulate her Spouse, she went out to a certain place where there was a garden, and first gave them a short exhortation, and then set herself to pray. At last, while she was thus praying in the garden, after the example of Christ, those satellites of the devil came to the place, a tumultuous mob armed with swords and staves, crying out, 'Where is this cursed woman? Where is she?' Catharine, when she heard this, as if she had been called to a delightful banquet, made herself ready at once for the martyrdom which for a long time she had desired, and placing herself in the way of one who had his sword drawn, and was crying louder than the rest, 'Where is Catharine?' she cast herself with a joyous countenance on her knees, and said, 'I am Catharine; do therefore with me all that which our Lord permits you to do; but I command you, on the part of Almighty God, not to hurt any of my companions.' When she said these words, the wretch was so terrified and deprived of all strength, that he did not dare either to strike her or to remain in her presence. Though he had so boldly and eagerly sought for her, when he found her he drove her away, saying, 'Depart from me.' But Catharine, wishing for martyrdom, answered, 'I am well here, and where should I go? I am ready to suffer for Christ and for his church, because this it is that I have long desired and sought with all my prayers. Ought I to fly now that I have found what I have longed for? I offer myself a living victim to my dearest Spouse. If thou art destined to be my sacrificer, do at once whatever thou willest, for I will never fly from this spot; only do no harm to any of mine.' What more? God did not permit the man to carry his cruelty any further against her, but he went away in confusion with all his companions." And then Fr. Raymond goes on to tell us how, when all her spiritual children gathered round her full of joy at her escape, she alone was overwhelmed with sorrow, and lamented that she had lost through her sins the crown of martyrdom.

She was reserved for further labors,

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and for a martyrdom of another kind in the same cause; and she had soon the consolation of seeing that her mission to Florence had not been fruitless. The death of Gregory XI. dispersed the congress of Sarzona; but the Florentines remained, amid all their intestine troubles, firm in their resolution to make peace with the Holy See. Before the outbreak of which we have just spoken, they had arranged terms with Catharine, and ambassadors had been chosen to go to Rome to treat with the new Pope. Catharine, who had known Urban VI. when she was at Avignon, now wrote to him earnestly entreating him to accept the terms; she was afraid lest the scenes of violence and bloodshed that had lately taken place might make him less inclined to peace. Her entreaties were successful. The terms of peace were honorable to the Holy See. Everything was to return to the state in which it had been before the war; the Florentines were to pay 150,000 florins—a very moderate indemnity for the mischief they had caused in the Papal States; and two legates were to be sent to absolve the city from the censures it had incurred. Catharine, full of joy, returned to Siena. She had refused to leave the Florentine territory after the outbreak in which her life was threatened, saying that she was there by order of the Pope; but she had withdrawn for a while to the monastery of Vallombrosa.

The peace with Florence was of immense importance to the church at that moment. The great storm which Catharine had predicted was already gathering; she herself was to be called on for still greater exertions in the cause of the papacy, and within a year and a half to be in a true sense the victim of the struggle. After leaving Florence, she spent a few months in repose at Siena, during which she dictated to her disciples her only formal work, known by the name of the Dialogue. It has always been a great treasure of spiritual doctrine, though never so widely popular as the collection of her marvellous Letters. It is in the course of these few months that an author as fitted as any other to decide the question of time places a remarkable anecdote of the saint, to which we have already alluded, and which shall form the subject of the conclusion of this paper.*

As is so frequently the case in times of political instability, the various governments that so rapidly succeeded one another in the rule of the small Italian republics, seem to have been in the habit of attempting to secure themselves in power by measures of the most extravagant severity against any one who might seem to be disaffected to them. We have already seen the issue of the odious powers of "admonishing" possessed by the Guelph party in Florence; and at the very time of which we are speaking, that republic was suffering under a fresh tyranny of the lowest orders of her populace, who proscribed and excluded from all civil authority any one more worthy of power than themselves. In Siena also the democratic party, so to call it, held sway; the chief power was in the hands of a set of magistrates called "Riformatori," who governed by fear, and by the exercise of the most jealous watchfulness over the rest of the citizens, particularly the nobles. We are told by the historians of Siena that it was made a capital crime to strike, however lightly, one of these officials, and that a certain citizen was severely punished because he had given a banquet to which none of them had been invited. In such a state of things, the anecdote of St. Catharine of which we are

* M. Cartier, who has paid great attention to the chronology of the life of St. Catharine, is our authority for placing the execution of Niccolo Tuldo at this time. As our acquaintance with the facts comes entirely from one of St. Catharine's own letters, which, like the rest, is without date, and which contains no internal notes by which to fix its time, it must be more or less a matter of conjecture. Fr. Capecelatro puts it much earlier—indeed, as it would seem, at a date when the letter, which is addressed to Fr. Raymond, who did not become her confessor till 1873, could not have been written. M. Cartier quotes the Venice copy of the Process of Canonization to support the date he assigns, in having access to which he has been more fortunate than the Bollandists themselves.

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speaking finds a very natural place. A stranger in the town, a young noble of Perugia, by name Niccolo Tuldo, had allowed himself to speak disrespectfully and slightingly of the government. His words were carried to the magistrates; he was seized, tried, and condemned to death. We do not know what sort of life he had led before; but he was young, careless, and had never, at all events, been to communion in his life. He was not a subject of Siena, yet he found himself of a sudden doomed to be legally murdered for a few light words. No wonder that his spirit revolted against the injustice, and that he was tempted to spend his last few hours of life in a fury of indignation and despair. Here was a case for Catharine—a soul to be won to penance, peace, and resignation, with the burning sense of flagrant injustice fresh upon it, from which it could not hope to escape. Word was brought to her, and she hastened to the prison. No one had been able to induce the poor youth to think of preparing for death; he turned away at once either from comfort or from exhortation.

Catharine went to the prison, and he soon fell under the spell of that heavenly fascination which is rarely imparted save to souls of the highest sanctity. She won him to peace, and forgiveness of the injury he had received. She led him to make his confession with care and contrition, and to resign his will entirely into the hands of God. He made her promise that she would be with him at the place of execution, or, as it is still called in Italy, the place of justice. In the morning she went to him early, led him to mass and communion, which he had never before received, and found him afterward in a state of perfect resignation, only with some fear left lest his courage might fail him at the last moment. He turned to her as his support, bowed his head on her breast, and implored her not to leave him, and then all would be well. She bade him be of good courage, he would soon be admitted to the marriage-feast in heaven, the blood of his Redeemer would wash him, and the name of Jesus, which he was to keep always in his heart, would strengthen him—she herself would await him at the place of justice. All his fears and sadness gave place to a transport of joy; he said he should now go with courage and delight, looking forward to meeting her at that holy place. "See," says she, in her letter to Fr. Raymond, "how great a light had been given to him, that he spoke of the place of justice as a holy spot!" She went there before the time, and set herself to pray for him; in her ardor, she laid her head on the block, and begged Our Lady earnestly to obtain for him a great peace and light of conscience, and for her the grace to see him gain the happy end for which God had made him. Then she had an assurance that her prayer was granted, and so great a joy spread over her soul that she could take no notice of the crowd of people gathering round to witness the execution. The young Perugian came at last, gentle as a lamb, welcoming the sight of her with smiles, and begging her to bless him. She made the sign of the cross over him. "Sweet brother, go to the heavenly nuptials; soon wilt thou be in the life that never ends!" He laid himself down, and she prepared his neck for the stake, leaning down last of all, and reminding him of the precious blood of the Lamb that had been shed for him. He murmured her name, and called on Jesus. The blow was given, and his head fell into her hands.

Catharine tells her confessor, in the letter from which our account is drawn, that she had the greatest reward granted to her that charity such as hers could receive. At the moment of execution, she raised her heart to heaven in one intense act of prayer; and then she became conscious that she was allowed to see how the soul that had just fled was received in the other world. The Incarnate Son, who had

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died to save it, took it into the arms of his love, and placed it in the wound of his side. "It was shown to me," she says, "by the Very Truth of Truths, that out of mercy and grace alone he so received it and for nothing else." She saw it blessed by each person of the Divine Trinity. The Son of God, moreover, gave it a share of that crucified love with which he had borne his own painful and shameful death, out of obedience to his Father, for the salvation of mankind. And then, that all might be complete, the blessed soul itself seemed to turn and look upon her. "It made a gesture," she says, "sweet enough to win a thousand hearts: what wonder? for it already tasted the divine sweetness. It turned as the bride turns when she has come to the door of the house of her bridegroom; looks round on the friends that have accompanied her to her new home, and bows her head to them, as a sign that she thanks them for their kindness."

MISCELLANY.

The Propulsion of Balloons.—A very curious apparatus for the above purpose has been devised by Mr. Butler, one of the members of the Aeronautical Society, which has been lately established. It consists of a pair of wings, to operate from the car of the balloon, and whose downward blow is calculated to strike with a force exceeding forty pounds, a power equivalent to an ascensive force of one thousand cubic feet of carburetted hydrogen. The action required is somewhat similar to that of rowing, and would be exactly so if at the end of the stroke the oars sprang backward out of the hands of the rower; but, in this case, the body is stretched forward as if toward the stern of the boat, to grasp the handle and repeat the process, during which an action equivalent to "feathering" is obtained. It is anticipated that these wings, acting from a pendulous fulcrum, will produce, in addition to the object for which they are designed, two effects, which may possibly be hereafter modified, but which will be unpleasant accompaniments to a balloon ascent, namely, the oscillation of the car and a succession of jerks upward, first communicated to the car from below, and repeated immediately by an answering jerk from the balloon.—*London Popular Science Review.*

The Poisonous Principle of Mushrooms.—This, which is called amanitine, has been separated and experimented on by M. Letellier, who has quite lately presented a paper recording his investigations to the French Academy of Medicine. He experimented with the alkaloid upon animals, and found the same results as those stated by Bernard and others to follow the action of narceine. He thinks amanitine might be used in cases where opium is indicated; and states that the best antidotes in cases of poisoning by this principle are the preparations of tannin. The general treatment in such cases consists in the administration of the oily purgatives.

The Conditions of Irish Vegetation.—The inquiries of Dr. David Moore have shown that whilst Ireland is better suited than any other European country to the growth of green crops, it is unsuited to the growth of corn and fruit-trees. This is attributable to the following circumstances: the extreme humidity of the climate, and the slight difference between the winter and summer temperatures — a difference that in Dublin amounts to only seventeen and a half degrees, and on the west coast is only forty-four degrees. The mean temperature of Ireland is as high as though the island were fifteen degrees nearer the equator.

Libraries of Italy.—There are 210 public libraries in Italy, containing in the aggregate 4,149,281 volumes, according to the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique.* Besides these, there are the libraries of the two Chambers, that of the

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Council of State, and many large private collections, easily accessible. Then there are 110 provincial libraries, and the collections belonging to 71 scientific bodies. In the year 1863, 988,510 volumes were called for by readers, of which 183,528 related to mathematics and the natural sciences; 122,496 to literature, history, and the linguistics; 70,537 to philosophy and morals; 54,491 to theology; 193,972 to jurisprudence; 261,869 to the fine arts; 101,797 to other subjects.

The Poisonous Effects of Alcohol.—Supporters of teetotalism will be pleased to peruse an essay on this subject by M. G. Pennetier, of Rouen. The memoir we refer to is a "doctor's" thesis, and it treats especially of the condition known as alcoholism. The following are some of the author's conclusions: (1) Alcoholism is a special affection, like lead-poisoning; (2) the prolonged presence of alcohol in the stomach produces inflammation of the walls of this organ and other injurious lesions; (3) the gastritis produced by alcohol may be either acute or chronic, and may be complicated by ulcer, or general or partial hypertrophy, or contraction of the opening of the stomach, or purulent sub-mucous infiltration; (4) in certain cases of alcoholic gastritis, the tubular glands of the stomach become inflamed, and pour the pus, which they secrete, into the stomach or into the cellular tissue of this organ.—*Popular Science Review.*

The Influence of Light on the Twining Organs of Plants.—At a meeting of the French Academy, held on Oct. 26th, a valuable paper on this subject was read by M. Duchartre. The memoir deals with the questions already discussed by Mr. Darwin, and in it the French botanist records his own experiments and those of other observers, and concludes that there are two groups of twining plants: 1. Such plants as *Dioscorea Batatas* and *Mandevillea suaveolens*, which have the power of attaching themselves to surrounding objects only under the influence of light. 2. Species such as *Ipomœa purpurea* and *Phaseolus*, which exhibit this power equally well in light and darkness.

Chronicles of Yorkshire.—To the series of works published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, the first volume of the interesting chronicles of an ancient Yorkshire religious house, the Cistercian Abbey of Meaux, near Beverley, has been added. Its title runs thus: "Chronica Monasterii de Melsa, a Fundatione usque ad Annum 1396, Auctore Thoma de Burton, Abbate, accedit continuatio ad Annum 1406, a Monacho quodam Ipsius Domus. Edited from the autographs of the author, by Edward A. Bond, Assistant-Keeper of Manuscripts and Egerton Librarian in the British Museum." The abbey was founded in 1150, by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, and its first abbot and builder was Adam, a monk of Fountains Abbey. Thomas of Burton, who was abbot in 1396, brings the history down to that year. This first volume ends with the year 1247.—*Reader.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SEE OF ST. PETER, THE ROCK OF THE CHURCH, THE SOURCE OF JURISDICTION, AND THE CENTRE OF UNITY. By Thomas William Allies, M.A., etc. With a Letter to Dr. Pusey. 1 vol. 18mo, pp. 324. Republished by Lawrence Kehoe, 145 Nassau Street, New-York. 1866.

We cannot sufficiently praise and recommend this little work, by far the best on its topic for the ordinary reader, as well as really valuable to the theologian. It was written before the author had been received into the church, and immediately translated into Italian by the order of the Holy Father. Mr. Allies was a noted writer of the Anglican Church, and one of its beneficed clergymen. He held out long, before he became, by the grace of God, a Catholic; and made strenuous and able efforts to clear the Church of England from the charge of schism. In becoming a Catholic he sacrificed a valuable benefice, with the prospect before him of being obliged to

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struggle for a living, and, we believe, was for a time in very straitened circumstances.

In this book, the argument for the Papal Supremacy from Scripture and Tradition is presented in a clear and cogent manner, with solid learning, admirable reasoning, and in a lucid and charming style, rendering it perfectly intelligible to any reader of ordinary education. It is impossible for any sophistry or cavilling to escape from the irresistible force of Mr. Allies's reasoning. It is a moral demonstration of the perpetual existence and divine institution of the papacy in the Christian church.

An attempt has been made to detract from its force by representing that the author himself had in a previous work drawn a different conclusion from the same premises. This objection would have force in relation to a matter of metaphysical demonstration; but has none at all in the present case, which is one of moral demonstration arising from the cumulative force of a great number of separate probabilities. The former conclusion which the author drew was not one totally opposite to his later one, but merely a partial, defective conclusion in the same line.

In his first book he admitted the primacy of the Roman See, but not in its full extent, or complete application to the state of bodies not in her communion. Preconceived prejudices, and an imperfect grasp of the logical and theological bearings of the question, hindered him from comprehending fully the nature of the primacy, whose existence he admitted. His second book is, therefore, a legitimate development from the principles of the first, although this very development has led him to quite opposite conclusions respecting certain important facts.

The policy of the enemies of the Roman See is, to accumulate all possible instances of resistance to her authority, disputes in regard to its exercise, ambiguous expressions concerning its nature and origin, intricate questions of law, special pleadings of every kind, gathered from the first eight centuries of Christianity. In this way they file a bill of exceptions against the supremacy of the Holy See. These disconnected, accidental shreds are patched together into a theory, that the supremacy of the Holy See has been established by a gradual usurpation. Starting on this *à priori* assumption, the advocates of the claims of Rome are required to prove categorically from the monuments of the first, second, third, and other early centuries the full and complete doctrine of the supremacy, with all its consequences, as now held and taught by theologians. Whatever is clearer, stronger, more minutely explicated at a later period than at an earlier, is made out to be a proof of this preconceived usurpation. In this way, these shallow and sophistical writers endeavor to bewilder, and confuse the minds of their readers amid a maze of documents, so that they may give up the hope of a clear and plain solution, and stay where they are, because they are there. A book of this kind has just been translated and republished in this country, from the French of M. Guettée, a priest who has left the Catholic Church for the Russian schism, under the auspices of the American Mark of Ephesus, Bishop Coxe. From a cursory examination of the French original, we judge it to be as specious and plausible a resumé of the materials furnished by Jansenists and Orientals—whose skirts the Anglicans are making violent efforts to seize hold of just now—as any that has appeared. Wherefore we trust that it may be soon and effectually refuted.

It is plain to every fair mind and honest heart, that this method of argument is, in the first place, false and unsound, and, in the second place, unsuited for the mass of readers. Greeks and Anglicans use it against the papacy, intending to hold on to the trunk of their headless Catholicism. It can be applied, however, just as well to ecumenical councils, and all of the rest of the hierarchical system. So, also, to the Liturgy, to the canon of Scripture, then to dogma, and finally to the doctrines of natural religion. The real order of both natural and supernatural truth is one in which positive, indestructible, eternal principles are implanted as germs, which explicate successively their living power. With all their sophistry, the enemies of Rome can never banish from Scripture and tradition the evidence of the perpetual existence and living force of the primacy of St. Peter.

They cannot form a theory which can take in, account for, and totalise all the documents of fathers, councils, history,

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in the integrity of a complete Catholic idea. They deny, explain away, object, question. They have a separate special pleading for each and every single proof or document. But there still remains the cumulative force of such a vast number of probable evidences, all of which coalesce and integrate themselves in the doctrine of the supremacy. The true way is to interpret and complete the earlier tradition, by that which is later. This is done by our adversaries in regard to the canon, to sacraments, to episcopacy, to the authority of councils. It ought to be the same in regard to the papacy. The grand fact of one Catholic Church, centred in Rome as the See of Peter, stares us in the face. If we can trace it regularly back, without a palpable break of continuity, to its principle and source in the institution of Christ, that is enough. Those who set up an another Catholicity are bound to exhibit to the world something more palpable, more universal, more plainly marked by the characteristics of truth, which can be legible to all mankind. They must solve the problem of all the ages, explain all history, assert a mastery over the whole domain of the earth, and prove that their doctrine and church can fill all things like an ocean; or, they must step aside out of the way of the two gigantic combatants, who are now stripping for the fight, Rome and Lawless Reason.

Besides, it is absurd to think that any except scholars can be expected to wade through a discussion like that of a dry law-book, or abstruse treatise on politics, examining the history and decisions of councils, and all kinds of official documents. The essential signs and marks of the truth and the church must be plain, obvious, level to the common capacity. If the Roman Church be the true church, she must be able to show it by plain signs, which will put all doubt at rest, where the heart is sincere. So of the Anglicans, so of the Russians.

Therefore it is that Mr. Allies's book is especially valuable. It brings out the clear, unmistakable evidence of the supremacy given to St. Peter and his successors by Jesus Christ. It shows the great sign of Catholicity to be communion with the Holy Roman Church, the See of Peter. We recommend it to all, but especially to converts or those who are studying, and who wish to instruct themselves fully on this fundamental topic of Catholic doctrine. There cannot be a topic which it is more important to study at the present time. The cause of the papacy is the cause of revelation and of sound reason, of law and of true liberty, the cause of Christ, the cause of God. Whoever defends it successfully is a benefactor to the human race.

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. A Novel. By George Eliot, author of Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss, Silas Marner, Scenes of Clerical Life, Romola, etc. 8vo. pp. 184. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1866.

Whatever may be thought of the philosophy of this book, there can be no question that, considered simply as a work of art, it is one of the most admirable productions of the day. There are passages in it which deserve to be classed among the gems of English literature, and characters which will live as long as English fiction itself. With Felix Holt, the hero, we are less satisfied than with any of the other personages in the story. Full of generous impulses, and burning with half-formed noble thoughts, he is, after all, when you look at him in cold blood, only an impracticable visionary, who wastes his energy in vain striving after some dimly-seen good, which neither he, nor the reader, nor, we are persuaded, the author herself, fully understands: and at the end he drops quietly into a grumbling sort of happy life, no nearer the goal of his indefinite aspirations than he was at the beginning, and having succeeded no further in his schemes for the elevation of the people than persisting in his refusal to brush his own hair, or wear a waistcoat. It is very true that such is generally the end of reformers of his character; the fundamental defect of the book is that the author seems unconscious of the hollowness of Felix's philosophy, and we are not quite sure that she is even conscious of his ultimate failure.

Mrs. Holt, the hero's mother, is an exquisitely humorous conception, who deserves a place by the side of Dickens's Mrs. Nickleby. She never presents her austere "false front," or shows the "bleak north-easterly expression" in her eye, without arousing a smile; and her

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rambling, inconsequential, dolorous conversation is a spring of never-failing merriment. There is a plenty of humor too in several of the minor characters, and there is delicate and unaffected pathos in the fanatical and somewhat wearisome little preacher, Mr. Lyon, and the proud, suffering Mrs. Transome, whose youthful sin pursues her like an avenging fury, and whose whole sad life, "like a spoiled pleasure-day," has been such an utter, pitiful disappointment. But the charm of the book is in the heroine, Esther Lyon. Never, we believe, has the conception of refined physical beauty been so perfectly conveyed by words as in the delineation of this exquisite character. We are told nothing of Esther's features; we get no inventory of her charms, no description of her person: a few words suffice for all that the author has to tell us of her appearance; but she floats through the book a vision of unsurpassed loveliness. She never enters a room but we are conscious of the tread of dainty little feet, the fine arching of a graceful neck, the gloss of beautiful hair, the soft play of taper fingers, and a delicate scent like the breath of the violet-laden south. The art with which this exquisite effect is kept up all through the book, without repetition, and without the slightest approach toward sensuality, is so perfect that we are tempted to call it a stroke of genius. And the character of Esther is as fascinating as her beauty. The author has thrown her whole heart into the description of the ripening and development of this girl, and the casting aside of the little foibles of her fine-lady-ism under the influence of Felix. The scenes between these two strongly contrasted characters are scenes to be read again and again with ever increasing delight.

The pictures of English provincial life; the petty talk of ignorant farmers and shopkeepers; the election scenes, the canvassing, the nominations, the tavern discussions, the speeches, and the riot at the polls, are all admirable, and their naturalness is almost startling. There is no exaggeration in any part of the book, and not even in the richest of the humorous scenes is there a single improbable passage.

ESSAYS ON WOMAN'S WORK. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. Second Edition. 16mo, pp. 240. London: Alexander Strahan. 1866.

The serious questions discussed in this little book have happily a less pressing significance in this country than in England; but even here the problem of how to find suitable employment for destitute educated women is often one of no slight importance, and as years pass on, it will more and more frequently present itself for solution. Miss Parkes approaches the subject not with the visionary notions of a social "reformer," but in a spirit of practical and experienced benevolence, which entitles her remarks to great weight. She points out how the tendency of modern mechanical improvements is to banish from domestic life a large and constantly increasing class of women, and she pleads with eloquence and eagerness for a better provision toward their moral and intellectual improvement than is made at present. She treats of the various pursuits to which educated women now resort for a livelihood—teaching, literature, art, business, and so on, and of others for which they are well fitted and which society ought to lay open to them. She gives a very interesting account of certain excellent associations founded in England for the assistance of working-women, with some of which enterprises Miss Parkes herself has been prominently connected. We advise our friends to read her well-written essays, that they may understand something of the terrible suffering which prevails largely abroad, and to some extent also at home, among a class of poor who have very strong claims upon our commiseration, but seldom or never appeal in person to our beneficence. The evils which she describes, and for which she indicates alleviations, if not remedies, are constantly growing with the growth of population, and we ought to be prepared to meet them.

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The Story of a Picture. By F. B. Carpenter. 16mo, pp. 359. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1866.

Mr. Carpenter is a young New York artist, who, in 1863, conceived the purpose of painting a historical picture commemorative of the proclamation of eman-

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cipation by President Lincoln. Through the intervention of influential friends, he obtained not only the President's consent to sit for a portrait, but permission to establish his studio in the White House during the progress of the work; or, as Mr. Lincoln expressed it, in his homely way, "We will turn you in loose here, Mr. C——, and try to give you a good chance to work out your idea." During the six months that he spent at the picture, Mr. Carpenter was virtually a member of the President's family. He saw Mr. Lincoln in his most familiar and unguarded moments; he won a great deal of his confidence and regard; and he has now set down in this little book his impressions of the President's personal character, and a great store of anecdotes and incidents, many of which have not before been published. For the work he has done and the manner in which he has done it we have only words of praise. He has given us the best picture of Mr. Lincoln's character as a man that has ever been drawn, and he has done it with care, modesty, and good taste. We believe that no man, however far he may have stood apart from Mr. Lincoln on political questions, can read this admirable little book without feeling a deep respect for our late President's straightforward, honest, manly intellect, and faithfulness to principles, and without loving him for his tenderness of heart, and his many sterling virtues. Mr. Carpenter writes in a tone of ardent admiration, but not of extravagant eulogy. He has the painstaking fidelity of a Boswell, but without Boswell's pettiness or sycophancy. He has written a book which will not only be perused with eagerness by the readers of the present hour, but will achieve a permanent and honorable place in biographical literature.

An Introductory Latin Book, intended as an Elementary Drill-Book on the Inflections and Principles of the Language, and as an Introduction to the Author's Grammar, Reader, and Latin Composition. By Albert Harkness, Professor in Brown University. 12mo, pp. 162. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1866.

The Latin books which Professor Harkness has published for more advanced pupils have enjoyed a flattering popularity, and in schools which have adopted them the present volume will prove very acceptable for preparatory classes. It is intended, however, to be complete in itself, and comprises an outline of Latin grammar, exercises for double translation, suggestions to the learner, notes, and English-Latin and Latin-English vocabularies. Unnecessary matters seem to have been carefully excluded, and the work has an appearance of great clearness and compactness.

Philip Earnscliffe; or, The Morals of Mayfair. A Novel. By Mrs. Edwards, author of Archie Lovell, Miss Forrester, The Ordeal for Wives, etc., etc. 8vo, pp. 173. New-York: The American News Company.

This is a clever, unartistical, readable, repulsive, and utterly unprofitable story, vulgar in tone and vicious in sentiment. Both hero and heroine are perfectly impossible and inconsistent characters, and nobody will be the better for reading anything about them.

The Catholic Teacher's Improved Sunday-school Class Book. Lawrence Kehoe, New York.

This little book should be in the hand of every Catholic Sunday-school teacher. It provides for the registry of the scholars' names, age, residence, attendance, lessons, conduct, and everything necessary for the good order and welfare of the school or class. It is more comprehensive, and more easily kept, than anything yet published.

It also has a column in which to record the number of the book taken by the scholar from the Sunday-school library. A library is necessary to the complete success of every Sunday-school. From the catalogues of our Catholic publishers a list of about four hundred books can be selected, tolerably well adapted for this purpose. This, however, is about one-third as many as an ordinary Sunday-school requires. We must also confess it is not pleasant to be obliged to pay for these about twice as much as Protestant Sunday-schools do for books published in the same style. But it may be replied that they have societies possessing a large capital, whose aim is to publish their

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books as cheap as possible, in order to spread them far and wide. True. And why cannot the 5,000,000 Catholics in the United States, with 4,000 churches, and 2,500 priests, support a Publication Society, with capital enough to publish Sunday-school requisites as cheap as they? This Class Book is printed on good paper, and is not only more complete than any other, but is furnished much cheaper.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND FOR THE YOUNG. A new edition, revised. 12mo, pp. 373. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham. 1866.

This is an American reprint of an English book, and England is spoken of throughout it as "our country"—an expression which will be very apt to lead to misconceptions in the juvenile mind. The unknown compiler seems to have spared no pains to make the book unexceptionable in a religious point of view, for use in Catholic schools; but we cannot commend it for clearness, and we think it might be advantageously weeded of various anecdotes and trivial details, and of a great deal of turgid rhetoric. There is need of a good English history for our schools, but we do not believe this publication is destined to supply it. So far as our examination has gone, it is full of errors. The account of the American Revolution is absurd—the very cause of it being egregiously misstated. The story of the Crimean war is not much better told, and the history of the Sepoy mutiny in India is very careless and inaccurate.

THE MORMON PROPHET AND HIS HAREM; or, An Authentic History of Brigham Young, his numerous Wives and Children. By Mrs. C. V. Waite. 12mo, pp. 280. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1866.

As Mrs. Waite resided for two years in the midst of the society which she has undertaken to describe, and has also received a great deal of information from persons long in the service of Brigham Young, her account of the Mormon system and its arch-priest may reasonably be assumed as authentic. To anybody who wants to read the disgusting record of human imbecility and wickedness which disfigures the history of our Western civilization, Mrs. Waite's volume will, no doubt, be found sufficiently full and interesting.

MR. WINKFIELD. A Novel. 8vo, pp. 160. New-York: The American News Company. 1866.

The unknown author of this book, which we can hardly call a story, has apparently endeavored to satirize life and society in New-York. His success has not been equal to his expectations.

ALPHONSO; OR, THE TRIUMPHS OF RELIGION. A Catholic Tale. P. F. Cunningham, Philadelphia.

This is a very interesting and instructive tale, designed to show "the lamentable effects which an irreligious system of education will infallibly produce." We hope the talented authoress will give us other stories for our young people equally good. We think, however, she crowds her hero along too fast. The charm of the story would be increased by a more natural and easy concurrence of events.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From HURD & HOUGHTON, New-York. Spanish Papers and other Miscellanies, hitherto unpublished or uncollected. By Washington Irving. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 487 and 466.

P. DONAHOE, Boston. Redmond, Count O'Hanlon, the Irish Rapparee, and Barney Brady's Goose. By William Carleton. 1 vol. 18mo.

ANDREW J. GRAHAM, New-York. Standard Phonographic Visitor. Edited and published by Andrew J. Graham.

WE have also received the Seventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art; and the Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Mercantile Library Association of the City of New-York, for 1866.

J. J. O'CONNOR & Co., Newark, N. J., have in press and will soon publish a work entitled "Curious Questions," by the Rev. Dr. Brann.

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ORIGINAL.

PROBLEMS OF THE AGE.

IX.

A FURTHER EXPLANATION OF THE SUPERNATURAL ORDER.

It has been already remarked, that the Incarnation is a more profound and inscrutable mystery than even the Trinity. The reason is that the trinity is a necessary truth, included in the very idea of God as most simple being and most pure act. The incarnation is not a truth necessary in itself, but only necessary on the supposition that it has been decreed by God. The trinity of persons proceeds from a necessity of nature in God, the incarnation from an act of free will. But the acts of the divine free will are more mysterious and inexplicable than those which proceed from necessity of nature.

Without revelation the incarnation would be inconceivable, and even when it is disclosed by revelation, the analogies by which it can be illustrated are faint and imperfect. The union between soul and body in animal nature and between the animal and spiritual nature in man furnish the only analogies of anything like a hypostatic union in the natural world. But these analogies do not illustrate the dark point in the mystery, to wit: the union of two *intelligent* natures in one *subsistence*, or one common personal principle of imputability to which the acts of both are referrible. We have but little difficulty in apprehending that acts proceeding from two distinct natures in man, the animal and the spiritual, should be referred to one principle of imputability or one personality. These acts are so very distinct and different from each other, that they evidently have no tendency to become blended or confused, by the absorption of one nature into the other. But if we should try to conceive of a hypostatic union between the angelic and human natures in one person, it would be impossible to avoid imagining that one intelligent nature would be absorbed in the other. If there is but one principle of imputability, how can there be two distinct intelligent voluntary operations? Our opinion is, that a union of this kind between two finite natures is impossible. The

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possibility of assuming a distinct intelligent nature must then belong to a divine person only, and be included in the infinitude of the divine essence. The difficulty of understanding it lies then in the incomprehensibility of the divine essence. We apprehend nothing in the divine essence distinctly, except that which is apprehensible through the analogy which created essences bear to it. Evidently that in the divine essence which renders it totally dissimilar from all created essences cannot be represented by a similitude in created essences. And as the divine essence subsisting in the second person renders it capable of assuming human nature by an attribute which renders it totally dissimilar from all finite personality, there can be no analogy to it in finite things. In order to understand this it is necessary to recall to mind a principle laid down by St. Thomas, that we cannot affirm anything, whether being, intelligence, will, personality, or whatever other term of thought we may propose, of God and a creature, *univocally*, that is, in the same identical sense. The essence of God differs as really from the spiritual essence of angels and human souls as it does from the essence of animal souls and o fmatter. We apprehend what the intelligence and the will of God are only through the analogy of human intelligence and will, in a most imperfect and inadequate manner. In themselves they are incomprehensible to the human understanding. In the very essence of God as incomprehensible, or super-intelligible, is situated that capacity of being the personality of created intelligent nature which constitutes the mystery of the hypostatic union. The only analogy therefore in created things which is appreciable by the human mind, is an analogy derived from the union of natures whose difference is intelligible to us, as the spiritual and animal. This analogy enables us to understand that the divine and human natures, not being intelligent natures in a univocal sense, but being dissimilar not only in degree of intelligence but in the very essence of intelligence, are capable of union in one personality. There is no analogy, however, which enables us to understand what this difference is, because it would be a contradiction in terms to suppose in the creature any analogy to that which is above all analogies and is peculiar to the divine nature as divine. The utmost that reason can do is to apprehend, when the mystery of the incarnation is proposed by revelation, that the incomprehensibility of the divine essence renders it impossible to judge that it cannot be hypostatically united to a created intelligent nature, and that it increases our conception of its infinitude or plenitude of being to suppose that a divine person can terminate a created nature as well as the nature which is self-existing. All that reason can do then is to demonstrate, after the mystery of the incarnation is proposed, that the impossibility of the incarnation cannot be demonstrated on the principles of reason, and that it is therefore credible on the authority of revelation; and, by the illumination of faith, to apprehend a certain degree of probability or verisimilitude in the mystery itself.

Once established, however, as a dogma or fundamental principle in theology, its reason and fitness in reference to the final cause of the universe, the harmony of all other facts and doctrines with it, and the grandeur which it gives to the divine economy, can be conclusively and abundantly proved by rational arguments.

We know that it must be fitting and worthy of the divine majesty to decree the incarnation, because he has done it. But we can also see that it is so, and why. We can see that it befits Almighty God to exhaust his omnipotence in producing a work which is the masterpiece of his intelligence and the equivalent of the archetype contained in his Word. To show his royal magnificence in bestowing the greatest

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possible boon on created nature. To pour forth his love in such a manner as to astound the intelligence of his rational creatures, by communicating all that is contained in filiation and the procession of the Spirit, so far as that is in itself possible. To glorify and deify the creature, by raising it as nearly as possible to an equality with himself in knowledge and beatitude.

The reason for selecting the human rather than the angelic nature for the hypostatic union is obvious from all that has preceded. Human nature is a microcosm, in which all grades of existence are summed up and represented. In taking human nature the Word assumes all created nature, from the lowest to the highest. For, although the angelic nature is superior to the human, it is only superior to it in certain respects, and not as a rational essence. Moreover, this superiority is in part only temporary, enduring while the human nature is in the process of explication; and as to the rest, the inferiority of the human nature is counterbalanced by the supernatural elevation given to it in the hypostatic union, which raises the natural, human operation of the soul of our Lord Jesus Christ far above that of the angelic nature. Although, therefore, in the series of grades in the natural order of existence, the angelic nature is above the human, it is subordinated to it in the supernatural order, or the order of the incarnation, and in relation to the final cause. For it is through the human nature united to the divine nature in the person of the Word that the angelic nature completes its return to God and union with him.

The elevation of created nature to the hypostatic union with God in the person of the Word introduces an entirely new principle of life into the intelligent universe. Hitherto, we have considered in the creative act a regular gradation in the nature of created existences, from the lowest to the highest. Each grade is determined to a certain participation in being superior in intensity to that of the one below it, and to a mode of activity corresponding to its essence. There can be no grade of existence in its essence superior to the rational or intelligent nature, which is created in the similitude of that which is highest in the divine essence. No doubt, the specific and minor grades included under the universal generic grade of rationality might be indefinitely multiplied. As the angels differ from man, and the various orders of the angelic hierarchy differ from each other, so God might continue to create *ad infinitum* new individuals or new species, each differing from all others, and all arranged in an ascending series, in which each grade should be superior in certain particulars to all below it. It is evidently possible that a created intelligence should be made to progress from the lowest stage of development continuously and for ever. Let us fix our thought upon the most distant and advanced limit in this progression which we are able to conceive. It is evident that God might have created an intelligent spirit in the beginning at that point, as the starting-point of his progression, and might have created at the same time other intelligent spirits at various distances from this point in a descending series. Suppose now that this is the case, and that the lowest in the scale progresses until he reaches the starting-point of the most advanced. The one who began at this advanced point will have progressed meanwhile to another point equally distant, and will preserve his relative superiority. But even at this point, God might have created him at first, with another series of intervening grades at all the intermediate points which he has passed over in his progressive movement. We may carry on this process as long as we please, without ever coming to a limit at which we are obliged to stop. For the creation being of necessity limited, and the creative power of God unlimited, it is impossible to equalize the two terms, or to conceive of a creation which is equal to God as creator. Neverthe-

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less, all possible grades of rationality are like and equal to each other as respects the essential propriety of rationality, and never rise to a grade which is essentially higher than that of rational nature. The only difference possible is a difference in the mode in which the active force of the intellect is exercised, and in the number of objects to which it is applicable, or some other specific quality of the same kind. Whatever may be the increase which rational nature can be supposed to receive, it is only the evolution of the essential principle which constitutes it rational, and is therefore common to all species and individuals of the rational order. Although, therefore, God cannot create a spirit so perfect that it cannot be conceived to be more perfect in certain particulars, yet it is nevertheless true that God cannot create anything which is generically more perfect than spirit or intelligent substance. From this it follows as a necessary consequence, that God cannot create a nature which by its essential principles demands its last complement of being in a divine person, or naturally exists in a hypostatic union with the divine nature. For rational nature, which is the highest created genus, and the nearest possible to the nature of God, —"Ipsius enim et genus sumus," *— developed to all eternity, would never rise above itself, or elicit an act which would cause it to terminate upon a divine person, and bring it into a hypostatic union with God. Produce a line, parallel to an infinite straight line, to infinity, and it will never meet it or come any nearer to it. The very essence of created spirit requires that it should be determined to a mode of apprehending God by an image reflected in the creation. The activity of the created intelligence must proceed for ever in this line, and has no tendency to coincide with the act of the divine intelligence in which God contemplates immediately his own essence. Increase as much as you will the perfection of the created image, it remains always infinitely distant from the uncreated, personal image of himself which the Father contemplates in the Word, and loves in the Holy Spirit, within the circle of the blessed Trinity. It has been proved in a previous number that infinite intelligence is identical with the infinite intelligible in God. If a being could be created which by its essence should be intelligent by the immediate vision of the divine essence, it would be intelligent *in se*, and therefore possess within its own essence its immediate, intelligible object, which, by the terms of the supposition, is the divine essence. It would possess in itself sanctity, immutability, and beatitude. It would be, in other words, beatified precisely because existing, that is, incapable of existing in any defective state, and therefore incapable of error, sin, or suffering. And as, by the terms, it is what it is, by its essence, its essence and existence are identical; it is essentially most pure act, essentially existing, therefore self-existent, necessary being, or identical with God. It is therefore impossible for God to create a rational nature which is constituted rational by the immediate intuition of the divine essence. For by the very terms it would be a creature and God at the same time. It would be one of the persons in the unity of the divine nature, and yet have a nature totally distinct. In the natural order, then, it is impossible that a created nature should either at its beginning, or in the progress of its evolution, demand as its due and necessary complement of being a divine personality. Personality is the last complement of rational nature. Divine nature demands divine personality. Finite nature demands finite personality. It is evident, therefore, that there cannot be a finite nature, however exalted, which cannot come to its complete evolution within its own essence, or which can explicate out of the contents of its being an act which necessarily terminates upon a divine person, so as to bring it into a hypostatic union with the divine nature.

* "For we are also his offspring," Acts xvii. 28.

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Let us go back a little in the scale of being, in order to develop this principle more fully. Lifeless matter is capable of indefinite increase in its own order, but this increase has no tendency to elevate it to the grade of vegetative life. A new and different principle of organization must be introduced, in order to construct from its simple elements a vegetative form, as, for instance, a flower. So, also, the explication of vegetative life has no tendency to generate a sentient principle. The plant may go on producing foliage, flowering, germinating, and reproducing its species for ever, but its vital activity can never produce a sentient soul, or proceed to that degree of perfection that it requires a sentient soul as its last complement or the proper form of its organic life. Suppose a plant or flower to receive a sentient soul; this soul must be immediately created by God, and it would be the principle or form of a new life, which, in relation to the natural, vegetative life of the flower, would be *super*-natural, elevating it to an order of life above that which constitutes it a flower.

A sentient creature, as a dog or a bird, has no tendency to explicate from the constitutive principle of its animal soul intelligence, or to attain a state of existence in which an intelligent personality is due to it as its last complement. If the animal soul could have an intelligent personality, it must be by a hypostatic union with an intelligent nature distinct from itself, which would then become the *suppositum*, or principle of imputability to the animal nature. The animal would then be elevated to a state which would be *super*-natural, relatively to the animal nature, or entirely above the plane of its natural development.

In like manner, the rational nature has no tendency or power to rise above itself, or to do more than explicate that principle which constitutes it rational. If it is elevated to a higher order, it must be by a direct act of omnipotence, an immediate intervention of the creator, producing in it an act which could never be produced by the explication of its rationality, even though it should progress to all eternity. This act is supernatural in the absolute sense. That is, it lies in an order above created nature as a totality, and above all nature which might be created; *supra omnem naturam creatam atque creabilem.*

It is beyond the power even of divine omnipotence to create a rational nature which, by its intrinsic, constitutive principle of intelligence, is affiliated to the Father through the Holy Spirit. Such a nature would be equal to the Word, and another Word, and therefore equal to the Father, or, in other words, would be a divine nature although created; which is absurd. The Father can have but one Son, eternally begotten, not made; and the only possible way in which a created nature can be elevated to a strictly filial relation to the Father, is by a hypostatic union with the divine nature of the Son in one person, so that there is a communication of properties between the two natures, and but one principle of imputability to which all the divine and human attributes and acts can be referred. This union can be effected only by a direct intervention of God, or by the Word assuming to himself a created nature. For rational nature finds its last complement of personality, its *subsistentia*, or principle of imputability, within its own limits, which it never tends to transcend, even by infinite progression. The human nature individuated in the person of Jesus Christ, by its own intrinsic principles was capable of being completed in a finite personality, like every other individual human nature. The fact that the place of the human personality is supplied by a divine person, and the human nature thus completed only in the divine, is due to the direct, divine act of the Word, and is therefore supernatural. In this supernatural relation it becomes the recipient, so to speak, of the divine vital current, and participates in the

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act in which the divine life is consummated, which is the procession of the Son and Holy Spirit from the Father. This act consists radically and essentially in the immediate contemplation of the divine essence. Created intelligence, therefore, elevated to the hypostatic union, contemplates the essence of God directly, without any intervening medium, by the immediate intuition or beatific vision of God.

Thus, in the incarnation, the creation returns back to God and is united to him in the most perfect manner, by participating in the good of being in a way sublime above all human conception, exhausting even the infinite idea of God. Created intelligence is beatified, glorified, and deified. In Jesus Christ, man, in whose essence is included the equivalent of all creation, and God meet in the unity of one person. The nature of God becomes the nature of man in the second person, who is truly man; and the nature of man becomes the nature of God in the same person, who is truly God. Creation, therefore, attains its final end and returns to God as final cause in the incarnation; which is the most perfect work of God, the crown of the acts of his omnipotence, the summit of the creative act, the completion of all grades of existence, and the full realization of the divine archetype.

In Jesus Christ, the creative act is carried to the apex of possibility. In his human nature, therefore, he is the most pre-eminent of all creatures, and surpasses them all, not only singly but collectively. He has the primogeniture, and the dominion over all things, the entire universe of existences being subordinated to him. Nevertheless, his perfection is not completed merely by that which he possesses within the limits of his individual humanity. He is the summit of creation, the head of the intelligent universe, the link nearest to God in the chain of created existences. The universe, therefore, by virtue of the principle of order and unity which pervades it, ought to communicate with him through a supernatural order, so that the gradation in the works of God may be regular and perfect. The chasm between rational nature in its natural state and the same nature raised to the hypostatic union is too great, and demands to be filled up by some intermediate grades. Having taken created nature, which is by its very constitution adapted to fellowship between individuals of the same kind; and, specifically, human nature, which is constituted in relations of race and family, the Son of God ought, in all congruity, to have brethren and companions capable of sharing with him in beatitude and glory. Being specifically human and of one blood with all mankind, it is fitting that he should elevate his own race to a share in his glory. Being generically of the same intellectual nature with the angels, it is also fitting that he should elevate them to the same glory. This can only be done by granting them a participation in that supernatural order of intelligence and life which he possesses by virtue of the hypostatic union; that is, a participation in the immediate, beatific vision of the divine essence.

This supernatural order is denominated the order of regeneration and grace. It is cognate with the order of the hypostatic union, but not identical with it. The personality of the divine Word is communicated only to the individual human nature of Jesus Christ, who is not only the first-born but the only-begotten Son of God. God is incarnate in Christ alone. The union of his created substance with the divine substance, without any permixture or confusion, in one person, is something inscrutable to reason. The knowledge, sanctity, beatitude, and glory of his human nature are effects of this union, but are not it. These effects, which are due to the humanity of Christ as being the nature of a divine person, and are its rightful and necessary prerogatives, are communicable, as a matter of grace, to other individuals, personally distinct from

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Christ. That is to say, sanctity, beatitude, and glory do not require as the necessary condition of their communicability the communication of a divine personality, but are compatible with the existence of an indefinite number of distinct, finite personalities. All those rational creatures, however, who are the subjects of this communicated grace, are thereby assimilated to the Son of God, and made partakers of an adoptive sonship. This adoptive sonship is an inchoate and imperfect state of co-filiation with the Son of God, which is completed and made perfect in the hypostatic union. The order of grace, therefore, though capable of subsisting without the incarnation, and not depending on it as a physical cause, can only subsist as an imperfect order, and cannot have in itself a metaphysical finality. The incarnation being absent, the universe does not attain an end metaphysically final, or actualise the perfection of the ideal archetype. The highest mode of the communication of the good of being, the most perfect reproduction of the operation of God *ad intra*, in his operation *ad extra*, which the Father contemplates in the Word as possible, remains unfulfilled. Those who hold, therefore, that the incarnation was not included in the original creative decree of God must maintain that in that decree God did not contemplate an end in creating metaphysically final. They are obliged to suppose another decree logically subsequent to the first, by virtue of which the universe is brought to an end metaphysically final in order to repair the partial failure of the angelic nature and the total failure of human nature to attain the inferior, prefixed end of the first decree. Nevertheless, as the decrees of God are eternal, God always had in view, even on this hypothesis, the incarnation as the completion of his creative act; and only took the occasion which the failure of his first plan through sin presented to introduce one more perfect. Billuart, therefore, as the interpreter of the Thomist school, maintains that God revealed the incarnation to Adam before his fall, though not the connection which the fulfilment of the divine purpose had with his sin as its *conditio sine qua non*. If this latter view is adopted, it cannot be held that the angelic and human natures were created and endowed with supernatural grace in the express view of the incarnation, or that the angels hold, and that man originally held, the title to glorification from Jesus Christ as their head, and the meritorious cause of original grace. Nevertheless, as the incarnation introduces a new and higher order into the universe, elevating it to an end metaphysically final of which it previously fell short, all angels and all creatures of every grade are subordinated to Jesus Christ, who is the head of the creation, reuniting all things to the Father in his person.

This explanation is made in deference to the common opinion, although the author does not hold this opinion, and in order that those who do hold it may not feel themselves bound to reject the whole argument respecting the relation of the creative act to the incarnation.

It is in regard to the doctrine of original grace, or the elevation of the rational nature to that supernatural order whose apex is the hypostatic union, that Catholic theology comes into an irreconcilable conflict with Pelagianism, Calvinism, and Jansenism. These three systems agree in denying the doctrine of original grace. They maintain that rational nature contains in its own constituent principles the germ of development into the state which is the *ultimatum* of the creature, and the end for which God created it, and was bound to create it, if he created at all. They differ, however, fundamentally as to the principles actually constitutive of rational nature. The Pelagian takes human nature in its present condition as his type. The advocates of the other two systems take an ideal human nature, which has become essentially

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corrupted by the fall, as their type. Therefore, the Pelagian says that human nature, as it now is, has in itself the principle of perfectibility by the explication and development of its essence. But the Calvinist and Jansenist say that human nature as it was first created, or as it is restored by grace to its primal condition, has the principle of perfectibility; but as it now is in those who have not been restored by grace, is entirely destitute of it. The conception which these opponents of Catholic doctrine have of the entity of that highest ideal state to which rational nature is determined, varies as the ratio of their distance from the Catholic idea. Those who are nearest to it retain the conception of the beatific union with God, which fades away in those who recede farther, until it becomes changed into a mere conception of an idealised earthly felicity.

The Catholic doctrine takes as its point of departure the postulate, that rational nature of itself is incapable of attaining or even initiating a movement towards that final end, which has been actually prefixed to it as its terminus. It needs, therefore, from the beginning, a superadded gift or grace, to place it in the plane of its destiny, which is supernatural, or above all that is possible to mere nature, explicated to any conceivable limit. At this point, however, two great schools of theology diverge from each other, each one of which is further subdivided as they proceed.

The radical conception of one school is, that nature is in itself an incomplete thing, constituted in the order of its genesis in a merely inchoate capacity for receiving regeneration in the supernatural order. Remaining in the order of genesis, it is in a state of merely inchoate, undeveloped, inexplicable existence, and therefore incapable of attaining its destination. There is, therefore, no end for which God could create rational existence, except a supernatural end. The natural demands the supernatural, the order of genesis demands the order of regeneration, and the wisdom and goodness of God require him to bestow on all rational creatures the grace cognate to the beatific vision and enabling them to attain it.

The radical conception of the other school is, that rational nature, *per se*, requires only the explication and perfection of its own constituent principles, and may be left to attain its finality in the purely natural order. The elevation of angels and men to the plane of a supernatural destiny was, therefore, a purely gratuitous concession of the supreme goodness of God, in view, as some would add, of the merit of the incarnate Word.

These different theories are entangled and interlaced with each other, and with many different and intricate questions related to them, in such a way as to make a thicket through which it is not easy to find a sure path. It is necessary, however, to try, or else to avoid the subject altogether.

The obscurity of the whole question is situated in the relation of created intelligence to its object which constitutes it in the intelligent or rational order. It is evident that a created substance is constituted an intelligent principle by receiving potentiality to the act connoted by this relation of the subject to its object, and is explicated by the reduction of this potentiality into act. The end of intelligent spirit is to attain to its intelligible object, by the act of intelligence. In the foresight of this, the exposition of the relation between intelligence and the intelligible has been placed first in this discussion.

It is agreed among all Catholic theologians: 1. That created intelligence can, by the explication of its own constitutive principles, attain to the knowledge of God as *causa altissima*; or, that God is, *per se*, the ultimate object of reason. 2. That there is a mode of the relation of intelligence to its ultimate object, or to God, a permanent state of the intuition of

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God, by a created spirit, called the intuitive, beatific vision of the divine essence, which can be attained only by a supernatural elevation and illumination of the intelligence.

The point of difference among theologians relates to the identity or difference of the relations just noted. Is that relation which intelligence has *per se* to God, as its ultimate object, the relation which is completed by supernatural elevation, or not? If not, what is the distinction between them? Establish their identity, and you have established the theory which was mentioned in the first place above. Establish their difference, and you have established the second theory.

If the first theory is established, rational creatures are *ipso facto* in a supernatural order. The natural order is merely the inchoation of the supernatural, cannot be completed without it, and cannot attain its end without a second immediate intervention of God, equal to the act of creation, by which God brings back to himself, as final cause, the creature which proceeded from him as first cause. This second act is regeneration; and creation, therefore, implies and demands regeneration. It follows from this, that reason is incapable of being developed or explicated by the mere concurrence of God with its principle of activity, or his concurrence with second causes acting upon it, that is, by the continuance and consummation of the creative, generative influx which originally gave it and other second causes existence. A regenerative influx is necessary, in order to bring its latent capacity into action, and make it capable of contemplating its proper object, which is God, as seen by an intuitive vision.

One great advantage of this theory is supposed to be, that it leaves the naturalists no ground to stand upon, by demonstrating the absolute necessity of the supernatural, that is, of revelation, grace, the church, etc. This presupposes that the theory can be demonstrated. If it cannot be, the attempt to do too much recoils upon the one who makes it, and injures his cause. Beside this, it may be said that the proposed advantage can be as effectually secured by proving that the natural order is actually subordinated in the scheme of divine Providence, as it really exists, to a supernatural end, without professing to prove that it must be so necessarily.

The great positive argument in favor of this hypothesis is, that rational nature necessarily seeks God as its ultimate object, and therefore longs for that clear, intellectual vision of him called the beatific. If this be true, the question is settled for ever. Those who seek to establish its truth state it under various forms. One way of stating it is, that reason seeks the universal, or the explanation of all particular effects, in the *causa altissima*. This is the doctrine of St. Thomas. God is the *causa altissima*, the universal principle, and therefore reason seeks for God.

Again, it is affirmed that there is a certain faculty of super-intelligence, which apprehends the super-intelligible order of being, not positively, but negatively, by apprehending the limitation of everything intelligible. Intelligence is therefore sensible of a want, a vacuum, an aimless, objectless yearning for something unknown and unattainable; showing that God has created it for the purpose of satisfying this want, and filling this void, by bringing intelligence into relation to himself as its immediate object, in a supernatural mode.

In a more popular mode, this same idea is presented under a countless variety of forms and expressions, in sermons, spiritual treatises, and poems, as a dissatisfaction of the soul with every kind of good attainable in this life, vague longing for an infinite and supreme good, a plaintive cry of human nature for the beatitude of the intuitive vision of God. "Irrequietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te"—"Our heart is unrestful until it finds repose in thee," is the language

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of St. Augustine, which is echoed and re-echoed on every side.

These considerations are not without great weight; nevertheless, they do not appear to us sufficient to prove conclusively the hypothesis in support of which they are adduced, or to overbalance other weighty considerations on the opposite side.

Reason seeks for the *causa altissima*, but it remains to be proved that it seeks for any other knowledge of it but that which is attainable by a mode connatural to the created spirit.

Reason is conscious of its own limitation. But this does not prove that it aspires to transcend this limitation. Beatified spirits are conscious of their own limitation. Those who are in the lowest grade are aware of numerous grades above them, and the highest are aware of their inferiority to the exalted humanity of Jesus Christ, united to the divine nature in his person. All together, including Jesus Christ himself, as man, are aware of an infinite incomprehensibility in the divine nature. In the words of the greatest of all mystic theologians, St. John of the Cross: "They who know him most perfectly, perceive most clearly that he is infinitely incomprehensible. To know God best, is to know he is incomprehensible; for those who have the less clear vision do not perceive so distinctly as the others how greatly he transcends their vision." *

Beatified spirits do not feel any void within themselves, or any unsatisfied longing for the comprehension of the super-intelligible. Neither do they aspire even to those degrees of clearer vision which are actually conceded to spirits of a higher order than their own. Why then should a rational creature necessarily desire to transcend its own proper and connatural mode of intelligence? The apprehension of the super-intelligible shows that the intellect cannot be satisfied with a limitation of itself to a mere knowledge of second causes and the contingent—that it must think about God, and apprehend in some way the infinite, eternal, necessary being and attributes of the creator and first cause of all things. But it does not show that it must apprehend God in the most perfect way possible, much less in such a way that he does not remain always infinitely beyond its comprehension.

The dissatisfaction of the human heart may proceed in great measure from the fact that God purposely disquiets it by withholding from it the good it naturally seeks, in order to compel it to seek for supernatural good. Another cause of it is, that most persons have committed so many sins themselves, and are so much involved in the consequences of the sins of others, that they cannot possess the full measure even of that natural enjoyment of which human nature is capable. That the human heart in its misery and unhappiness turns longingly toward the hope of a supreme beatitude in the contemplation of God as he is revealed to the saints in heaven, may be owing to the fact that God, who proposes this beatitude to men, stirs up a longing for it in their souls by a supernatural grace.

The question, therefore, reverts to this, as has been repeatedly said already, What is the principle constitutive of the intelligent life and activity of a created spirit? When this principle is evolved into act, the created spirit fulfils its type, and realises its ideal perfection in its own order. Now, according to the preliminary doctrine we have laid down, this is an active power to apprehend the image of God in the creation, or to contemplate a created image of God which is a finite similitude of the infinite, uncreated image of God, that is to say, the Word. Beatific contemplation is a contemplation of this infinite, uncreated image without any intervening medium. It is an intellectual operation of which God is both the object and the medium. It is not therefore the operation which

* Spiritual Canticle, stanza vii. Oblate Ed. vol. ii. p. 44.

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perfects created intelligence in its own proper order, but one which elevates it above that order, giving it a participation in the divine intelligence itself. Created intelligence is perfected in its own proper order by its own natural operation; and although the intervention of God is necessary in order to conduct it to that perfection, so that it is strictly true that a supernatural force is necessary to the initiation, explication, and consummation of the natural order of intelligence, yet this does not elevate it to a supernatural mode and state of activity in the strict and theological sense of the word. Created intelligence is perfected by the contemplation of the Creator through the creation, and has no tendency or aspiration to rise any higher. True, it has an essential capacity to become the subject of a divine operation elevating it to the immediate intuition of God, or it never could be so elevated. This is the really strong argument in favor of the hypothesis that God, if he creates at all, must create an intelligent order determined to the beatific union. It is equally strong in favor of the hypothesis, that he must complete his creative act in the incarnation, because created nature is essentially capable of the hypostatic union. For what purpose is this capacity? Does it not indicate a demand for the order of regeneration, and the completion of this order in the incarnation? It is not our purpose to answer this question definitely, but to leave it open, as it has no practical bearing upon the result we are desirous of obtaining. Presupposing, however, that God determines to adopt the system of absolute optimism in creating, and to bring the universe to an end metaphysically final, as he actually has determined to do, this question, as we have previously stated, must be answered in the affirmative. There is no metaphysical finality short of the hypostatic union of the created with the uncreated nature, which alone is the adequate, objective externisation of the eternal idea in the mind of God. The metaphysical, generic perfection of the universe demands the incarnation, with its appropriate concomitants. But this demand is satisfied by the elevation of one individual nature to the hypostatic union, and the communication of the privileges due to this elevated nature to one or more orders of intelligent creatures containing each an adequate number of individuals. It does not require the elevation of all intelligent orders or all individuals, but admits of a selection from the entire number of created intelligences of a certain privileged class. It is only on the supposition that God cannot give an intelligent nature its due perfection and felicity without conceding to it the beatific vision, that we are compelled to believe that God cannot create intelligent spirits without giving them the opportunity of attaining supernatural beatitude. And it is merely this last supposition against which we have been contending.

The view we have taken, that rational nature precisely as such is not necessarily created merely in order to become the subject of elevating grace, but may be determined to an end which does not require it to transcend its natural condition, comports fully with the Catholic dogma of sanctifying grace. The church teaches that affiliation to God by grace is a pure boon or favor gratuitously conferred by God according to his good pleasure and sovereign will. It is not due to nature, or a necessary consequence of creation. The beginning, progress, and consummation of this adoptive filiation is from the grace of God, both in reference to angels and men. It was by grace that the angels and Adam were placed in the way of attaining the beatific vision, just as much as it is by grace that men are redeemed and saved since the fall. If rational nature cannot be explicated and brought to a term suitable for it, which satisfies all its exigencies, without this grace, it is not easy to see how it can be called a grace at all, since grace signifies gratuitous favor. Rather it would be something due to nature, which the goodness of God bound

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him to confer when he had created it. It would be the mere complement of creation, and an essential part of the continuity of the creative act as much as the act of conservation, by virtue of which the soul is constituted immortal. In this case, it would be very difficult to reconcile the doctrine of original sin, and the doom of those who die in it before the use of reason, with the justice and goodness of God. It would be difficult also to explain the whole series of doctrinal decisions which have emanated from the Holy See, and have been accepted by the universal church, in relation to the Jansenist errors, all of which easily harmonise with the view we have taken.

Moreover, the plain dogmatic teaching of the church, that man, as he is now born, is "saltem negativè aversatus a Deo," "at least negatively averted from God," and absolutely incapable of even the first movement of the will to turn back to him without prevenient grace, cannot be explained on the theory we are opposing without resorting to the notion of a positive depravation of human nature by the fall, a notion completely irreconcilable with rational principles. If rational nature as such is borne by a certain impetus toward God as possessed in the beatific vision, it will spring toward him of itself and by its own intrinsic principles, as soon as he is extrinsically revealed to it, without grace. To say that it does so, is precisely the error of the Semipelagians which is condemned by the church. It is certain that it does not; and therefore we must explain its inability to do so, either with the Calvinists and Jansenists by maintaining that its intrinsic principles are totally perverted and depraved, or by maintaining that rational nature, as such, is determined by its intrinsic impetus to an inferior mode of apprehending and loving God as its last end, which is below the plane of the supernatural.

This view accords fully with the teachings of the great mystic writers, who are the most profound of all philosophers and theologians. They all teach most distinctly, that when God leads a soul into a state of supernatural contemplation it has an almost unconquerable repugnance and reluctance to follow him, and is thrown into an obscure night, in which it undergoes untold struggles and sufferings before it can become fit for even that dim and imperfect light of contemplation which it is capable of receiving in this life. Why is it that the human soul turns toward the supernatural good only when excited, illuminated, and attracted by the grace of God, and even then with so much difficulty? Why does it so easily and of preference turn away from it, unless it is, that it naturally seeks to attain its object by a mode more connatural to its own intrinsic and constitutive principles?

The conclusion we draw is, that rational nature of itself is capable of attaining its proper perfection and felicity, without being elevated above its own order, by the mere explication of its rationality, and aspires no higher, but even prefers to remain where it is. The fact that it is in a state which in comparison with the state of elevation is merely inchoate existence, and is *in potentiâ* to a state not realised *in actu*, does not show that its felicity or the good order of the universe requires it to be elevated any higher, unless it is elected as a subject of elevating grace.* God alone is *actus purissimus* without any admixture of potentiality. The finite is always inchoate and potential, because finite. Its very nature implies what is called metaphysical evil, or a limitation of the possession of good in act. Every finite nature except that of the incarnate Word is limited, not only in respect to the infinite, but also in respect to some other finite nature superior to itself. Its proper perfection consists in the possession of good, with that limitation

* This does not mean that any human being is at liberty to choose to decline proffered grace. The human race *en masse* is elected to grace, and at least all those to whom the faith is proposed have the proffer of grace, with a precept to accept it. Moreover, God has not provided any order except the supernatural for mankind in which the race can attain its proper perfection and felicity.

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which the will of God has prefixed to it as its term. The perfection and order of the universe, as a whole, are constituted by the subordination and harmony of all its parts in reference to the predetermined end. The individual felicity of a rational creature and his due relation to the final cause of the universe, do not require his being elevated to the utmost summit of existence of which he is capable, unless God has predetermined him to that place. The mere inert capacity of receiving an augmentation or elevation of his intellectual and voluntary operation does not give him any tendency to exceed his actual limit, unless that inert capacity begins to be actualised, or unless the principle of a new development is implanted and vitalised. The inert capacity of being united to the divine nature by the hypostatic union, is actualised only in Christ. If, therefore, rational nature could not attain its proper end and completion without the utmost actualisation of its passive capacity, Christ alone would attain his final end. We must certainly admit, however, that the blessed in heaven all attain their final end and a perfect beatitude, each one in his own degree. We are not to understand, therefore, that the relation of the creation to God as final cause consists solely and purely in the return of the creature to God in the most sublime manner possible, and that everything which exists is created solely as a means to that end. If this were so, the hypostatic union of the human to the divine nature in the person of Jesus Christ would be the sole terminus of the creative act, the only end proposed by God in creating. Nothing else could or would have been created, except as a means to that end. The rest of creation, however, cannot contribute to that end. The union of the human nature to the divine in Christ and its filiation to God, by which it is beatified, glorified, and deified, is completely fulfilled within itself; and the rest of creation adds nothing to it. If God had no other end in view, in the reproduction of the immanent act within himself by a communication of himself *ad extra*, except the hypostatic union, he would have created only one perfect nature for that purpose. The beatification and glorification of the adopted brethren of Christ must be therefore included in the end of creation.

This is not all, however, that is included in it. The supernatural order includes in itself a natural order which is not absorbed into it, but which has its own distinct existence. *Gratia supponit naturam*, grace supposes nature, but does not supersede or extinguish it. The inferior intellectual operations of our Lord are not superseded by his beatific contemplation, nor do they contribute to its clearness of intuition. The operation of his animal soul—that is, of the principle within his rational soul which contains in an eminent mode all the perfection that is in a soul purely animal, and adapts his rational soul to be the form of a body—continues also, together with the activity of the senses and of the active bodily life. This operation does not conduce to the perfection of the act of beatific contemplation, which does not require the mediation of the senses. The same is true of the inferior, natural operations of all beatified angels and men. If supernatural beatitude were the exclusive end of the creation, there would be no reason why these inferior operations should continue, any more than the exercise of faith, hope, patience, fortitude, or works of merit, which, being exclusively ordained as means for attaining beatitude, cease when the end is gained. The beatific act would swallow up the entire activity of the beatified, and all inferior life would cease. For the same reason, all corporeal and material organization would be swept out of the way as a useless scaffolding, and only beatified spirits, exclusively occupied in the immediate contemplation of God, would continue to exist for ever.

This is not so, however. The body

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is to rise again and live for ever. The universe is to remain for ever, with all its various grades of existence, including even the lowest, or those which are purely material. There is therefore a natural order coexisting with the supernatural in a subordinate relation to it—a minor and less principal part, but still an integral part of the divine, creative plan. There is a *cognitio matutina* and a *cognitio vespertina*, a matutinal and vesperal knowledge, in the blessed; the one being the immediate intuition of the trinity in unity, the other the mediate intuition of the idea or infinite archetype of creation in God, through his creative act. There is a natural intellectual life in the angels, and a natural intellectual and physical life in man, in the beatific state. The natural order is preserved and perfected in the supernatural order, with all its beauty and felicity—with its science, virtue, love, friendship, and society. The material world is everlasting, together with the spiritual. All orders together make up the universe; and it is the whole complex of diverse and multitudinous existences which completely expresses the divine idea and fulfils the divine purpose of the creator. The metaphysical finality or apex of the creative act is in the incarnate Word, but the relation to the final cause exists in everything, and is fulfilled in the universe as a totality, which embraces in one harmonious plan all things that have been created, and culminates in Jesus Christ, through the hypostatic union of the divine and human natures in his person.

In this universe there may be an order of intelligent existences, touching at its lowest point the highest point of irrational existence, and at its highest point the lowest in the grade of the beatified spirits. That inferior order of knowledge and felicity may exist distinctly and separately which exists conjointly with supernatural beatitude in the kingdom of heaven. The perfection of the universe requires that there should be a beatified, glorified order at its summit. It may even be maintained that this consummation of created nature in the highest possible end is the only one which the divine wisdom could propose in creating. Yet this does not exclude the possibility of an inferior order of intelligence, upon which the grace elevating it to a supernatural state is not conferred.

We are prepared, therefore, to proceed to the consideration of the nature and conditions of that grace, as a pure, gratuitous gift of God, conferred upon angels and upon the human race through his free and sovereign goodness. From the point of view to which the previous reasoning has conducted us, the angels and mankind appear to us, not as mere species of rational creatures conducted by their creator along the path of rational development by natural law, but as the elect heirs of an entirely gratuitous inheritance of glory—candidates for a destiny entirely supernatural. The relation which they sustain to God in this supernatural scheme of grace will therefore be our topic next in order.

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ORIGINAL.

SONG.

WHAT magician pulls the string
That uncurtains pretty Spring?
And the swallow with his wing
Against the sky?
Who brings the branch its green,
And the honey-bee a queen?
"Is it I?"
Said April, "I?"
"Yes, 'tis I."

What aërial artist limns
Rock and cloud, with brush that dims
Titian's oils and Hogarth's whims
In shape and dye?
What Florimel embowers
Lawn and lake with arching flowers?
"Is it I?"
Said bright July,
"Yes, 'tis I."

What good genii drop the grains
Of brown sugar in the canes?
Who fills up the apple's veins
With sweetened dew?
Who hangs the painted air
With the grape and golden pear?
Is it you,
October? You?
Yes, 'tis you.

Who careering sweeps the plain,
Scoffing at the violet's pain,
Echoing back and back again
His wild halloo?
Who makes the Yule-fire foam
Round the happy hearth of home?
Is it you,
December? You?
Aye, 'tis you.

T. W. K.

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From The Dublin University Magazine.

COWARDICE AND COURAGE.

SHAKESPEARE, the universal teacher, who knew every phase of the heart, and touched every chord of feeling, has declared aphoristically, speaking as Julius Cæsar:

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant only taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

Notwithstanding this, fear is one of the strongest impulses of our nature—fear of discovery, shame, or punishment when we have done wrong; fear of pain, danger, or death. Dr. Johnson said in conversation: "Fear is one of the passions of humanity of which it is impossible to divest it. You all remember that the Emperor Charles V., when he read upon the tomb of a Spanish nobleman, 'Here lies one who never knew fear,' wittily observed, 'Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.'" In opposition to this we may quote an anecdote told of Lord Howe, when in command of the Channel Fleet. One night he was suddenly awakened by an officer, who, in great trepidation, told him the ship was on fire close to the powder-room; the admiral coolly replied: "If it is so, sir, we shall very soon know it." Some minutes afterwards the lieutenant returned, and told his lordship he had no occasion to be *afraid*, for the fire was extinguished. "*Afraid!*" replied Lord Howe, hastily; "what do you mean by that, sir? I never was *afraid* in my life."

No emotions of the human frame are more opposite than cowardice and courage, each taken in its simple sense, yet both spring from the same sources—physical temperament and early training. We do not make our own nervous system, which is often grievously tampered with or perverted by silly, ill-conditioned nurses, servants, and teachers, who frighten children with tales of bugbears, monsters, and hobgoblins, until they scream if left in the dark for a moment, and dare not sleep in a room by themselves. Pillory or flogging at the cart's tail would be too mild a punishment for those moral Thugs, who strangle wholesome feelings in the first dawn of their existence, and supply their place with baneful impressions, which, strongly implanted in early youth, grow and strengthen to a period of life when reason ought to subdue them, but frequently fails to do so. Viewed in this light, constitutional timidity is a misfortune rather than a crime, however contemptible it may be considered; while mere animal insensibility to danger, which readily calls for admiration, has no claim to rank as a virtue. We speak not here of the moral courage which may be engrafted on a nature originally pusillanimous, by pride, education, or a sense of duty and station. Henry IV., of France, and Frederick the Great, of Prussia, are illustrious examples of this victory of mind over matter. Both were instinctively afraid of danger, and both are recorded as evincing perfect self-possession and displaying prodigies of valor in many a hotly-contested field. Henry's flesh quivered the first time he found himself in action, although his heart was firm. "Villanous nature, I will make thee ashamed of thyself!" he exclaimed, as he spurred his horse through a

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breach before which the bravest veterans paused; and ever afterward the white plume was recognized as the rallying point of battle. Frederick turned from the field of Molwitz, and left his marshals to win the day without him; but it was his first and only moment of wavering through a life of hard campaigns.

Some natures are so constant that no surprise can shake them. An instance occurs in the career of Crillon, called by distinction, "The Brave," in an army where all were valiant. He was stationed with a small detachment in a lone house. Some young officers, in the dead of night, raised a cry that the enemy were upon them, accompanied by loud shouts and the firing of musketry. Crillon started from his bed, seized his sword, and rushed down-stairs in his shirt, calling on all to follow him and die at their posts like men. A burst of laughter behind arrested his steps, and he at once penetrated the joke. He reascended, and seizing one of the perpetrators roughly by the arm, exclaimed: "Young man, it is well for you that your trick failed. Had you thrown me off my guard, you would have been the first I should have sacrificed to my lost honor. Take warning, and deal in no such folly for the future."

Charles XII. was gifted from infancy with iron nerves. "What is that noise?" he asked, as the balls whistled past him when landing in Denmark—a mere stripling, under a heavy fire. "The sound of the shot they fire at your majesty," replied Marshal Renschild. "Good!" said the king; "henceforth that shall be my music." And so he made it, with little intermission, until the last and fatal bullet, whether fired by traitor or foe, which entered his brain, and finished his wild career at Fredericshall, eighteen years later.

Murat and Lannes were the admitted paladins of the Imperial army; yet both once came to a stand-still before a battery which vomited forth fire and death. "Rascals!" muttered Napoleon, bitterly; "have I made you too rich?" Stung by the taunt, they rushed on, and the victory was gained. No epidemic is so contagious as a panic. When once caught, it expands with the velocity of an ignited train. A celebrated case occurred in Henry the Eighth's time, at the Battle of the Spurs, in 1513, so called because the defeated force fled with such haste that it was impossible for the best mounted cavaliers to overtake them. Thus the killed and wounded made but a poor figure. Then came Falkirk, in 1746, of which Horace Walpole said: "The fighting lay in a small compass, the greater part of both armies running away." Then the memorable "Races of Castlebar," of which the less that is said the better; then the *sauve qui peut* of Waterloo; and though last, far from least, the pell-mell rout of Bull's Run, which inaugurated the late American war. Livy records, and Sir William Napier quotes the anecdote, that after a drawn battle a god, calling out in the night, declared that the Etruscans had lost one man more than the Romans! whereupon a panic fell on the former, and they abandoned the field to their adversaries, who gathered all the fruits of a real victory.

There are some who think they can face danger and death until the moment of trial arrives, and then their nerves give way. In the biographies of John Graham, Viscount of Dundee, we find it related that, during the civil wars of that period, a friend of his, a loyal and devoted partisan of the house of Stuart, like himself, committed his favorite son to his charge. "I give him to the king's cause," said the father; "take care that he does not dishonor his name and race. I depend on you to look after him." In the first action, the unlucky youth exhibited undoubted symptoms of cowardice. Dundee took him aside and said: "The service in which we are engaged is desperate,

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and requires desperate resolution on the part of all concerned in it. You have mistaken your trade. Go home, before worse happens." The youth shed bitter tears, said it was a momentary weakness, implored for another trial, and promised to behave better the next time. Dundee relented. The next trial soon came, with the same result. Dundee rode up to the recreant, pistol in hand, and exclaiming, "Your father's son shall never die by the hands of the hangman," shot him dead upon the spot.

Experienced military authorities have delivered their opinion that of one hundred rank and file, taken indiscriminately—Alexanders at six-pence per diem, as Voltaire sneeringly designates them—one third are determined daredevils, who will face any danger, and flinch from nothing; the next division are waverers, equally disposed to stand or run, and likely to be led either way by example; while the residue are rank cowards. Dr. Johnson took a more unfavorable view. At a dinner at General Paoli's, in 1778, when fears of an invasion were circulated, Mr. John Spottiswoode, the solicitor, observed that Mr. Fraser, an engineer, who had recently visited Dunkirk, said the French had the same fears of us. "It is thus," remarked Dr. Johnson, "that mutual cowardice keeps us in peace. Were one half mankind brave, and one half cowards, the brave would be always beating the cowards. Were all brave, they would lead a very uneasy life; all would be continually fighting; but being all cowards, we go on tolerably well."

It is difficult to invest with interest a quality so universally held in contempt as cowardice; yet Sir Walter Scott has succeeded in obtaining sympathy for *Conachar*, or *Eachin M'Ian*, the young Highland chieftain, in the Fair Maid of Perth. He evidently conceived the character *con amore*, and has elaborated it with skill and care.

Montaigne observes of fear that it is a surprisal of the heart upon the apprehension of approaching evil; and if it reaches the degree of terror, and the evil seems impendent, the hair is raised on end, and the whole body put into horror and trembling. After this, if the passion continues, the spirits are thrown into confusion, so that they cannot execute their offices; the usual succors of reason fail, judgment is blinded, the powers of voluntary motion become weak, and the heart is insufficient to maintain the circulation of the blood, which, stopping and stagnating in the ventricles, causes fainting and swooning, and sometimes sudden death. The quaint old essayist then illustrates by examples. He tells of a jester who had contrived to give his master, a petty prince of Italy, a hearty ducking and a fright to boot, to cure him of an ague. The treatment succeeded; but the autocrat, by way of retaliation, had his audacious physician tried for treason, and condemned to lose his head. The criminal was brought forth, the priest received his confession, and the luckless buffoon knelt to prepare for the blow. Instead of wielding his axe, the executioner, as he had been instructed, threw a pitcher of water on the bare neck of the criminal. Here the jest was to have ended; but the shock was too great for poor Gonella, who was found dead on the block.

Montaigne also says, that fear manifests its utmost power and effect when it throws men into a valiant despair, having before deprived them of all sense both of duty and honor. In the first great battle of the Romans against Hannibal, under the Consul Sempronius, a body of twenty thousand men that had taken flight, seeing no other escape for their cowardice, threw themselves headlong upon the great mass of their pursuing enemies, which, with wonderful force and fury they charged, and cut a passage through, with a prodigious slaughter of the Carthaginians; thus purchasing an ignominious retreat at the same price which might have won for them a glorious victory.

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But if fear is a destructive, it also sometimes acts in an opposite sense. Dr. Thomas Bartoline tells us in his history of anatomy, that fear has been known to cure epilepsy, gout, and ague. He relates that a woman of condition, who was affected with the tertian ague, was so terrified by the explosion of a bomb, which was fired off during her fit, that she fainted away and was thought to be dead. "Having then sent for me to see her," he adds, "and finding her pulse still pretty strong, I prescribed for her some slight cordials, and she soon recovered from her state of weakness without any appearance of fever, which had afterward no return."

Bartoline says again that a young lady who had a quartan ague for several months successively, was invited by some of her acquaintance to take an excursion on the water, with a view to dissipate the melancholy ideas occasioned by her illness; but they had scarcely got into the boat when it began to sink, and all were terribly shocked with the dread of perishing. After escaping this danger, the patient found that the terror had cured her ailment, and she had no return of the ague.

A third instance recorded by Bartoline is even more extraordinary than the two we have already named. A man forty-two years of age, of a hot and moist constitution, subject to a colic, but the fits not violent, was seized one evening, about sunset, with an internal cold, though the weather on that day was unusually warm. Different medicines were administered to him, but without success. He died within eighteen or nineteen hours, without the least agitation or any of the convulsions that frequently accompany the parting agony, so that he seemed to subside into a placid sleep. His friends requested Dr. Bartoline to open his body, and it was found that he had died of a mortification of the punereus. He was a very fat subject, and what was surprising in so huge and corpulent a body, his bones were as small as those of a young girl, and his muscles extremely weak, thin, and membraneous rather than fleshy. While the doctor was making these observations on the dissected corpse, a brother of the deceased, who had been absent for sixteen years, and was of the same size, constitution, and habit of body, entered the room suddenly and unexpectedly. He looked on the remains of his relative, heard the detail of the circumstances of his death, the cause of which he saw confirmed with his own eyes, and reasoned for some time calmly and sensibly on the mournful event. All at once he became stupefied, speechless, and fell into a fainting fit, from which neither balsams nor stimulants, nor any of the remedies resorted to in such cases, could recover him. The opening of a vein was suggested, but this advice was not followed. All present appeared as if paralyzed with horror. The patient seemed to be without pulse or respiration, his limbs began to stiffen, and he was pronounced to be on the point of expiring. A sudden idea struck Bartoline, for which he says he could not account, but he said aloud, "Let us recompose the dead body and sew it up; in the meantime the other will be quite dead, and I will dissect him also." The words were scarcely uttered when the gentleman supposed to be *in articulo mortis* started up from the sofa on which he had been laid, roared out with the lungs of a bull, snatched up his cloak, took to his heels, as if nothing had happened to him, and lived for many years after in an excellent state of health.

Fear has been known to turn the hair in a single night from black to grey or white. This happened, amongst others, to Ludovico Sforza. The same is asserted of Queen Marie Antoinette, although not so suddenly, and, as some say, from grief, not fear. The Emperor Louis, of Bavaria, anno 1256, suspected his wife, Mary of Brabant, without just cause, condemned her, unheard, for adultery, and caused her chief lady-in-waiting, who was also

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innocent, to be cast headlong from a tower, as a confederate in his dishonor. Soon after this horrible cruelty he was visited by a fearful vision one night, and rose in the morning with his dark locks as white as snow.

A young Spaniard of noble family, Don Diego Osorio, being in love with a lady of the court, prevailed on her to grant him an interview by night in the royal gardens. The barking of a little dog betrayed them. The gallant was seized by the guard and conveyed to prison. It was a capital crime to be found in that place without special permission, and therefore he was condemned to die. The reading of the sentence so unmanned him that the next morning he stood in presence of his jailer with a furrowed visage and grey hair. The fact being reported to King Ferdinand as a prodigy, he was moved to compassion, and pardoned the culprit, saying, he had been sufficiently punished in exchanging the bloom of youth for the hoary aspect of age. The same happened to the father of Martin Delrio, who, lying sick in bed, heard the physicians say he would certainly die. He recovered, but the fright gave him a grey head in a few hours, and this instance of the terror he had suffered never afterward left him.

Robert Boyle, in his Philosophical Examples, relates the following incident of the same class: "Being about four or six years since," he says, "in the county of Cork, there was an Irish captain, a man of middle age and stature, who came with some of his followers to surrender himself to the Lord Broghill, who then commanded the English forces in those parts, upon a public offer of pardon to the Irish that would lay down their arms. He was casually met with in a suspicious place by a party of the English, and intercepted, the Lord Broghill being then absent. He was so apprehensive of being put to death before the return of the commander-in-chief, that his anxiety of mind quickly altered the color of his hair in a peculiar manner. It was not uniformly changed, but here and there certain peculiar tufts and locks, whose bases might be about an inch in diameter, were suddenly turned white alone; the rest of his hair, whereof the Irish used to wear good store, retained its natural reddish color."

A sudden shock operates on the memory as well as on the hair. In Pliny's Natural History we read of one who, being struck violently and unexpectedly by a stone, forgot his letters, and could never write again; another, he says, through a fall from the roof of a very high house, lost the remembrance of his own mother, his nearest kinsfolks, friends, and neighbors; and a third, in a fit of sickness, ceased to recognize his own servants. Messala Corvinus, the great orator, being startled suddenly, forgot his own name, and was unable to remember it for a considerable time. The same thing happened to Sidney Smith, not from fear, but from absence of mind. He called on a friend, who was not at home, and he happened to have no card to leave. "What name, sir?" said the servant. "That's exactly what I can't tell you," was the reply.

Augustus Cæsar was not a valiant man, in the popular acceptation of the word. He shrank in his tent from the onset at Philippi, skulked in the hold of the admiral's galley during the sea-fight with Sextus Pompey in the Straits of Messina, and was a safe spectator on shore at Actium. Antony, and even his own friend and lieutenant, Agrippa, taunted him with his want of courage. He was so terrified at thunder and lightning that he always carried with him the skin of a sea-calf as an antidote. If he suspected the approach of a tempest, he ran to some underground vault until the symptoms passed over. Yet Suetonius says he once, under necessity, showed a bold front to a danger he could not avoid. He was walking abroad with Diomedes, his steward, when a wild boar, which had broken loose, rushed directly toward them.

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The steward, in his terror, ran behind the emperor and interposed him as a shield betwixt the assailant and himself. Augustus stood his ground, because flight was barred, and the boar turned tail. But knowing that fear, not malice, had prompted the conduct of his servant, he had the magnanimity to confine his resentment to a perpetual jest. Caligula, who affected to contemn the gods, was equally terrified with Augustus at the least indication of thunder and lightning. He covered his head, and if the explosions chanced to be loud and near, leaped from his couch and hid himself under it.

History mentions several sovereigns who loved war, but had no taste for personal participation in its perils. Charles the Fifth, and his son, Philip the Second, are amongst the number. The leading characteristic of the latter was cruelty, a disposition generally associated with cowardice. Diocletian, after he became emperor, fought more by his lieutenants than in person. Lactantius said of him that he was timid and spiritless in all situations of danger. *Erat in omni tumultu meticulosus et animi dejectus.**

A commander should be self-collected in a battle, calm under a shower of darts or the whistling of artillery; but to prove his courage, he is not called upon to charge windmills with the chivalric madness of Don Quixote, or to slay eight hundred enemies with his own hand, as recorded of Aurelian and Richard Cœur de Lion. Charles of Sweden and Attila loved fighting for fighting's sake; for the *certaminis gaudia*, as Cassiodorus writes; "the rapture of the strife," as Lord Byron translates the passage. Yet a brave general is not obliged to be a vulture snuffing blood like the truculent king of the Huns. He can maintain his reputation for personal courage without jumping alone into the midst of an army of foes, as Alexander did from the walls of Oxydrace; or resisting a host of many thousands with three hundred men, as Charles XII. did at Bender; or of placing his foot first on the scaling ladder in emulation of the extreme daring of the Constable Bourbon, under extreme circumstances, at the storming of Rome. Charles the First lacked *moral* courage, but he was no craven physically. His bravery in the field, and calm dignity on the scaffold, went far in atonement of his political weaknesses and shortcomings.

The mind naturally revolts from sudden or violent death. Yet it has its recommendations. It is never painful. The important consideration is lest it should be unprepared for. We mourn the loss of a friend or relative who is killed in battle more than we do that of one who dies in the course of nature, or of an incidental fever. We lament a soldier's death because it seems untimely. A sufferer who languishes of disease, ends his life with more pain but with less credit. He leaves no example to be quoted, no honor to be cherished as an heirloom by his descendants. We affect to be greatly shocked at the misfortunes or death of a friend or acquaintance, but there is something pharisaical in this exuberance of sympathy, only we are unwilling to confess the truth openly.

Foote, who was a scoffer, and in all respects an irreligious man, said, when very ill, that he was not afraid to die. David Hume, an *esprit fort* of a more pretentious character, declared that it gave him no more uneasiness to think he should *not be* after this life, than that he had *not been* before he began to exist. An ingenious sophistry, like his essay on miracles. We do not believe that any one ever really persuaded himself that he was not a responsible being, and not answerable for his deeds done in the flesh. Sir Henry Halford, in his essays, expresses his surprise that of the great number of patients he had attended, so few appeared reluctant to die. "We may suppose," he adds, "that this willingness to submit to the common and irresistible doom, arises from an

* Lactant. De Mortibus Persecutorum, c. ix.

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impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily pain."

Themistocles was quite as unwilling to die, although he assigned a better reason for his love of life. Finding his mental and physical powers beginning to decay, in such a manner as to indicate his approaching end, he grieved that he must now depart, when, as he said, he was only beginning to grow wise. As an instance of superstitious terror, Plutarch tells us that Amestis, the wife of the great Xerxes, buried twelve persons alive, offering them as a sacrifice to Pluto for the prolongation of her own days. Mecænas, the great patron of learning, and favorite of Augustus, had such a horror of death, that he had often in his mouth, "all things are to be endured so long as life is continued." The Emperor Domitian, from innate timidity, caused the walls of the galleries wherein he took daily recreation to be garnished with the stone called phangites, the brightness of which reflected all that was passing behind him. Theophrastus, the philosopher, who lived to be one hundred and seven years of age, was so attached to life that he complained of the partiality of nature in granting longevity to the crow and the stag beyond that accorded to man. Plutarch, in his life of Pericles, names a skilful engineer called Artemon, who was withal so timorous that he was frightened at his own shadow, and seldom stirred out of his house for fear some accident should betide him. Two of his servants always held a brazen target over his head lest anything might fall upon it; and if necessity compelled him to go abroad, he never walked, but was carried in a litter which hung within an inch or two of the ground.

We read, in a more recent author, of a certain Rhodius, who, being sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in a dungeon, by a tyrant, for indulging in unseasonable liberty of speech, was treated in all respects like a caged beast, with great torture and ignominy. His food was scanty and loathsome: his hands were amputated, his face gashed and disfigured with wounds. In this miserable plight, some of his friends suggested to him to put an end to his sufferings by voluntary starvation. "No," he replied; "while life remains all things are to be hoped for." He clung to mere existence when death would have been a relief. How are we to reconcile or account for these strange contradictions? The sum of all appears to be that human nature is a complex mystery, beyond the powers of man to fathom with the limited faculties attached to his present transitory condition.

Let us turn now to a more attractive quality, courage and manly daring, as exhibited in life and death, particularly in the "last scene of all." *Finis coronat opus*—the end crowns the work. When Epaminondas was asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or himself deserved the highest place in the esteem of their fellow-beings, he replied, "You must see us die before that question can be answered." His own exit at Mantinea, in the moment of a glorious victory, was singularly brilliant, and his parting sentiments illustrated the purity of his life. The situation finds an exact parallel in the fall of Gustavus Adolphus, under the same circumstances, at Lutzen. The name of the patriot who seals with blood his devotion to his cause, on a winning field, is encircled with an imperishable halo of glory, the thought of which would stir the pulse of an anchorite. Claverhouse, in Old Mortality, describes the feeling with true military enthusiasm. "It is not," he says, "the expiring pang that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befall us at any moment—it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him, like the long train of light that follows the sunken sun; that is all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, as a chance of

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almost hourly occurrence in the course before me, it is in the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and expiring with the shout of victory in my ear; *that* would be worth dying for, and more, it would be worth having lived for." And so fell the real Claverhouse on the field of Killiecrankie, and with him vanished the passing gleam of sunshine in the fortunes of the master he served so loyally and well. Had he lived to improve his victory, he would have been in Edinburgh in two or three days, and it is difficult to say what turn the pages of coming history might then have taken. As soon as it was known that he was killed, his army of Highland clans dispersed, and never collected again. They were held together by his single name, and had no faith in any other leader.

A heathen poet, Antiphanes, who lived a century earlier than Socrates or his pupil Plato, and five hundred years before the Christian revelation, has a remarkable passage to this effect, of which the following verbal translation is given by Addison in the Spectator: "Grieve not above measure for deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey we are all necessitated to take. We ourselves must go to that great place of reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind live together in another state of being."

Men of the most opposite characters have jested on the point of death. Sir Thomas More, a Christian philosopher, said to the executioner, "Good friend, let me put my beard out of the way, for that has committed no offence against the king."

The following instance, recorded by the Abbé Vertot, in his history of the revolutions of Portugal, may claim comparison, for intrepidity and greatness of soul, with anything that we read of in Greek or Roman lore. When Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, invaded the territories of Muley Moloch, Emperor of Morocco, to dethrone him and set his crown on the head of his nephew, Moloch was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew and felt to be incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of the formidable foreign enemy. He was so utterly exhausted by his malady, that he scarcely expected to outlive the day when the decisive battle was fought at Alcazar. But knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he gave directions to his principal officers that if he died during the engagement they should conceal his death from the army, and should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the action began he was carried through all the ranks of his host, with the curtains of the litter drawn up, as they stood in battle array, and encouraged them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding the action at one period of the day turning against him, and seeing that the decisive moment had arrived, he, though verging on his last agonies, threw himself out of his litter. The enthusiasm of his spirit for the moment conquered the feebleness of his body; he was lifted upon a horse, rallied his troops, and led them to a renewed charge, which ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. The King of Portugal was killed. At least, he disappeared mysteriously, and never was seen again; his body, like that of James the Fourth at Flodden, was not clearly identified, and more than one pretender from time to time came forward to personate him; his entire army was dispersed, slain, or rendered captive. Muley Moloch lived to witness the effect of his charge, when nature gave way; his officers replaced him in his litter; he was unable to speak, but laying his finger on his lips to enjoin secrecy on all who stood around him, died a few moments afterwards in that posture.

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Fortitude and valor are, after all, more derived from constitution and example than from any inherent power of the mind. When Sylla beheld his army on the point of defeat by Archelaus, the general of Mithridates, he alighted from his horse, snatched a standard from the bearer, and rushing with it into the midst of the enemy, cried out, "Here, comrades, I intend to die; but for you, when asked where you left your general, remember it was at Orchomenus." The soldiers, moved by this speech and example, returned to their ranks, renewed the fight, and converted an imminent overthrow into a decisive victory. At Marathon, Cynegirus, an Athenian, having pursued the Persians to their ships, grasped a boat in which some of them were putting off from the shore, with his right hand, holding it until his hand was cut off; he then seized it with the left, which was also immediately severed. After that, he retained it with his teeth, nor did he relinquish that last hold until his fleeting breath failed, and thereby disappointed the resolute intention of his mind.

The exploits of Mutius Scævola, who thrust his hand into the fire to frighten Porsenna, and of Horatius Cocles, who defended a bridge singly against an army, are familiar to every school-boy. The latter, in the glowing verses of Macaulay, is a favorite subject of selection at school speech-days, and for public readings or recitations. According to the same authority, Plutarch, the heroism of Scævola had been anticipated by Agesilaus, the brother of Themistocles. When Xerxes arrived with his countless host at Cape Artemisium, the bold Athenian, disguised as a Persian, came into the camp of the barbarians, and slew one of the captains of the royal guard, supposing he had been the king himself. He was immediately brought before Xerxes, who was then offering sacrifices upon the altar of the Sun. Agesilaus thrust his hand into the flame, and endured the torture without sigh or groan. Xerxes ordered them to loose him. "All we Athenians," said Agesilaus, "are of the same determination. If thou wilt not believe it, I will also suffer my left hand to be consumed by the fire." The king, awed and impressed with respect for such undaunted constancy, commanded him to be carefully kept and well treated. Did one story suggest the other, or are both real or fabulous?

Valerius Maximus relates the following anecdote: "After the ancient custom of the Macedonians, certain noble youths waited on Alexander the Great when he sacrificed to the gods. One of these, holding a censer in his hand, stood before the king. It chanced that a live coal fell upon his arm, and so burnt it that the smell of the charred flesh affected the bystanders; yet the sufferer suppressed the pain, in silence, and held his arm immovable, lest by shaking the censer he should interrupt the sacrifice, or by his groaning disturb the king. Alexander, that he might still further try his fortitude, purposely continued and protracted the sacrifice; yet the noble-hearted boy persisted in his resolute intention." To this rare instance of fortitude he adds another. "Anaxarchus, a philosopher of Abdera, was remarkable for freedom of speech, which no personal consideration restrained. He was a friend of Alexander, and when the great conqueror was wounded, said bluntly, 'Behold the blood of a man and not of a god.' But Alexander was too noble to be offended at such a home truth. It was otherwise with Nicocreon, tyrant of Cyprus, to whose court Anaxarchus betook himself on the death of Alexander. When the sage openly reproached him with his cruelties, Nicocreon seized and threatened to pound him in a stone mortar with iron hammers. 'Pound the body of Anaxarchus at thy pleasure,' exclaimed he; 'his soul thou canst not pound.' The tyrant, in a paroxysm of rage, ordered his tongue to be cut from his

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mouth. 'Effeminate wretch,' cried the undaunted monitor, 'neither shall that part of my body be at thy disposal.' So saying, he bit off his own tongue, and spat it in the face of his persecutor."

Bacon, in his History of Life and Death, mentions a certain tradition of a man, who being under the executioner's hands for high treason, after his heart was plucked from his body, was yet heard to murmur several words of prayer. He also instances another strange example in the case of the Burgundian who murdered the Prince of Orange. When the first part of his sentence, which only related to cutting off his curls of hair, was carried out, he absolutely shed tears; yet, when scourged with rods of iron, and his flesh torn with red-hot pincers, he uttered neither sigh nor groan. Before his sense of feeling became extinct under reiterated tortures, a part of the scaffold fell on the head of a spectator. The criminal was observed to laugh at the accident.

It is recorded of Caius Marius, seven times Roman consul, and conqueror of the Cimbri and Teutones, that a short time before his death, in his seventieth year, a swelling in the leg occasioned the necessity of its being cut off. To this he submitted without a distortion of the face or any visible sign of suffering. The surgeon told him the other leg was as badly affected, and peremptorily demanded the same remedy, if he wished his life to be prolonged. "No," said Marius, "the pain is greater than the advantage." Something very similar occurred at the death of General Moreau on the field of Dresden, in 1813. A cannon ball, as he was in conversation with the Emperor of Russia, shattered his right knee, passed through the body of the horse, and left his other leg suspended by a few ligaments. He sat up and coolly smoked a cigar while undergoing the amputation of the left. On being told that he must also lose the right, he shrugged his shoulders, and said to the surgeons, "On with your work, if it must be so; but if I had known at the beginning, I would have kept my legs and spared your trouble." He survived only a few hours.

In 1571 Marc Antonio Bragandino, a noble Venetian, who was governor of Famagusta, in the island of Cyprus, defended that city with indomitable perseverance during a long siege, which cost Mustapha, the general of the Turkish army, many thousands of his bravest soldiers. The promised aid from Venice not arriving in time, Bragandino was compelled to surrender on honorable conditions, which Mustapha violated with consummate treachery. He caused the principal officers to be beheaded in sight of their commander, who was reserved for a more inhuman punishment. Three times the scimetar was drawn across his throat, that he might endure the pain of more than one death, yet the illustrious victim quailed not nor wavered in his intrepid demeanor. His nose and ears were then cut off, and loaded with chains he was compelled to carry earth in a hod to those who were repairing the fortifications. With this heavy burden he was forced to bend and kiss the ground every time he passed before Mustapha. Still his courage supported him, and he kept dignified silence. Finally he was lashed to the yard-arm of one of the Turkish galleys, and flayed alive. He endured all with unshaken firmness, and to the last reproached the infidels with their perfidy and inhumanity. His skin was carried in parade along the coasts of Syria and Egypt, and deposited in the arsenal of Constantinople, whence it was obtained by the children of the illustrious hero, and preserved as the most glorious relic in their family.

We find it written in Baker's Chronicle that King William Rufus, being reconciled to his brother Robert, assisted him to recover Fort St Michael, in Normandy, forcibly held by Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the First. During the siege, William one day

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happening to be riding carelessly along the shore, was set upon by three knights, who assaulted him so fiercely that they drew him from his saddle, and the saddle from his horse. But catching up his saddle, and drawing his sword, he defended himself until rescue came. Being afterwards blamed for his obstinacy in risking his life for a trifling part of his equipment, "It would have angered me to the very heart," he replied, "that the knaves should have bragged they had won the saddle from me." The same authority tells us that "Malcolm, king of the Scots, a contemporary of William Rufus, was a most valiant prince, as appears by an act of his of an extraordinary strain. Hearing of a conspiracy and plot to murder him, by one whose name is not recorded, he dissembled all knowledge of it, till being abroad one day hunting in company with the concealed traitor, he took him apart in a wood, and being alone, 'Here now,' said he, 'is fit time and place to do that manfully which you intended to do treacherously; draw your weapon, and if you now kill me, none being present, you can incur no danger.' By this speech of the king's the fellow was so daunted, that presently he fell down at his feet and humbly implored forgiveness; which being granted, he proved himself ever after a loyal and faithful servant. This same Malcolm, son of the Duncan who was murdered by Macbeth, was himself killed at the siege of Alnwick Castle, in 1093. A young English knight rode into the Scottish camp, armed only with a slight spear, whereon hung the keys of the castle, and approching near the king, lowered his lance, as if presenting the keys in token of surrender. Suddenly he made a home thrust at the monarch's eye, which ran into his brain, and he fell dead on the instant, the bold Englishman saving himself by the swiftness of his horse. From this act of desperate valor came the surname of Piercy, or Percy, ever since borne with so much honor by the noble house of Northumberland."

A Dutch seaman being condemned to death, his punishment was changed, and he was ordered to be left on the island of St. Helena, at that time uninhabited. The horrors of solitude, without the hope of escape, determined him to attempt one of the strangest actions ever recorded. There had been interred that day in the same island an officer of the ship. The seaman took the body out of the coffin, and having made a kind of oar of the upper board, ventured to sea in it. There was fortunately for him a dead calm, and as he glided along, early the next morning he came near the ship lying immovable within two leagues of the island. When his former companions saw so strange a float upon the waters, they imagined it was a spectral delusion, but when they discovered the reality, were not a little startled at the resolution of the man who durst hazard himself on the sea in three boards slightly nailed together. He had little hope of being received by those who had so lately sentenced him to death. Accordingly it was put to the question whether he should be saved or not. After some debate and much difference of opinion, mercy prevailed. He was taken on board, and came afterwards to Holland, where he lived in the town of Hoorn, and related to many how miraculously God had delivered him.

Raleigh's History of the World abounds in anecdotes of undaunted action. Amongst many others, the following is not the least remarkable: "Henry, Earl of Alsatia, surnamed Iron, because of his strength, obtained great favor with Edward the Third by reason of his valor, and of course became a mark of envy for the courtiers. One day, in the absence of the king, they counselled the queen that forasmuch as the earl was unduly preferred before all the English peers and knights, she would make trial whether he was so highly descended as he gave out, by causing a lion to be let loose on him unawares, affirming that if Henry were truly noble the lion would

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refuse to assail him. They obtained leave to the effect that they desired. The earl was accustomed to rise before day, and to walk in the lower court of the castle in which he resided, to enjoy the fresh air of the morning. A lion was brought in during the night, in his cage, the door of which was afterward raised by a mechanical contrivance, so that he had liberty of escape. The earl came down in his night gown, with girdle and sword, when he encountered the lion, bristling his hair and roaring in the middle of the court. Not in the least astonished or thrown off his guard he called out with a stout voice, 'Stand, you dog!' Whereupon the lion crouched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who peeped from their hiding-places to see the issue of the trick they had planned. The earl grasped the lion by the mane, shut him up in his cage, and left his night-cap upon his back, and so came forth, without even looking behind him. 'Now,' said he to them that skulked behind the casements, 'let him amongst you that standeth most upon his pedigree go and fetch my night-cap.' But they, one and all, ashamed and terrified, withdrew themselves in silence."

But the most brilliant deeds and daring of warriors on the battle-field, stimulated by all the excitements of pride, ambition, and man's applause, in the estimate of true heroism fall far below the glory of the patient, unpretending martyr, who dies for his faith at the stake, amidst the blaspheming yells of his persecutors.

How impressive is the character drawn by Modestus, deputy of the Emperor Valens, of St. Basil the Great, as he is justly called, whom he sought to draw, with other eminent bishops, into the heresy of Arius. He attempted it at first with caresses and all the sugared phrases that might be expected from one who had words at command. Disappointed in this course, he tried threats of exile, torture, and death. Finding all equally fruitless, he returned to his lord with this character of Basil—"Firmior est quam ut verbis, præstantior quam ut minis, fortior quam ut blanditiis vinci possit." He is so resolute and determined, that neither words, threats, nor allurements have any power to alter him.

A sense of duty, in its high moral definition, ranks far beyond the mere courage of the soldier, the selfish love of fame, the thirst of glory, or the desire of personal pre-eminence. The late Duke of Wellington was duty personified. The following illustrative anecdote has never, we believe, been in print, and came to the present relater through a source which vouches its authenticity. The duke was also reticent, and not given to communicate his arrangements more openly to his officers than was required for their exact comprehension and the fulfilment of their instructions. It is generally supposed that Lord Hill was second in command at Waterloo, and that he would have assumed the direction of affairs had the great duke been killed or wounded during the battle. This is a mistake. Lord Uxbridge, afterwards Marquis of Anglesea, was senior in rank, by the date of his lieutenant-general's commission, to Lord Hill, and on him the command would have devolved in the possible and not improbable contingency alluded to. The duke communicated with him most frankly and cordially on all professional points, but from family incidents there was not that perfect unreserve and friendly intercourse in private which otherwise might have been. On the evening of the 17th of June, Lord Uxbridge said to Sir Hussey Vivian, his old friend and brother officer of the 7th Hussars, "I am very unpleasantly situated. There will be a great battle to-morrow. The duke, as we all know, exposes himself without reserve, and will, in all probability, do so more than ever on this occasion. If an unlucky shot should strike him, and I find myself suddenly in command, I have not the most distant idea of what his intentions are. I would give the world to know, as they

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must be profoundly calculated, and far beyond any I could hit upon for myself in a sudden crisis. We are not personally intimate enough to allow me to ask or hint the question. What shall I do? "Consult Alava," replied Vivian. "He is evidently more in the duke's confidence than any one else, and will perhaps undertake to speak to him." Lord Uxbridge followed the suggestion, rode over to head-quarters, and finding General Alava, stated the object of his visit. "I agree with you," said the Spaniard; "the question is serious; but honored as I am by the duke's confidence, *I* dare not propose it to him. I think, however, that *you* can and ought to do so. If you like, I will tell him you are here." Lord Uxbridge, not without reluctance, consented, and being introduced to the duke's apartments, with some hesitation stated, as delicately as he could, the matter which disturbed him. The duke listened until Lord Uxbridge ceased to speak; his features indicated no emotion; and when he replied, it was without impatience, surprise, or any alteration of his usual manner. After a short pause he said, "Who do you expect will attack to-morrow, I or Bonaparte?" "Bonaparte, I suppose,' answered Lord Uxbridge. "Well, then," rejoined the duke, "he has not told me his plans; how then can I tell you mine, which must depend on his?" Lord Uxbridge said no more; he had nothing more to say. The duke seeing that he looked a little blank, laid his hand gently on his shoulder: "But one thing, Uxbridge," he observed, "is quite certain; come what may, *you and I will both do our duty.*" And so, with a cordial pressure of the hand, they parted.

ORIGINAL.

SAINT LUCY.

THE giving of my eyes
In loving sacrifice
Was my appointed way;
No soft decline from the meridian day
Through dusky twilight slowly into dark,
But blackness, bloody, swift, and stark
From hands unkind,
And I was blind.

Thus reads the story, writ on sacred scroll,
Of Lucy, virgin martyr: that sharp dole
Won heaven's eternal brightness for her soul;—
The blotting out of sunshine, the recoil
From utter blankness, the heart's gasp and spasm
Before the unseen void, the imagined chasm
Of untried darkness, was the martyr toil
Whose moment's agony surpasses years—
The long, long years of patience and of tears
Allotted unto others. "All for all;"
Not doling out with a reluctant hand,
But in one holocaustal offering grand,
Will, senses, mind, responding to heaven's call.

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"Bought at whatever price, heaven is not dear,"
Sounds like an echoed chorus full of cheer
From crypts of mangled martyrs, and charred bones,
And blood-stained phials of the catacombs:
And that young Roman girl's adoring eyes,
One moment darkened, opened in surprise
Upon the face of God. The cruel taunt
Of judges obdurate, the accuser's vaunt,
The mob's wild shout of triumph deep and hoarse,
Might still be heard around the bloody corse
When her sweet soul, in peace, at God's own word
Had tasted its exceeding great reward;
To "see as she was seen," to know as known;
The beatific vision all her own.

Upon the sacred canon's sacred page,
Invoked by vested priest from age to age,
Stand five fair names of virgins, martyrs all,
As if with some peculiar glory crowned
That thus their names should crystallize; "their sound
Is gone through all the earth," and great and small
Upon those five wise virgins sweetly call
With reverent wish: Saint Lucy! Agatha!
Agnes! Cecilia! Anastasia!
And chanted litany those names enfold
In reliquary more precious than mute gold.

With what a tender awe I heard that name—
A household name, familiar, dear, and kind,
Of gentlest euphony—such honor claim!
Thenceforth that name I speak with lifted mind,
More loved in friend, because revered in saint;
And daily as to heaven I make complaint
Of mortal ills, and sickness, sorrows, woes,
This one petition doth all others close:
Saint Lucy, virgin martyr, by thine eyes
Which thou didst give to God in sacrifice,
His mercy and his solace now implore
For darkened eyes and sightless, never more
To gaze on aught created: by that meed
Of choicest graces in that hour of need,
Sweetness of patience and a joyful mind,
And faithful, gentle hands to guide the blind!
But more than this, Saint Lucy; thou didst gain,
By loss of thy young eyes with loving pain,
The vision given to angels; then obtain
The lifting up of blinded orbs to where
God sitteth in his beauty, the All-fair;
Saint Lucy, virgin martyr, aid our prayer!

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ORIGINAL.

THE GODFREY FAMILY; OR, QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER V.

IS MERE MATERIAL PROGRESS A REAL BENEFIT, OR A PROGRESS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION?

I HAVE already stated that Eugene Godfrey was well introduced on his entrance at Cambridge. Scientific professors found pleasure in bringing forward the son of so eminent a patron of literature and science. But they were disappointed at finding little response in Eugene's mind to the boastful glory of scientific improvement. "Cui Bono?" was ever in his heart, and sometimes on his lips, when any new inventions were proposed to him.

"Supposing we should be able to light our streets and our houses with this wonderful combination of gases," he would say, "will the light within be the greater? Supposing we travel without horses at the speed of thirty miles an hour, can we travel nearer to truth? Improvement! Is it an improvement to multiply bodily wants, or (beyond supplying means of actual existence) is it rational to spend so much time in rendering the body comfortable? Is multiplying luxury a good?"

"It employs hands," would be the reply, "and thus diffuses wealth."

"If that is the only object, riches could be easily scattered without compelling those who own them to become effeminate triflers."

"But simply to give away wealth without exacting an equivalent, would encourage idleness," argued the professor.

"And so to benefit our neighbor's morals we yield our own," said Eugene. "Well, that is new philanthropy, and I am less inclined to assent to it than ever I was. To keep the soul untrammelled, we must, methinks, reduce the number of our physical wants instead of increasing them. Surely there are other modes of benefiting mankind than those which enervate. The education of the hero is frugal, hardy, temperate almost to scantiness. Fancy Sesostris or Cyrus lolling at ease in a spring-patented carriage, propped up luxuriously with velvet cushions! or think of a hero dressed out in gewgaws! Our minds lose the heroic element altogether in the picture."

"A good loss," replied the professor? "methinks these warriors make a great show, but what good do they effect; They destroy the arts of peace and live on the excitement of vain glory. That excitement over, they are as weak as other mortals. Hercules playing the distaff at Queen Omphale's court is a fitting type of a so-called hero's rest."

"Not of all," replied Eugene; "conquerors have been lawgivers, and good ones too. The passion of glory may not be a good in itself, but it is better than sensuality. You would not compare Cyrus with Heliogabalus."

"Not for himself, perhaps, not for his own private dignity; but for the good he did in the world at large, I think the preference questionable. Even allowing that the cruelty of Heliogabalus destroyed whole multitudes, it had not the devastating effect on whole districts which war ever produces; conquest lays waste large fields, destroys produce, and brings famine and plague in its wake."

"I am not arguing in favor of war for its own sake, I am only saying that

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constant attention to mere bodily comfort must cause the race to degenerate. He who would rise individually in the scale of existence must repress bodily appetites, not encourage them; and this, if true of the individual, must be true of society also: consequently the introduction of luxury on a system, must eventually prove itself to be an evil.

"Pshaw!" said the professor, "these theories are well enough in the closet, but in action they are good for nothing. Why, you destroy incentive to mental activity, when you debar man from applying it to useful purposes."

"Useful, meaning increase of luxury?" asked Eugene.

"Well," somewhat petulantly rejoined the professor, "is not the diffusion of luxury a good? The rich may please themselves, but the poor need more comfort than they enjoy; among them diffusion of luxury must be a good."

"Does that diffusion take place among the poor, as a matter of fact—at least among the masses? Is not the contrary rather the case? Are they not rather the ones to *suffer* from the first fruits of improvement. Look at the Manchester riots for the good you do;—awhile ago there was in that town a contented population, sufficiently provided with food, clothing, shelter, fire, and other real necessaries; suddenly one of your clever men invents a machine which makes the rich people's dresses at half the cost, and throws one-third of the hands out of employ. What good have you done? There is in that community as much food as before, as much clothing, as much of every necessary of life! Yet two or three thousand families are suddenly deprived of the means of subsistence, and driven by despair to break the peace and disturb the public security, while you are boasting of the good of physical science. Methinks moral science wants studying too."

"Oh, these things will right themselves, will find their own level; other employment will soon absorb the now displaced hands, and all will be peace again."

"I doubt it: the selfish principle engenders the selfish practice. Teach the laboring class by example to cater only for their private gratification, whether that gratification be in vanity, self-aggrandizement, or luxury; teach them to place all their happiness in physical good, and then show yourself reckless of their requirements by an indiscreet introduction of machinery, and an English edition of the Reign of Terror may ensue."

"But what can be done? You would not stop these new inventions, nor set a limit to improvement?"

"I would seek a higher principle of action altogether; and before setting up new insentient machinery, would provide that the highest *sentient* machinery, *Man*, should receive due consideration. It is a manifest injustice, when the interests of the producers of wealth are rashly sacrificed to increase the luxury of the consumers."

"And what is this new principle, most compassionate sir?" asked the professor.

"I do not know, it is precisely that which troubles me. Men are not the mere money-machines you would turn them to—of that I am well assured; but what they are and what their destiny is, I have yet to learn."

The professor laughed, rose and took his leave.

Eugene remained plunged in a profound reverie, from which he was aroused by the visit of a stranger, who announced himself as the M. Bertolot introduced to our readers in a previous chapter.

He said that although personally a stranger, yet hearing of Eugene's residence at Cambridge, he had taken the liberty of calling to inquire after the welfare of his former friends.

Eugene welcomed him, and assured him that the countess was in good health and spirits.

"And her amiable daughter?" inquired the old man.

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"Is also well, I hope and believe," said Eugene; "but she leads so secluded a life, even in our large family, that it is difficult for those about her to speak with any degree of certainty concerning her."

"Indeed! She is probably scarcely recovered from the shock of her father's terrible death."

"Perhaps not; but I do not think *that* is the sole cause of her seclusion: she is essentially contemplative, and the things of this world interest her but little. What her ideas are, I do not know, for she seldom speaks of them, but I think they would be worth the knowing."

"Probably so," replied M. Bertolot. "She is a pure soul, beautiful and good; of whom we may almost affirm that she scarcely knows what sin is."

Eugene looked at the speaker in surprise. "What sin is! What is sin?" thought he. "Is it aught beside the consequence of error? and how can we escape error if we cannot light on truth?" His puzzled look was perhaps his best reply.

"You do not credit me," said M. Bertolot; "you think, and justly, that all men are sinners; yes, indeed, all, all are so, I spoke but by comparison: it is rare to find so pure, so simple a soul as is that of Mademosielle de Meglior; though not sinless, as none can be, she is a consistent aspirant after heavenly lore, ever keeping her heart fixed on the only true source of light and life: at least she was so when I knew her."

"She is tranquil and contemplative," said Eugene, "and when she does speak, often startles us with the originality of her sentiments; but when you spoke of her as not knowing sin, it was the expression that astonished me. People in polite life do not often speak of themselves, or of their friends, as sinners."

"No!" said M. Bertolot; "excuse me then, the expression came as naturally to my lips as to my thoughts. I intended no offence."

"Nor did you give any: on the contrary, I should be glad to know from you the principle of Euphrasie's mode of action, if, without violating confidence, you can tell me what it is. She is actuated by motives not comprehended by those with whom she lives."

"I can give you no other explanation than that I suppose her actuated by the purest principles of religion. As a child she gave promise of this: all her thoughts and ideas tended upward. Does she continue so?"

"I never heard her speak of religion," replied Eugene; "she sometimes speaks very sublimely, though very laconically, of truth being the one thing to be cared for."

"Ah!" said M. Bertolot, "is it thus she veils herself? But with her truth, and the worship of the author of truth, must go together. I know Euphrasie from childhood. I know how she struggled with her naturally vehement spirit, until, even as a child, she obtained the mastery. I remember, too, the explanations she sought for most earnestly, of why our evil tendencies remain to molest us when we become members of Christ. All that the child learned *once* she pondered over, and oftentimes surprised her teachers with her comments."

"I doubt it not: her remarks are ever original. I have often felt quite anxious to know the basis of her actions."

"Nay, have you not said already, that it was the love of truth? Her every thought tends that way, and she early discovered how liable the practical recognition of metaphysical truth is to be impeded by human passion. Hence, from childhood upwards, she has been accustomed to watch over herself, and to check the indulgence of any emotion that would form a 'blind' between herself, and the object of her adoration. She is young yet, but I venture to say she will pass by the age of passion unscathed."

"Do you mean that she will never love?" asked Eugene.

"Nay, that I cannot exactly affirm,"

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replied M. Bertolot; "but I think she will never be governed by any passion —be it love, pride, fame, or ambition. I think she has laid the true foundation in obtaining the mastery over her feelings; and though she is naturally affectionate, I am not sure that she would be happy now, if bound by human ties. She has accustomed herself to live an abstracted life; she would scarcely be at home in domestic duties."

"Nay, I hope such is not the case!" exclaimed Eugene, more warmly than he intended, for his latent feelings towards Euphrasie ever and anon betrayed themselves; and while he scarcely confessed it to himself, interest in her style of thought colored the course of his own ideas.

M. Bertolot dexterously turned the conversation by reverting to a former subject. "It were well for mankind," said he, "did they consider how much passion and prejudice warp the mind, even in the consideration of abstract truths. Few, very few, keep their own intellects open for the reception of any such foreign ideas as would countervene their previous conceptions. Fewer still, give their neighbors credit for such power to look at facts impartially. This is an attestation that passion reigns rather than justice. Methinks the old system of Pythagoras, of subjecting youth to moral training as a necessary preliminary for bringing the intellectual faculties into harmonious play, were not a bad precedent for this unruly age."

"It would scarcely go down now," urged Eugene.

"Indeed no!" said M. Bertolot. "The master says it would seem but a ridiculous phrase in this all-disputing age. All faculties, whether of mind or body or soul, seem now confounded. Positiveness usurps the place of reason, and the mere child is allowed to question, instead of being compelled at once to obey. If the world goes on with this principle in action twenty years longer, we shall have little men and women in plenty, but no children left, and then woe to the generation that succeeds: a generation untrained and undisciplined by wholesome restraint, with intellects prematurely developed without the adjunct of self-government, which only moral training can impart. What a world it will make! Methinks its inevitable tendency is to undue *animal* preponderance. It is frightful to think of!"

"I was just making the same remark to Professor K——," said Eugene; "but though I see the evil, I cannot discern the remedy."

"It is indeed difficult to compass the remedy," said M. Bertolot, the departure has been so wide. Men have ceased to distinguish between the result of mere human intelligence and that of a loftier lore, and they now use the intellect as the slave of the only good recognizable in their system, *i. e.* of bodily ease or pleasure. Practically men ignore the soul and its high destiny. Hence the disorder of the times. Animalism is essentially selfish, and animalism is the tendency of modern times—refined, veiled, adorned, with much of intellectual allurement I admit, but nevertheless animalism thorough and entire.'

"I have thought of this before,' said Eugene, "but my ideas are as yet vague and undefined. I want data to go upon some firm ground on which to plant my feet. The guesses of philosophers content me not."

"Nor should they, my young friend, since, as you say, they are but guesses, without a sure foundation. But have you heard of nothing beyond philosophy? Has it never occurred to you that the creative intelligence has revealed himself to the creature of his formation, and that through that revelation we are informed of that which it interests us to know—of our own soul, of the object of our creation, and of the final destiny of man?"

"I have heard of religion certainly," said Eugene, "but I cannot say I ever studied it or practised it."

"No? Then no wonder you are

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dissatisfied. Your mind is evidently seeking for truth. Nothing but the great truth can satisfy it. Study dispassionately the evidences of the truth of the great Mosaic history. Contemplate the grand position of our first father, Adam, receiving instruction from God himself concerning the mighty mysteries of creation, not only of matter and of material forms, but of bright intelligences created to glorify and adorn the court of heaven, and who fell from their sublime position. Study man first, fresh in perfection from the hand of God, living as the *friend of God*, communing with his Maker in the garden of Eden. Appointed by him to rule o'er all inferior nature, the entitled Lord of the Creation, the master of animal existences, and superior in his own person to much of material influence. Think what it must have been to walk with God, and have divine knowledge infused into his soul, as also all such material science as would befit the founder of a mighty race to transmit to his offspring, over whom he was to reign as prince, father, priest, and teacher; and then consider what it must have been to find suddenly that source of knowledge dried up, the door of communication closed, power weakened, intuitions dimmed, and labor imposed as the price alike of happiness, knowledge, and of that supernatural communication which had been man's best and highest privilege: the solution of these problems will give you the key to many difficulties which perplex you."

"There are modern theories which agree not with these premises," said Eugene. "These trace man from the savage upward."

"Yes," said M. Bertolot, "the *mutum et turpe pecus** of Horace has found, if not admirers, yet professed believers in this age. A theory contrary to analogy, to evidence alike of history and tradition, has been assumed, and wondrously has found asserters too. All mere animals are observed to be born complete—their instincts, their organization serve but the individual; and though accident may train an individual to feats beyond his fellows, yet there is no appearance of new organs being formed to be transmitted to its race. Now, these modern progressionists, who go back to the time

'When wild in woods the noble savage ran,'

deprive man of his soul, assimilate him to the brutes to make him perform what brute nature never did perform, namely, *create* faculty. Men have lived to laugh at the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, but methinks the doctrine of the progression to bodily beauty from monkeys without tails; of barbarians to civilized man without aid, is to the full as absurd; to say nothing of that comprehensive power of contemplation which enabled Newton to demonstrate the order of the universe, it would be very difficult to understand how abstract ideas could be latent in the soul of a monkey waiting development. Besides, by the theory of progression, during the time of which we have record, say six thousand years, men should be steadily on the *improve*—both as to arts, science, moral government, legal government, *self*-government, and bodily development; but we do not find it so. The ruins of Babylon, of Thebes, and of other great cities built soon after the flood, attest architectural skill among the ancients such as is hardly aimed at now. Callisthenes found astronomical tables reaching as far back as within a few years of the deluge, in the temple of Belus, when he accompanied Alexander the Great on his expedition to the East. And many arts have been lost altogether that were well known to the ancients. The half-barbarian Copt erecting his hut amid the fallen pillars and statuary of ancient Thebes, the Mameluke riding recklessly and savagely amid the pyramids, that still remain to puzzle the assertor of progression even with the mere mechanical difficulties of the machinery used for

* Dumb and filthy herd.

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raising such immense stones to such a height and in such a plain, so distant from any known quarries. These are but poor indications of the race advancing, though individual nations, worked on by a regenerative influence, may appear to make, nay do make, great improvements in all respects."

"Do you, then, think that man's tendency is to degenerate?" asked Eugene.

"Not necessarily, by any means," replied M. Bertolot; "but in proportion as he departs from the centre of unity, from the truths once imprinted on the soul of Adam, thence to be transmitted for human guidance, it will, I think, be found so."

"But," said Eugene, "is Adam's religion yours? Surely he was not a Christian."

"If not in name and with the same outward rites, yet in reality he must have been," replied the mentor. "There is but one truth, and the difference between his creed and ours was that he looked for a Redeemer to come. We believe in him as having come."

"But was Adam's religion that of the Jews, then?" asked Eugene.

"In creed and in spirit, yes. In form and observance it differed, because the Jews had typical forms specially given to them, alike to commemorate their deliverance from Egypt, and to typify their delivery through Christ from sin. They were living amid idolatrous nations, and the safeguard of a special ceremonial was needful to them."

"And save in the fulfilment of their expectation, is the Jewish creed Christian?" asked Eugene.

"As far as it goes it is; the Christian revelation is a fuller development of the old tradition, a clearer exposition of God; it destroys nothing of the past revelation, it fulfils and expands. The Jews were the preservers of the great tradition, transmitted through the patriarchs to Noah, and by him, through his sons, to the race at large. The tradition became corrupted by the majority; yet it is found in some form or other mixed up in all mythologies; and what deserves remark is, that the further back we trace mythology the purer it becomes. The early records of all nations tell us of purity, discipline, and sacrifice to secure purity of morals, and teach of justice after death, of good and evil spirits, and of the interference of the deity to check man in his career of evil. Men seem at first not so much to have denied the true God, as to have associated other gods with him, and to have changed their worship from seeking such spiritual union as would render them 'sons of God,' to adoration of the creator and upholder of physical power, physical grandeur, and physical beauty. Atheism, and the lowering of man's nature to that of a mere mortal animal, is an invention of modern times, and has for the most part only been held by men satiated, as it were, by a spurious civilization."

"I am but little versed in the Bible," said Eugene, "but I have heard learned men assert that all the education, so to speak, of the Jewish nation was of a worldly character; and that though there are passages of Scripture containing allusions to the immortality of the soul, yet that doctrine was nowhere definitely asserted, but that, on the contrary, all the rewards and punishments promised, or threatened, were of a temporal nature."

"And yet no one disputes that the Jews did, and do believe the soul to be immortal, as also that they believed, and still believe, in the traditions concerning the fallen angels, the fall of man, the promised redemption, and many others. These doctrines, promulgated to all the world, were kept intact by Abraham and his descendants; and it is a very general belief that they were renewed in their purity in the soul of Moses, during that long communion vouchsafed him on Mount Sinai. The material law for exterior conduct he wrote down; but the spiritual themes which formed the staple of the expositions given by the rulers and doctors of the synagogue,

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and which were only figured by the material types, were probably deemed by the holy lawgiver too sacred to dilate upon in writing. If, after that forty days' sublimation, his spirit was so triumphant that he was fain to veil the glory of his face, we must needs suppose that not the mere written law, or setting forth the ritual of their worship, occupied his whole attention, but that his spirit expanded beneath the graces vouchsafed to him, and that he was, in a sense, made partaker of those spiritual truths which lie concealed from more materialized minds."

"These facts deserve attention, at any rate," said Eugene; "can you refer me to authorities within my reach?"

"Indeed, I know not what your resources are, and my own books I have lost. My memory, too, serves me but treacherously on controversial subjects; but I think if you will turn to Grotius de Verit. Christ., you will find him quoting Philo Judæus in proof of the similarity of the Christian doctrine with the Jewish."

Eugene handed the book to his friend, who read the passage, of which the following is the translation:

"We have still to answer two accusations with which the doctrines and worship of Christians are attacked by the Jews. The first is, that they say we worship many gods. But this is nothing more than a declaration thrown in hatred at a foreign faith. For what more is asserted by the Christians, than by Philo Judæus, who frequently represents three in God, and who calls the reason, or word of God, the name of God, the framer of the world, neither uncreate, as is the Father of all, nor so born as are men (whom both Philo and Moses, the son of Nehemanni, calls the angel, the deputy for ruling this world); or what more than the cabalists assert, who distinguished in God three lights, and indeed by somewhat the same names as the Christians do, namely, of the Father, of the Son or Word, and of the Holy Spirit. And I may also assume that which is confessed by all the Jews, that that spirit which moved the prophets, is not created, and yet is distinct from him who sent," etc., etc.

"But," said the old man, starting up and closing the book, "I am forgetting myself; I came not here to deliver a lecture on theology, but to inquire after my former friends. Excuse an old man's garrulity. Adieu!"

"Not yet," said Eugene; "your conversation interests me much; do not go yet."

"Yes, for to-night. I leave you; if you permit me, however, I will return on another day. Meantime, I would suggest to you one important reflection. When Almighty God had created all things, and pronounced them good; when he had formed man from the slime of the earth, and rendered him the most perfect of animals, man was not yet quite complete; and the completion, what was it? No angel had command to fulfil that wondrous office, nor was it by word that that mysterious power was called into being: but God breathed, and man became a living soul. The soul of man is, then, the in-breathing of the divinity —immortal in its essence, God-like in its affinities. Quench not its trembling impulses, when it bids you look upward in love and confidence; but pray — ever pray — fervently, confidently, perseveringly." This he added with a half-smile, which revealed to Eugene who had been his former monitor. He then abruptly quitted the room.

CHAPTER VI.

MODERN PAGANISM.

THE Duke of Durimond and his fair bride prolonged their tour among the lakes and mountains of the "land o' cakes" until autumn had begun to show the fallen leaf. Hester was not a little disappointed at this—she was impatiently expecting a summons to

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meet her sister at the ducal mansion, and she thought the period unnecessarily delayed.

At length the wished-for invitation came, and father, mother, sisters, brother, aunt, and Euphrasie were called upon to welcome the young duchess to one of the costliest and most elaborately finished palaces in England. Hester shouted in glee as the carriage entered the mile-long avenue of stately trees that formed the approach to the ducal dwelling. The bevy of liveried servants that awaited their approach at the hall-door, the quiet, respectful bearing of the gentlemen servants out of livery who waited within to escort them to the suite of rooms prepared for their reception—all this was charming! delightful! only a look from her parents prevented the merry girl from dancing round the house in ecstasy. The entrance-hall itself was sufficient to send her into raptures. The beautiful marble of the floor, the large fires burning on each side, the triple row of balconies, raised one above another, on the three sides within the hall, betokening the communication of the upper stories with the rest of the house by some unseen means, and displaying the full height of the edifice, crowned as it was by a beautifully carved cupola, into which sufficient skylight was artificially admitted to display to advantage the figures of the rosy Aurora accompanied by her nymphs, scattering flowers on her way as she opened the gates of morning, which subject was skilfully portrayed on the ceiling. They passed through this, the outer hall, to another, which contained the magnificent staircase leading to the apartments opening on the balconies described. To Hester's joy the entrance to their suite of rooms opened on the first of these, and she could look up to the painted ceiling and down to the marble floor, and gaze, unrebuked, on the colossal figures of bronze which appeared to uphold the balconies.

How happy Adelaide must be, mistress of so gorgeous a palace! And Adelaide was there at the door of the apartments to greet her mother and her mother's friends. What was there in her manner to damp at once the ardor of Hester's enthusiasm? Grace, kindness, and dignity were there! and yet Hester was not satisfied; a chill came o'er her unawares as she returned her sister's kiss. She mastered herself, however, sufficiently to express her admiration of the splendid hall.

"Oh, that is nothing," said the young duchess, with a faint smile. "His grace will introduce you to his hall of sculpture and to the picture gallery by and by, and then you will be really pleased. I believe royalty itself cannot boast such master-pieces as Durimond Castle."

"So I have heard," said Mrs. Godfrey; "but where is the duke, my dear?"

"He was unexpectedly occupied when you arrived, mamma, but doubtless he will be here to welcome you immediately."

There was a constraint and melancholy about Adelaide's manner that struck the whole party, and their pleasure was more than a little damped as they entered the magnificent apartments prepared for them.

"Here," said the hostess, "you can be as private as in your own house when you wish it; and when you desire society you will generally find some one either in the library, or in the conservatory or drawing-room."

"Have you many guests?" asked the Countess de Meglior.

"Your friend, the Comte de Villeneuve, came with us from town; he is not here to-day, though I think the duke expects him to-morrow. He is absent on some business; there is a strange gentleman closeted with the duke just now, for whom apartments are ordered; he is a foreigner, I think; the duke seems to have business with him. He will be our only visitor to-day."

Just then the bell rang to warn the

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guests it was the dressing hour. Valets and ladies' maids were in attendance, and though only to join a family party, state-dresses were in requisition.

Adelaide retired to make her preparations, and the visitors, amid the luxurious surroundings, felt oppressed with a sadness for which they could scarcely account, and which they cared not to express, even to one another.

The duke met them in the drawing-room before dinner, and his gay manner in some degree dispelled the gloom that had crept over the party. He inquired kindly after Eugene.

"Eugene, from some cause or other," said Mrs. Godfrey, "keeps away from home altogether. He spent his long vacation at the lakes, and has again returned to Cambridge. He has taken a studious fit, I suppose, and must be allowed to gratify it."

"And does he not, then, intend to honor us with his company?" inquired the duke.

"Oh, he will run down for a day or two ere long, I dare say. He must see Adelaide, of course; but when, he does not exactly say."

Adelaide did not appear displeased to hear this. She turned to her husband and asked what he had done with his visitor.

"He would not stay, he had an appointment to keep, so we must make up for all deficiencies ourselves."

The dinner passed away stiffly enough, and as the season was too late for a walk afterward, the gentlemen, following the then national custom, passed a considerable time over the bottle, discussing the politics of the day. It was late in the evening ere they joined the ladies. They found them in a large conservatory, which was illuminated in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey's arrival; and in this flowery retreat sundry self-acting musical instruments were hidden, which, from time to time, sent forth, as it were unbidden, melodious sounds and tuneful harmonies, which, vibrating amid the flowering shrubs that formed an artificial spring within the glass enclosure, contrasted pleasingly with the "fall of the leaf" that made all nature desolate without.

"Art conquers nature here," said Mr. Godfrey, as he entered the enchanted scene. "We might fancy ourselves in a fairy palace now. What says my Hester to this?"

"Oh! this is beautiful, indeed! Music, moonlight, love, and flowers. 'A glorious combination,'" said Hester, pointing to the moon, which shone brightly through the windows; but her voice had lost its usual animation as she made the quotation, for a feeling passed over her heart, as if one ingredient, and that precisely the most important one, was wanting; she could not be satisfied that "love" presided in this abode of beauty and of grace.

The next morning the state rooms of the house were inspected. The duke was the great patron of the fine arts, and taste shone forth in every part of the stately edifice that was exposed to view.

The picture gallery and the hall of sculpture were celebrated far and wide, particularly the latter. Nor were the figures promiscuously arranged that decorated this scene of art; on the contrary, much care had been expended to form one harmonious whole. On the dome which formed the ceiling was painted ancient Saturn devouring his offspring as they rose into being, and beneath this centre-piece were painted the war of the Titans against Saturn on the one side, and the war of the giants against Jupiter on the other. Thus far the ceiling. In the midst of the marble floor stood the mighty Jupiter, armed with his thunderbolts, majestic in strength and grand in intellectual sensualism. Beside him, grouped symmetrically and appropriately, were the legion of subordinate divinities—Venus, attended by the graces; Apollo, radiant in beauty; Hercules strangling the serpents while he was yet in the cradle; the Muses in various attitudes, with appropriate symbols of office. Scarcely a god, goddess, or demigod

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could be named who was not here represented. Types of beauty—sensual, intellectual, and physical; types of grandeur and of terror; types of mystery, beneath the veiled figure of the Egyptian deity, Isis; types of knowledge and of artistic skill were there. All that man bows before and worships when the sense of the supernatural is shut, and he learns of *self* to deify his own passions, was here, either delineated on the walls or chiselled out in the sculptural forms. It was a Pantheon dedicated to all the gods of human sense, refined by beauty and grace, and polished by artistic merit of the highest order. Unbounded and unfeigned was the applause elicited from the party: hardly could they satisfy themselves with gazing on these perfect forms: even the lack of drapery seemed scarcely a drawback. Euphrasie, indeed, retired, but she was so strange habitually that her absence was hardly commented upon; and but for the smile that went round the circle as she left the hall, might have been deemed unobserved.

"The true gods of the earth are these yet," said Mr. Godfrey, when the door had closed behind the young French girl, "and the race has sadly degenerated since their worship was abandoned."

The young duchess and her sisters looked up in mute wonder at the speaker, but the duke cried, "Hear, hear!" and the elder ladies tried to look wise and responsive.

Mr. Godfrey continued: "That is god to a man which his mind worships and reveres, and which to the extent of his power he strives to imitate. Julian, the Roman emperor, understood this well. He felt (what time has proved true) that the human frame must degenerate when its proportionate and due development ceases to be the primary object of the legislator. He saw that when, instead of these glorious physical powers, there is substituted a pale, emaciated figure nailed to a cross for the glorification of an ideal good, that all nature's teachings must become confused, and a false romance lead to decay the powers that heretofore were so beautiful in their proportions."

"Surely, papa, you do not believe in paganism," said Hester, wonderingly.

"Yes and no, Hester. In the fables of the personal divinity of Jupiter, Venus, and Minerva—No! In paganism as the expression of a grand idea, well suited to man's capabilities, and to his nature—Yes! You must not confound the hidden meaning of the myth with the outward expression. The uninstructed multitude will always look to the outward, and believe the fables as facts, whatever religion they profess, and oftentimes they penetrate no further; but the learned look through the myth to the meaning, and the meaning of the pagan myth is,—Cultivate physical strength, in union with intellectual power, worship beauty, study and contrast nature. Destroy infirmity: it is the most humane way, and the most just way. Do not perpetuate disease. Let all ill-constituted children die. Let the conquered—*i. e.*, the weaker—serve; it belongs to the strong to rule. To develop the physical frame duly, Lycurgus caused even the young women to wrestle publicly, without drapery of any kind. Our more fastidious tastes cramp the form of our women, and distort the figure; and, worse than this, our perverted theology distorts their intellect, and makes it afraid even to look at the human form. Again, I say, Julian was right. The Christianity he forsook has caused not only the degeneration of human power, but has substituted false ideas of good. The real has given place to the ideal, and a sickly, romantic, sentimentalized race has taken the place of the hardy heroes of antiquity."

And Mr. Godfrey bowed profoundly to the deities before him.

The duke laughed and clapped his hands. "Well said, Mr. Godfrey, well said. I hardly knew till now,

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how great a benefactor I was to the human race when I collected these statues. Hitherto I have thrown open my house but once a week for the public benefit. Henceforth I will direct my steward to allow instructions oftener in this temple of the true gods of the earth. By the by, I believe there is a very good chance of restoring this gone-by worship, if, as you say, it consists in the exaltation of physical power. Science, in its diffusion, is fixing men's minds on material agencies, very much to the exclusion of superstitious ideality. We have only to throw in a vein of the love of beauty, and much will be effected toward bringing back men's minds to the natural worship, here so beautifully symbolized."

"I believe so," said Mr. Godfrey; "but, meantime, how much evil has been effected by letting in upon the race so many delicate constitutions! How shall we restore the hardy races that peopled the earth, when these mighty types of glory ruled the populations?"

"Indeed, it is difficult to say. Men have accustomed themselves to a false estimate of mere vitality, as if life without enjoyment were worth the having. We shall, I fear, find it difficult to persuade English mothers to destroy their diseased and crippled children for the good of the public, or to train their daughters in the gymnasium."

"Would you seriously wish it, my lord duke?' asked his wife.

"I hardly know. We are all trammelled more or less with the feelings our mothers instilled into us. I think Lycurgus a great man, and perfectly reasonable. Had I been born a Spartan, I think I should have thanked the gods for it, but now—"

"Now," interrupted Mrs. Godfrey, "you are more nearly a Sybarite. I know of no one whom a crumpled roseleaf disturbs more easily than yourself."

"Nay, Mrs. Godfrey, the *argumentum ad hominem* is hardly fair; but, after all, I suppose we must admit that character is geographical and chronological, besides being modified by individual circumstance. I think freely, but I am scarcely free to change my character; so in legislating I must legislate on public grounds for others. It does not follow that I can keep the law I deem it fitting to make.

"But if you cannot keep it, how can others?' demanded Annie.

"Well asked, my fair sister—asked not only by you, but by others also, and therefore is it that we must practically legislate not as we think best, abstractedly, but as nearly best as can be carried out. So, as the people are not yet ripe for ancient Spartan laws, we must be content yet a while to diffuse the principle that physical development, physical beauty, and physical power are the legitimate objects of human worship. When we have accustomed the people to adopt these views, the rest may chance to follow. Meantime, I see De Villeneuve coming up the avenue: excuse me for an instant;" and somewhat to the surprise of the party, the duke bolted through the open door that led on to the grounds to meet his friend, who dismounted when he saw him coming. In deep conference they slowly approached the house. There was a cloud on the duke's brow, but he shook it off as he entered and gayly introduced his friend.

"I am afraid De Villeneuve hardly admires these divinities, Mrs. Godfrey; let us adjourn to the drawing-room."

"Nay, defend yourself, M. de Villeneuve; you will not plead guilty to not loving art?" said the lady addressed.

"No, indeed, dear madam, his grace is only avenging himself for my criticisms. I suggested to him the other day that he might get up another temple of modern art as a supplement to this, and he felt piqued, I suppose; yet I have found him many times standing rapt before a Madonna."

"The gentlemen decided this morn-

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ing that these were the true gods of the earth, and that Madonnas and Crucifixions were false, unreal types, and to be discouraged."

"Not possible!"

"Nay, it is true, they were voting a return to paganism."

"But you, ladies," said M. de Villeneuve, "you, ladies, were not of that mind, surely?"

"I don't know," said Hester, mischievously, "papa was very eloquent in lauding ancient institutions."

"But,' said the comte, turning very earnestly to her, "he did not tell you how woman was treated in the olden time, before Mary's *fiat* repaired the fault of Eve. Women, intelligent, beautiful women, owe everything to that divine Mother; and if they cast off their religion it is because the *misery* is hid from them which the sex was subject to formerly."

"There is no necessity just now of making it more clear," said Mr. Godfrey drily.

"No," said the comte; "and yet when I see the tendency of the age, I often feel that it would be safer did our ladies know the truth. Eve's fault should at least bring knowledge when knowledge is necessary to truth. Woman could not help but be fervently religious, did she know from what an abyss of degradation Christianity has raised her."

Mr. Godfrey turned impatiently to the window. "It is splendid weather for riding," said he; "suppose we order the horses."

CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE OR NO MARRIAGE.

But why was Adelaide so sad? Why was the young duchess apparently most constrained when with her husband? Why, on the contrary, was he, as usual, gay, cheerful, and animated? These were questions for a mother's heart to ask, and yet, uneasy as she was, Mrs. Godfrey asked them not. She dared not seek the confidence of her daughter, lest aught should be betrayed which it were better she should not know. She knew that the confidence of a married woman is sacred even from a mother, in all that appertains to her husband; and what other secrets could Adelaide have?

Several days passed, and no clue to the enigma was discovered. Parties of pleasure were formed, the grounds were traversed, the library ransacked—literary, scientific, nay political excitement created for the amusement and entertainment of the guests; but no familiar, confidential chit-chat gave occasion to the disclosure of the secret which it was evident was weighing on Adelaide's mind.

One morning, however, Mr. Godfrey shut himself up in the library, in order to search through some volumes for a passage he desired, and his daughter entered, turning the key in the door as she did so. Mr. Godfrey looked up. Adelaide was pale and trembling. He took her hand and led her to a sofa. In a few moments she partly recovered; yet it was in a faltering voice that she asked:

"Father, is a marriage with a Roman Catholic valid?"

"Valid? Yes, I suppose so; why not, my dear?"

Adelaide became still more pale, but did not answer.

Mr. Godfrey was alarmed. "How does this concern you, my child?" he asked.

"Why—why—the duke is then married to another lady," faltered she.

"Impossible!" said the father. "Impossible! he would not—dare not do such a deed. You have been imposed upon, Adelaide. Tell me the story, and the authority for it."

"Did you hear of a woman fainting, almost under the carriage-wheels, on the morning of my marriage, father?"

"I did; what of it, my child?"

"That woman believes herself to be

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his wife! She followed us, and confronted the duke in Scotland in a narrow glen. She watched day and night to speak to him; her watching was noticed, pointed out to me, and one day as he was returning home I saw her start up from under a hedge and stand before him. He evidently sought to avoid her, but she would not be avoided; she held him by the skirts of his coat till he consented to speak with her. Unperceived by both I stole near them; I heard her claim him as her husband; I listened in vain for his denial; I heard him urge her to go home; I heard him say that he would satisfy her another time—that it should be all right if she would only quietly depart; and I heard, too, her indignant refusal to depart until he had told her his true name, and where he was to be found. 'To me,' she said, 'you have called yourself Colonel Ellwood, and my boy has borne that name!'"

"'Let him bear it still,' replied the duke.

"'But is it the right one? is it yours?' she shrieked.

"'I am the Duke of Durimond,' answered he. She fell fainting at his feet. Unthinkingly, I pressed forward to succor her, thus revealing that I had overheard the conversation. The duke started, and said, 'This is no scene for your grace; if you will send an attendant from the house yonder to wait on this poor stranger, it will be kind of you.' I did as requested, but the agitation of my feelings caused an illness which detained us a long time in Scotland. I did not like to inform you of my illness then. The duke would have been kind, but I liked not to see him near me. Once or twice he tried to explain to me that the whole was a mistake, but I asked him not to mention it. When we came to London he again tried explanation, but I told him all explanation must be to you. He endeavored in vain to shake my resolution, and at length brought me here and sent for you. A lawyer was with him in London several times, and a Catholic priest was closeted with him the day he arrived. I suspect this unhappy business was the cause of their visits, but I have asked nothing. We have held little communication with each other since that unfortunate recognition in Scotland."

"My poor child!" said the father, "and was this your honeymoon?"

Adelaide laid her head on her father's shoulder, and wept.

"But why do you think the woman is a Roman Catholic, Adelaide?"

"He told me so one day, and therefore, he says, the marriage is not valid."

"Perhaps it is so, Adelaide."

"But if it is so, she believes herself his wife, and she is pure, good, innocent; it is written in her face."

"My poor child!" again ejaculated the father.

How long they sat sorrowing in silence they heeded not. Each felt that whichever hypothesis were true, married or not married, there was bitterness enough. At length the sound of voices in the hall warned Adelaide to seek her own apartment. Mr. Godfrey went immediately to the duke.

"My daughter has been with me this morning, your grace," said he, in solemn, deliberate tones.

"Ah yes! Well—Mr. Godfrey—well—your daughter is not quite well, I fear."

"She is seriously unhappy, I am sorry to inform you, my lord duke."

"Unhappy!—ah!—well, well; she has taken a youthful indiscretion of mine somewhat too sorely to heart; but you, Mr. Godfrey, know that these little affairs are common enough to men of the world."

"My daughter speaks of a previous marriage, your grace."

"Pshaw! some few words she heard have been made to signify too much. Adelaide is my wife, my duchess. Let her be satisfied on that point."

"It is just on that point she is not satisfied—it is just on that point that I now require to be satisfied."

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"How can I satisfy you save by denying any other marriage?"

"Has no ceremony ever passed between your grace and another woman who claims to be your wife?"

"No legal ceremony, upon my honor as a nobleman."

"No legal ceremony; some kind of ceremony has taken place, then?" said Mr. Godfrey.

"If not a *legal* one, then none which concerns you. Be content, Mr. Godfrey, your daughter is indisputably a duchess."

"I am not content, my lord duke; I must see this other claimant to the ducal coronet," said Mr. Godfrey, rising.

"By heaven, you shall not!" answered the duke, rising as suddenly; "you shall not—indeed you shall not. No, my poor Ellen, no: injured you have been, but at least I will save you from insult."

"Methinks your grace's words are strange ones to the father of your bride," said Mr. Godfrey. "Is the peace of your mistress to be preferred to that of your wife?"

"Let us understand each other, Mr. Godfrey," said the duke; "and to do that, I must caution you not to say one word in disrespect of the person you falsely term my mistress. Listen: Fifteen years ago I met a being, lovely, gentle, tender, innocent; before one personating a Romish priest I called her wife; she knew not, until now, the title was not legal; for fifteen years I have, as a simple gentleman, sought her society when weary of ambition and of the selfishness of the world; for fifteen years have I, at such intervals as I could steal away from grandeur and false honors, found repose and happiness in the society of that gentle, that unworldly being. Children have been born to me and died, all save one, a noble boy—one whom I would gladly train to deeds of glory, were it not that—O Ellen, Ellen!"

"And with such feelings as these, my lord, you dared to lead my daughter to the altar?" indignantly demanded Mr. Godfrey.

"Yes, and why not?" replied the duke. "Your daughter suffered no injury. You sought for her not *love*, but a coronet, and that she has now. Let her enjoy it. I acted not the hypocrite. I promised what I gave—power, rank, grandeur, and respect; these she has: what cause is there for complaint?"

"But why, if a peerless beauty were already yours, why seek another bride, my lord? Why not have made the lady of your love your duchess?"

"Because—because—I knew not her value at first. At first it was her beauty that attracted me; then her virtue kept me true to her, and I loved her unworldliness, her want of ambition. To have made her a duchess would have spoiled my dream of being loved for myself alone. Besides, Ellen is a Catholic, a sincere one, and never would she consent that a child of hers should be brought up in the paganism of these times."

"But why, I must yet inquire, why, with these feelings, did your grace marry at all?"

"Why? did I not want a duchess in my halls? a pagan heir to my Pantheon, sir? To whom were these gorgeous collections of heathen idols, these entailed estates, these titles, honors, to descend? Ellen's son could not inherit all, even were he legitimate. His Catholic feeling would turn aside in disgust from much, and English law would exclude him from office or dignity in the nation. Had I lived anywhere but in England, perchance my child had risen to compete with the highest."

"He and his mother still hold, evidently, the highest place in your affections. And is my daughter for ever to play second part in your heart, and this incomparable miracle of goodness the first?"

"Your daughter, sir, is to reign supreme, the imperial queen of the Parnassian deities. Juno-like, she treads her path o'er high Olympus; all bow to her, and Jupiter himself shall treat her with reverence, save when she in-

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trudes upon his private moments. She has bargained for wealth, and power, and pomp, and influence; she has them: let her be content. Love was out of the 'bargain;' it is useless now to contend for it, as if it were her due. But for my Ellen, you misjudge her, if you think that, with the knowledge she now has, she would ever admit me to her presence again. I do not even know how I can induce her to accept a maintenance from me —from me, who would have died to save her, yet who have caused her such bitter pangs! Oh! I could stab myself from sheer remorse!"

And the dark shade that passed over the features, now convulsed with mental agony, showed that the words were not ones of mere expression.

Mr. Godfrey paused, yet was his anger not subdued; he had not deemed that the duke had so much of human feeling in his composition. Worldly and courtly as he seemed, who could suspect so strong an undercurrent of deep and passionate emotion?

That this should be there, and not felt for his wife! Mr. Godfrey did feel this an injury; though, as the duke said, love had not been in the bargain.

The long pause was at length broken by Mr. Godfrey's saying: "Your grace must excuse me, but, for my daughter's sake, I must insist on obtaining evidence that this marriage, which you admit *did* take place, was not legal. If I may not approach the lady myself, who can procure me the evidence I demand?"

"I know not — unless — stay; I would willingly make one more attempt to secure Ellen's acceptance of a provision for her child. Hitherto she has rejected all mediation: not only the lawyer, but De Villeneuve, and a bishop of her own church, have solicited her in vain to listen to such an idea; a lady—a Catholic might be more successful. You have in your family one seemingly as pure and good as Ellen's self—one holding the same holy faith; if she will consent to undertake the mission, I will confide to her the secret of Ellen's residence. De Villeneuve will escort her, but I doubt if she will gain admittance; none have yet succeeded who went from me."

"You mean Euphrasie, I presume?"

"I do; if you can trust to her report, I shall gladly make her my ambassadress to treat respecting the future provision to be made for mother and child."

"I will see her on the subject."

"'Tis well; good morning, Mr. Godfrey."

How little do we know of the inward feelings even of those with whom we fancy ourselves intimate! Here was the cold, heartless man of pleasure, so-called by the world, so thought of by his father-in-law, a prey, when left to himself, to the most violent emotions of grief for the loss of Ellen. Had it been possible at that moment to redeem her affection by the sacrifice of earthly grandeur, there is but little doubt that the sacrifice would have been made, for the loss of that sweet solace had never been contemplated as a necessary accompaniment to this marriage. For fifteen years he had kept his incognito in her society as Colonel Ellwood, and as Colonel Ellwood he meant to visit her still, and to indemnify himself in her sweet society for the heartlessness and cheerlessness of the ducal mansion.

This dream was at an end; his incognito had been discovered, and at once all intercourse was over. The gay and courtly duke felt as if all interest in life had suddenly vanished from the earth. His outward demeanor appeared, indeed, unchanged, at least to superficial observers, but those who looked beneath the surface could detect a latent disdain for all things; and if the same pursuits still seemed to engage his attention, it was from habit, or from want of occupation, not from any relish for the pur-

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suit in itself. Little did the world suspect that his gay and polished manner covered a broken heart, and that the munificent owner of countless treasures, the haughty scion of a long line of ancestors, was pining away beneath the blight which had destroyed his happiness, and was eventually to destroy his life. But we must not anticipate, rather let us return to our former theme.

Euphrasie heard with surprise and pain of the position of her young friend Adelaide, but was most unwilling to undertake the negotiation proposed; it was only at M. de Villeneuve's reiterated assurance that it was a great work of charity which was demanded of her, that she at length consented.

On their arrival at the village, some hours' journey distant from London, and further yet from the duke's residence, M. de Villeneuve requested Euphrasie to proceed from the hotel alone to Ellwood cottage, as his presence would be suspicious, and probably prevent her gaining admittance. A dark-haired, bright-eyed boy was playing in the garden before the cottage; he came to the gate on seeing a stranger approach, and as he held the gate in his hand, he said, before Euphrasie addressed him:

"Mamma is very ill, no one can see her to-day."

"I am very sorry to hear that. Has she been ill long?"

"Yes, ever since she took a long, long journey, and came back so tired. She went to find papa, and did not find him," and the child's voice dropped to a whisper: "I think papa is dead, but I must not tell her so."

"Why do you think so, my dear?"

"Because he would never stay away so long if he were alive; he never did before: and when he did stay away he used to leave mamma lots of money; now she has no money at all, and she is going away from here."

"Where is she going to?"

"I do not know; but she says she must work, and that I must work now for my living; so I know she must be very poor."

"I want to see your mamma. They say she is very kind. Tell her I am a stranger—a French girl; that I seek kindness from her."

"Are you poor, too?" asked the little boy.

"Yes, very poor, indeed," replied Euphrasie.

"Then I will ask mamma if you may come in; mamma loves the poor."

When the boy returned he was accompanied by an elderly woman, bearing the appearance of an upper servant. She addressed Euphrasie respectfully: "Mrs. Ellwood can see no one to-day, miss; can you send in your business by me?"

"Not very well, my business is personal; shall I be able to see her to-morrow?"

"It is impossible to say, but you can call and see; to-morrow you may be able to find some one who will see you in her stead; she sees no one herself, but she expects a friend to-night who manages her business for her."

With this answer she was obliged to be content: she returned to the hotel where M. de Villeneuve awaited her. "This is a bad business," he said; "I have been here twice before with no better result, she will not see strangers."

"You have not seen her, then?"

"No! I have only heard of her, she is almost adored here for her deeds of kindness and charity. I never knew of a case which excited my interest so much; it was on her account, not on the duke's, that I assented to pay this place so many visits. God only can console her!"

. . . . . .

There was a sound of carriages in the night, a very unusual thing in that secluded village; and in the morning early, again there was the sound of wheels. M. de Villeneuve strolled to the end of the street; he shook his head on his return. "We are altogether too late," he said; "the people

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say that she is gone; and many are weeping, for she was dearly loved."

"Shall we not go to the house?" asked Euphrasie.

"There is no harm in making the inquiry, but she is not there."

It was even so: Mrs. Ellwood had departed, fearing that if she remained there she should be constantly subject to intrusion. In the parlor into which they were shown, Euphrasie found one whom she was little prepared to see: it was M. Bertolot. A general grasping of hands and affectionate recognition took place; and then the old priest inquired their business. "The bishop sent me here," he said, "because he could not come himself, and because the poor lady entreated the utmost secrecy; but what brought you here?"

M. de Villeneuve took up the word: "We came from the duke; his grace thought our young friend here might find admittance, though we were all refused."

"His grace need not dream of any such thing; the wrong he has done is not such as embassies or money can rectify. The lady is a true-hearted, noble woman, a sincere Catholic; the message that she has left for him is simply that 'she forgives him, and will pray for his conversion; but if ever he loved her, she entreats that he will never more pursue her or send to her.'"

"But how is she to be supported?"

"She trusts in God, who is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. The duke's money she will not touch; it is no use to press the matter, she has a woman's instincts, and that is often better than a man's reasoning."

"You are severe, father, but this is a case to make you so; may we not know where she is gone to?"

"No! you may not even know you saw me here; say only you saw her agent, who gave you her message, and would not tell you her residence. Never let the duke or the Godfrey family know that the bishop sent me here."

"You may depend on us, father. But is this all that we are to say to the duchess? You know the question has been raised respecting the validity of the marriage."

"The bishop examined that himself; he would have been glad to prove it a true one, but the scamp who married them was a disguised young spendthrift, who did not know how to keep out of a debtor's jail in any other way than by taking that wicked fee; if Mr. Godfrey is uneasy on that point, he can apply to the bishop, there is his address."

When M. de Villeneuve and Euphrasie returned to Durimond Castle with the result of this mission, they found Adelaide far less placable than the more deeply injured Ellen had expressed herself by her message. She assented indeed to do the honors of the castle, to *reign* supreme, but she insisted on a virtual separation as the price of her continuing to wear the title of the Duchess of Durimond.

The duke was in no humor to contend with her; perhaps even he was as well pleased to have it so. He was careful to surround her with all imaginable tokens of deference and respect, and told Mr. Godfrey he would see what time would do to soften his haughty Juno. Soon after he accepted the office of ambassador to a foreign court, and thus left his wife at liberty to queen it o'er her vassals at her pleasure.

Meantime we lay before our readers the sad history which had occasioned all this commotion.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELLEN'S HISTORY.

ELLEN D'AUBREY was the daughter of an Irish officer, whom her mother (Ellen Carpenter) had married against the wishes of her family. Our heroine was their only child. Soon after her birth the mother, Mrs.

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D'Aubrey, fell into delicate health, and years of pain and suffering ensued, after which she died, leaving Ellen, then ten years old, to condole her husband for her loss. This, however, was not so easy, for Captain D'Aubrey had truly loved his refined and gentle wife, and the illness she had borne with so much sweetness and patience had the more endeared her to him; besides which, during that sickness he had learned many important lessons. Up to that time his wife, though amiable and affectionate, had thought but little on serious subjects, and he, though nominally a Catholic, had neglected his religion. But when sorrow came, and the wife and mother became aware that though she might linger on a while, she could not regain health, and must leave behind her those so dear to her, then an anxiety for future reunion took possession of her. She began to question her husband of religion, and he, recalling for her solace the lessons of his youth, became himself impressed with their importance. Catholic truth and Catholic consolation were poured into the soul of the departing wife, and having procured her every necessary aid, the captain imparted himself a great consolation by promising to watch over the education of their darling child, and endeavor to bring her up in the faithful performance of her duties as a Catholic Christian, without endangering her faith by permitting her to frequent schools or society hostile to her religion.

The noble-hearted captain had scarcely closed the eyes of the being he held so dear, than he began to consider how he might best fulfil his promise. He sold his commission, and living on a small annuity which he possessed, applied himself to develop in his child the powers that lay enfolded in her soul; but above all, he sought to cherish and to strengthen religious principle. Well did the little Ellen repay his care. At that time, in England, there were few exterior aids to religion. Catholic chapels were few and far apart. One priest attended many missions, and these but stealthily; but so much the more sedulously did the captain endeavor to infuse the *spirit* of religion into the soul of his child, and to animate her with patience, meekness, humility, and universal charity. Loving and beloved, she grew up beneath her, father's eye like a beautiful flower, reciprocating his tenderness, and increasing daily in beauty and accomplishments. Suddenly a dark cloud lowered above that happy home. Captain D'Aubrey was seized with a fever, and in three days expired, leaving Ellen, at the age of sixteen, an orphan, almost penniless, cast upon the world's cold charity.

Strangers made out her connexions, for Ellen was stupefied by the blow. Strangers wrote to Mrs. Carpenter, her maternal grandmother, and before Ellen well knew what she was about she was travelling south with an old lady, who endeavored in vain to rouse her from her sorrow.

When the captain's affairs were arranged, but little was found remaining. His annuity ceased at his death. It had just sufficed for their maintenance; and as the sale of the furniture amounted to very little, the poor girl was utterly dependent.

Such was the account given by Mrs. Carpenter to Mrs. Barford, her married daughter, with whom, being herself a widow, she then resided. Mrs. Barford had married a man whose character was the very reverse of that of Ellen's father. He was a thorough business-like, money-making instrument, having no higher idea than to be continually extending his business, no higher ambition than to be mayor of the city in which he resided. Already he was a great man in his own estimation, and he intended that his family should become of importance also. This couple received Ellen but coldly, though she hardly knew or felt it, for she was as yet absorbed in grief. Mrs. Carpenter intended to be kind, and insisted on Ellen's grief be-

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ing respected. A week or two passed, then it was proposed one Sunday to Ellen to go with the family to church. She excused herself. Another week passed—and the same proposal was repeated. On this she was closely questioned as to the reason why; and when Mr. Barford came at length to understand that Ellen was a Catholic, his anger knew no bounds. A Catholic in his own house! *He* feed popery! *He* foster rebellion! *He* countenance powder-plots! The thing was impossible! the girl must leave the house—she would corrupt the children, contaminate the servants, compromise his respectability, pervert the neighborhood; in short, breed every kind of disorder and endanger his position. Go she must. In vain his wife pleaded that the poor girl had nowhere to go to; she was obliged to summon Mrs. Carpenter to her aid. As the old lady had plenty of money, Mr. Barford held her habitually in respect, especially as she could will it as she pleased; therefore, when she insisted that where she was her grand-daughter should find a home, the great man yielded, and among themselves they arranged a plan which was to counteract the evil influence they dreaded. Mrs. Carpenter undertook to watch Ellen closely, and by degrees to win her from her papistry: and as there was no papist church in the locality, the neighbors need not even know what her religion was.

As for powder-plots, the good old lady argued that a girl of sixteen, without friends, money, or resources, could not effect much against the government, so she was not uneasy on that score. Silenced, but not convinced, Mr. Barford, who dared not disoblige his wife's mother, said no more on the subject to her, but he determined to keep a sharp lookout, and nip in the bud any incipient conspiracy. But under these influences, the poor girl's happiness was sadly compromised. Her grandmother undertook to enlighten her as to the character of these papists, to show her what a terrible set these unfortunate, benighted idolaters are, and so to bring her round to the Protestant establishment. Most horrible tales of conspiracies, plots, martrydoms, inquisitorial victimizing, and every species of villanous scheming for the overthrow of pure religion, were recountcd to her. These failing to make impression, the sin of idolatry was brought home to herself, and on Fridays the crime of not eating meat was by no means accounted a small one. A regular series of petty persecutions were commenced, the children of the family were taught to distrust her; she was not allowed to make acquaintances in the neighborhood, nor to stir out, save at her grandmother's side.

The old lady meant well in the part she took in this; she was not aware of the greater portion of the annoyance Ellen underwent, and she thought time only was wanted to enable her to throw off the prejudices of her education. She really liked Ellen for her refinement and gentleness, and kept her as much as she could about her. She made her read to her, and wait upon her; and though the books were not to Ellen's taste, yet this was by far the most tolerable portion of her existence. But even of this small alleviation, Mrs. Barford grew jealous; she was greatly afraid that her mother would leave too great a portion of her wealth to the poor orphan girl, and her harshness increased in proportion as Mrs. Carpenter's partiality manifested itself. She did not hesitate to impute the most unworthy motives to Ellen for paying such kind and respectful attentions to her grandmother, for Ellen's conduct contrasted too painfully with that of the unruly children of the household; and when by her reproaches Mrs. Barford drew tears from the poor girl's eyes, she would bid her "go and warm herself into her grandmother's favor, by her Jesuitical caresses and her crocodile tears."

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Poor girl! it was no wonder that she became pale and thin and miserable; but instead of being induced to give up her religion, she clung to it the more, the more she stood in need of consolation. And thus a year, a long and dreary year, had passed away. At length a partial respite came. Mrs. Carpenter was taken sick; Ellen waited on her most assiduously; but although she could scarcely be spared as a nurse, on account of the comfort her presence seemed to afford the sick, yet Mrs. Barford's jealousy, and her husband's ill-treatment, considerably increased. Measures were often spoken of between this amiable pair, and plans devised to effect an estrangement between Ellen and her grandmother. The old lady partially recovered, and then Mrs. Barford grew eloquent on the wonderful effects of the change of air. By dint of manœuvring, she at length made the poor sick woman consent to dispense with Ellen's attendance at the watering-place to which they were bound. Mrs. Barford went herself to take care of her mother, and her children accompanied her.

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Ellen was now virtually alone, for Mr. Barford was engaged in his business, and did not wish to be troubled with her company, even at his meals. What a relief! Ellen heard the carriage drive from the door with a feeling of release from bitter thraldom. How long it might last she knew not, but certainly for some weeks. She read her own books—her father's books—so long concealed at the bottom of her chest. She opened the piano, and sang the hymns of the church. She took out her sketch-book, and reviewed the scenes she had visited with her father.

At once her spirits rose, her eyes sparkled, her animation returned, and at the close of the day she retired to rest, for the first time in that house, with a light and joyous spirit. The next morning she was up with the lark. She opened her window to inhale the balmy air, and a gush of joy came over her as she felt that she was secure from annoyance at least for a time. A hasty breakfast was soon despatched, and the fragrant breeze driving in at the window, attracted her attention to the flowery meadows. Her spirits were too keen to permit her to sit still, and as the bright sunshine poured in upon her, she asked herself why she should not enjoy it out of doors; she had been imprisoned so long, and now there was no one to rebuke or find fault with what she did. She could not withstand the temptation. "I will go and sketch the ruins of the abbey," she said, "and meditate on the times the good old monks were there." Sketch-book in hand she sallied forth. The streets of the city were soon traversed, and the avenues leading to the ruins more slowly paced. The morning was one of most glorious beauty. The birds sang in the new-leafing groves, the busy bees hummed, and the dew-drops clinging to the tips of the fresh-springing grass, presented a most dazzling appearance as, waving in the sunshine, they reflected hues of every color, and freshened with new life the whole creation. Ellen's spirits were at their height; yet with somewhat of a solemn step she approached the hallowed solitudes. None was there save herself—at least she perceived none. Long she wandered within the precincts trodden by holy feet of old, and at length sat down on a fallen tree to begin her sketch.

The ruin had formerly been surrounded by a moat; even now one side of this remained, and communicated with the river. By the side of this, our heroine took her seat on the fallen tree. How long she sat she knew not. It was a great delight to her once more to handle the pencil so long laid aside. She worked as if inspired, and the main features were at length described with taste and accuracy. In her eagerness she had untied her bonnet, (which was a close one, covering her face, after the fashion of those days,) and pushed it slightly back,

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thus displaying her animated features, unconscious the while that a stranger was gazing at her, and that for upward of an hour he had been tracing her features in his gratified imagination.

At length she rose to depart, but as she was putting up her sketch, her bonnet fell from her head, and would have rolled into the river had not the stranger caught it, as it reached the brink, and gracefully restored it to her. He was older than herself and wore an officer's uniform. Could there be any harm in thanking him, and in unfolding, at his request, the sketch which had occasioned the accident? Ellen thought not of harm. She was unversed in the world's ways, and had experienced more of its annoyances than its dangers. Insensibly a conversation was entered into. It was prolonged until the shadows proclaimed that the sun was verging to the west. The stranger was evidently pleased and surprised at Ellen's keen sense of natural and artistic beauty, and at the simple yet poetic manner in which she clothed her ideas. The themes dilated on touched exactly his favorite hobby, and it was evidently a gratification to him to find one fresh in feeling, endowed with genius and beauty, who could appreciate his feelings and sympathize with his artistic tastes.

Reluctantly he parted with his companion, and on the morrow he seemed intuitively to know where he should find her, to renew the enjoyment of the previous day. Another day came, and another, until at length it became a matter of course that the two should meet. And still it was only poetry, or music, or painting, that occupied them. Why, then, did Ellen half surmise that the meeting was wrong? One day she did keep away, and thought she would try to do so always, but the hours hung heavily on her hands, and her resolution failed; so the walks continued.

At length the period for her aunt's return arrived, and not only must she expect to be virtually imprisoned as before, but the dread of what her aunt would say when she heard (as surely from some kind, gossiping neighbor she would hear) of her daily interviews with a strange gentleman, broke upon her. Why had she not thought of this before? Why had she yielded to the temptation? All too late these questions now, and those only who know what it is to live amid insult and neglect can appreciate her feelings or estimate the temptations to which she was exposed.

The stranger, who called himself Colonel Ellwood, had travelled much; he spoke to her of Italy, of Spain, of France; he had brought her a rosary which the Pope had blessed, and had described to her in glowing terms many of the ceremonies which he had witnessed. Why should she distrust him? With tears in her eyes she told him that in two days her aunt was expected home, and that these interviews must cease. "Indeed," she added, "I am afraid my aunt will half-kill me when she finds they have ever taken place."

"Then why not forestall her return by your own departure?"

"And to what quarter of the world should I go?" asked Ellen.

"If, sweet lady, you would trust yourself with me," said Colonel Ellwood.

Ellen started and shrank back, but the colonel followed her, saying: "Nay, do me not the injustice to suppose that I would wrong you; the impression you have made upon me is for life; your happiness, your honor, are as dear to me as my own soul. It is marriage I offer you—a *bona fide* marriage, though a private one. My circumstances at this moment are peculiar. But fly with me, and a Catholic priest shall bless our union; I swear it on my honor."

Ellen hesitated, but her very hesitation encouraged hope. The day passed. Another came. Again Colonel Ellwood urged flight. Again the fear beset her lest her aunt should hear of these clandestine meetings. Love, too, for the stranger, who, although un-

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known, was evidently refined, cultivated, and well versed in all human learning, grew rapidly since he had declared his love. To lose him was to lose everything; for who save he had shown kindness to the poor, friendless orphan girl? The time passed:—the day was at hand—a restless day—a sleepless night—haunted by the sound of carriage wheels bringing back her tyrant to her home. Ellen's resolution gave way: two hours before her aunt's arrival she quitted that dwelling of strife for ever.

Colonel Ellwood appeared to keep his promise. One in the dress of a Catholic priest united them in marriage, and to Ellen's fancy that there was somewhat of informality in the ceremony, came the ready reply that it was necessitated by the anomalous position of a Catholic priest in England.*

She knew little or nothing of the law, and for some time afterward she resided on the Continent with her husband. Here no doubt harassed her; love for him excluded doubt, and that love at times nearly reached the height of adoration. On the other hand, the happiness of geniality, combined with the high mental culture which her husband loved to promote, added so intellectual, nay so ethereal an expression to her naturally handsome features, that his love and reverence increased as time wore on, and he dared not tell the being who thus fondly loved him for himself alone, how foully he had deceived her. In his eyes she was an angel of light; and far from offering impediments to her fulfilling her religious duties, he delighted in her constancy; though there were times when a cloud came over him, and he felt as if he were but a demon of darkness by her side, destined to become the destroyer of her happiness. At such moments, Ellen, who was in mute amazement at the paroxysms which assailed him would strive by every endearing art to charm away his melancholy, and by so doing sometimes nearly drove him to frenzy; and alarmed her for his sanity, without decreasing her affection. But these fitful moments passed away. Continental troubles drove them back to England, and here Colonel Ellwood's difficulty in keeping his incognito increased. Sometimes he took an abode for her in the North of Scotland, sometimes in the mountains of Wales; his restlessness and anxiety distressed and puzzled her, he was not the same man in England he had seemed on the Continent. He was often absent, too, for weeks, nay for months together; but this he accounted for so plausibly on the score of army duties and the like, that Ellen tried to be satisfied, especially as he carried on a constant correspondence with her, and always sent her regular and plentiful remittances. But one circumstance puzzled her even in this—it was that she had to address all her answers to him under cover to his lawyer. This person, who knew nothing of Ellen, believed it was a sort of affair common among the nobility, young and old, and performed the business part of the transaction faithfully as regarded transmitting money and letters, while he gave himself no further trouble about the matter.

The time of discovery arrived but too soon. Ellen's child had been ill, and she had taken him to the seacoast to restore his health. It was the first time that she had ever left the residence appointed for her by her husband without his sanction and permission, and it was the urgency of the case that prompted her to deviate from this settled plan. She thought to be gone only a few days, and his last letter had bidden her not to expect him for a month or two, as pressing business was to be imperatively attended to; so there was little chance of his being displeased at the proceeding, indeed he had never been really displeased with her. She went, then, and on the beach she was recognized by a lady she did not remember, but

* This was before the Catholic emancipation bill had passed.

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who chanced to have a better memory than Ellen. The lady appeared to be somewhat of a morose and malignant disposition, and entered into conversation apparently to gratify some ill-natured feeling. Ellen was annoyed and would have avoided her, but the other evidently had an object in view. At last she blurted out:

"So the Duke of Durimond is to be married soon, I hear."

"I do not know," said Ellen, "I have no acquaintance among the great."

"No acquaintance with the Duke of Durimond, madam? Why, surely I saw you at ——— Hotel in Inverness-shire with him three years ago."

"In Inverness-shire I was with my husband, but I saw no duke there."

"Your husband, ma'am! the gentleman was called Colonel Ellwood, was he not? Well, then, madam, the world believes Colonel Ellwood and the Duke of Durimond to be the same person. But, to be sure, you ought to know best. I can only say I was told so, often, in Inverness-shire, and now the duke is gone to marry Miss Godfrey of Estcourt Hall; is that a secret also to you?"

The woman evidently gloated in the pain she inflicted, and stood gazing at the victim. Ellen replied not—she was thunderstruck. Then she deemed it impossible. She turned back to the house, gave up the lodgings, and returned to her former home. There, making necessary arrangements, she left her child in the care of trustworthy servants, and ordering a post-chaise, was driven, as fast as horses could carry her, to the house of the London lawyer, travelling night and day till she reached her destination.

The lawyer, Mr. Reynolds, would not reply to her questions. He begged the lady to go home, saying that Colonel Ellwood would soon be with her, and that he would be the best person to explain all mysteries. He, Mr. Reynolds, really was not in a position to satisfy her.

What an answer to an anxious heart! mystery upon mystery! Why, since they came to England, did these long absences take place? Why did she not know his address? Why—a long list of whys that sorely oppressed her heart. What was she to do now? Being thus far, she thought at least she would go down to Estcourt Hall and try to catch a glimpse of the Duke of Durimond; she would know then if the report that identified him with her husband was based on truth.

She turned suddenly on the lawyer: "Where is the Duke of Durimond at this instant?" Her manner, so unlike her usual calm demeanor, startled Mr. Reynolds, and put him off his guard.

"I believe, madam, the duke is at the mansion of the Hon. Mr. Godfrey, at Estcourt."

"What is he doing there?"

"The world reports him as about to be married."

Ellen turned in a resolute manner to the door—the lawyer followed her. "Be persuaded, ma'am, go home in peace; all will be right in time, believe me."

Ellen got into the post-chaise, and ordered the driver to proceed to Sussex without delay. That night she was at Estcourt. The next day, as we have seen, she approached the carriage, recognized the duke to be Colonel Ellwood, followed him in his bridal tour, spoke with him, and then returned, as best she might, to her now dreary home.

The duke sent to her—she received not his messages; he wrote—she returned his letters unopened; he called on a Roman Catholic prelate to confess the transaction, and beg of him to take care that Ellen was suitably provided for; but the bishop, after seeing Ellen and becoming interested in the story, would not receive any money from the duke on Ellen's account. He said she refused it, and he could but acquiesce in her decision. The duke was utterly perplexed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Translated from Le Correspondant.

THE FOUNDERS OF FRENCH UNITY.*

BY THE COUNT DE CHAMPAGNY.

Our readers are certainly not ignorant either of the name or the book of M. de Carné. The work which he published in 1848, on the eve of the revolution of February, attracted the interest as well as the suffrages of all serious persons. This book reappears now in calmer times, and the mass of those who read may know and appreciate it.

The idea of this book is well known. M. de Carné has been struck with what constitutes the peculiar genius of the French nation, its unity. He has wished to ascertain and trace the origin of that unity; and has found it summed up in a few proper names, and has condensed in the history of a small number of statesmen that of the nation.

Nothing could be more proper. We are the least republican of any nation that God has made, and we are so because the French nation is more strictly one than any other, and more than any other needs a chief. Abandoned to ourselves, and obliged, willingly or unwillingly, to take each a personal part in the common action, we are worth very little; but we are admirable when we are commanded. I do not know if Shakespeare is right when he calls France the Soldier of God, but what appears to me certain is that we are much better soldiers than citizens. In France the citizen is a stupid lout who, three-fourths of the time, lets himself be led, and miserably led, either by a journal or a spouting chief of a club; he abdicates himself and consents to be led blindly by the passions of others. He cries "Hurrah for Revolution!" when he thinks he is only crying "Hurrah for Reform!" and makes a revolution without intending it, and makes it to the profit of his enemies. The soldier, on the contrary, finds in obedience the element of his spontaneity, of his intelligence, I had almost said, of his liberty. He was but a peasant, very dull and lubberly when he was free; put upon him the coat of passive obedience, and he acquires abilities which seem to belong only to liberty. He is prompt, he is sagacious, he is intelligent; faithful to his commander when his commander guides him, full of activity and spontaneity, if by chance the commander fails him. Why is this? Why is the English citizen so intelligent in commercial and political life, so hampered under the red coat? Why is the French peasant so stupid when he is taken from his plough, so much at his ease when in uniform? To this I know no answer, unless it be, that God has so made us. In France, the soldier is more himself when under discipline than the citizen in his liberty. It is not, then, surprising that the history of a people, I will not say so royalist, but so monarchical in the etymological sense of the word, should be summed up in the proper names of a few men.

The Abbé Suger, St. Louis, Du Guesclin, Joan of Arc, Louis XI., Henry IV., Richelieu, Mazarin: such are the personages whom M. de Carné has selected, and who he shows have gradually effected the development of French unity. It is in the succession of these names that we can follow with him that development.

However, it is not necessary to believe, and M. de Carné does not pretend it, that these men made French

* Historical Studies. By the Count L. de Carné.

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unity. It has been made by itself. France was really one in fact before being made so by the government and laws. From the tenth century, when all Gaul was parcelled out, when the large provinces all belonged to masters independent in fact, save for the nominal law of vassalage, hardly acknowledged, this divided nation felt herself already one, felt herself already a nation. She has been one ever since, in reacting against the yoke of the Austrasian dynasty of the Carlovingians, she commenced to reject from her midst the Germanic race, language, and institutions. She had her language—we find it distinctly in the oath of 843; she had her capital—that little mud city which began to pass the arm of the Seine and to spread itself from the island over on the right bank, was already the centre of French life. She had her dynasty—that kinglet possessor of a narrow domain, which he disputed with great feudatories more powerful than he, was already and for all the king of France. She was already herself advancing to the time when the grandson of Robert the Strong would make himself obeyed from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, the *langue d'Oyl* would become the common tongue of Christendom, and all the fiefs from Flanders to the Mediterranean would hold from the great tower of the Louvre.

Thus it seems to me that one of the most important facts in our history, though little remarked, is the first armed manifestation of France under Louis the Fat. At the time the Emperor Henry V. penetrated into Champagne with a German army, the king, who, according to his own expression, had grown old at the siege of Montlhéry, in a few weeks found himself at the head of three hundred thousand men, united as a thick cloud of grasshoppers, who cover the banks of the rivers, the mountains, and plains. A few weeks more, and the great vassals, the Count of Flanders, the Duke of Aquitaine, the Count of Brittany, brought him new reinforcements, and his army, raised to four hundred thousand men, was double that of the emperor, which was itself enormous for the middle ages. The political bond, however, which united those different countries which are to-day called France, was very feeble. These vassals, present at the camp of Louis the Fat, rendered him scarcely a ceremonial homage. What bond could unite so many different populations for the defence of a territory which, at that epoch, had scarcely a name, if it was not community of origin and a common aversion to the Germanic domination? The French nation was then one, even at that epoch, when the king was king of only five of our present departments at most. She made herself one by herself and her blood, before being made so by kings and laws.

In all we have been ourselves, and more ourselves than we think. We are neither Franks nor Visigoths; we are Gallo-Romans. We are Gauls civilized by Rome, and baptized by the church. The influence of the Frank domination has been more superficial than was believed in the last century; the name remains to us, but what else remains? In the language, which is the great symbol of nationality, the Germanic element, whether in words or in forms of speech, has evidently been only secondary; and it has left no traces in the national character. In institutions the Germanic element dominated for a time, for the simple reason that it possessed the political power; but it was the labor of the middle ages, and we can say their glory, to efface it.

In fact, the struggle against feudalism and feudal institutions was, to speak truly, a national struggle. There were traces of German domination during four centuries which it was necessary to efface. The day when France demanded of the house of Robert the Strong a chief, king or not, but a chief to oppose to the Rhenish sovereignty of the Carlovingians, that day she commenced, without knowing it, the struggle against the institutions which grew out of the Germanic con-

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quest. That struggle was continued under St. Louis, the epoch of the great radiation of French power, when the Mediterranean was almost our domain; when we established colonies even on the coasts of Africa; when our missionaries penetrated even to Thibet; when the sons of Genghis Khan were in diplomatic relations with us, and when even in Italy they spoke by preference our language as "the most delightful" and the most generally understood of any in the world.

In this work the church came to our aid. The great struggle of the papacy was also against the pride of the Germanic supremacy. It was against the feudalism planted in the church, against feudatory bishops who bore armor, and carried the falcon on their wrist, who held their dioceses as fiefs, and received their investiture from the German suzerain, and against the kings their patrons, that St. Gregory VII. wielded the papal power. It was against the institutions of Germanic barbarism, against the feudal aristocracy, against tests by fire and water, against private wars and judicial combats, that the church, and especially the papacy, never ceased to struggle. There was, then, during a whole century a perfect accord between the kings of France and the pontiffs of Rome, between the independence of the commons and the franchises of the religious orders, between the authority of the legists and that of the councils.

And for these institutions introduced by the Germanic conquests, and which we in accord with the church combated, what have we in accord with the church substituted? The institutions proper to our race, proper to our traditions as a civilized people, proper to our manners as Christians. For feudalism the idea of direct power such as Rome had taught, and such as Charlemagne comprehended and attempted to revive; in other words, for suzerainty sovereignty; for the jurisdiction of lords was substituted in spirituals that of ecclesiastical judges, in temporals that of royal justices; consequently, for feudal law the canon law of Christian, and the civil law of imperial Rome. For the right of private battle we substituted the possession of arms remitted to the sovereign alone, as in Rome and in all civilized countries. For duels and judicial trials by fire and water we substituted trials by witness, according to the Roman law and the law of the church and of all civilized nations. In a word, we effaced the traces of Germanic paganism and barbarism, to become in our laws once more what we were by blood, Gallo-Romans; what we were by our faith, Christians; what we still are by our reminiscences, civilized men. Such was the work of our race from Robert the Strong to St. Louis, of the popes from Gregory VII. to Gregory IX., of our commons from the first communal revolt to the enfranchisement of the serfs under Louis le Hutin, of the church from the day when she proclaimed the truce of God, and constituted to sustain it a sort of universal *Landwehr*, to that in which she canonized, in the person of St. Louis, the type, not of the feudal chief, but of the Christian king. Only from this union of all forces in reference to a single end, essentially national, legitimate, and Christian, there was one unhappy exception, that of the nobility, the heir, whether by blood or position, of the Germanic traditions, investitures, and institutions, and who became a sort of common enemy. They were found, in spite of their patriotism, standing apart from the nation, and unpopular in spite of the many ties which bound them to the people. The church, royalty, even the legists had their place in the popular affection, but the nobility had none. They were suspected by the government and abandoned by it to the suspicions of the people. Hence they were so much the further removed from the political tendency of the nation as they were nearer to its political action, and all the less disposed to co-operate in the work of national elaboration as they were more open to the seductions of foreign

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politics. Hence they could make the war of the Armagnacs in the fourteenth century, the war of the Public Good in the fifteenth, the religious wars of the sixteenth, and of the Fronde in the seventeenth; but it was never theirs to exercise that popular, regular, pacific action, the action of patronage and defence, exercised by the aristocracy of England. They had only the choice, on the one hand, of a selfish, unpopular revolt against the king—a revolt resting on the enemies of France for its support, or on the other, of service to the crown, a service which they gloriously and courageously rendered indeed, but which was a service of perfect obedience, in which there was nothing to be gained for their order, in which indeed they could reap glory, but not power. Never has there been a real aristocracy in France—there has been only an obedient or an insubordinate feudal nobility.

Thus may be given in brief the sum of the first part of M. de Carné's book; and this first part foretells what is to follow. The position of royalty, the nobles, and the commons respectively, was during four centuries developed only on bases furnished by the middle ages. The development effected in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries M. de Carné has personified in Suger, abbot of St. Denis, and St. Louis—an able and intelligent choice. Suger and St. Louis were two rare statesmen in an epoch when statesmanship hardly existed. Suger, formed by the rigid and wise discipline of the church, a full-grown man in the midst of the childish caprices and inconsequences of his age, a real statesman, although the minister of a king who was no statesman at all, was certainly one of the greatest and most intelligent agents in the national work, of which those even who were its instruments rarely had the slightest conception. St. Louis rose still further above his age. He pertained not more to the middle ages by his faith than by his statesmanship he pertains to our own times. No king ever labored harder to evolve from its feudal envelope the civil and political life of France; no king ever studied more diligently to place royalty on the footing of modern sovereignties, and to fashion it, as M. de Carné well observes, after the Biblical royalty, rather than after feudal suzerainty.

M. de Carné is very right, then, in seeking in these two rare men a serious and matured political plan; but he would have found it difficult to discover traces of such a plan in others, and perhaps even the habits of his own mind render him less fitted to judge other heroes of the middle ages. In the very pages he has written, I see, indeed, Suger; I see, indeed, St. Louis; but I do not see enough of the middle age itself, of that age of youth with its contradictions and its inconsistencies; and M. de Carné seems to me to be too wise, too sensible, too logical, and too much of a modern statesman, to paint it in its true light.

I express here, I confess, a personal impression, not a judgment, and perhaps a profounder study of the monuments of the middle ages would give me a different impression. But I own that when I seek the middle ages in modern writings, I receive an impression quite different from that which I receive when I attempt to study them in their own monuments. With the moderns, not only with M. de Carné, but with writers who are antiquaries rather than statesmen, I find presented as characteristic of the middle ages profound political views, or at least a certain power of foresight and calculation in those who govern; but if I open the smallest chronicle, I discover nothing of the sort. These kings and these statesmen become only warriors, rude captains, capable of any devotion—capable also of any violence and even of any falsehood, rather than of any wise or consistent policy seriously and steadily pursued. Whether it is merely the result of the oldness of the language, and the simplicity, so often apparent, which a still unformed idiom gives to thought, I

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must say this age has on me the effect of an age of infancy.

Its tongue stammers, and its diction resembles the *patois* of our provinces and the songs of our nurses. In art it had, not without a simplicity sometimes admirable, that awkwardness and that stiffness which mark the first tottling walk of children. Its public life was mingled with puerile ceremonies, with a fantastic symbolism, sometimes even indecent. Its faith asked for no reason, as asks the mature man; but felt, saw, understood as does the adolescent; it carried into it sometimes a puerile superstition which impaired it, sometimes an admirable simplicity which excludes the wisdom of the doctors, though not the devotedness of martyrs. It instituted the Feast of Fools and of Asses. Yet it made the Crusades. It embraced Christian morality without hesitation and without an objection; it embraced it, but forgot to practise it; while professing good, it practised evil with a facility of contradiction surpassing even the ordinary powers of human nature; it was a good Catholic, but scrupled not to pillage the churches. Its submission it refused in principle to nobody—to the pope, the king, or the suzerain; and yet never did the papacy receive more frequent insults, never had royalty such trouble to make itself obeyed, never were quarrels between superior and inferior so frequent, as in the middle ages—those ages of submission and of insubordination, in which the rules of the hierarchy were better established and less observed than in any other. This contradiction, this inconsistency, this easy acceptance of the law while it is asserted only in theory, and this easy forgetfulness of it when it comes to practice, this subordination of the mind, and this revolt of the heart, is it not plainly that of boyhood? The boy seldom refuses to accept the moral truth that is taught him; he does not reject in theory even the obedience which is exacted of him; but, at a given moment, it costs him nothing to contradict that truth in practice, and to fail in that obedience; he denies never the law; he unceasingly breaks it.

It is true, that when we rise to a certain general point of view, nothing appears better regulated than the mediæval society. Regularity, far from being defective, was in excess. A manifold foresight multiplied the laws. The church and the state, feudality and the commons, sovereignty and suzerainty, had each their codes, complicated and provident as those of a society in which right and interest are complicated and run athwart each other. Decretals, bulls, decisions of councils, feudal assizes, royal charters and commercial charters, laws and regulations of all kinds, embarrass us by their number much more than they sadden us by their absence. And the definitive result of the whole is a grand and admirable effort of Christian wisdom to establish in this world the reign of justice and peace. No right is denied, no interest is sacrificed, no power is without its limit, no liberty without its defense. Relations of the king to the subject, of the suzerain to the vassal, of the master to the serf, all are regulated there on the basis, so often forgotten, of reciprocal rights and duties. Never, perhaps, have the conciliation of order and liberty, hierarchy and equality, the powers of the chief and the rights of the inferior, been conceived in so happy a manner.

I said *conceived*, not effected; for if we come to the fact, the rule fails to be translated into reality, or, rather, is so often broken that it may be said not even to exist; all relations become violent; master and serf, suzerain and vassal, king and subject, whose mutual relations were so well settled in law, are in a continual struggle against one another. That magnificent edifice presented us in theory, with the pope and the emperor at its summit, and in which the lowest serf holds his place, is in reality as unsubstantial as the fairy castles seen in our dreams.

When I speak thus of the middle

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ages, I speak only of the lay society; I do not speak of the cloister and the church. They judge very improperly the middle ages who identify society in them with the church. The church was then, as now, not of her age. She struggled against it, and was more or less sullied on the points on which she came more directly in contact with the world—that is, in the secular clergy, and even the episcopacy, and more completely herself only when the cloister, the distance of places, and the diversity of origin removed her farthest from the feudal society—that is to say, in the religious orders and the papacy. I regard as a veritable chimera that dream, sometimes entertained, of a Europe gentle and submissive, obedient to the least word of the papacy, and conducted peaceably by the staff of St. Peter—in the ways of ignorance and barbarism, say unbelieving historians—in the ways of happiness and salvation, say Catholic writers. Both delight in this dream; the former because they would ruin the church by throwing upon her the responsibility of the crimes and vices of the middle ages; the latter because they would restore those ages by identifying them with the church. But I ask them to tell me at what time, during what year, what day, or what hour only this general submission existed? I ask them to tell me if there was a single day, a single minute which did not bring to the church her combat, not merely against kings and feudal lords, but against nations, and not only on one point of Europe, but on a thousand?—if once only this temporal jurisdiction of the papacy over the world was exercised otherwise than at the point of the sword—the sword of steel, as well as the sword of speech?

This middle age, this docile child, this innocent lamb, which allows itself to be led gently and blindly by the shepherd's crook, I find nowhere; I see indeed a child, but a hard and rebellious child, who seldom bends, rarely except to threats, and who, however humbly he may bend, finds it no fault to straighten himself immediately after. Alas! the infancy of a people is not the infancy of men. The infant man has his physical weakness, which permits him to be controlled, and in restraining protects him. The infant people, for its misfortune, has all the passions and all the material forces of the full-grown man, and by the side of this formidable infant, the papacy to me appears different in everything, different by its supernatural life, which lifts it above the human condition, by the maturity of its intelligence, which elevates it above this youthful world, by the traditions of the Italian civilization which raises it above this world, still sunk in barbarism. It is divine in the midst of men, adult in the midst of children, Italian in the midst of these Teutons, Roman in the midst of these barbarians, civilian in the midst of these soldiers.

And by this, it seems to me, is justified, even if not otherwise, the political part played by the papacy in the middle ages. When it is demanded by what right it pretended to the temporal government of Europe, I answer unhesitatingly, by

> "The right that a spirit vast and firm in its designs
> Has over the gross spirits of vulgar men;"

or, at least, the right which maturity has naturally over youth, science over ignorance, reason over unreason. The mature man, whom chance has placed in the midst of indocile and imprudent children, has over them by his age and reason alone a part, at least, of the rights of a father and a teacher. Only, with the father or teacher physical force supports this right, while to the papacy it was wanting, and could be supplied only by the sanctity of its character, the authority of its words, and the intrepidity of its government.

This will be for ever its glory. The glory of the church is far less in having reigned than in having fought. That temporal dominion of the Holy See was never in the state of a peace-

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able, regular, acknowledged sovereignty. It was only a form of the unrelenting warfare which the church sustained against evil,—one of the phases of her never-ending combat, one of the arms of her ceaseless struggle. The church has fought either without auxiliaries, or with auxiliaries always ready to abandon her; she herself wields not the sword of the flesh, and is never sure that those who do handle it in her name will not turn it against her; sometimes served by kings and menaced by the people, sometimes aided by the people and crushed by kings, she has fought her fight without having, in reality, any other human power than that of her dangers, the sufferings, the exile, the captivity, the humiliations, the death of her pontiffs. She has never completely triumphed, but she has never fainted. She has never completely tamed the lion she combated, but she has been able to soften him. She has never been a peaceful and happy mother in the midst of submissive children, a pacific queen in the midst of devoted subjects; she has been rather an unwearied combatant, according to his word who said, "I am come to bring the world not peace, but a sword."

But the moment must come when the child becomes a man. The struggle then changes front. The man is not better than the child; properly speaking, he is not wiser or more reasonable: he has simply more order in his life, and more logical sequence in his conduct. A sort of human respect induces him to study to maintain greater harmony between his principles and his actions; when he has a good theory, he tries oftener than the child to have a good practice; and oftener when his conduct is bad, he concocts a bad theory to justify it. To use a well-known word, he practises his good maxims or he *maxims* his bad practices, as the grace of God in him and his conscience are stronger or weaker. This accord with himself, which is the characteristic, at least the pretension, of the mature man, makes alike his greatness and his littleness. The church, when society is matured, has to combat doctrines rather than passions, ideas rather than vices. The middle ages were, then, the infancy of Christian nations; should we say the sixteenth century—the age of passion, of effervescence, of revolt, of lapses—was the age of youth? Is the present age the age of maturity or of decrepitude? This, five hundred years hence, our descendants may be able to determine.

It still remains to know whether the childhood of a people, like the childhood of individuals, ought not to be regretted rather than disdained, and whether it does not charm us more by the memory of its joys than it humiliates us by the memory of its weaknesses. If the childhood of the individual is not capable of crimes, it is not any more capable of great deeds; the childhood of a people, on the contrary, although it may have its gentle and simple side, has also its heroic and sublime side. It was so with the child-people who passed the Red Sea, or fought under the walls of Troy. They are child-men for whom the Pentateuch was written, and who inspired the Iliad. They are child-men, our ancestors, who reconquered the tomb of Christ, who carried faith even to the depths of China, and who with Joan of Arc chased the English from France. They were not souls free from all blemish, nor hands never sullied; very often the brutality of their manners repels us, and we are borne, in seeing them, like the tender souls in those iron ages, to seek refuge in the shadow of the cloister, in order to find there, at least, peace, delicacy of heart, dignity of intelligence, and serenity of soul. But they were really of those to whom much is forgiven, for they loved much. Among their contradictions they had this grand and noble contradiction — that of having committed great faults, and yet preserving the love of God; of being soiled with vice, and yet not abandoned to it; of having removed far from the Lord,

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but having never despaired of his mercy; of being very hard and very cruel, and yet preserving a loving fibre in their hearts, and tears in their eyes. After all, if these men were children, they were the children of whom it is said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." If the middle ages had vices, they had also faith: the world in ripening has lost the faith, and retained the vices.

Here is what, as it seems to me, may be said of the middle ages, after what M. de Carné has said, and by the side of what he has said. It may not be without some advantage to place this very different view by the side of the political view, which he has so well developed. I repeat it, that considering only the two types of Suger and St. Louis, he comprehends them, for they come within his sphere; he has, perhaps, not so well comprehended the medium in which they lived, or perhaps he partially forgets it.

We must now follow France and Europe in that more manly, or senile, epoch of their life, which M. de Carné after having given us sketches of Du Guesclin and Joan of Arc, personifies in Louis XI., Henry IV., Cardinal Richelieu, and Mazarin. These are already times which touch very closely our own. The work of Henry IV., of Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV., has crumbled almost under our own eyes, and in many respects their spirit is still living in our midst. The proof is in the fact that it is still the object of attack, Richelieu especially. Louis XIV. is discussed with all the vehemence of a contemporary controversy. This indeed is not the case with M. de Carné. There is not, perhaps, in his book an appreciation more calm, more dignified, more grave than that of the policy of the great cardinal.

He has justified this policy. He shows with an evidence that seems to me incontestable, that, setting aside the severity of certain acts, setting aside the last months of a premature old age, when weariness of power began to obscure his lofty intellect, Richelieu could have done hardly otherwise than he did. The nobility, it must be said, a little in all times, and very much for a century, had yielded to a deplorable spirit of faction. Whether it dreamed, like the Calvinistic gentlemen of the sixteenth century, of a resurrection of feudalism; whether in its eyes, as in those of the Duke of Rohan, was designed the plan of an aristocratic republic; or whether, as more frequently happens, all its ambitions were individual, and that the alliances it formed were only the coalitions of dissatisfied pretensions, always is it certain that it was in an eminent degree incapable of a serious and well-defined policy. It could not even be national, and for fourscore years there was not a chief of the party who did not seek his support in England or in Spain, and who did not treat in the beginning of his revolt with foreigners, as he counted at its close on treating with his king. The commonalty, though more national, had not a whit more taste for the necessary conditions of regular political action. The parliament incontestably formed the head of the Third Estate: it was the most dignified post, the highest placed, the gravest, and the most capable of affairs; and yet the parliaments interfered in politics only with the littlenesses and caprices of children, the conceit of youngsters, or the timidity of old men; by turns submissive and rebellious, idolaters of absolute power, and rebels to every government; rash and timid, rebelling and begging pardon.

The cardinal has been almost always reproached for having established royalty without a basis; but this basis, where was he to find it? Was it ever in his power to create it? Could he found a political aristocracy, respecting the laws, and protecting the people, where there was only a turbulent, unpopular, and unstatesmanlike nobility? Could he erect on French soil a House of Commons, animated at once with the spirit of legal obedience and of constitutional resistance,

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at a time when it did not exist even in England, and where there were only citizens ready to revolt, as was proved in the time of the League, and ready to submit, and even to worship power, as was proved under Henry IV., but wholly incapable of resisting without rebelling? At least, it will not be said that at all hazards, and without taking any account of these facts, the cardinal should have inaugurated in France something like the charter of 1814 or that of 1830, which would be very much like reproaching Hannibal for not using gunpowder, and Christopher Columbus for not using steam!

Richelieu felt that all force, that every principle of peace, grandeur, and unity, was at the time in royalty. Royalty was in the sphere of things possible, or imaginary, the only regular, and even the only popular power. Outside of it there were only resistances, or rather attacks, more or less inconsequent and factious. The liberties of the middle ages, such as they had been, could appear only as turbulent and irregular liberties, incompatible with that order and that regularity which were a necessity for the genius of the cardinal and his age. Richelieu rendered absolute that power which alone could be a protection, while the others would be only sources of danger. In doing this he abolished no liberties, for there were then no liberties in the modern sense of the word. He had little else than privileges to suppress, and absolute monarchy conferred more privileges than it destroyed. We had only insubordinations to quell, and misdeeds to punish. That, in this struggle, his untempered severity amounted even to cruelty, sometimes odious, and almost always useless, M. de Carné does not deny, and I concede it even to a greater extent, perhaps, than he would approve; but what had been the triumph of the party, or rather of the contradictory parties? What monarchy—national, constitutional, and legal—could have resulted from the victory of those great lords, leagued together, and constantly intriguing against the govern ment ever since the death of Henry IV.; sometimes open rebels, sometimes submissive; ever uniting, or separating, allying themselves at the the exigency of the moment; enemies to their friends of yesterday, faithful to-day with the factious of the morrow, Protestants with Catholics, Catholics with Huguenots, Frenchmen with Spain! What a magnificent bill of rights the Duchess de Chevereuse would have drawn up for Louis XIII. to sign!

Richelieu did the only thing which in his time was possible, and that is the justification of the political order which he founded. But his work was not complete, and was not completed, I dare add, solely because it was sanguinary. The blood shed, as M. de Carné well says, was not so abundant as is commonly believed; twenty-six men in all perished on the scaffold. How many politicians have the reputation of great benignity, who have put to death a much larger number! But on more than one occasion Richelieu's proceedings were odious, his cruelty refined, his vengeance useless. It belonged to a man of quite another nature to finish the work which he, with less violence, might have accomplished. The cardinal, when he died, left feudal opposition humbled, but living. The blood of Montmorency had implanted still more hate than fear. All the uneasy and restless forces, which, with no purpose, or only that of personal satisfaction, agitated France for nearly a century, crushed by the hand of the cardinal, drew themselves up anew when he was no longer there, and made themselves immediately felt and feared, under the reign of a child, the regency of a Spanish woman, and the ministry of an Italian. The work, then, was not complete, and the last germ of that aristocratic faction had not been extinguished on the scaffold of Cinq-Mars.

M. de Carné, who overrates Riche-

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lieu, greatly underrates Mazarin. Certainly, the man had less grandeur, and was more sullied; there were defects in his genius, and undeniably dark shades in his character; his morality was certainly of a low order, but his intellectual power was something marvellous. I am astonished to see that foreigner, that adventurer, that man who was never popular, that minister with greedy and grasping instincts, triumphing over enemies which the great cardinal had not been able to subdue, surviving the spirit of faction that had survived Richelieu,—to see him accomplish the work which Richelieu had not been able to accomplish by violence; and accomplishing it without having to reproach himself with erecting a single scaffold. This Italian, so furiously decried, who on re-entering Paris, after his victory, had not a word of anger to utter, nor a vengeance to inflict on any one; who re-established in their seats the magistrates of Parliament who had set a price on his head; who, vilified to satiety by the men of letters, tranquilly, and without ostentation, restored to them their pensions; who granted to the grandees of the kingdom—who were his enemies—nearly all they had asked, except their independence; this man, in all this, may indeed have been more able than generous, but I much like that kind of ability, and regard it as worth imitating. And what is curious, is that, from that minister, so many times dishonored, from that peace in which the factious were so well treated, from that struggle in which royalty was often so hard pressed, and in which it was so often forced to give way, royalty itself came forth stronger, more absolute, more venerated, more adored, than it was left by the lofty struggle maintained by Cardinal Richelieu, and in which his victories were ratified by the hangman.

It is in this way that monarchy was established in France; and, be it said in passing, without recurring to the necessity and legitimacy of this work, it has produced, in spite of its many imperfections and excesses, the most normal epoch in our history since that of St. Louis. This epoch had only brief duration, and it is sometimes, said, that what is called the ancient *régime*, was only a period of transition. I grant it. In this passing world, what century is there that is not a century of transition? When is it that the nations can stop, pitch their tents, and say, "It is good to be here?" I remember still how in my youth, the defunct Saint-Simonian school, which, perhaps, is not so defunct as is supposed, divided the history of the world into *critical* periods and *organic* periods; but as for its organic periods, they could not tell where to find them. It is the same with us all. I see, indeed, in history, times of passage, but not the time of sojourn; and I know not any century in which it might not be said with as much truth as in our own, "We are in the moment of transition." But if ever there was really an organic epoch, it was that of which we speak. If any age could really pass for a normal age, not indeed for the perfection of its virtue, but for the plenitude of its principle, it would certainly be the age of Louis XIV. That was essentially, in good and in evil, in greatness and in littleness, in its good deeds and in its evil deeds, in its legitimate honor and in its idolatrous apotheosis, the age of royalty.

On many sides, certainly, this age is open to attack: yet neither men nor human institutions are to be judged after an absolute type. The greatest must miserably fail, if so judged. All judgments of human things are relative. When we place a life, an age, a rule, any institution whatever, by the side of the ideal type which our imagination forms to itself, nothing is to be said; that life is stained, that period is wretched, that *régime* is odious, that institution is detestable; but if we compare it with that which has been before, after, or contemporary with it, or even that which would have been humanly possible to put in its place

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our judgment is more indulgent, because less absolute. It is our glory, but also our error, to bear in ourselves a certain passion for the beautiful and the good, which can find no satisfaction in this world; to form to ourselves in everything, an ideal type superior to all human power to realize; to have in us the measure of heaven, which we apply to the things of earth. It is very clear that Louis XIV. was only a poor knight, Bossuet only a commonplace writer, Homer a street-singer, Raphael a dauber by the side of the king, the orator, the poet, the painter, of which we dream in our imagination.

That *régime*, inaugurated by Richelieu, confirmed by Mazarin, and glorified by Louis XIV., had, doubtless, its baseness as every other, but not more than others. It had its cruelties, and they were often inexcusable; it had a greater and more fundamental wrong still, that of pushing power to excess, and exaggerating its rights, as well as deifying the person of the sovereign. Human powers have all a limit, however absolute they may claim to be; and whether collected in a single hand, or dispersed among many—whether they are vested in the people, in an assembly, or in one man alone, the sphere of their action is no greater. Power has its limit in right, and this limit cannot be passed without guilt; it has its limit in fact, and against that it cannot dash its head without breaking it.

This was its fault, and it was cruelly expiated. We say, however, that the monarchy of Louis XIV. perished less by his fault than by that of his successor. Louis XV. inherited a royalty in its plenitude, surrounded by the profound respect of the nation. Louis XIV. had died unpopular, but he left the throne popular. The public calamities were charged to the man, not to the monarchy. I know not in all history a king more beloved, more venerated, more adored as king and independently of his personal qualities, than was Louis XV. A child at first, then a young man, without other personal merit than that of leaving Cardinal de Fleury to govern, Louis XV., during twenty years, gathered in peace the fruits of royalty. More humane than Louis XIV.; as selfish indeed, but selfish in another manner; not taking like him his royalty in earnest, and instead of accepting it as a dignity almost divine, regarding it as a private estate he had a right to enjoy without being under the slightest obligation to look after its management, Louis XV. took pleasure in squandering the treasures of popular respect and affection which his predecessor had bequeathed him. France persisted in respecting his royalty as long as she could. Neither the scandals of the Regency, less public than they have become for posterity, nor the succession of court influences, not yet sunk to the baseness of the later years, though beginning to approach it; nor the indolence and the corruption of that prince who hardly ever opened a letter on business, hardly ever spoke in council, and hardly ever went to the army; nor that egotism of the man crudely paraded in the place of the egotism of the king professed by Louis XIV. as a religion—nothing of all this disgusted the country, so marvellously had France been imbued with the love and worship of royalty by Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV.!

The corruption of ideas was slowly effected. The eighteenth century did not begin in 1700 nor in 1715, it was only beginning in 1750. The first irreligious book which gave much scandal was that of Toussaint in 1748. Up to that time Voltaire had restricted himself to some timid allusions against priests mingled with many flatteries of the court; the Pucelle was written but not published. Twenty-eight years after the death of Louis XIV., at the time of the illness of Metz, was still seen a thing unique perhaps—a whole country, not only the nobility and the court, but the citizens, the people, all those who were most disinterested in regard to royal favors, were seen pray-

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ing with a tenderness truly filial that God would leave to them a king who had reigned for twenty-eight years without having done anything, and wresting from Providence, so to speak, by the force of supplications, a life steeped in debauchery. This great and sincere testimonial of monarchical enthusiasm, which remained so deeply rooted in the memory of our fathers, was given, I say not to the worst, but certainly to the least meritorious of all our monarchs.

It is necessary, then, to render to our country this justice, that, if it came at length to despise power, it was because in spite of itself it was driven to it by power itself. It needed that this so solemn mark of filial devotion should be returned by continued indolence and corruption. It needed more than thirty years of the cynical workings of this royalty to erase from the heart in which it was so deeply rooted, the taste and the worship of royalty. They who, in seeking the semi-metaphysical, semi-political causes for the fall of the monarchy of Louis XIV., think they find the principle of its ruin in the manner of its constitution, may, in certain respects, be right, but they should tell us how it could have been constituted differently. However, they seem to me to count for too little the abuses so flagrant and so prolonged, which were made of it.

Neither am I among those who accuse the France of the old *régime* of servility. Its love for royalty may have been excessive, but it was, at least, sincere; and if sincere it was not servile. We may be guilty of idolatry towards those we love, but we can be guilty of servility only towards those we love not. Royalty, I admit, was regarded as a demi-god, but they who really worship the false god do it in good faith. Our fathers were, perhaps, fanatics, but they were not slaves. The great English lords who, in the eighteenth century, traversed France in a post chaise, in order to attend the court at Versailles, and to pass several weeks in Paris, doubtless judged the country to be inhabited only by the cowardly slaves of an Asiatic despot; —they found no House of Commons, no speaker nor usher with the black rod. In the same way, Sterne, seeing at a play a man who annoyed his neighbors and whom the guard ordered to leave, was confounded by the arbitrary proceeding, and could not comprehend that the citizen did not maintain by his fists the right to disturb the performance. It was a country judged on the surface by the habits of mind of another country. About the same time, another Englishman,* who did not journey in a post-chaise, who went on foot from village to village, playing the flute for the peasantry, holding disputations in the monasteries, and thus paying his reckoning, judged France a little differently. He came very near, God forgive him, envying it, and preferring it to his own country! He met here not miserable slaves, but happy men, satisfied with themselves, and satisfied with all the world. The current money in this country, according to him, was not silver; was not the material favors of the government; was not, or, at least, was not only, pension and place; it was a vain money, no doubt, like all human riches, but a money, at least, more delicate and more noble. "Society here finds its life in HONOR. Praise gained by merit, or obtained by an imaginary worth, is the money which passes current from hand to hand, and by a noble commerce passes from the court to the camp and the cottage." France, which for the others was the country of servitude, was for him the country of honor.

In reality it is hardly for us to be ashamed of the servitude of our forefathers. It is true, more mature than they, we no longer either worship or respect authority; but we count it no fault to beg its favors. We crowd around the altar, though we no longer believe in the god. Every revolution has shown us the ante-chambers in-

* We need hardly tell our readers that the person referred to here was an Irishman—Oliver Goldsmith. —[ED. C. W.]

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vaded in turn by a cloud of conquerors, revolutionists, or conservatists, monarchists or republicans, all men of profound conviction, of a well-tried self-respect, a liberalism true as steel, and an independence as firm as iron, but who nevertheless come to beg their bit from the budget. Since we came into the world, four times, at least, have we seen this hideous quarry to which (we must render all justice to our equalitarians) all classes, high or low, rich or poor, lettered or unlettered, have flocked with a harmony truly democratic. We now no longer conceive of a public service which is not paid for, a state function which is not an income, a position which has not its money value. Have we the right, in good faith, to be ashamed of the times when they said not *places* but *charges*, because the public service was considered not a position but duty? Have we the right to attack even that court and that finance of aforetime, stained, I grant, with cupidity and adulation, but not otherwise than in all times, and are still the classes that approach power? Have we the right, above all, to attack the whole of that society much less greedy of the favors of power, much more independent of it than we are ourselves, that bourgeoisie who loved so much its king from whom it had nothing to expect, except the suppression of a fourth of its revenue? Those magistrates who gave their last penny for the right to rise at five o'clock in the morning, and pass the forenoon in the audience, while to-day the lowest deputy finds himself poorly paid by two thousand francs for rising at ten o'clock? That provincial nobility, poor, obscure, disdained, who had all the charges of aristocracy without its benefits, and who esteemed themselves but too happy when, after twenty years of service in war, where they left their patrimony at first, then an arm, a leg, their brothers and cousins, they obtained from the bounty of the king their discharge, and permission to retire to their homes with the cross of St. Louis, and the brevet of Brigadier-General; crippled, impoverished, but endeavoring, if possible, to "preserve a fortune sufficient to enable their children to replace them"? We, citizens and freemen, do we even for much money, what those servile beings did for a little honor?

I have passed here a little beyond the work of M. de Carné, who stops with Mazarin. He will pardon me, even thank me, for not permitting myself to go farther still, and to broach the hackneyed subject of 1789. I have elsewhere had occasion to set forth my views on that subject, by the side of M. de Carné's, happy to agree with him in many respects, though more severe, perhaps, in my judgment of that revolutionary movement than he is. The tendency of minds toward reforms might have been legitimate, but the way taken to effect them was false, and in my eyes infected with evil from the first. In fact, the groundwork of French unity, which M. de Carné represents for us with so much love, what has been its use, if, after the labor of so many centuries, it could be attained only by a national convulsion, the most violent, perhaps, which has figured in history? Civil equality, unity of territory, reform in legislation, were they not already sufficiently prepared by St. Louis, Charles VII., Louis XI., Richelieu, and Louis XIV., and was it necessary that they should be purchased by the revolt of the *jeu de paume*, by the blood of Versailles, and by the crimes of the reign of Terror? Were our countrymen not criminal, at that epoch, in repulsing a past in which they might, on the contrary, have found a firmer support for the reforms needed?

Be that as it may, I cannot but thank M. de Carné, in the name of all those who still read, for the work which he achieved in 1848, and for the return which he has just made to his former studies. Whoever we may be, and whatever may be the present, it is not necessary that it should absorb us. As the spectacle of the present age serves to explain past ages, so should a return to the past cool and calm in our minds

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the agitation of the present. Of this freedom from contemporaneous reflection, M. de Carné has given us a noble example. On two or three points, at most, the statesman of our times is a little too perceptible. I much doubt, for instance, if in the sixteenth century, the Balafré could have founded in France a dynasty and a citizen royalty like that of Louis Philippe. Still it might have been had the Balafré been a cadet of the Capetian family, and if the dynasty of the Valois had been for forty years shaken by two revolutions. What strikes me, on the contrary, in the history of the League, and what appears to me one of the greatest proofs of the spirit of nationality and of loyalty which then reigned in the commonalty, is the repugnance which they always manifested to accepting a foreign dynasty, the timid and reluctant manner with which the proposition was made, and the unpopularity with which it was received. At the time of the League, the nation wished two things which then seemed irreconcilable—Catholic royalty and French loyalty; it wished, so to speak, an impossibility, but it willed it with decision and perseverance, and that impossibility it obtained.

But, save these slight traces of the man of the present, M. de Carné has been able, with rare facility, to identify himself with past ages; he has known how to take from erudition what was necessary to enlighten his political point of view, without suffering it to absorb him. He has been perfectly able in surveying all these different subjects to identify himself by turns with each of them. Without neglecting details and without losing himself in them, without disdaining to speak to the imagination, and without suffering himself to be carried away by the fascinations of the picturesque, without abandoning himself to political theories, and without despoiling history of them, he has in turn as fully known his Abbot Suger, his St. Louis, his Du Guesclin, and each one of his heroes, as if he had never studied anything else. He makes himself master of each one of these subjects in brief time, but with a sagacity worth more than time, and with a quick perception of the dominant idea which often escapes the simple erudite. He has not made what is called a philosophical history, a task become facile and commonplace, and he has not made what is still more easy, purely contemporary politics *à propos* of the past; he has not made a history, if by history we understand the detailed recital of events; but he has known how to keep constantly at his disposition the philosophical view which illuminates history, the political sense which helps to judge it, and the knowledge of facts which is its foundation. He has not made a history, but he has made a luminous summary, and given us a necessary complement of all the theories of French history.

ORIGINAL.

MY TEARS.

Ah me! how many precious tears for naught I've wept;
And thus my soul did cheat.
Would I, like Magdalene, had treasured them, and kept
Their wealth for Jesus' feet.

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LEGEND OF COUNT JULIAN AND HIS FAMILY.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

MANY and various are the accounts given in ancient chronicles of the fortunes of Count Julian and his family, and many are the traditions on the subject still extant among the populace of Spain, and perpetuated in those countless ballads sung by peasants and muleteers, which spread a singular charm over the whole of this romantic land.

He who has travelled in Spain in the true way in which the country ought to be travelled—sojourning in its remote provinces, rambling among the rugged defiles and secluded valleys of its mountains, and making himself familiar with the people in their out-of-the-way hamlets and rarely visited neighborhoods—will remember many a group of travellers and muleteers, gathered of an evening around the door or the spacious hearth of a mountain venta, wrapped in their brown cloaks, and listening with grave and profound attention to the long historic ballad of some rustic troubadour, either recited with the true *ore rotundo* and modulated cadences of Spanish elocution, or chanted to the tinkling of a guitar. In this way he may have heard the doleful end of Count Julian and his family recounted in traditionary rhymes, that have been handed down from generation to generation. The particulars, however, of the following wild legend are chiefly gathered from the writings of the pseudo Moor Rasis; how far they may be safely taken as historic facts it is impossible now to ascertain; we must content ourselves, therefore, with their answering to the exactions of poetic justice.

As yet everything had prospered with Count Julian. He had gratified his vengeance; he had been successful in his treason, and had acquired countless riches from the ruin of his country. But it is not outward success that constitutes prosperity. The tree flourishes with fruit and foliage while blasted and withering at the heart. Wherever he went, Count Julian read hatred in every eye. The Christians cursed him as the cause of all their woe; the Moslems despised and distrusted him as a traitor. Men whispered together as he approached, and then turned away in scorn; and mothers snatched away their children with horror if he offered to caress them. He withered under the execration of his fellow-men, and last, and worst of all, he began to loathe himself. He tried in vain to persuade himself that he had but taken a justifiable vengeance; he felt that no personal wrong can justify the crime of treason to one's country.

For a time he sought in luxurious indulgence to soothe or forget the miseries of the mind. He assembled round him every pleasure and gratification that boundless wealth could purchase, but all in vain. He had no relish for the dainties of his board; music had no charm wherewith to lull his soul, and remorse drove slumber from his pillow. He sent to Ceuta for his wife Frandina, his daughter Florinda, and his youthful son Alarbot; hoping in the bosom of his family to find that sympathy and kindness which he could no longer meet with in the world. Their presence, however, brought him no alleviation. Florinda, the daughter of his heart, for whose sake he had undertaken this

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signal vengeance, was sinking a victim to its effects. Wherever she went, she found herself a byword of shame and reproach. The outrage she had suffered was imputed to her as wantonness, and her calamity was magnified into a crime. The Christians never mentioned her name without a curse, and the Moslems, the gainers by her misfortune, spake of her only by the appellation of Cava, the vilest epithet they could apply to woman.

But the opprobrium of the world was nothing to the upbraiding of her own heart. She charged herself with all the miseries of these disastrous wars—the deaths of so many gallant cavaliers, the conquest and perdition of her country. The anguish of her mind preyed upon the beauty of her person. Her eye, once soft and tender in its expression, became wild and haggard; her cheek lost its bloom and became hollow and pallid, and at times there was desperation in her words. When her father sought to embrace her she withdrew with shuddering from his arms, for she thought of his treason and the ruin it had brought upon Spain. Her wretchedness increased after her return to her native country, until it rose to a degree of frenzy. One day when she was walking with her parents in the garden of their palace, she entered a tower, and, having barred the door, ascended to the battlements. From thence she called to them in piercing accents, expressive of her insupportable anguish and desperate determination. "Let this city," said she, "be henceforth called Malacca, in memorial of the most wretched of women, who therein put an end to her days." So saying, she threw herself headlong from the tower, and was dashed to pieces. The city, adds the ancient chronicler, received the name thus given it, though afterward softened to Malaga, which it still retains in memory of the tragical end of Florinda.

The Countess Frandina abandoned this scene of woe, and returned to Ceuta, accompanied by her infant son. She took with her the remains of her unfortunate daughter, and gave them honorable sepulture in a mausoleum of the chapel belonging to the citadel. Count Julian departed for Carthagena, where he remained plunged in horror at this doleful event.

About this time the cruel Suleiman, having destroyed the family of Muza, had sent an Arab general, named Alahor, to succeed Abdalasis as emir or governor of Spain. The new emir was of a cruel and suspicious nature, and commenced his sway with a stern severity that soon made those under his command look back with regret to the easy rule of Abdalasis. He regarded with an eye of distrust the renegade Christians who had aided in the conquest, and who bore arms in the service of the Moslems; but his deepest suspicions fell upon Count Julian. "He has been a traitor to his own countrymen," said he; "how can we be sure that he will not prove traitor to us?"

A sudden insurrection of the Christians who had taken refuge in the Asturian mountains, quickened his suspicions, and inspired him with fears of some dangerous conspiracy against his power. In the height of his anxiety, he bethought him of an Arabian sage named Yuza, who had accompanied him from Africa. This son of science was withered in form, and looked as if he had outlived the usual term of mortal life. In the course of his studies and travels in the East, he had collected the knowledge and experience of ages; being skilled in astrology, and, it is said, in necromancy, and possessing the marvellous gift of prophecy or divination. To this expounder of mysteries Alahor applied to learn whether any secret treason menaced his safety.

The astrologer listened with deep attention and overwhelming brow to all the surmises and suspicions of the emir, then shut himself up to consult his books and commune with those supernatural intelligences subservient

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to his wisdom. At an appointed hour the emir sought him in his cell. It was filled with the smoke of perfumes; squares and circles and various diagrams were described upon the floor, and the astrologer was poring over a scroll of parchment, covered with cabalistic characters. He received Alahor with a gloomy and sinister aspect; pretending to have discovered fearful portents in the heavens, and to have had strange dreams and mystic visions.

"O emir," said he, "be on your guard! treason is around you and in your path; your life is in peril. Beware of Count Julian and his family."

"Enough," said the emir. "They shall all die! Parents and children—all shall die!"

He forthwith sent a summons to Count Julian to attend him in Cordova. The messenger found him plunged in affliction for the recent death of his daughter. The count excused himself, on account of this misfortune, from obeying the commands of the emir in person, but sent several of his adherents. His hesitation, and the circumstance of his having sent his family across the straits to Africa, were construed by the jealous mind of the emir into proofs of guilt. He no longered doubted his being concerned in the recent insurrections, and that he had sent his family away, preparatory to an attempt, by force of arms, to subvert the Moslem domination. In his fury he put to death Siseburto and Evan, the nephews of Bishop Oppas and sons of the former king, Witiza, suspecting them of taking part in the treason. Thus did they expiate their treachery to their country in the fatal battle of Guadalete.

Alahor next hastened to Carthagena to seize upon Count Julian. So rapid were his movements that the count had barely time to escape with fifteen cavaliers, with whom he took refuge in the strong castle of Marcuello, among the mountains of Aragon. The emir, enraged to be disappointed of his prey, embarked at Carthagena and crossed the straits to Ceuta, to make captives of the Countess Frandina and her son.

The old chronicle from which we take this part of our legend, presents a gloomy picture of the countess in the stern fortress to which she had fled for refuge — a picture heightened by supernatural horrors. These latter the sagacious reader will admit or reject according to the measure of his faith and judgment; always remembering that in dark and eventful times, like those in question, involving the destinies of nations, the downfall of kingdoms, and the crimes of rulers and mighty men, the hand of fate is sometimes strangely visible, and confounds the wisdom of the worldly wise, by intimations and portents above the ordinary course of things. With this proviso, we make no scruple to follow the venerable chronicler in his narration.

Now so it happened that the Countess Frandina was seated late at night in her chamber in the citadel of Ceuta, which stands on a lofty rock, overlooking the sea. She was revolving in gloomy thought the late disasters of her family, when she heard a mournful noise like that of the sea-breeze moaning about the castle walls. Raising her eyes, she beheld her brother, the Bishop Oppas, at the entrance of the chamber. She advanced to embrace him, but he forbade her with a motion of his hand, and she observed that he was ghastly pale, and that his eyes glared as with lambent flames.

"Touch me not, sister," said he, with a mournful voice, "lest thou be consumed by the fire which rages within me. Guard well thy son, for blood-hounds are upon his track. His innocence might have secured him the protection of heaven, but our crimes have involved him in our common ruin." He ceased to speak and was no longer to be seen. His coming and going were alike without noise, and the door of the chamber remained fast bolted.

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On the following morning a messenger arrived with tidings that the Bishop Oppas had been made prisoner in battle by the insurgent Christians of the Asturias, and had died in fetters in a tower of the mountains. The same messenger brought word that the Emir Alahor had put to death several of the friends of Count Julian; had obliged him to fly for his life to a castle in Aragon, and was embarking with a formidable force for Ceuta.

The Countess Frandina, as has already been shown, was of courageous heart, and danger made her desperate. There were fifty Moorish soldiers in the garrison; she feared that they would prove treacherous, and take part with their countrymen. Summoning her officers, therefore, she informed them of their danger, and commanded them to put those Moors to death. The guards sallied forth to obey her orders. Thirty-five of the Moors were in the great square, unsuspicious of any danger, when they were severally singled out by their executioners, and, at a concerted signal, killed on the spot. The remaining fifteen took refuge in a tower. They saw the armada of the emir at a distance, and hoped to be able to hold out until its arrival. The soldiers of the countess saw it also, and made extraordinary efforts to destroy these internal enemies before they should be attacked from without. They made repeated attempts to storm the tower, but were as often repulsed with severe loss. They then undermined it, supporting its foundations by stanchions of wood. To these they set fire and withdrew to a distance, keeping up a constant shower of missiles to prevent the Moors from sallying forth to extinguish the flames. The stanchions were rapidly consumed, and when they gave way the tower fell to the ground. Some of the Moors were crushed among the ruins; others were flung to a distance and dashed among the rocks; those who survived were instantly put to the sword.

The fleet of the emir arrived at Ceuta about the hour of vespers. He landed, but found the gates closed against him. The countess herself spoke to him from a tower, and set him at defiance. The emir immediately laid siege to the city. He consulted the astrologer Yuza, who told him that for seven days his star would have the ascendant over that of the youth Alarbot, but after that time the youth would be safe from his power, and would effect his ruin.

Alahor immediately ordered the city to be assailed on every side, and at length carried it by storm. The countess took refuge with her forces in the citadel, and made desperate defence; but the walls were sapped and mined, and she saw that all resistance would soon be unavailing. Her only thoughts now were to conceal her child. "Surely," said she, "they will not think of seeking him among the dead." She led him therefore into the dark and dismal chapel. "Thou art not afraid to be alone in this darkness, my child?" said she.

"No, mother," replied the boy; "darkness gives silence and sleep." She conducted him to the tomb of Florinda. "Fearest thou the dead, my child?" "No, mother; the dead can do no harm, and what should I fear from my sister?"

The countess opened the sepulchre. "Listen, my son," said she. "There are fierce and cruel people who have come hither to murder thee. Stay here in company with thy sister, and be quiet as thou dost value thy life!" The boy, who was of a courageous nature, did as he was bidden, and remained there all that day, and all the night, and the next day until the third hour.

In the mean time the walls of the citadel were sapped, the troops of the emir poured in at the breach, and a great part of the garrison was put to the sword. The countess was taken prisoner and brought before the emir. She appeared in his presence with a haughty demeanor, as if she had been a queen receiving homage; but when

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he demanded her son, she faltered and turned pale, and replied, "My son is with the dead."

"Countess," said the emir, "I am not to be deceived; tell me where you have concealed the boy, or tortures shall wring from you the secret."

"Emir," replied the countess, "may the greatest torments be my portion, both here and hereafter, if what I speak be not the truth. My darling child lies buried with the dead."

The emir was confounded by the solemnity of her words; but the withered astrologer Yuza, who stood by his side regarding the countess from beneath his bushed eyebrows, perceived trouble in her countenance and equivocation in her words. "Leave this matter to me," whispered he to Alahor; "I will produce the child."

He ordered strict search to be made by the soldiery, and he obliged the countess to be always present. When they came to the chapel, her cheek turned pale and her lip quivered. "This," said the subtile astrologer, "is the place of concealment!"

The search throughout the chapel, however, was equally vain, and the soldiers were about to depart, when Yuza remarked a slight gleam of joy in the eye of the countess. "We are leaving our prey behind," thought he; "the countess is exulting."

He now called to mind the words of her asseveration, that her child was with the dead. Turning suddenly to the soldiers he ordered them to search the sepulchres. "If you find him not," said he, "drag forth the bones of that wanton Cava, that they may be burnt, and the ashes scattered to the winds."

The soldiers searched among the tombs and found that of Florinda partly open. Within lay the boy in the sound sleep of childhood, and one of the soldiers took him gently in his arms to bear him to the emir.

When the countess beheld that her child was discovered, she rushed into the presence of Alahor, and forgetting all her pride, threw herself upon her knees before him.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried she in piercing accents, "mercy on my son—my only child! O Emir! listen to a mother's prayer and my lips shall kiss thy feet. As thou art merciful to him so may the most high God have mercy upon thee, and heap blessings on thy head."

"Bear that frantic woman hence," said the emir, "but guard her well."

The countess was dragged away by the soldiery, without regard to her struggles and her cries, and confined in a dungeon of the citadel.

The child was now brought to the emir. He had been awakened by the tumult, but gazed fearlessly on the stern countenances of the soldiers. Had the heart of the emir been capable of pity, it would have been touched by the tender youth and innocent beauty of the child; but his heart was as the nether millstone, and he was bent upon the destruction of the whole family of Julian. Calling to him the astrologer, he gave the child into his charge with a secret command. The withered son of the desert took the boy by the hand and led him up the winding staircase of a tower. When they reached the summit, Yuza placed him on the battlements.

"Cling not to me, my child," said he; "there is no danger." "Father, I fear not," said the undaunted boy; "yet it is a wondrous height!"

The child looked around with delighted eyes. The breeze blew his curling locks from about his face, and his cheek glowed at the boundless prospect; for the tower was reared upon that lofty promontory on which Hercules founded one of his pillars. The surges of the sea were heard far below, beating upon the rocks, the sea-gull screamed and wheeled about the foundations of the tower, and the sails of lofty caraccas were as mere specks on the bosom of the deep.

"Dost thou know yonder land beyond the blue water?" said Yuza.

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"It is Spain," replied the boy; "it is the land of my father and my mother."

"Then stretch forth thy hands and bless it, my child," said the astrologer.

The boy let go his hold of the wall; and, as he stretched forth his hands, the aged son of Ishmael, exerting all the strength of his withered limbs, suddenly pushed him over the battlements. He fell headlong from the top of that tall tower, and not a bone in his tender frame but was crushed upon the rocks beneath.

Alahor came to the foot of the winding stairs.

"Is the boy safe?" cried he.

"He is safe," replied Yuza; "come and behold the truth with thine own eyes."

The emir ascended the tower and looked over the battlements, and beheld the body of the child, a shapeless mass, on the rocks far below, and the sea-gulls hovering about it; and he gave orders that it should be thrown into the sea, which was done.

On the following morning the countess was led forth from her dungeon into the public square. She knew of the death of her child, and that her own death was at hand, but she neither wept nor supplicated. Her hair was dishevelled, her eyes were haggard with watching, and her cheek was as the monumental stone; but there were the remains of commanding beauty in her countenance, and the majesty of her presence awed even the rabble into respect.

A multitude of Christian prisoners were then brought forth, and Alahor cried out: "Behold the wife of Count Julian! behold one of that traitorous family which has brought ruin upon yourselves and upon your country!" And he ordered that they should stone her to death. But the Christians drew back with horror from the deed, and said, "In the hand of God is vengeance; let not her blood be upon our heads." Upon this the emir swore with horrid imprecations that whoever of the captives refused should himself be stoned to death. So the cruel order was executed, and the Countess Frandina perished by the hands of her countrymen. Having thus accomplished his barbarous errand, the emir embarked for Spain, and ordered the citadel of Ceuta to be set on fire, and crossed the straits at night by the light of its towering flames.

The death of Count Julian, which took place not long after, closed the tragic story of his family. How he died remains involved in doubt. Some assert that the cruel Alahor pursued him to his retreat among the mountains, and, having taken him prisoner, beheaded him; others that the Moors confined him in a dungeon, and put an end to his life with lingering torments; while others affirm that the tower of the castle of Marcuello, near Huesca, in Aragon, in which he took refuge, fell on him and crushed him to pieces. All agree that his latter end was miserable in the extreme and his death violent. The curse of heaven, which had thus pursued him to the grave, was extended to the very place which had given him shelter; for we are told that the castle is no longer inhabited on account of the strange and horrible noises that are heard in it; and that visions of armed men are seen above it in the air: which are supposed to be the troubled spirits of the apostate Christians who favored the cause of the traitor.

In after-times a stone sepulchre was shown, outside of the chapel of the castle, as the tomb of Count Julian; but the traveller and the pilgrim avoided it, or bestowed upon it a malediction; and the name of Julian has remained a byword and a scorn in the land for the warning of all generations. Such ever be the lot of him who betrays his country!

Here end the legends of the conquest of Spain.

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ORIGINAL.

RECENT EUROPEAN EVENTS.

When it is said that the church is independent of time and its events, and can subsist and operate under all forms of government, and in all stages of civilization, it is not meant that she is indifferent to the revolution of states and empires, or cares not how the state is constituted, or the government administered. Subsisting and operating in society, though not holding from it, she cannot be indifferent to its constitution, either for her sake or its own. It may be constituted more or less in accordance with eternal justice, or absolute and unchanging right, and therefore more or less favorable to her catholic mission, which is to introduce and sustain the reign of truth and right in the state and the administration as well as in the individual reason and will.

Far less does the independence of the church, or her non-dependence on the political order and its variations, imply that politics, as is but too often assumed, are independent of the moral law of God, and therefore that statesmen, civil magistrates, and rulers are under no obligation to consult in their acts what is right, just, or conformable to the law of the Lord, but only what seems to them expedient, or for their their own interest. All sound politics are based on principles derived from theology, the great catholic or universal and invariable principles which govern man's relation to his Maker and to his neighbor, and of which, while the state is indeed in the temporal order the administrator, the church is the divinely instituted guardian and teacher. No Christian, no man who believes in God, can assert political independence of the divine or spiritual order, for that would be simply political atheism; and if men sometimes do assert it without meaning to deny the existence and authority of God in the spiritual order, it is because men can be and sometimes are illogical, and inconsistent with themselves. Kings, kaisers, magistrates, are as much bound to obey God, to be just, to do right, as are private individuals, and in their official no less than in their private acts.

The first question to be asked in relation to any political measure is, Is it morally right? The second, Are the means chosen for carrying it out just? If not, it must not be adopted. But, and this is important, it is the prerogative of God to overrule the evil men do, and to make it result in good. "Ye meant it for evil, but God meant it for good." Hence when things are done and cannot be recalled, though not before, we may lawfully accept them, and labor to turn them to the best possible account, without acquitting or approving them, or the motives and conduct of the men who have been in the hands of Providence the instruments of doing them. Hence there are two points of view from which political events may be considered: the moral—the motives and conduct of those who have brought them about; and the political—or the bearing of the events themselves, regarded as facts accomplished and irrevocable, on the future welfare of society.

If we judge the recent territorial changes in Italy and Germany from the moral point of view, we cannot acquit them. The means by which the unity of Italy has been effected under the house of Savoy, and those by which

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that of Germany has been placed in the way of being effected under the house of Hohenzollern, it seems to me are wholly indefensible. The war of France and Sardinia against Austria in 1859, the annexation to Sardinia of the Duchies, and the Æmilian provinces subject to the Holy See, the absorption by force of arms of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and the still more recent war of Italy and Prussia against the same power, resulting in the mutilation and humiliation of the Austrian empire, and possibly in depriving the pope of the remainder of his domain, are, I must hold, in every sense unjustifiable. They have been done in violation of international law, public right, and are an outrage upon every man's innate sense of justice, excusable only on that most detestable of all maxims—the end sanctifies the means.

But regarded from the political point of view, as facts accomplished and irrevocable, perhaps they are not indefensible, nay, not unlikely under divine Providence to prove of lasting benefit to European society. I cannot defend the *coup d'état* of Napoleon, December 2, 1851, but I believe that the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the French throne has turned out for the benefit of France and of Europe. I condemn the means adopted to effect both Italian and German unity, but I am not prepared to say that each, in view of the undeniable tendency of modern politics, was not in itself desirable, and demanded by the solid and permanent interests of European society. Taken as facts accomplished, as points of departure for the future, they may have, perhaps already have had, an important bearing in putting an end to the uneasiness under which all European society has labored since the treaties of Vienna in 1815, and the socialistic and revolutionary movements which have, ever since the attempted reconstruction of Europe after the fall of Napoleon, kept it in continual turmoil, and rendered all government except by sheer force impracticable.

The tendency of European society for four or five centuries has been, on the one hand, toward civil and political equality, and on the other, toward Roman imperialism. European society has revolted against mediæval feudalism, alike against the feudal aristocracy and the feudal monarchy, and sought to revive the political system of imperial Rome, to place all citizens on the footing of an equality before the law, with exclusive privileges for none, and to base monarchy on the sovereign will of the nation. It would be incorrect to say, as many both at home and abroad have said, that European society has been or is tending to pure and simple democracy, for such has not been, and is not by any means the fact; but it has been and is tending to the abolition of all political distinctions and privileges founded on birth or property, and to render all persons without reference to caste or class eligible to all the offices of state, and to make all offices charges or trusts, instead of private property or estates. Under feudalism all the great offices of the state and many of the charges at court were hereditary, and could be claimed, held, and exercised as rights, unless forfeited by treason or misprision of treason against the liege lord. It was so in France down to the revolution of 1789, and is still so in England in relation to several charges at court, and to the House of Peers. The feudal crown is an estate, and transmissible in principle, and usually in fact, as any other estate.

Since the fifteenth century this feudal system has been attacked, throughout the greater part of Europe, with more or less success. It received heavy blows from Louis XI. in France, Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain, Henry VII. in England, and Maximilian I. in Germany. The tendency in this direction was resisted by the Protestant princes in Germany, leagued against the emperor, the Huguenot nobles and the Fronde in France, and by the whig nobility in England, because while it

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strengthened the people as against the crown, it equally strengthened the crown against the nobility. The British reformers to-day, under the lead of John Bright, are following out this European tendency, and if successful, will abolish the House of Peers, establish civil and political equality, but at the same time will increase the power of the crown, and establish Roman imperialism, which the Stuarts failed to do, because they sought to retain and strengthen the feudal monarchy while they crushed the feudal aristocracy.

But for the king or emperor to represent the nation and govern by its sovereign authority, it is necessary that the nation should become a state, or body politic, which it was not under feudalism. Europe under feudalism was divided among independent and subordinate chiefs, but not into sovereign independent nations. There were estates but no states, and the same proprietor might hold, and often did hold, estates in different nations, and in nations even remote from one another, and neither power nor obedience depended on national boundaries or national territory. There was loyalty to the chief, but none to the nation, or to the king or emperor as representing the national majesty or sovereignty. Hence the tendency to Roman imperalism became also a tendency to nationality. Both king and people conspired together to bring into national unity, and under the imperial authority of the crown, all the fiefs, whoever the suzerain or liege lord, and all the small principalities that by territorial position, tradition, language, the common origin, or institutions of the inhabitants, belonged really to one and the same nation.

The first of the continental powers to effect this national unity was France, consisting of the former Gallic provinces of the Roman empire, except a portion of the Gallia Germana now held by Belgium, Holland, and the Germanic governments on the left bank of the Rhine. The natural boundaries of France are those of the ancient Keltica of the Greeks, extending from the Alps to the Atlantic ocean, and from the Mediterranean sea to the English channel and the Rhine. France has not yet recovered and united the whole of her national territory, and probably will never be perfectly contented till she has done it. But after centuries of struggle, from Philip Augustus to Louis XIV., she effected internally national unity which gave her immense advantages over Italy and Germany, which remained divided, and which at times has given her even the hegemony of Europe.

The defeat of the first Napoleon, the restoration of the Bourbons, and the treaties of Vienna in 1815, arrested, and were designed to arrest, this tendency of modern European society under all its aspects, and hence satisfied nobody. They prevented the free development and play of the tendency to national unity and independence, re-established aristocracy, and restrained the tendency to equality, and reasserted monarchy as an estate held by the grace of God and inviolable and indefeasible, instead of the representative monarchy, which holds from the nation, and is responsible to it. Those treaties grouped people together without any regard to their territorial relations, natural affinities, traditions, or interests, without the slightest reference to the welfare of the different populations, and with sole reference to the interests of sovereigns, and the need felt of restricting or guarding against the power of France. A blinder, a less philosophical, or a more ignorant set of statesmen than those who framed these treaties, it is difficult to conceive. The poor men took no note of the changes which had been produced during four or five hundred years of social elaboration, and supposed that they were still in full mediæval feudalism, when people and territory could be transferred from one suzerain or one liege lord to another, without offending any political principle or any sentiment of

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nationality. Of all legislators in the world, reactionists suddenly victorious, and not yet wholly recovered from their fright, are the worst, for they act from passion, not reason or judgment.

From the moment these treaties were published a social and political agitation began in nearly all the states of Europe. Conspiracies were everywhere, and the revolutionary spirit threatened every state and empire, and no government could stand save as upheld by armed force. Bold attempts at revolution were early made in Naples and Spain, which were defeated only by foreign intervention. Hardly a state was strong enough in the affections of its people to maintain order without the repressive weight of the Holy Alliance, invented by Madame Krudener, and effected by the Emperor Alexander and Prince Metternich. Austria dominated in the Italian peninsula, France in the Spanish, and Russia in Poland and Germany; Great Britain used all her power and influence to prevent the emancipation of the Christian populations of the East, and to uphold the tottering empire of the Turks. The Holy Father was at once protected and oppressed by the allied powers, especially by Austria; the people everywhere became alienated from both church and state, and serious-minded men, not easily alarmed, trembled with fear that European society might be on the eve of a return to barbarism and oriental despotism.

Matters grew worse and worse till there came the explosions of 1830, driving out of France the elder branch of the Bourbons, detaching Belgium from Holland, and causing the final extinction of the old and once powerful kingdom of Poland, followed by revolutions more or less successful in Spain and Portugal. Force soon triumphed for the moment, but still Europe, to use the figure so hackneyed at the time, was a smouldering volcano, till the fearful eruptions of 1848 struck well-nigh aghast the whole civilized world, and conservatives thought that the day for social order and regular authority had passed away, never to return. Anarchy seemed fixed in France, the imperial family of Austria fled to Innspruck, and the Hungarians in revolt, forming a league with the rebellious citizens of Vienna and the Italian revolution, brought the empire almost to its last gasp; the king of Prussia was imprisoned in his palace by the mob, and nearly every petty German prince was obliged to compromise with the revolutionists. All Italy was in commotion; the Holy Father was forced to seek refuge at Gaeta, and the infamous Mazzinian republic, with the filibuster Garibaldi as its general and hero, was installed in the Eternal City. Such had been the result of the repressive policy of the Holy Alliance, when Louis Napoleon was elected president of the French republic.

It is true, in 1849 the revolution was suppressed, and power reinstated in its rights in Rome, Naples, Tuscany, the Austrian dominions, Prussia, and the several German states; but everybody felt that it was only for a moment, for none of the causes of uneasiness or dissatisfaction were removed. The whole of Europe was covered over with secret societies, working in the dark, beyond the reach of the most powerful and sharp-sighted governments, and there was danger every day of a new outbreak, perhaps still more violent, and equally impotent to settle European society on a solid and permanent foundation, because the revolution was, save on its destructive side, as little in accord with its tendencies and aspirations as the Holy Alliance itself.

The cause of all this uneasiness, of this universal agitation, was not in the tyranny, despotism, or oppression of the governments, or in their disregard of the welfare of the people or hostility to them; for never in the whole history of Europe were the governments of France, Italy, Germany, and

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Austria less despotic, less arbitrary, less respectful of the rights of person and property, less oppressive, indeed more intelligent, or more disposed to consult the welfare of the people—the French, Prussian, and Austrian system of universal popular education proves it—than during the period from 1815 to 1848; and never in so brief a period had so much been done for the relief and elevation of the poorer and more numerous classes. The only acts of government that were or could be complained of were acts of repression, preventive or punitive, rendered necessary by the chronic conspiracy, and perfectly justifiable, if the government would protect itself, or preserve its own existence, and which, in fact, were not more arbitrary or oppressive than the acts performed in this country during the late rebellion, by both the general government and the confederate government, or than those practised for centuries by the British government in Ireland. Nor was it owing entirely or chiefly to the native perversity of the human heart, to the impatience of restraint and insubordination of the people, who were said to demand unbounded license, and determined to submit to no regular authority. Individuals may love licence and hate authority, but the people love order, are naturally disposed to obedience, and are usually far more ready to submit to even grievous wrongs than to make an effort to right them.

The cause in France was not that the Bourbons of either branch were bad or unwise rulers, but that they retained too many feudal traditions, claimed the throne as a personal estate, and, moreover, were forced upon the nation by foreign bayonets, not restored by the free, independent will of the nation itself. Their government, however able, enlightened, and even advantageous to France, was not national; and while submitting to it, the new France that had grown up since 1789 could not feel herself an independent nation. It is probable that there is less freedom for Frenchmen in thought and speech under the present régime than there was under the Restoration or even the King of the Barricades and his parliament; but it is national, accepted by the free will of the nation, and, moreover, obliterates all traces of the old feudal distinctions and privileges of caste or class, and establishes, under the emperor, democratic equality. Individuals may be disaffected, some regretting lost privileges and distinctions, and others wishing the democracy without the emperor; but upon the whole the great body of the people are contented with it, and any attempt at a new revolution would prove a miserable failure. The secret societies may still exist, but they are not sustained by popular sympathy, and are now comparatively powerless. The socialistic theories and movements, Saint Simonism, Fourierism, Cabetism, and the like, fall into disrepute, not because suppressed by the police, but because there is no longer that general dissatisfaction with the social order that exists which originated them, and because the empire is in harmony with the tendencies of modern European society.

In Italy the cause was neither hatred of authority nor hostility to the church or her supreme pontiff, but the craving of the people, or the influential and controlling part of them, for national unity and independence. In feudal times, when France was parcelled out among feudatories, many of whom were more powerful than the king, their nominal suzerain; when Spain was held in great part by the Moors, and the rest of her territory was divided into three or four mutually independent kingdoms; when England was subject to the great vassals of the crown, rather than to the crown itself; when Germany was divided into some three hundred principalities and free cities, loosely united only under an elective emperor, with little effective power, and often a cause of division rather than a bond of union between them;

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and when the pope, the most Italian of all the Italian sovereigns, was suzerain of a large part of Italy, and of nearly all Europe, except France, Germany, and the Eastern empire, the division of the peninsula into some half a dozen or more mutually independent republics, principalities, or kingdoms, did not deprive Italy of the rank of a great power in Europe, or prevent her from exercising often even a controlling influence in European politics, and therefore was not felt to be an evil. But when France, Spain, Austria, and Great Britain became great centralized states, and when in Switzerland, Holland, the British Isles, Scandinavia, and North Germany the rise of Protestanism had weakened the political influence of the pope, these divisions reduced Italy, which had been the foster-mother of modern civilization, and the leader of the modern nations in the arts of war and peace, in commerce and industry, in national and international law, in literature, science, architecture, music, painting, and sculpture, to a mere geographical expression, or to complete political nullity, and could not but offend the just pride of the nation. The treaties of 1815 had, besides, given over the fairest portion of the territory of the peninsula to Austria, and enabled her, by her weight as a great power, to dominate over the rest. The grand duke of Tuscany was an Austrian archduke, the king of the Two Sicilies, and even the pope as temporal prince, were little less, in fact, than vassals of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine.

Italy felt that she was not herself, and that she could be herself and belong to herself, own herself, as our slaves used to say before they were emancipated, only by expelling Austria and her agents from Italian territory, and uniting the whole peninsula in a single state, unitarian or federative, under a single supreme national government. For this Italian patriotism everywhere sighed, agitated, conspired, rebelled, struggled, was arrested, shot, hung, imprisoned, exiled, and filled the world with its complaints, the story of its wrongs and sufferings. It was not that Italy was badly governed, but that she was not governed by herself, was governed by foreigners, or at least by governors who would not, or could not, secure her national unity and independence, without which she could not become the great European power that she aspired to be, and felt herself capable of being. The Fenians do not agitate and arm against England so much because her government in Ireland is now—whatever it may have been formerly—tyrannical and oppressive, as because it is not national, is not Irish, and offends the Irish sense of nationality, far stronger now than in the time of Strongbow or that of the confederate chieftains. Through the armed intervention of Napoleon III. in 1859, and the recent alliance with Prussia against Austria, Italy has now got what she agitated for, national unity and independence, though at the expense of great injustice to the dispossessed sovereigns, and is free to become a great European power, if she has it in her, and her chronic conspiracy is ended. She has obtained all that she was conspiring for, and is satisfied: she has gained possession of herself, and is free herself to be all that she is capable of being.

The Germans, also, were uneasy, discontented, and conspiring for the same reason. The Bund was a mockery, formed in the interest of the sovereigns, without regard to the people or the national sentiment, and in practice has tended far more to divide and weaken, than to unite and strengthen the German nation, both on the side of France and on that of Russia. Germany, in consequence of the changes effected in other nations, was, like Italy, reduced to a geographical expression. Austria in the south was a great power, Prussia counted for something in the north, but Germany was a political nullity. The Germans aspired to national unity, and attempt-

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ed to obtain it in 1848 by the reconstruction, with many wise modifications, of the old Germanic empire, suppressed by Napoleon I. in 1806, but were defeated by the mutual jealousies of Prussia and Austria, the withdrawal of the Austrian delegates from the Diet, and the refusal of the King of Prussia to accept the imperial crown offered him by the Diet, after the withdrawal of Austria. What failed to be legally and peaceably effected in 1848 and 1849, has been virtually effected by Prussia in this year of grace, 1866, after a fortnight's sharp and fierce war, not because of her greatly overrated needle-gun, but because Prussia is more thoroughly German than Austria, and better represents the national sentiment.

The success of Prussia must be regarded, I think, not only as breaking up the old confederation, and expelling Austria from Germany, but as really effecting German unity, or the union of all Germany in a single state. The states north of the Main, not as yet formally annexed to Prussia, and those south of that line, as yet free to form a southern confederation, will soon, perhaps, with the seven or eight millions of Germans still under Austrian rule, in all likelihood be absorbed by her, and formed into a single unitary state with her, and transform her from Prussia into Germany. It is most likely only a question of time, as it is only a logical sequence of what has already been effected. Austria ceases to be a German power, and must seek indemnification by developing, as Hungary rather than as Austria, eastward, and gradually absorbing Roumania, Herzegovina, Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria, and placing herself as an impassable barrier to the advance of Russia southward in Europe. This she may do, if wise enough to give up Germany, and to avail herself of the vast resources she still possesses; for in this she would probably be aided by Great Britain, France, and Italy—all deeply interested in preventing Russia from planting herself in Constantinople, and gaining the empire of the world. Turkey must fall, must die, and European equilibrium requires a new and powerful Eastern state, if the whole of Europe is not to become Cossack.

The independence and unity of Italy, and the union of Germany in a single state, had become political necessities, and both must be effected as the means of putting an end to what European writers call "the Revolution," and giving internal peace to European society. No doubt they have not been thus far effected without great violence to vested rights; but necessity knows no law, or is itself law, and nations never have been and never can be arrested in their purposes by vested rights, however sacred religion and morality teach us to hold them. National and popular passions can be controlled by no considerations of right or wrong. They sweep onward and away whatever would stay their progress. If the possessors of vested rights opposed to national union, independence, or development, consent to part with them at a just ransom, the nation is ready to indemnify them liberally; but if they will not consent, it will take them all the same, and without scruple.

I say not that this is right; I pretend not to justify it; I only state what all experience proves that nations do and will continue to do in spite of religion and morality. Ahab was willing to pay a round price for Naboth's vineyard, but when Naboth refused to sell it at any price, Ahab took it for nothing. But these political changes, regarded as accomplished and irrevocable facts, and setting aside the means adopted to effect them, and the vested rights violated in obtaining them, are not morally wrong, and are in no sense threatening to the future peace and progress of European society, but seem to be the only practicable means that were left of preventing it from lapsing into certain barbarism. They seem to me to have been needed to render the

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European governments henceforth able to sustain themselves by the affections and good sense of the people, without being obliged to keep themselves armed to the teeth against them. International wars will, no doubt, continue as long as the world stands, but wars of the people against authority, or of subjects against their rulers, may now cease for a long time to come, at least in the greater part of Europe. The feudal system is everywhere either swept away, or so weakened as to be no longer able to make a serious struggle for existence; and save Ireland, Poland, and the Christian populations of the East, the European nations are formed, and are in possession of their national unity and independence. The people have reached what for ages they have been tending to, and are in possession of what, in substance, they have so long been agitating for. The new political order is fairly inaugurated, and the people have obtained their legitimate satisfaction. Whether they will be wiser or better, happier or more really prosperous, under the new order than they were under the old, we must leave to time to prove. Old men, like the writer of this, who have lived too long and seen too much to regard every change as a progress, may be permitted to retain their doubts. But changes which in themselves are not for the better, are relatively so when rendered necessary by other and previous changes.

The English and American press very generally assert that the Emperor of the French is much vexed at the turn things have taken in Germany, that he is disappointed in his expectations, and defeated in his European policy. I do not think so. The French policy since the time of Francis I. has been, indeed, to prevent the concentration and growth of any great power on the frontiers of France; as the papal policy ever since the popes were temporal sovereigns, according to Tosti in his Life and Times of Boniface VIII., has been to prevent the establishment of any great power in the immediate neighborhood of Rome. That this French policy and this papal are defeated by the turn things have taken is no doubt true, but what evidence is there that this is a defeat of Napoleon's policy, or is anything else than what he both expected and intended? When he entered on his Italian campaign against Austria in 1859, he showed clearly that he did not intend to sustain the Papal policy, for his purpose was the unity no less than the independence of Italy. He showed, also, no less clearly, that while he retained the traditional French policy of humbling the house of Hapsburg, he did not intend in other respects to sustain that policy; for he must have foreseen, as the writer of this, in another place, told him at the time, that the unity of Italy would involve as its logical and necessary sequence the unity of Germany. We can suppose him disappointed only by supposing he entertained a policy which he appears to have deliberately made up his mind to abandon, or not to adopt.

After the Italian campaign, and perhaps before, the unity of Germany was a foregone conclusion, and if effected it must be either under Austria or under Prussia. Napoleon had only to choose which it should be. And it was manifestly for the interest of France that it should be under Prussia, an almost exclusively German power, rather than under Austria, whose non-Germanic population was three times greater than her Germanic population. If the unity of Germany had been effected under Austria with her non-Germanic provinces, Germany would have constituted in central Europe a power of nearly seventy millions of people, absolutely incompatible with the European equilibrium; but if effected under Prussia, it would constitute a state of only about forty millions, not a power so large as to be dangerous to France or to the peace of Europe. France has nothing to fear from a Prussian Germany, for she is amply able to cope with her, and the first war between the two powers would restore to France her natural

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boundaries, by giving her all the territory on the left bank of the Rhine, and thus make her commensurate with the ancient Keltica.

France is too strong in her unity, compactness, and extent, as well as in the high spirit and military genius of her people, to think of precautions against Germany. The power for her to guard against is Russia, embracing a rapidly increasing population of upward of seventy millions, and possessing one-seventh of the territory of the globe. She has no other power to fear, since Austria is separated from Germany. Prussia, capable of becoming a great maritime power, and embracing all Germany, not only rescues the smaller German states from Russian influence and intrigue, but becomes an efficient ally of France, in the west, against Russia, and far more efficient and trustworthy an ally than Great Britain, because a continental power, and more exposed to danger from the common enemy. While Prussia becomes a powerful ally in the west, Austria, by being detached from Germany, and too weak to stand without alliances, becomes a French ally in the east; and the more ready to be so, because the majority of her future population is and must be of the Slavic race.

Napoleon's policy, it seems to me, has been, first, to drive Austria out of Italy and detach her from Germany, for the security of France; and then to organize pan-Germanism against pan-Slavism in the West, and an Austrian, or rather, Slavic or Hungarian empire, embracing the Magyars and Roumans, against pan-Slavism in the East. With these two great powers, having as against Russia a common interest with France, the Emperor of the French, the ally and protector of the Latin nations, will be able to settle the terrible Eastern question without suffering Russia to receive an undue accession of territory or power, and also without the scandal of sustaining, in order to please Great Britain and save her Indian possessions, the rotten empire of the Turks, and preventing the Christian nations it holds, through the aid of the western Christian powers, in subjection, from working out their freedom and independence, rising to national dignity and influence.

Such, briefly stated, has been, I think, substantially the policy of Napoleon, since he became Emperor of the French; and the recent events in Italy and Germany so strikingly accord with it, that one cannot help believing that they have been dictated by it. It seems designed to give measurable satisfaction to the principal nationalities of Europe, as it secures undisputed preponderance to no one, and humiliates no one over much. It may, therefore, be said to be a policy of peace. It is a policy, if carried out in all its parts, that would enable France, Prussia, Italy, Austria, to isolate Russia, and at need Great Britain, from Europe; but it robs neither of any of its territory or inherent strength, and is hostile to neither, unless one or the other would encroach on the rights of others.

Will this policy be carried out and consolidated? I know not. It is substantially in accordance with the tendencies of modern European society; the most difficult parts of it have already been effected, and we have seen no movement on the part of either Russia or Great Britain to assist Austria to prevent it. Napoleon had succeeded in isolating Austria from Europe, and almost from Germany, before he commenced his Italian campaign in 1859. Should Napoleon die suddenly, should Russia or Great Britain interpose to prevent Austria from expanding eastward before she has recovered from her losses in being expelled from Italy and Germany, and should France, Germany, and Italy refuse to act as her allies, or should she herself look to the recovery of what she has lost, rather than to the development of what she retains or has in prospect, the policy might fail; but these are all improbable contingencies, except the first; yet even Napoleon's death would not seriously

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affect the unity and independence of Italy, or the unity of Germany, as much as the South Germans dislike the Prussians. This age worships strength and success.

The most doubtful part of this Napoleonic policy is the part assigned to Austria in the future; and the part the most offensive to the Catholic heart, is that which strips the Holy Father of his temporal dominions, annexes them to the kingdom of Italy, and leaves him to the tender mercy of his despoilers. The Holy Father, sustained by the general voice of the episcopacy, has said the maintenance of the temporal sovereignty is *necessary* to the interests of religion; but he said this when there was still hope that it might be retained, and he, of course, did not mean that it is *absolutely* necessary at all times and under all circumstances; because that would have made the principal depend on the accessory, and the spiritual on the temporal. Moreover, religion had existed and flourished several centuries before the popes were temporal sovereigns, and what has been may be again. Circumstances have changed since the Holy Father said this, and it is not certain that, as it is not a Catholic dogma, he would insist on it now.

Of course the change is to be deeply deplored, especially for those who have effected it; but is there any possibility, humanly speaking, of re-establishing the Holy Father in his temporal rights? I confess I can see none. It is a great loss, but perhaps some arrangement may be entered into with the new Italian power, which, after all, will enable the Holy Father still to reside at Rome, and exercise independently his functions as the spiritual chief of Christendom. Italy has more need of the pope than the pope has of Italy, and Victor Emanuel, at worst, cannot be worse than were the Pagan and Arian Cæsars. No Catholic can ever despair of the church. At present the temporal, to all human ken, seems to have triumphed over the spiritual, and politics to have carried it over religion. Yet the triumph cannot be lasting, and in some way the victory won will prove to have been a defeat. God will never forsake his church, his beloved, his bride, his beautiful one, and the Lord will not suffer Peter to sink when he walks upon the waters. Peter's bark may be violently tossed on the waves, but the very independence of the church prevents us from fearing that it will be submerged. In what way the future of the papacy will be provided for, it is not for us to determine or to suggest. We cheerfully confide in the wisdom of the Holy Father, assisted as he will be by the Holy Ghost.

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From The Sixpenny Magazine.

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE GONE.

THE flowers that made the summer air
So fragrant with their rich perfume,
Alas! are gone, their leaves so fair
Lie faded in their autumn tomb.

The branches now are almost bare,
Where summer song-birds made their homes;
Where trees are green, where flowers are fair,
Once more the happy birds have flown.

To distant lands o'er sunny seas
The songsters bright have taken wing,
To warble on that warmer breeze
The notes they sang to us in spring.

Her autumn robe of red and brown
Once more the gliding year puts on,
And yonder sun looks colder down
Since the bright summer days are gone.

The stars, the glory of the night,
Look on us still with silvery eye—
Shine on us still as clear and bright,
But not from out the summer sky.

The chilly breezes of the north
Tell us it is no longer spring,
And winter's hand is reaching forth
To wither every verdant thing.

So even like the birds the flowers,
When dearest things of life have flown,
Then in the heart's deserted bowers
The naked branches stand alone.

Oh, then, alas! no breath of spring
Can breathe the living verdure on,
No sun will shine, no birds will sing—
For ever is the summer gone.

But when the heart beats high and warm,
And kindred hearts its throbbing share,
It heeds not winter's clouds nor storm,
But summer tarries always there.

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From The Lamp.

UNCONVICTED; OR, OLD THORNELEY'S HEIRS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE tidings that Old Thorneley's missing will was found fell like a thunderbolt upon Wilmot and his lawyers, Smith and Walker; and their genuine astonishment was a matter of equal surprise to me. In my own mind I had felt convinced that Lister Wilmot had had a hand in the suppression of that will; and if I hardly dared in my heart to believe him guilty of, although suspecting him at least of complicity in, the death of his uncle, I never doubted but that he knew of the existence of this last testament, and knowing it, had destroyed it. In my own mind I had, during many hours of solitary reflection, of the most scrutinizing study of every fact and circumstance connected with all these past events, arrived at a conclusion that some unknown link united Maria Haag and Lister Wilmot together, and that the double mystery of the murder and the lost will lay buried secret in their hearts. But there was no mistaking the undisguised and overwhelming amazement with which he received the communication of Merrivale and myself. We made it in person to him before Smith and Walker; and I can only say that his manner of receiving it exonerated him at once in my eyes from suspicion of his having had anything to do with the theft or concealment of that will.

Of course on either side legal proceedings were commenced: Merrivale on the part of Hugh Atherton undertaking to prove the genuineness of the recovered document; Smith and Walker for Lister Wilmot endeavoring to repudiate it. In less than a week they were all "hard at it." Meanwhile, the will, as stolen property found by the police, was lodged with them; meanwhile, Inspector Keene had once more disappeared, and this time we all knew that the purport of his absence was the apprehension of Mrs. Haag; meanwhile, the heir to all this mine of disputed wealth played with his childish toys, laughed his crazy laugh, and jabbered his idiot nonsense, without a ray of intelligence crossing his poor witless brain; meanwhile, Hugh Atherton roamed far over the broad treacherous ocean—an exile and a wanderer, the victim of a cruel and shameless plot—ignorant of the brave loving heart that was following him so near, of the tender eyes, the faithful hand, that would bid him welcome on that foreign shore.

Unwilling as I was to leave London just then, where my presence was at any moment necessary, the affairs of one of my best and oldest clients summoned me to Liverpool for a couple of days, and I took a return-ticket thither from the Saturday to the Monday after that last memorable visit from Inspector Keene. Who shall ever dare to doubt the special Providence ordering and overruling every event, every circumstance of our lives, however trivial and unimportant they may seem at the moment of their occurrence? That journey of mine, which outwardly had not the smallest bearing or reference to the story I am telling, was in reality the beginning of the end.

Travelling by an early train, I arrived in Liverpool about three o'clock. After engaging a bed at a hotel near the station, and refreshing my inner man, I set off immediately on the busi-

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ness which had brought me thither. This lay at some of the great shipping offices in Tower Buildings, close to the docks. Coming out of one, I noticed a man following me. Suddenly my arm was touched, and looking round I saw Inspector Keene.

"God bless me! Who'd have thought of seeing you here?"

"And who'd have thought of seeing you, sir? I don't suppose you ever expected it would be so, Mr. Kavanagh, but you and I have hunted the fox together, and now you and I will be in at the death."

"You mean to say you have traced the housekeeper?"

"That's just precisely what I do mean, sir."

"Where is she?"

"Not a stone's-throw from here."

"And you have her in charge?"

"Not yet, sir, not yet. I have but just obtained a warrant for her apprehension from the sitting magistrate, and I am on my way now to announce the agreeable tidings to her."

"Had you trouble in tracking her?"

"An awful deal, sir. She was all but gone; her passage taken to America, and the vessel is to sail to-night. The news of my finding the will must have reached her in Lincolnshire, for I've followed her across the country here; and then I lost sight of her, and only found her trail this morning. But she's safe now; the house is watched on all sides. Strange enough, sir," said the inspector, lowering his voice, "there's been another after her too."

"Another man?"

"Yes, sir. I've caught sight of him from time to time, dodging and watching and following her as cute and as silently as any of *us*; and if his name isn't Bradley, well, mine isn't Keene, and I'm not one of her majesty's detective officers."

"Shall I go with you, Keene?"

"Do, sir; it may be like a satisfaction to you to see the end of it."

We turned into a by-street, narrow, ill-paved, and dark, where the houses were high and overhanging, and fashioned like those in little obscure foreign towns, that nearly meet overhead. Before the door of one a policeman stood, apparently engaged only in his ordinary duty of looking up and down the street; but from a glance of intelligence that passed between them I knew he was on special service—the special service being to watch that identical house. The door opened by a simple latch, and the inspector's hand was on it, when the policeman stepped back, and whispered to him. Keene paused for a moment, and then turned to me. "*He* is in there;" and I knew he meant the man who was likewise following Mrs. Haag—the man Bradley.

"Follow us," said the detective to the officer on duty; and opening the door, we passed down a narrow dark passage and proceeded up the stairs, quietly, stealthily. We had gained the first landing, and Inspector Keene's foot was on the stair to ascend the second flight, when a loud, piercing cry broke upon the stillness—the cry of agony. In a moment we had cleared the stairs and stood before a door on the left. Keene turned the handle. *It was fastened from inside.*

He shook it with a strength I had not thought he possessed, and demanded admission. There was no answer. Again it rattled on its hinges, and I thought it would be too weak to resist my strength. "Give way, Keene!" I cried; "I can break it in;" and retreating to the further end of the landing, I ran and brought my whole weight to bear against it. Useless! *Another weight* was strengthening it on the inside. And then a shriek yet more piercing, more agonized than before rang through the house, and footsteps were heard from below and above of people hurrying to the spot. We once more strained at the door. O God! would it never give way? I turned to the policeman. "You ought to be powerful; let us both run together." I felt a giant's strength within me; and as our feet crashed against the wood it burst open,

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and we were precipitated into the room, almost falling over the body of Mrs. Haag, prostrate on the ground, weltering in a great pool of blood. A large clasp-knife lay beside her, red up to the very hilt; and by the window, with his arms folded, stood a man of large, heavy build, with dark gipsy features and lowering brow—a man who in the prime of youth might have been of comely form and handsome countenance, but who now, with the wear of more than fifty years' familiarity with crime and evil, bore more indelibly printed in his face the felon and the convict than ever the mark branded, but hidden, upon his shoulder could betray. With one glance at the miserable woman lying on the floor, the inspector sprang toward the man, who stood motionless, and staring at the body of his victim, and laying his hand on his arm he said, "Robert Bradley, I arrest you for this attempt to murder your wife, and for unlawful escape from penal servitude." No expression crossed the man's face—only the same dull, stony gaze.

"Do you hear?" said Keene, giving him a little shake; "and say nothing to criminate yourself now." There was no answer. "Policemen, do your duty:" and two advanced from the crowd now gathered in the room and on the stairs. They slipped the handcuffs on his unresisting hands, and then proceeded to lead him away. Meanwhile I had knelt down beside the unfortunate woman, and was feeling her heart and pulse. She still lived. "Send for a surgeon instantly," I cried; and a dozen of the lookers-on instantly scampered off to do my bidding. Then, with one cry of anguish, the prisoner burst from his captors and flung himself down beside the woman he had murdered. He raised his manacled hands, and tried to draw her head toward him and pillow it on his breast.

"O Molly, Molly, I've killed thee; I've killed thee!" There was a faint moan. "She's my wife, gentlemen; before God, she's my wife. I wanted her to come away with me and let us hide together, for we've both done bad enough; but she wouldn't—she bade me begone: she spoke so harshly, she looked so cruelly with her cold eyes—and I was mad, mad—and I struck her. Molly, Molly!'

With difficulty he was torn away, dragged out of the room and borne off by the police; then we lifted the almost lifeless body of his wife and laid her on the bed. How far she had been injured I knew not as yet; but something within seemed to tell me she had received her death-wound. I said as much to Inspector Keene when the room was cleared a little from the crowd, and he, I, and one or two women, who said they lived in the house, only remained. In less than a quarter of an hour two surgeons were on the spot, and we left them with the woman to make the necessary examination.

"This is indeed being 'in at the death,'" I said to the inspector as we stood outside.

"Yes, sir; yes. And I have been a consummate fool not to have foreseen what would happen." I saw he was looking unusually pale and agitated.

"How could you help it?" I asked.

"I ought to have given orders not to have allowed *him* to go into the house. I made over-sure of all being right."

"Depend upon it, Keene," I replied, "neither you nor any one else could have warded off what was *to be*. Another and a mightier hand than any human one has been in this. We may not question God's providence."

The inspector was silent. He could not get over it.

"If the worst comes to the worst," I said, "we must be ready to have her confession taken down. Surely she will speak at the last."

"Not if I judge her rightly, sir; she will make no sign now."

"Nay, I trust she will. If what we guess at is true, it is too terrible to think she will die with that upon her soul."

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"She is a Catholic, sir, I believe; she'll tell her priest, but what use is that to us?'

"If she does *that*, there will be no fear."

Keene shook his head despairingly. "I never made such a mull in my life before."

Just then one of the surgeons came out. We both eagerly turned to him with the same question: "Will she die?"

"Who can tell? While there is life there is hope. The wounds are very dangerous ones. There is little chance for her; still there *is* a chance. I am going now for instruments and dressings to my house close by. She ought to be in the hospital, but we dare not remove her. The sole hope is in staunching the bleeding; it has stopped for the moment, but the least motion will cause it to break out afresh. Who knows anything of her? who is responsible in the matter? We have heard no particulars as yet."

Keene explained in a few words all that was necessary.

"Can you tell me where to find the nearest Catholic priest?" I asked him as he went away.

"In the next street to this there is a small chapel. I know the priest attached, an excellent man, though he is a papist. Pardon me; perhaps you are a Catholic?"

For the hot blood had rushed to my brow involuntarily, not for the man's words, but at the grave thoughts which passed through my mind—the hope, the fear of what those ministrations I was going to seek would do for the wretched woman lying in that room.

"I am a Catholic," I said briefly; "but say anything you like, I don't mind. I'll come out with you, and you'll show me the way to find this priest."

I found and brought him—Father Maurice. He was a man who had grown old and grey in the care of souls, who had stood by many a death-bed, had been called to witness the penitence of many a dying sinner; never had his services been more needed than now. On our road I briefly related to him the circumstances, and all I knew of the poor creature to whose side he was hastening.

When we arrived, they told us she had been conscious for a few moments, but was now again insensible; that during that lucid interval she had murmured a name which sounded like Wilmot. "Send for Mr. Wilmot," the doctor had understood her to say. Keene and I looked at each other.

"Telegraph for him," I said.

"Would he come, sir, do you think?"

"Telegraph in Mrs. Haag's name. Simply say, 'Danger; come immediately.' That may bring him. He will get it in time to catch the night-mail."

Keene departed.

The room opposite the one where the injured woman lay was vacant, and I took possession of it, knowing that the inspector would station himself on the spot. Presently the two surgeons came in, and conferred together for some minutes in low tones. Then they turned to me and to the priest, who waited there likewise.

"We have probed and dressed the wounds, but she lies perfectly unconscious at present; two nursing sisters from the hospital have been sent for to take charge of her, and it will be necessary for one of us to remain here during the night. There is just a hope and no more. What we have most to fear is internal hæmorrhage. She may probably linger out the night, or even a day or two, in the event of no favorable change taking place. But her state is most critical."

"I shall go home and make arrangements for remaining here during the evening and night, if it is necessary," said Father Maurice in his quiet, determined way.

I expressed my thanks.

"There is no need," he said; "if all is well in the end, I shall have my reward."

When Inspector Keene returned he told me he had dated the telegram

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from my hotel, and that it would be best for me to return there by and by, and await the arrival of the night train. It was then between six and seven o'clock.

How that long evening passed I know not. There we sat, we three men—Inspector Keene, Father Maurice, and I—saying very little to one another, and the prevailing silence only broken by the low whispering sounds of the priest as he said his office, and the hushed footsteps of the surgeon, who remained coming in and out from time to time.

Oh! would she ever wake from that terrible unconsciousness? would no power of mind, no strength of body, no grace of soul ever be given her to unlock all the dark secrets of her heart, to clear the innocent and proclaim the guilty? Must she go down to her grave without one act of sorrow, unshrived, uncleansed, without a moment in which to make reparation for the terrible past, for all that world of shame and suffering that had fallen so crushingly upon guiltless heads?

It was just upon ten o'clock, and I was preparing to leave for my hotel, when Mr. Lovell, the surgeon, came in and beckoned to Father Maurice. They left the room together, and soon the surgeon and the two nurses came in. The former stooped down and whispered to me, "She asked to have a priest sent for, and I told her one was here. It seemed a relief to her. She has not been conscious more than five minutes."

The inspector looked across at me with an inquiring glance. I think he had grown suspicious of me, and feared I was conniving at some concealment about her confession.

"As soon as my *prisoner*" (laying a stress on the word) "comes to her senses, sir, I ought to be told. There's something to be got out of her before she gives us the slip, and I'll have no interference in the matter." The inspector spoke roughly. I took him aside.

"Keene, if you ever want to get at the bottom of what lies on that wretched woman's soul, believe me we have taken the best means to attain that object in allowing her to see Father Maurice."

"But *he* won't tell what she's said, bless you; I've seen them imprisoned for it. Not a word, Mr. Kavanagh, not a syllable, sir, shall *we* hear?"

"Very likely not from him. But *he* will make *her* tell."

The inspector stared at me with a cynical smile on his lips.

I continued: "Do you think *I* have no interest in wishing to probe that woman's soul, in longing—ay, with a longing *you* cannot understand — to know who committed that black crime which has robbed me of my dearest friend? Man, what is there at stake with you in comparison with *him* who has been driven from his fatherland and his home? What is *your* little professional vanity to compare with what *he* has lost—name, fame, position—everything most dear to him save one?"

"God bless you, sir, and you're right!" said the little man, wringing my hand; "and you'll please to excuse me. For hang me but I think I'm jealous of those priests. They seem to ferret out in one talk what it costs us detectives days and nights to hunt for, and puts us on our wits' ends. And one ain't a bit the wiser for it after all; they *do* keep it snug, to be sure. I'd give much to know their dodge."

"Ah, inspector, it's a 'dodge' neither you nor I possess. But leave this in God's hands. If there is anything that ought to be made known publicly, it *will* be known."

In a quarter of an hour Mr. Lovell went into the sick-room, and soon after Father Maurice came back to us. It was curious to see the suspicious glance which Keene cast upon him.

"I have warned her of her state," said the priest. "She seems to wish to make a statement to some proper person; Mr. Lovell advises that she should be allowed some rest now. Of

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course you will judge of what is best to be done, having the poor woman under your charge;" and he looked across at the inspector.

Keene colored up and shuffled his feet. "Of course it's as you and the other gentlemen think proper, sir," he said; then plucking up his courage, "There's a deal she's got to tell which *ought* to be known in *proper* quarters, though I know that gents in your profession ain't fond of letting on what they hear. But I'm responsible in this instance to government, sir; and I hope you'll remember it."

"Just so," said the priest coolly, but with an amused smile; "and it is in the presence of lawful authority, or proper witnesses, that she must make her statement, or, as you would call it, *confession*."

Inspector Keene was shut up. "Never heard tell of such a thing in all my life," I heard him mutter to himself; "this one can't be a *Roman*."

I waited for another report from the surgeon before leaving; and when he came in he said she had rallied a good deal, and that he thought no further change for worse would take place during the night; so I left, desiring that I should be sent for if anything did occur. The mail was due at half-past three in the morning, and there was all the probability of Wilmot travelling by it if the telegram had reached him in time. I determined to sit up and meet the train at the station.

At a little after three I was on the platform, pacing up and down in the chilly air of the early morning; the stars shone through the glazed roofing, and the moonlight mingled cold and pale with the flaring gas. Save a drowsy official here and there, I was alone—alone waiting for mine enemy. And yet but little of enmity stirred my heart in that still hour—only pity, deep unutterable pity. I had never liked Lister Wilmot much, even in old times; and of late—well, what need to think of it, though his sins had been great? But somehow the remembrance of past days stole over me—days when he and Hugh and I had been young; of pleasant hours passed together in social intercourse, of merry-meetings, and all the joyousness of young men's lives. Yes, even with the thought of Hugh Atherton before me, I felt softened toward the wretched man for whom I waited then. Shame, disgrace, and ignominy were awaiting him, and I was to lead him to it. After all he was a fellow-man, though he had disgraced his manhood. At last, with a whistle and a shriek, the train rushed into the station. I ran my eye along the line of first-class carriages, and presently saw a slight figure with fair hair alight on the platform. In a moment I stood before Lister Wilmot, and I never can forget the unearthly color which overspread his face as his eye fell on me. Had he been armed, my life had not been worth much in that moment.

"*You* here!" he hissed between his teeth.

"Yes, Mr. Wilmot; I am here to meet you."

"Then you sent that telegram, curse you!"

"No, not I, but Inspector Keene. Some one is dying, and has need of you." Perhaps my solemn face revealed something to him of the truth, for a change passed over his countenance.

"Who is it?" he asked with white, quivering lips.

"Mrs. Haag."

He threw up his arms wildly above his head. "Dying! O my God!" Then, turning to me, "How was it?" he asked.

I hesitated for a moment in pity. "She met with an accident," I said at last, not daring to tell him more at once.

"Where is she?"

It never seemed to occur to him that it was strange I should be there; the one piece of news I had imparted had stunned him with its shock.

"I will take you to her," I an-

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swered, and putting my arm in his, led him off to a cab in waiting. He never spoke all the while we drove to the house in Cross street, where the housekeeper lay, and when we got down suffered me to lead him up-stairs like a child. Inspector Keene met us at the door.

"I'm thankful you've come, sir; Mr. Lovell sent off a message to the hotel half an hour ago. The priest is with her."

"How is she?" uttered Wilmot in hollow tones.

Keene answered: "There's been a change; I don't know more. She has asked again for you," turning to Wilmot.

Mr. Lovell came in.

"Is this the gentleman, Mr. Wilmot?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Then whatever she wants to say had better be said now."

Inspector Keene touched me on the arm.

"You must take it down in writing, sir; here's pen, ink, and paper. You, Mr. Lovell, and I must sign it."

"Yes, yes. I will."

And we entered the room.

The housekeeper's face was turned from us when we came in. One hand lay outside on the coverlet—that white, well-formed hand, that looked more like a lady's than a servant's.

At the foot of the bed stood Father Maurice, and a nurse was bending over the prostrate form and wiping the moisture from the brow. She must have heard us enter, for she looked round, pale, ghastly, in the wretched light of the fire and candles. The surgeon went first, then Inspector Keene, then I and Wilmot. She marked each one as we approached the bed, eagerly, wistfully. At first Wilmot shrank behind me, and my tall frame hid him from view. Her lips moved.

"Where is he?" I heard her murmur. "Where is Lister Wilmot?"

The surgeon approached her with a glass.

"You must drink this; it will give you strength to speak."

He lifted her head, and she swallowed it; then turned her face once more toward us.

"Lister, are you there?"

He stood forward, but did not go near her.

"I am here."

She gave a low moaning cry.

Father Maurice went to her.

"Say what you have to say now, my poor sister, and make your peace with God."

"Raise me up a little," she said to the surgeon; and they lifted her a little on the pillow. Then in low broken tones, with many a pause for strength and breath, with the dews of death standing upon her pallid brow, with the vision of life and judgment to come nearing her moment by moment, in the presence of us all, Maria Haag made the confession of her life.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S CONFESSION.

'THEY tell me I am a dying woman; and though I feel as I never felt before, I can hardly realize it. I never thought to bring myself to say the words I am going to say, to tell the story I am going to tell. All my life long I have been a wicked woman. I don't ask your pity—I do not want it; and if you now feel pitiful, seeing me lie here, when you have heard all, you will turn from me with loathing and spurn the miserable creature before you. No, I never thought it would come to this—that I should wish to tell out the sins of my life. But I have listened to words this night that I have not heard since the days of my childhood, from the lips of that good man, and they have done what nothing else could do. I could fancy myself a child once more, kneeling at my mother's knee and saying the 'Our Father;' lisping the prayers I have never dared to teach *my child*. My child! O God,

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will he not curse his mother, knowing what she is, and what she has made him? My child, who will rise up in judgment against me at the last day, because in loving him I have worked his ruin! Better he had died, my fair-haired boy, nestling his baby head against my breast, cooing his baby cry in my ear, than live to be what I have made him. Better far we both had perished—mother and son—and been buried in one grave; the angels would not have veiled their faces then as they veil them now. Life and strength are ebbing fast, fast from me; and if I want to say all that I have to say—all the crushing load of guilty knowledge that lies upon my soul—I must hasten on. Lift me up a little more—it is hard to get breath—and turn my face from the light, sister. I can bear it better when it is dark. I go back to the beginning. One is standing there who has a right to know all I have to tell.

"I am a Belgian by birth, a native of Antwerp. My father was clerk in the custom-house there, and I was his only child. He and my mother lavished their love and their all upon me, and I received a very good education. At seventeen I met Robert Bradley; he was mate on board an English merchant-vessel. My parents looked down on him, but he loved me, and soon my heart was bent on him. We ran away together and were married at Plymouth. I never saw father nor mother nor my native place again. They died soon after; I broke their hearts. A year after our marriage my baby was born: it was the first joy unmixed with pain I had known since I left Antwerp when the boy was placed in my arms; it was the last I was ever to have. Six months after his birth Robert got into trouble; trouble that brought him in danger of the law. His employers dismissed him, and we were forced to quit Plymouth, where I had lived since our marriage whilst he was at sea. The little savings Robert had put by were soon gone, like his character, and we had to tramp, tramp, till we came to London. There he got temporary employment on the river; but he was changed. He was no longer like the Robert of old days, the man I had loved and for whom I had forsaken everything. Poverty pinched us very sorely; but if he had been what he was when I first knew him I would have minded nothing. But he degraded me, and I felt he would degrade my child. It was all I cared for now—my little boy; let him remember that. Oh! let him remember it, that he was all I loved and cared for! For more than a year we struggled on through misery untold. Robert drank terribly, and this vice brought out the coarseness of his nature, the low habits he had contracted amongst his seafaring associates. At last, when it came to seeing my boy wanting bread, I could bear it no longer; and one day I left the wretched hole where we lived, and with the child in my arms walked away from London. Miles away I wandered beyond the Surrey hills, with a little money in my pocket and my best and only gown on my back, lying down to rest in the sweet hay-fields or by the woodside, for it was summer-time, till at last one early morning I reached a little village, and sought rest and shelter at a small farmhouse. I found both, and I likewise found friends—or rather my child did. He was fair and winning with his baby beauty, and the mistress of the house took to him, having just lost hers. I stopped some months, helping her in all her household duties, for I was very thrifty and handy, and I earned my own bread and the boy's. But his future troubled me. I wanted money to educate him, to set him forward in life; and I determined to go into regular service. When my friends heard of this they offered to take charge of my little one, whom they loved as if he had been their own. So it happened that when I came across an advertisement for a married woman to take charge of a city merchant's house in London and act as housekeeper to him, I answered it. I referred to the people I lived

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with and to the clergyman of the parish, and finally was engaged by Mr. Gilbert Thorneley. Perhaps the low wages I asked induced him to take me; perhaps having seen me, his keen shrewdness detected there was a story that was mine, and so could trade upon it and grind me down. Anyhow I entered his service in the spring of 1832. Of my husband up to that time I had heard nothing. I assumed my maiden name, and carefully concealed every clue to finding either myself or my child. The kind people who had taken charge of the boy were named Wilmot. He was christened Robert; but they gave him the name their dead child had borne, and he went by the name of '*Lister Wilmot.*' I made no objection; it helped to conceal him from his father."

There was the movement of a violent shiver in the form that stood next to me, and a low muttered sound; I did not catch the words, but the dying woman must have heard something, for she paused and half turned her head, as if listening. Then after a moment she continued her narration:

"I have no need to describe to you Gilbert Thorneley's character. What right have I now, with death so close to *me*, to malign the dead? And yet I must tell, because it is part of the burden I am laying down, all the hatred, the contempt I felt for him as I got to know his meanness, his low cunning, his niggardly ways. The clerks he kept on miserable salaries, the workmen he employed and ground down to the uttermost farthing, all knew and told me of the heaps of wealth that were flowing into his coffers; how sum upon sum accumulated in his hands; and how his name was a byword and a proverb for a rich and prosperous man. And one hundredth part of that wealth had bought me the only joy I ever craved now—union with my child, and security for his future! I brooded over this in long lonely hours, brooded until I grew mad, until Satan entered into me, and I turned my face from God. Just at this time my master was away from home for many weeks. I did not know where he went, or on what business; but on his return he made two announcements to me: first, that he had bought a house and estate in Lincolnshire; and secondly, that he was going to be married. I replied I supposed he would now no longer want my services. To my surprise and dismay, he answered me by saying he should require me to go down to his new house and act there as housekeeper. He added he had discovered all about me, where my child was, and the whole story of my husband; that I was now in his power; if I would serve him faithfully I should never want for money, and that my boy should be forwarded in life. If I refused, he would make everything known, and put Robert on my track. I consented to remain in his service, and to do all that he required.

"I went down shortly into Lincolnshire to the Grange; and there he brought home his young bride. By this time I had got to know many of his secrets. I had sold myself to him and he paid me; handsomely enough for him, considering the miser that he was. His wife was not happy—how could she be? She was kept shut up in that dismal Grange from month to month, without a soul to speak to save him or me. He did not want *her;* he wanted her fortune. That has been told before. To spy upon her, to watch her, was my office down in those dreary fens; to walk with her, to attend her in her drives, never to lose sight of her except when with him. If she had liked me, if she had shown any kindness to me, I would have been her friend, and shielded her from the mean tyrant whom she called husband. But she treated me with haughtiness—with undisguised contempt; me, who had her in my power. I have hot blood and passions in me, cold and phlegmatic as I seem; and she roused the passion of hatred within me. During my residence in Lincolnshire, my husband traced me out through an accidental circumstance. We had one interview.

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He entreated me to return to him; but I would not. He threatened to keep an eye on me, to watch me. I dared him to it. Afterward I found that I had been foolish to brave him. A year after her marriage Mrs. Thorneley bore her first child; but before that an event occurred which influenced and sealed her fate. I detected her in two stolen interviews with a cousin of hers, an officer in the army. My master believed that when her aunt died she had no living relative left. I bear witness now that nothing passed at those interviews that all the world might not have heard; but I used my knowledge of them with Mr. Thorneley. I have said before he wanted her money and not her, and this cousin turning up, frightened him. He accused her of all that was most shameful, egged on by me. I was the richer for it. I had now a goodly sum put by for my boy. Then the heir was born; a weakly, puling child. You know what he grew up to be—an idiot. Mrs. Thorneley was very ill; I knew her husband did not wish for her recovery. I did not suspect he absolutely wished her death. At last she died—suddenly. Only he and I were in the room. *I* was that '*other person*' spoken of by him to Mr. Kavanagh. She died by prussic acid administered to her by him; and *I* discovered it. Henceforth *he* was in *my* power, not I in his. I kept silence, and the matter was hushed up with money.

"The baby was left to be nursed at the Grange; and my master and I returned to town. Once more I settled down to my old duties in the city house, bearing in my breast the knowledge of my master's fearful secret. All sense of right and wrong, all conscience, was deadened within me; the secret was mine—mine to turn into gold and riches for my child. I went down to visit him at the farm in Surrey; and as I pressed him in my arms I whispered to him of what he should be—a grand, rich gentleman.

"Two years after this time my master's widowed sister, Mrs. Atherton, died; and he adopted her only child, Hugh. I saw that this would prove either an aid or an obstacle to my plans. Very little, I found, was known about Mr. Thorneley's family; he had come to London as a lad, from a distant part of England. One evening I sought him, and opened my scheme to him. I had him in my power, terribly, irremediably; and he consented to it. I was to bring my boy away from Surrey, and he would adopt and bring him up as the child of another sister, with his nephew, Hugh Atherton. He was to retain the name of Lister Wilmot.

"Excepting during occasional hasty visits to the Grange, Mr. Thorneley never saw his son and heir. The child had been born an idiot; that he would ever be otherwise was hopeless.

"I went down to the little farm and brought away my boy—my little Robert. For two years he had never seen me, and had forgotten his mother. I brought him away from his friends, from all the pure, simple influence that surrounded him there, from the innocent joys of country life, from the wholesome atmosphere of honest toil and labor—brought him up to dwell in the abode of one whose hands were dyed with crime, brought him within the baleful influence of his mother's teaching. Too late now—too late; but as I see it all at this moment, it had been better to beg, better to die, than have brought him within the shadow of that man's gold.

"Once more my husband burst upon me. He was jealous, he said, jealous of my master, and he insisted upon knowing where his child was. With false promises I got rid of him. It was late in the evening when he came and went. He had a companion with him—an ill-looking Irishman, named Sullivan. That night the house was broken into. Being roused, I surprised one of the burglars retreating; he was the image of my husband, and yet it was not he, I felt convinced. But it gave me an idea. If I could swear to him and he were taken, he would be transported, and I should be free from

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him, at least for a time. I helped Inspector Keene to detect him by means of anonymous letters, and then swore to his identity. He was condemned and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. I have not much more to tell, up to last October.

"The two boys grew up together into young men—one the real, the other the pretended nephew of Mr. Thorneley—and as his joint heirs. Of his own son nothing was seen, nothing heard; he might have been dead, but that I knew he was not. If Lister Wilmot had only succeeded to one-half of Gilbert Thorneley's fortune his future would have been amply, brilliantly provided for. I coveted more for my son; he coveted more for himself. In those days he never knew I was his mother; but I had tended him when a child, and he used to confide in me. It was the only sweetness I ever tasted amidst the cup of bitterness I had prepared myself. He was proud and ambitious; I dared not tell him who he was. So he grew up in ignorance of our relative positions—he, the reputed nephew and joint heir of the richest man in England; I, his mother, that man's housekeeper and servant. He confided in me; and shortly after Mr. Hugh Atherton's engagement to Miss Leslie, I wormed from him that he too loved her. This and some money difficulties he got into at that time were harassing him sorely. I could not see my boy suffer and not try to help him—I could not see him thwarted in his love; and one day I went to his chambers and told him I possessed a secret of his uncle's, and would use it in his favor. He then said how jealous he was of his cousin, how fearful he felt lest Atherton, being Thorneley's favorite nephew, should at last be left sole heir. That evening I once more sought my master; and using all the power I had over him, extorted from him an oath that, with the exception of a nominal sum left to Mr. Atherton, a will in favor of my son as his sole heir should be made on the morrow. This was done. That will was read on the day of the funeral. After making it my master never seemed well or at ease; and day by day, hour by hour, I watched him in fear and dread lest he should revoke it. We were both hurried on mysteriously to our fate.

"On the 23d of October last Mr. Thorneley received a visit from Mr. John Kavanagh in Wimpole street. I misdoubted the object of the interview; watched, listened, and overheard in great part what took place. The sending for the two men servants, and their saying on returning to the kitchen that they had been signing their names to something which looked like a will, confirmed my suspicions. Then the devil once more entered into my soul. What! after all my toil, my watching, my sufferings; after having bartered my salvation for this mess of pottage, should my boy be cast adrift upon the world when the old man died, and not inherit a penny of the money he had been taught to consider rightfully as his own? Never. Perish rather and die. Die! The word haunted my brain and rang in my ears—die! Who should die but he, the old miser? Then a terrible resolve got possession of me, and I dressed myself and went out. The history of that evening is known to you all. *I* was the woman who met Mr. Kavanagh in Vere street; *I* was the woman who entered the chemist's shop and bought the poison; *I* was the woman who sent the money to James Ball and bade him not identify me. I saw the meeting between Mr. Atherton, whom I hated, and Mr. Kavanagh, whom I hated also, because he was his friend. I heard the whole of their conversation, and then the future opened out to me, lighted by the flames of hell. I went home; and scarcely had I arrived when first Lister came, and then Hugh Atherton. I heard them talking together; I heard my son say he was in trouble about money, and that he was going to ask for some. That was well. I had poisoned the old man's mind, and told him days before that Atherton was leading Lister into extravagance; that

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only my son had gained Miss Leslie's affections, he should never have come upon Mr. Thorneley for a sou. He was irritated against his nephew; this evening was the crisis. What I have related explains his words to Mr. Atherton.

"At nine o'clock I took up his usual refreshment. Ale *was* poured out in a glass, and into the ale poured out I emptied the paper of strychnine bought at the chemist's. Strangely enough, I did it unobserved by Barker. He little thought there was need to watch me. Strangely, too, Mr. Atherton never noticed that I spoke to Lister as I left the study. I said to him in a low voice: 'Don't give your uncle his ale to-night; let him get it himself.' The results were what I foresaw. Lister never stirred, and Mr. Atherton handed the glass to his uncle. I put the paper in the pocket of Mr. Atherton's overcoat as I passed through the hall on my way down.

"In the night I went into the dead man's room, took his keys, sought and found the will in the escritoire in his study. Mine were the footsteps heard on the stairs by the cook. I took the will and concealed it up in my bedroom, effectually as I thought; but it seems not. This is the history of that night of the 23d of October last; this is the mystery of Gilbert Thorneley's death. He was murdered by *me*."

The feeble voice ceased, and the weary head sank lower upon the pillow. We thought the end had come, and both priest and surgeon hastened to the dying woman's side. But it was not so; her task was not yet done. After an interval of many minutes she rallied again. Whilst she had spoken Wilmot gave no sign, save that one shuddering movement. I had rapidly taken down her confession in shorthand, standing just as we had entered, grouped at a little distance from the bed; and when she was silent I looked round at her son beside me. There he stood with his arms folded, motionless and rigid, his eyes fixed on the ground, his lips drawn tightly together, set and firm, and a dark heavy frown upon his brow. His face was deadly pale. "God move his heart," I inwardly prayed as I looked at him; for it was like gazing on a block of granite. Presently I heard Father Maurice say to her, "Are you able to speak without pain? You have said all that is necessary."

"No, no!" she replied, "not all;" and turned her face, on which the shadow of death was gathering fast, toward us once more. How long she had been unburdening her soul we had taken no count, and the grey dawn was stealing in at the window as she spoke again. It was opposite the bed.

"Will you undraw that curtain, sister?" she said; "I should like to look once more upon the sky before I die. It is very long since I dared to lift my face to it without dread; there seemed to be an eye looking down upon me with such terrible anger. It is gone now, the great fear. Can this be peace that is stealing over me? Peace for such as I?"

Father Maurice stooped down and spoke to her in a low tone, and I saw her hands fold together and her lips move. In a few moments she spoke once more. Her mind was wandering. "Robert! where is my boy?" and she started forward. "It is growing dark; why doesn't he come? Lister!"

Oh! the anguished longing of that cry, as if the mother's heart went out and broke with yearning! Would he, *could* he resist that appeal? "Mother!" I saw a wild movement beside me, and a figure rushed forward and flung himself on his knees by the bed. I saw him encircle the dying woman in his arms and press his lips passionately to hers. She laid her hands round his neck and smoothed his face, just as if he had been a child. "Robert, my little Robert!" The intervening years had passed away to her mind; the memory of crime and sin

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was taken from her, and only the consciousness of her child's presence was with her. "Forgiveness!" we heard her murmur; and she drew her son's head yet closer to her breast. Then there was a dead stillness. Once more the surgeon approached and touched Lister Wilmot on the shoulder. He raised his head a little, and the arms that clung round his neck fell powerless on the coverlet.

"She has fainted," said Mr. Lovell. Lister knelt on whilst restoratives were being applied, with his face buried in his hands. After a while consciousness came back; her eyes opened, and lighted up with a gleam of ineffable joy as they fell upon her son's bent head. She passed her hand caressingly over his hair, and then let it rest upon his shoulder.

"This is more than I deserved," she said; and her voice was fainter than when last she had spoken. "I ought not to have such happiness as this. Are you there, Mr. Kavanagh?"

"Yes, I am here;" and I went up to the bedside.

"I have done grievous wrong to your friend Mr. Atherton. Can you, can he forgive me?"

I told her yes, freely from my heart, and I knew I might say so from *him*. She moved her hand restlessly over Wilmot's hair, and a momentary look of trouble crossed her face.

I asked her if she had anything else to say to me; not to fear. That I prayed the Almighty Father to forgive her, even as I forgave any trouble she had caused me.

"My son, my poor boy! What will be done to him? He is innocent of the crimes I have revealed—innocent of the murder, innocent about the will."

Then a broken, hollow voice answered, "No, mother—not entirely. I suspected there was something wrong, but the temptation to profit by it was too strong."

She looked more troubled; and I thought she glanced at me piteously, imploringly.

"Do not let that disturb you. You may trust Atherton. Nothing will be done against your son. Die in peace."

"Robert, don't kill me! I have not got him here. He is safe. Little Robert, little baby! kiss me, kiss poor mother. It is very dark. I cannot see him;" and the poor hands wandered over the coverlet. We drew near, and the low solemn tones of the priest were heard saying the prayers for the dying. The red streaks of early morning shed their faint glow on the dying woman's face; her lips moved, and Wilmot passing his arm beneath her head, raised her a little on his shoulder; she stole her arm up round his neck, and we heard the words, "Forgive! Mercy!" There was a long struggling sigh, a gasp for breath; the blue-grey eyes opened once more and looked toward the eastern sky, then closed in death.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXEUNT OMNES.

THIS story which I have been telling, acted now long years ago, is wearing to an end. The unfortunate housekeeper's confession cleared up almost entirely what had mystified and baffled our inquiries for so many months; and, standing beside his mother's bier—the mother who had loved him all too well for her peace—Lister Wilmot, in the depth of his humiliation and the grief which the tide of natural affection, so recently aroused within him, had wakened, added what little was wanting to throw complete light upon the dark mystery of the past.

On the day before the remains of his unhappy parent were consigned to the grave, as he took his last farewell of the corpse, he told me his own story, his temptation and his fall. Alas! for him the sins of his parents had returned with double vengeance upon his head; the evil in them had reproduced itself in him. Deluded with the belief that

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he was the heir to immense wealth, he had given full swing to his besetting vice—gambling. The billiard-table, the gaming-house, and that curse to young men, secret betting clubs and societies, had been his familiar though unknown resort. There, too, he had met with and fallen into the meshes of a creature but too familiar to the frequenters of such places—a man (if such can claim pretence to manhood) mature in years, even to gray hair; one of those who gain the substance which supports their infamous lives by sponging upon the young, by entangling in their web young men destined to be the pride and hope of high-born families with stainless lineage; or the scions of noble houses; or the youth of houses not less noble, though perhaps more in the sense of present deeds than departed worth; or sadder and more shameful still, the young man who is the only son of his mother, and she a widow, her sole stay and support. Into such hands did Wilmot fall when he met the man Sullivan or De Vos. Through him he became mixed up in some disgraceful gaming affair; and De Vos used it to get him more thoroughly into his power, and upon the strength of it to extort money from him. Then came his real but misplaced attachment to Ada Leslie, and consequent jealousy of Hugh Atherton. An affection requited might have been his salvation; unreturned and hopeless, it became his moral ruin. Deeper and deeper he plunged into vice, faster and faster he gambled. None save those who haunted the same scenes as himself knew how far he was involved, how far lost; none even suspected a tithe of it, save one. But the mother's eye, the mother's heart could not be deceived. She whom he had been taught to look upon only as his uncle's housekeeper, who had nursed and tended and petted him as a child—she saw the care and trouble of his mind; she sought and won his confidence to a great extent. He told her he was overwhelmed with debt and difficulty, and she urged him to apply to Mr. Thorneley for a sufficient sum to free him at least from danger. That application was to be made on the very evening of the murder. She hinted to him darkly that she had the means of forcing Thorneley to give what he required, and that she would risk everything and hesitate at nothing for his (Wilmot's) sake. The first suspicion which entered his mind that she had indeed not scrupled even at the worst, was on the morning after Old Thorneley was found dead. This had strengthened more and more; but the temptation of his opening prospects, of the princely fortune which he found he alone was inheriting, dazzled, blinded him, and stupefied his conscience. A yet greater inducement to evil lay in the alluring thought that if the murder of Old Thorneley were saddled upon Hugh Atherton, and his disgrace, his banishment, if not his death secured, there might be a chance of winning in time Ada Leslie's affections for himself. To this end he had labored, ostensibly endeavoring to establish belief in Hugh's innocence, and acting as his best friend, but in reality undermining Mrs. Leslie's faith in him by the most subtle diplomacy, and shaking, by the most specious representations, Hugh's trust in and friendship for me. With Ada alone he had met entire defeat. Steadfast and unwavering had been her solemn, unqualified declaration that her affianced husband was guiltless; steady and unwavering likewise —God bless her for it!—had been her childlike trust in her old guardian. And this maddened him.

Then came Hugh's acquittal, accompanied by public censure and public disgrace. Here was a loophole through which a ray of hope gleamed upon Wilmot's dark soul. Atherton writhed beneath the shame that had fallen upon him with all the anguish of a keenly sensitive nature; and Wilmot played his game with this. He lost no opportunity of making Hugh feel his position; constantly, though akil-

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fully, he brought before him the shadow that was over him, and would artfully represent to him the magnanimity of Miss Leslie's conduct in wishing to share his blighted name and fortune. Hugh's first propostion of emigrating he had opposed outwardly, working in the dark to bring about its realization; and when Hugh was actually gone, he felt at last that the field was clear for him. Wilmot described his rage at finding that I had outwitted him as ungovernable, his desire for revenge burning and deadly. Then came the discovery of the will. Of its existence he had in truth been ignorant; and though suspecting some complicity in the matter on the part of Mrs Haag, once possessed of Old Thorneley's money, he had buried his suspicions in his own breast. Three days after the will was found by Inspector Keene, he received a letter from the housekeeper. In it she told him of their relationship in brief words, with no further explanation; she said that the discovery of the missing document involved her in serious trouble, and that she was hastening to Liverpool to catch the first vessel for America. Then he felt for the first time that his heyday was over, that the worst might shortly come; and he too began hasty preparations for leaving England secretly. In the midst of these came the telegram from Liverpool, and the subsequent tragic events.

This was the epitome of what Lister Wilmot (I keep his assumed name) told me the day before his mother's funeral. I said to him, "You have not explained one thing. Why, when I went down to the Grange, did you send De Vos to follow me and drug the coffee?"

"I did not," he said. "I knew absolutely nothing of it." And at such a moment I felt he was speaking the truth. He continued: "I have not seen De Vos for months; and I believe he has left the country."

I found afterward that another person was to clear up this remaining item of the mystery.

Of Wilmot I have little more to tell. In the abyss of his humiliation and degradation the message of divine mercy reached his soul; in the depths of his heart, chastened and purified, he listened and responded to its whisper. So far as Hugh Atherton was concerned he went scatheless; and through the generosity of the man whom he had so deeply injured, he was enabled eventually to emigrate to the same land whither his unfortunate mother was flying for refuge when she met her death. But before that he had a duty to perform, a stern, hard duty of pain; and he set his face to the work resolutely, unshrinkingly.

In the Liverpool prison lay Robert Bradley the elder, biding his trial for the murder of his wife; and from his lips we were to learn yet more to complete the history of the past. Once, and once only, the father and son met. In the bitterness of his trouble and his newly wakened penitence, Lister had turned and clung to the one who had ministered to his dying mother, and in Father Maurice, after God, he found his best friend. At his request the old priest went with him to that single interview with his father.

"I never meant to kill your mother, Robert," the convict said to his son. "Heaven is my witness, I never had a thought of harm to her when I went after her in Cross street. I loved her, ay, I loved her, little as you may think it now. I loved her though she left me, though she hid my boy away, though she brought him up not to know his father; though she branded me with a crime I never committed, and got me sent to prison and chains, and a life in comparison with which death will be sweet; though she spurned me and defied me, I loved her with all the might of my heart, all the passionateness with which I loved her when she came to me a fair young bride. Away in that penal settlement, amongst that hideous gang, beneath that burning sky, I had longed and thirsted more for one look at her face, for one touch of her hand, than

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I ever longed for a drop of water to slake my parching thirst or cool the fever of my lips. They tell me she has revealed the story of our lives—all is misery and shame. I have heard a few particulars. In one thing I believe I have wronged her; I thought her guilty of Mrs. Thorneley's death; I thought she wished to usurp her place. I used the threat of what I suspected to induce her to make up with me: but she spurned me from her; she told me she would die on the gallows rather than live with me again; and then the madness seized me; I struck her—once—twice—and killed her."

Of all that passed in that single meeting between the two Robert Bradleys little was heard; it was not meet that much should be known. They met solemnly, in bitterness, in shame, with agony in either heart, with a world of anguish, of feelings surging over their souls to which they dared not give utterance. They parted solemnly, but in peace: the son who had never known his father until now—and then in what a terrible manner! the father who had never looked on his child since the time when he had taken him on his knee and listened to his infant prattle. Parted, never more to meet on this side the grave.

I saw the convict once or twice before his trial came on, and I found from him that he had known Sullivan or De Vos all his life. That he was on his wife's track when she went down to the Grange, and De Vos was with him. That the latter, seeing I was bound thither likewise, and having reason to fear me both for his own and Bradley's sake, had given me the stupefying dose in my coffee at Peterborough Station, trusting to the results which did really happen. That it was his appearance which must have alarmed his wife and caused her to relinquish her visit to the Grange. Further than that he could give me no information. Strangely enough, the bad companion of the father had proved the bad companion of the son, though in totally different ways. There is nothing more to tell of Robert Bradley. He was tried, condemned, and sentenced to death; but the sentence was commuted to transportation for life by the exertions of his son. Father Maurice had the satisfaction of receiving from his lips the assurance before he left the Liverpool Docks bound for his final journey, that he accepted his sentence as the only expiation he could make for his long career of sin.

And what of those who were once so near and dear to me—dear still, though far away, Hugh Atherton and Ada, now for many years his wife—what of them? We never met again; humanly speaking, we never more shall meet upon this earth. There is a writer—to my mind the essayist *par excellence* of this age, with power to touch the finest chords and sound the most hidden depths in the heart of man—who says that he knows no word of equal pathos to the little word "gone." And it is the word which expresses the long blank, the great vacuum of all these latter years since they went away—since they have been among the "gone." And how is it, you will ask, my readers, that still they should be far away when all the storms and clouds which had shadowed their horizon passed away, and the sunshine and fair blue sky once again greeted them? Well, it was in this wise:

Tidings of all that took place in Liverpool were instantly forwarded to Hugh Atherton at Melbourne, and we thought we should welcome them all back to England ere long; but he did not come—he never will come now. He wrote that the thought of returning to England was insupportable to both himself and Ada; that they would remain where they were, and where he had received the greatest happiness of his life—his true and tender wife. They settled in Australia, some miles from Melbourne, doing much for the new colony in the way of usefulness; and Hugh devoted

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himself to the interests of his adopted country. His name is well known there, and it is coupled with everything that is good and great. I hear sometimes from them, most often from Ada. Her mother died a few years ago, and she has lost two children. They have three living, two boys and a girl; the youngest boy is called John after me. She would have it so. No, the old friendship between me and Hugh has never been rekindled into the same warmth; we are friends, but not the friends of yore. I do not blame him; he was blind, blind; and so we drifted away from one another, or rather he from me. It was just one of those clouds which come between human hearts because they are human; and then we see through a glass darkly whilst earth clings so closely about us. By and by all will be clear. He thought I should have confided his uncle's secret to him or Merrivale under the circumstances. Perhaps I ought. If I was mistaken, if I kept my solemn promise to the dead too rigidly, God pardon me; I did it for the best. But we may make mistakes in our shortsightedness, in our finite views, in our imperfect comprehension of events over which we have no control, and in which we have very little hand. If he outlives me, he will perhaps know this; and the knowledge of it, the memory of our ancient friendship will bring back the tenderness of his heart for me; he will feel, I pray not too sadly, that he also was mistaken when he withdrew the trust and confidence that never before heaven had for one moment been betrayed.

Some years ago I buried Gilbert Thorneley's idiot son; he lived with me up to the time of his death, harmless, but irrational to the last. It was a satisfaction to his guardian that with me he would receive every kindness and attention; and the poor fellow died in my arms, repeating in his indistinct and childish manner the words I had taught him to address to his Father in heaven—he who had never known a father's love on earth.

I am alone in my old study, and I turn to write the last page of my story.

The stillness of evening is creeping on afast, and the fire burns low; before it lies old Dandie—he is blind now and stiff with age. Neither he nor I can ramble out far into the country lanes, or across Hampstead Heath, as once we used. Years have come and gone, and the little golden circlet on my finger has grown thin and worn, but it will last my days. Shadows of the past are round me, and voices of the past are busily whispering in my ear. What is this that has fallen upon my hand? O Ada! is this "worse than foolishness," the tears should rush to your old guardian's eyes when he thinks of you, and writes your name for the last time? Nay, that has passed—past with the bygone years that have rolled on into eternity. A little longer, and the dark strait that divides us from our beloved shall "narrow to a thread-like mere;" a little longer spent in hope and patience, and then the end will come. Not now, Hugh—not now, Ada: I shall see you by and by.

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ORIGINAL.

DEVELOPMENT OF NATIONALITIES.

EACH age through which civilized humanity has passed, has its special characteristic. If, as most people admit, the nineteenth century has inaugurated a new era in the history of mankind, the characteristic of that era will be found in the rapid strides which the various races are making toward the attainment of a national existence. This development of nationalities is not, however, peculiar to our time; on the contrary, through its entire course modern history presents the same scene — a scene varied indeed and often interrupted, but preserving its unity to such an extent as to justify us in discerning therein a law of Providence. The constant yearning of each individual after happiness is used by philosophers as a proof that he is destined to one day attain it, and we are not quite sure that the noble aspirations of the great popular heart do not indicate on the part of the great Ruler a design to one day furnish it with a realization of its hopes. The individual attains his end in the future world—the people in the present. Those who respect but little the popular feeling call it mercurial. They are right. Dash some mercury on the ground, and observe how the particles you have separated float wildly on the surface as though seeking to be reunited. Do you see how naturally they coalesce when brought in contact? There is an affinity most perfect between these particles, and so there is between peoples of the same race. Both were originally separated by violence, and the process of reunion is in both quite natural. Modern history presents no picture more vivid than that of the disintegrated peoples of the earth slowly but uniformly tending toward a reunion of their separated portions. Just now the figures seem more distinct—they stand out in such bold relief that prejudice herself perceives them. A gigantic war, commenced and finished almost with the same cannon's roar, has knocked out the keystone of a governmental fabric once admired for symmetry, and rulers see that in their structures they must imitate those architects who seek for stones that fit well one with another. People say that Beelzebub once gave a commission to a painter, for the portrait of his good dame Jezebel, and that when the poor artist despaired of picturing a countenance fit for the queen of hell, the fiend turned to a collection of handsome women, and taking a nose from one, an eye from another, mouth from another and complexion from another, he manufactured so foul a visage, so dire an expression, as to cause the votary of art to die outright. Various fishes make a very good chowder, and various meats, well condimented, produce an excellent *olla podrida;* but history shows that the various races into which it has pleased God to divide mankind, cannot be indiscriminately conglomerated without entailing upon the entire body chronic revolution, with all its attendant evils. If you can so merge the individual into the country as the United States have done with their cosmopolitan population, no difficulty will be experienced; but if you take various peoples and fit them together as you would a mosaic, the contact will prove prejudicial to their several interests, and powers

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which would have otherwise developed for the good of the body corporate, will either lie dormant or exercise a detrimental effect upon the neighboring victims of short-sighted policy. Something more than interest is felt in noticing the way in which the peoples now enjoying national existence have attained so desirable an end; we are enabled to thereby judge, with something like accuracy, of the map those who will come after us must give of the world. So long as man is man, just so long will it be in one sense true, that history repeats herself; but we do not believe in that system of Vico which would make of her a mere whirligig—introducing now and then something new to certain portions of mankind in rotation, but nothing new to the world in general. Such a system might satisfy that conservative of whom some one has said that had he been present at the creation, he would have begged the Almighty not to destroy chaos; but our prejudices are against it, and though in avowing some prejudice we are pleading guilty to the possession of a bad thing, we think that in this case history will turn our fault into a virtue. We do not contend that modern times present a picture of national development according to the system of races so uniform as to contain no deviation whatever, but history does show us that such deviations have been more than counterbalanced by subsequent changes. The general rotundity of the earth cannot be denied, because of the inequalities of its surface. The American Republic furnishes us with no conflict of races on account of the fact already alluded to. The various peoples of Asia and Africa scarcely afford us a theatre for observation if we take our stand upon modern history, since for all practical purposes they are yet living in the days of Antiochus. Europe shows us a field worthy of research, for there were thrown together the mongrel hordes of Asia and the North, and with their advent and to the music of their clashing weapons a new scene unfolded itself to the gaze of man. With the fall of the Western empire commence all reflections upon modern history, for then dawned our era by the release from the unnatural thraldom of the Roman Cæsars of the innumerable peoples of the earth. To notice the manner in which these tribes grouped themselves into national and integral existence is our present purpose. In the early summer of 1866, had we been asked to classify the peoples of Europe, we would have spoken as follows: The nations of Europe worthy of consideration, and which are now regarded as united or "unified," are France, England, Spain, Sweden and Norway, and Russia proper. The nations as yet disintegral are Germany and Italy. The disnationalized peoples are those of Ireland, Poland, Hungary and her dependencies, Venice, Roumania, and Servia. Europe may hence be regarded as composed of, 1st, nations which are *in se* one and undivided, and leading therefore a national existence; 2d, peoples not under a yoke foreign to themselves, but still not one with others of the same stock; 3d, peoples governed by foreign nations. Of this latter class the most prominent evil is furnished by the heterogeneous Austrian empire, to compose which a draft is made on Hungary and the Hungarico-Sclavic dependencies, on Germany, on Poland, and on Italy. The late war has changed the situation somewhat, but the classification may remain unchanged.

The first class of nations became integral by the grouping together of peoples of common origin; and the steadiness with which they pursued their destiny and the easy manner in which they consummated it, cause us to believe that the others will yet attain a like end. Up to the time of Alfred, England was composed of seven kingdoms. The old Briton stock had been hidden in the mountains of Wales, and the Anglo-Saxon race, which held undisputed sway over the land, became one. France, now

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the most unified of all nations, was for centuries the most distracted. In A. D. 613, she was composed of four kingdoms: Neustria, Austria, Bourgogne, and Aquitaine. After the conquest of Neustria, Austrasia conquers Aquitaine in 760. The Romans found a new power in the north, but the people bear ill the yoke. The French kings give them the aid of their arms, and after various losses and successes Charles VII., in 1450, unites the regions definitively. The powerful duchy of Burgundy, which, for five hundred years, impeded the unity of France, was at length united to the crown in 1470. Spain, once composed of Leon, Castile, Aragon, and Navarre, was not unified until 1516. Scandinavia (Sweden and Norway) was, before the tenth century, composed of twelve states. It was then reduced to two, Sweden and Gothia, while in the thirteenth century these two were united. In 1397, the "union of Calmar" added Norway, and to-day the probabilities are not very small for the annexation of the remaining Scandinavian power, Denmark. Especial attention is merited by Russia proper, by which term we mean the nation so called exclusive of her foreign conquests, Finland, Lapland, Poland and her dependencies, Caucasus, and Georgia. The groundwork or foundation of this people in blood, language, and customs, is Sclavic. The proper name of the nation is Muscovy. When, in the middle of the fifteenth century, Ivan IV. shook off the Tartaro-Mongol yoke, the Muscovites commenced that headlong career of annexation and amalgamation which in four centuries has united more than twenty once independent Sclavic peoples, and has formed what is now denominated the Russian nation. Although not directly coinciding with him, we must here allude to the prediction of the first Napoleon that in a century Europe would be either Republican or Cossack. We half suspect that he leaned toward the first horn of his dilemma, and we do not think he imagined that his second should include a physical sway of Russia over Western Europe. If, however, the lance of the Cossack seemed to him to weigh heavily in the balance of power, history sufficiently justified him to prevent our regarding his remark as absurd. When he saw that either by force or persuasion the Sclavic peoples were being slowly but surely united, he might naturally regard as probable the incorporation of the remaining Sclaves of Poland, Bessarabia, Roumania, and Servia. Thirty years after he so talked, Bessarabia went the way of her sisters, and Roumania and Servia are year by year nearing St. Petersburg. We do not think, however, that history will warrant the application of Napoleon's theory to Poland and her dependencies, although they are Sclavic. When history shows us the innumerable tribes of Europe, left free by the fall of the Western empire, little by little grouping themselves by races and situation, so that in a few centuries are formed the nations now integral, she informs us that if such groupings were sometimes violent, they were still conquests *sui generis*. They were not *national* but *political*. The great Baron de Jomini, in his *Precis de l'Art de la Guerre*, insists most strongly upon the importance of a general understanding whether the war he is about to undertake be a national or a political war. We think the principle is just as important for the historian. A national war is one of a people against another; a political war, of a dynasty against another, either to revenge an insult or to extend its own domain. The effects of a national war are terrible, and the prejudices engendered are not easily eradicated; those of a political war are light, while there are entailed but few prejudices since the people have had no voice in the matter. In a political war the people are not conquered—they merely change masters, and often instead of receiving any injury

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experience a great benefit. Thus, when Ivan of Moscow conquers Novgorod, the Sclaves of Novgorod are not conquered—a dynasty falls and not a people. Such a conquest leaves behind it no heart-burnings in the masses, while, on the contrary, if the people united were hitherto not only disintegrated but also disnationalized, it is a consummation by all devoutly wished. Poland, however, belongs to another category, owing to the religious antipathy existing between her and Russia. So great has this hatred of late years become, that the war for the incorporation of the unfortunate kingdom is at last national, not political—a war of peoples and not of kings. Such a war cannot be terminated by annexation—nothing can end it but an annihilation of the popular spirit. Let us bear in mind, then, that if modern history shows us a gradual development of nationalities and of unity in national government, there are certain principles according to which changes are wrought. But how is it with the two nations of Europe as yet disintegral? Have they hitherto tended toward unity? An impartial and conscientious study of their history convinces us that they have been uniformly nearing the goal which more fortunate nations have already reached.

In the eighth century Italy was, the Roman States alone excepted, entirely in the hands of the barbarian. From A.D. 1050, however, the two Sicilies commenced to enjoy a half-autonomous existence, there being but a personal union by means of a common sovereign between them and the countries whose rulers successively wore the Sicilian crown. In 1734 the kingdom became independent, and thus in this part of the peninsula was made the first step to unity, namely, independence of foreign rule. Parma became independent of the foreigner while under the sovereignty of the Farnesi in 1545. Tuscany became independent in 828, and with the exception of eighty years, during which the German emperors unsurped the investiture of the duchy, remained so. The small republics need no allusion. Venice was independent from 697 to 1797. The Milanais was always more or less subject to the empire. Savoy and Piedmont were ever independent. Italy was slow in becoming free from foreign domination, but not so slow in the concentration of her strength. The innumerable states and principalities of which she was once composed gradually amalgamated, until in 1859 there were but seven; two hundred years ago there were twelve really independent of each other, and many more virtually so. We do not intend to touch upon the question of Italian unity in its bearings upon the independence of the Holy See. God will work out the problem long before any disputation of the point could come to a conclusion. This, however, we feel, that if Providence has guided the peoples of Europe in the way of national development, it is for the good of man and in aid of true progress; and if in the case of Italy no compromise can be effected without injury to Holy Church, the future of Italy will prove that she has not attained the end of other countries; but history will show that until now she has tended to it. When studying the facts of history, one should not allow his feelings to blind his perception of the scenes that pass before him, for his insincerity would prevent his being a successful defender of any cause however good.

A few reflections upon German history as bearing upon the theory of national developments cannot but interest us, both on account of the late war, and on account of the apparent objection accruing to our position from the fact of Germany's seeming to be an example of a great nationality slowly disintegrating herself.

The history of Germany may be divided into three periods: 1st, under the "Holy Roman Empire" until the rise of Prussia; 2d, under the same from the rise of Prussia until 1806;

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8d, under the confederation until the present day. In the first period there were an immense number of principalities, rivals not only of each other, but also of him who held the imperial sceptre. The emperor depended so much upon his foreign vassals for his influence that he could scarcely be regarded as a German sovereign governing German states. Suddenly Prussia arose from nothing, and with majestic strides overran nearly all the north; then for the first time the Germans beheld a power of respectable strength, essentially German. When a nation is divided into many parts, its first step toward unity is the acquisition of a centre toward which all may tend. We pass by the origin of Prussia since we are dealing with facts and not principles at present. We know it is the fashion with a certain school to excite sympathy for Austria by alluding to Albert of Brandenburg; but as we are of those who believe that a man's own sins are scarcely less discreditable to him than those of his ancestors, and have our memory fresh with recollections of the long unbroken chain of outrages which the House of Austria, when powerful, heaped upon the Church of God, we ask to be excused if we allow no false sentimentality to intrude upon us. The rise of Prussia and the interest manifested in her by the unitarian party, forced the emperor and the secondary princes to be more German, less foreign, in their policy. This second period, therefore, had elements of unity which were wanting in the first. The third period, however, gave something more. In 1806 Napoleon I. bade Francis II. abdicate his title of Emperor of the Romans, and assume that of Emperor of Austria, and then disappeared even the name of that which for two hundred years had been a shadow. Then came the federal union of all the German, and only the German provinces —a confederation in which the interests of Germany might be consulted without predjudice from foreign connections—a union full of faults, we confess, and in many respects a sham, but yet an advance toward national unity.

We know of no records by means of which we can ascertain the exact number of independent states with which Germany was accursed under the feudal system, but we know that after Prussia had swallowed up many there were before 1815 nearly a hundred. Before the late war there were thirty-seven. How many there are now the telegraph has not informed us, but we imagine the number has become small by degrees and beautifully less.

Since 1815 the march toward German unity has been more steady and more uniform than at any other period. The pressure exercised upon Austria by Prussia, upon the secondary princes by their people, has forced them to seek German rather than foreign alliances, to study German more than dynastic or local interests. The Zollverein, the Reform associations, the hue and cry openly made about unity, the very entrance of Austria into the Holstein war, and latterly the alliance between the liberals and a statesman whose principles they have uniformly opposed, all indicate the popular effervescence, and excite a suspicion that ere long Germany will be united. All the machinery of which governments can avail themselves is used by Austria and the secondary princes to ward off the danger which menaces them.

The friends of the system of which Austria is the last important standard bearer, give us a bit of news which, if true, would be interesting, since it would be the first time we could conscientiously receive it, that the cause of the Kaiser is the cause of the church; that to his banner are nailed her colors. The jackal follows the lion to pick up his leavings, but his eating them does not make him a lion. The fact of the matter is, that the history of the church gives so painful a picture of her struggles with kings and princes, that it is to us a matter of complete indifference whether the vic-

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tory be won by the impersonation of military autocracy, or by the sickly anomaly now catching at straws for an extension of life—unless, however, the victory of the former were to vindicate the principle that the peoples of the earth have rights to claim, and were to result in the end in the collapse of its winner, and the leaving thereby of a powerful nation in the hands of popular government. If this latter consummation is reached, we shall be ready to do what we can to attach the children of the church to a particular government, for we believe that then the church will have in Europe more than ever a fair show, so to speak, at humanity. The church is for the people, and for them alone—when she approaches a king, she approaches him as a man—and she need fear but little from those for whose interest she lives. The popular heart quickly conceives an affection, and is seldom mistaken in its impulses.

We have alluded to an opinion held by some that Germany is an example of a great nationality disintegrated after centuries of integral existence. If history deals with words and not with facts, if empty titles and enthusiastic notions are criterions of national condition, then that opinion is correct; but if the calling the Emperor of China the Child of the Sun gives him no solar affinity, we must hold the contrary one. The ancient so-called unity of Germany was not only an empty word, but the very *title* Emperor of Germany had no foundation in law. When the imperial crown was transferred from the French Carlovingians to the House of Saxony, its mode or conditions of tenure were not changed by the Holy See. Just as Charlemagne, though Emperor of the Romans, was not Emperor of France, but as before King of the Franks, so Conrad of Franconia, Otho of Saxony, and their successors were emperors of the Romans, and mere feudal superiors of the other German princes. If, in the lapse of time, the holder of the sceptre of the "Holy Roman Empire" (which alone was the legal title from which imperial rights derived) came to be called Emperor of Germany, the title did not originate in law, but in the common parlance of the Italians, French, and English, who recognized in the emperor a foreign prince, and who—at least the two latter—being naturally repugnant to the universal monarchy system, constantly insisted upon the emperor's primacy being as to them purely honorary. So much for the title. As for the Holy Roman empire itself, nothing to prove the ancient unity of Germany can be deduced from it. The public law of the middle ages was based upon the principle, then the foundation of all economy, of sacerdotal supremacy and princely subjection—a blessed thing for humanity at that time by-the-by, which thus found some protection from the tyrants who then ruled the earth. European government became hierarchical; at the head stood the pope, then came the emperor, then kings, etc. Now, according to the titles of courtesy in use at the time, it might be supposed that France and England were subordinate to the emperor, yet their constant history proves them to have been independent of his sceptre. If, then, this so-called resurrection of the western empire was purely nominal, was it merely honorific? Was there no authority attached to it? If there were none, especially as to Germany itself, of a part of which the emperor was a hereditary prince, we would conclude at once that as Europe could not then be called one, so could not Germany. Our proposition, however, is not so self-evident.

There was an authority resident in the imperial sceptre over the princes of Germany, but for all matters of practical importance it was, with the exception of a few privileges, the same as that enjoyed over Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, etc., viz., that of right of investiture. If, however, from this fact of imperial suzerainty any argument can be gathered for the ancient unity of Germany, we must say that at the present time Egypt, Roumania, and Servia are

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one with Turkey, Liberia one with the United States. If before the late war Germany was not integral, it was not so under the ancient system. Then it had an emperor, in our days it had a federal diet—the emperors' decisions were generally laughed at, while the decisions of the diet were respected when allowed to decide. Nor, while speaking so disparagingly of the imperial power, do we allude to the time when the imperial dignity had become a mere puppet show—to the period between the rise of Prussia and the annihilation of the title. We need not confine ourselves to the time when the great Frederick could laugh at his "good brother, the sacristy-sweep," trying to rival his power; the same want of efficacious influence was ever felt from the day when Conrad accepted the diadem—one only period excepted, that of Charles V., and even he was wanting in force, and was obliged to succumb to his powerful "vassals." The history of no country, either in Europe or in Asia, can afford an example of such persevering strife for ascendency as that which the princes of Germany presented, either among themselves—the emperor a spectator—or united in factions against him and his factions. The imperial dignity was in some things great, and over some periods of its existence there is a halo of glory, but only in its external relations. The Hohenstaufen emperors were by inheritance both internally and externally powerful princes; their principality of Suabia and their immense possessions of the Palatinate furnished them such a number of personal vassals that they did much toward making the imperial sceptre respected, while their kingdom of Sicily and lordship of Milan caused them to be feared without. But then it was not the emperor who was feared, but the Prince of Suabia, the Count Palatine, the King of Sicily, and lord suzerain of Milan and Tuscany; just as under the Hapsburgs and the Lorraines it was not the emperor but the Archduke of Austria, King of Hungary, of Lombardy, of Naples, of Illyrium, who, by means of his personal and hereditary states in foreign lands, commanded that respect from his German rivals which a purely German emperor never extorted. The unity of Germany under the Holy Roman Empire was therefore not of fact. It was an idea—quite poetical certainly, but still an idea.

When we consider the obstacles which had to be surmounted by those peoples who have already attained a national existence, we must fain believe that those who are yet panting for it will not be long disappointed. Roumania and Servia have been for centuries dreaming of independence, but we must remember that only at a recent period did civilization commence to act upon their peasantry. Even now many of the boyards seem to be removed scarcely a generation from their Dacian ancestry. All the Sclavic peoples of Eastern Europe have much to acquire before they can be called fully civilized. The tyranny, however, to which they owe most of their backwardness has of late years very much diminished, and already they commence to ask themselves the question which has so long preoccupied other minds, Are the people created for the ruler, or is a ruler established for the people? When men commence to think seriously on such subjects, action is not far off. Bucharest and Jassy have been the scene of tumults which have made many a European conservative cry out that nothing but an iron rule will benefit the Roumanian—that Roumanian nationality will prove a seminary of trouble for Europe. We believe in lending a helping hand to a degraded people that they may in time raise themselves to the level of their fellows—we would deem ourselves worse than their tyrants if we regarded the passions which tyranny has engendered as an excuse for that tyranny's perpetuation.

A bright day seems to have dawned for Hungary—at least so think the Austrian wing of the Hungarian patriots. For these gentlemen the un-

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germanization of Austria means that Pesth is to be the capital of a new heterogenous empire. They should remember those long years during which they mourned the short-sighted policy which drowned Hungarian nationality for the benefit of Germany, and reap from them a knowledge of other sins they will commit if they repress those nationalities which are as sacred as their own. Heaven cannot bless those who claim liberty for themselves and deny it to others.

And in the midst of this conflict of the peoples of the earth for real or imaginary rights, how fares the church of God? Excellently well, for no change man will here below experience can ever unman him. So long as there are people on the earth, so long will there be souls to save, and the church will be ever on hand to do the work. But there is more to be said. Of those people who are now so strenuously laboring in the cause of liberty, a large proportion are outside of the church. Many of them are working from a pure love of justice, as God has given them the light to see it, and if they are true to their natural convictions the supernatural will yet be engrafted upon them. It cannot be denied, however, that there are many who throw their weight into the scale of liberty because they think Catholicity is in the other scale, and that they will hence contribute to weakening the hold the church has upon man. Would they could live to see the day when liberty shall have triumphed—were it only to realize the true mission of that church they now so bitterly hate! From the day the church entered upon her glorious career she has been constantly contending with the potentates of the earth. Her first struggle was with brute force, and she triumphed. Her second contest was more terrible, for the means brought against her were more insidious. Under the pretext of honoring her, the gods of the earth encircled her limbs with golden chains. How pretty they seemed, and how complacently some of her members regarded them! How anxiously some yearn after them yet! But they were torn away, and—great providence of God!—by those who thought to thus ruin her. Her enemies say she yearns for that society now disappeared. Has she forgotten how much those struggles cost her? Gentlemen of the liberal world, you are mistaken if you think the church fears the success of your designs. You are another illustration of the truth of the saying, that God uses even the passions of men to further his ends. When you will have succeeded in obliterating all artificial distinctions of caste and privilege, and will have actuated your vaunted ideas of liberty and equality, the church will confront you, and thrusting you aside, will render real what with you would always be an idea—fraternity. Those who now applaud you will lift from the church their eyes of suspicion and jealousy, and will realize how greatly you were mistaken when you called her retrograde and tyrannical.

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PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND CHRISTIAN REVELATION.

BY REV. JAMES A. STOTHERT.

If the philosophers of the nineteenth century are proud of its scientific character, it is not without reason; if they congratulate themselves on having penetrated further into the secrets of nature than their predecessors, the impartial judgment of future times will confirm the opinion. It is no ordinary age that has, in the first half of its course, produced men of the first eminence in every branch of science, and contributed discoveries, remarkable alike for their intrinsic value, and their influence on the welfare of mankind. The progress of the physical sciences, since the year 1800, has been rapid and unprecedented; some of them have assumed a character and position entirely new, in consequence of the number and brilliancy of the discoveries, and the importance of the principles unfolded in relation to them. Another era in the history of chemistry opened with Dalton's atomic theory, aided by the amazing industry of Berzelius, in its practical application; the labors of Davy, in reducing the number of simple elements by means of voltaic electricity, and Faraday's patient and ever-advancing discoveries in the wide field of electro-magnetism, have developed chemical science to an extent, and in a direction, which a former generation would have deemed fabulous. During the same period, geology has been rescued from neglect, and from serious charges of unsound tendencies, and been placed in deserved rank among the sciences by the eminent labors of Smith and Buckland, of Sedgwick and Delabeche, of Lyell and Murchison, and Miller. The stamp of the age has been put on the science of optics by the discovery of the polarization of light by Malus; by the subsequent extension and perfection of that discovery by Brewster and Arago; and, more remarkably still, by the profound investigations and independent research of Young and Fresnel, on the subject of the wave theory of light. Zoology, especially in its bearing on geology and the history of the earth, has been carried to astonishing perfection, by the intuitive genius and sagacity of Cuvier and Agassiz and Owen and Forbes. In the history of astronomy, the queen of the sciences, the nineteenth century must be ever memorable as that in which was first established the appreciable parallax of some among the stars commonly called fixed; at once spanning the hitherto illimitable abyss which separates the solar system from those distant luminaries, and opening up to human intelligence clear and better defined views of the vastness of the universe. The names of Bessel, Struve, and Argelander, of Airy and Lord Rosse, and the two Herschels, are associated with observations and discoveries, for which future ages will look back to our time with admiration and gratitude. The more recent observations of Herschel on Multiple Stars may be assumed to have established the existence of the great law of gravitation in regions of space, so remote from our sight, that the diameter of the earth's orbit, if searched for at that distance, through telescopes equal to our most powerful, would be invisible. The circumstances attending the discovery of the most distant planet, Neptune, are perhaps the most extraordinary proof of the high intellectual

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culture of our time. Another planet, Uranus, its next neighbor, had been long observed to be subject to perturbations, for which no known cause could altogether account. By an elaborate and wholly independent calculation of these disturbances, and a comparison of them with what would have resulted from all the known causes of irregularity, two mathematicians, Leverrier in France, and Adams in England, were enabled, nearly at the same time, and quite unknown to each other, to say where the disturbing cause must be, and what must be the conditions of its action. They communicated with practical astronomers, and told them where they ought to find a new planet; telescopes were directed to the spot, accurate star-maps were consulted, and there it was, the newly discovered planet Neptune, wandering through space, in an orbit of nearly three thousand millions of miles' semi-diameter. Other discoveries had been the result of good fortune, or the reward of patient accuracy and untiring perseverance; here discovery was anticipated, and directed by the conclusions of purely mathematical reasoning.

The nineteenth century, little more than half elapsed, can also point with satisfaction to numerous observatories in both hemispheres, where, in nightly vigils and daily calculations, the accumulating observations and details are amassed and arranged, which for years to come are to guide the mariner through the pathless seas, and to furnish materials for future generalization in regard to the laws of the physical universe; where untiring account is kept of those occult and variable magnetic influences which permeate the surface of our globe and the atmosphere around it, to which the distinguished Humboldt first urged attention, and in the investigation of which the names of Kater and Sabine are conspicuous. In chemical laboratories at home, and on the continent, the progress of investigation into the internal constitution of matter is so extensive and so fruitful in results, that as we were lately informed by an eminent chemist, it is hardly possible even for a professional man to keep up to the mark of weekly discovery. The triumphs of steam-power in connexion with machinery; the perfection attained by modern engineering, and the multiplication of its resources; the wonderful results produced by the combination and division of labor, illustrated by the completion of vast works, and the supply of materials for our world-wide commerce; and, not least of all, the application of the electric current to the transmission of messages, originally suggested by a Scotsman, in the year 1753,* and perfected by Wheatstone and others, the influence of which, in flashing intelligence from one side of the world to the other, is not improbably destined to act more powerfully than that of steam and railway communication, on the future history of mankind; all these valuable and enduring evidences of the scientific pre-eminence of our age, are no inconsiderable or unreasonable cause of elation and self-congratulation among contemporary philosophers. There never was a time when juster views on the subject of physical science were more generally diffused among the community at large; when a readier ear could be gained for any new and well-supported claims of science; when the public mind thirsted more eagerly for fresh draughts from the fountain of knowledge; or when more competent persons were engaged in providing means for satisfying this universal thirst. Scientific societies are numerous and active; mechanics' institutes, philosophical associations, athenæums and other reunions of a kindred nature, are organized and flourishing in every large town in the country, for the purpose of conveying a little rill of this coveted knowledge to the tradesmen and artisans in the short intervals of their daily toil. The very credulity with which

* See Scots Magazine, February, 1753.

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some unscientific and preposterous theories of motion have been lately accepted and believed by multitudes of educated persons, and which Faraday has the merit of first boldly denouncing, is another proof of the desire of something new in physics, which animates large masses of thinking men, and which is often much more developed than their power of distinguishing what is true from what is false, or empirical, in the philosophy of nature.

The contemplation of this picture of the nineteenth century suggests a question of some moment: What is the relation of this scientific development to revelation? What influence is it likely to have on the conclusions of faith? A simple mind, or a simple age, receives these implicity: will the influence of science on either dispose, or indispose it, to similar confidence? Are modern discoveries likely to throw a reasonable doubt on the province of revelation; or are they more likely to reflect light upon it, and establish its landmarks?

This is a question of the last moment. The age is bent on acquiring knowledge; it is justly elated by its progress in search of this precious gift; and, all the while, its dependence on the great truths of revelation is not less than that of a simple age. Faith, if ever necessary, is not less so now, than when all the brilliant discoveries of our era lay in the folds of the future time. They will not, with all their brilliancy, direct and save one human soul, or illuminate the obscure region which lies beyond the grave. If science must dissolve the charm of belief, alas! for the elation of our age at its own high attainments; better had it been for it that the ancient ignorance of physical laws had never been dissipated, than that its dispersion should have been so dearly purchased.

Of course, by revelation, the author must be understood to mean the whole will of God, revealed to the world, and taught by the Catholic Church; as well that part of it which Protestants reject, as the mutilated part of it which the greater number of them are agreed in accepting; all the doctrines peculiarly and distinctively belonging to Catholicity, together with others which it holds and teaches in common with all calling themselves Christian. What relation, then, we ask, has the modern advance of science to this undivided sum of revealed truth? Is it one of hostility or of harmony, of illustration and confirmation, or of antagonism? Is physical science the handmaid, or the enemy of faith?

(1.) Now, a very great number of persons, understanding revelation in the sense in which we have defined it, would answer this question by saying that science is the enemy of revealed truth, as maintained by the Catholic Church; that the more generally scientific and accurate ideas of the laws and constitution of the physical universe are diffused, the more difficult must grow the belief of sensible men, claimed by the Catholic Church for apparently impossible exceptions to those laws. We can even imagine some good Catholics, little versed in scientific pursuits, of the same opinion, and therefore jealous of this general craving of the people for secular knowledge. Among the Protestants of this country it is currently believed that the Catholic Church is as keenly and doggedly opposed to science as science is to her; that her unchanging policy has always been to keep her children in ignorance, so as the more easily to subdue their intelligence to her bidding.

(2.) An answer of a different kind we should expect to receive from a numerous class of friends, and from a few opponents; namely, that the relation of science to revelation is one of indifference, as they belong to spheres of knowledge totally distinct and independent. A few remarks on each of these answers will best introduce the author's own attempt at a solution of the question.

As to the first: well-informed and

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candid inquirers into the truth of things are beginning slowly to perceive that the Catholic Church has been misrepresented, as invariably the enemy of science; especially in the critical and much agitated controversy of the geocentric and heliocentric theories of the planetary motions, which has been chosen as the weakest point of attack. Two writers of the highest eminence in science, with no religious bias whatever toward Catholicity, have given remarkable testimony on this subject. Sir David Brewster in his Life of Galileo has adopted a tone of fairness to the Catholic Church, unhappily rare in Protestant treatment of such topics in general. We do not think he has done full justice to Galileo's Roman judges; but, at least, he has given the Roman pontiffs some credit for their patronage of men of science. We recommend the whole life to the notice of our readers, and shall cite the following passage from it. After mentioning the pension granted to Galileo by Pope Urban VIII., in 1624, Sir David adds: "The pension thus given by Urban was not the remuneration which sovereigns sometimes award to the services of their subjects. Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The sovereign of the papal state owed him no obligation; and hence we must regard the pension of Galileo as a donation from the Roman pontiff to science itself, and as a declaration to the Christian world that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the church of Rome was willing to respect and foster even the genius of its enemies." *

The other writer whom we shall cite is a no less celebrated authority in science than the present astronomer royal, who, while condemning the treatment which Galileo received at the hands of the Roman Inquisition, is free to admit that Rome did not always oppose science; and even this qualified admission, from so eminent a person, is worth a good deal to our purpose. His remark is this: "This great step in the explanation of the planetary motions was made by Copernicus, an ecclesiastic in the Romish Church, a canon of Thorn, a city of Prussia. The work in which he published it is dedicated to the pope. At that time it would appear that there was no disinclination in the Romish Church to receive new astronomical theories. But in no long time after, when Galileo, a philosopher of Florence, taught the same theory, he was brought to trial by the Romish Church, then in full power, and was compelled to renounce the theory. How these two different courses of the Romish Church are to be reconciled, I do not know. But the fact is so." *

We are not concerned at present with Galileo's unhappy story, further than to remark, that there is as usual much to be said on the side of his Roman judges, which is perhaps nowhere so well said as in the pages of the Dublin Review, No. IX., July 1838. The views there advanced have never been called in question; we may therefore assume that they are substantially unassailable. As to the general question of the assistance which the Catholic Church has lent, directly or indirectly, to science, we should like to know what other church, or body of ecclesiastics, has done anything in this field compared with the labors and the successes of the Society of Jesus alone. The names of Clavius and Kircher, of Boscovich, De Vico, and Pianciani, may stand for a memorial of the prosperous union of science and Catholic revelation.†

* Martyrs of Science, ed. 1846, p. 63.

* Airy's Lectures on Astronomy, p. 85.

† F. Christopher Clavius, S. J., an eminent German mathematician and astronomer, was employed by Gregory XIII. in the reformation of the calendar. His Gregorian Calendar, published in 1581, was tardily adopted in Protestant countries, and now regulates our system of leap-years. His collected mathematical and scientific works amount to five volumes folio. He was killed in 1612, aged 75.

F. Athanasius Kircher, S. J., also a native of Germany, was a diligent cultivator of science. His works, in twenty-two folio and eleven quarto volumes, embrace learned and original treatises on many recondite branches of physical science; on Magnetism, Optics, Acoustics, Geography, etc., etc. He filled the chair of Mathematics in the Jesuit Roman College, and laid the foundation of its extensive and

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As to the second solution of our question—that science and revelation are indifferent, because entirely dissimilar to each other in nature and objects; it appears to us that analogy points quite the other way. For, (1.) they both have a common origin in the will of God; and it is not unreasonable to expect that they shall exhibit some traces of common principles. And this, especially, if we direct our attention to the difficulties which lie in the way of our acceptance of the conclusions proposed to us by either; if they are actually found to resemble each other in many of these, their relation can no longer be considered one of indifference. Nay, on the principles on which Dr. Joseph Butler constructed his immortal work, if revealed truth proceeds from the author of nature, we may expect to find the same difficulties in it as we find in nature. And, conversely, it is no objection to the divine origin of revealed truth, that its reception implies difficulties as great as the acceptance of the facts and laws of nature presupposes us to have overcome. And, (2.) we may argue from the mutual analogy of other sciences to one another; how dissimilar soever they appear to a superficial observer to be, there is a community of principles, and of general laws, which binds them together, and connects them with their common origin in the divine mind. This idea is, as many of our readers are aware, beautifully developed by Mrs. Somerville in her charming work on the Connexion of the Physical Sciences.

From these preliminary remarks, the author's own solution of the question of hostility, or indifference, between science and revelation may be gathered; namely, that though in their nature, objects, and details widely separated, yet they are linked together by a thousand delicate ties, unperceived by a careless observer, but well repaying elaborate study. Science is the true handmaid of Revelation, doing service to the superior nature, but exhibiting tokens of a commission to do so, imparted to her by the divine creator of both. The author has devoted some attention to this interesting subject; and at some future time, if granted health and leisure, he hopes to state and illustrate his views more at large, and in a more permanent form; meanwhile he proposes briefly to sketch some of the conclusions and trains of thought suggested to him by these studies; confining his remarks entirely to those portions of revealed truth which are the exclusive property of the Catholic Church, and which are generally known in the Protestant world as popish doctrines, such as the Blessed Eucharist; the question of Miracles in general; and all that is supernatural and imperceptible to the senses in Catholic belief.

I. A preliminary difficulty lying in the way of belief in the supernatural character of revealed religion, is the flat contradiction which it apparently gives to the evidence of the senses, the manifest discrepancy between what is alleged and proposed to our belief, and what is seen with our eyes, and appreciated by other sensuous organs.

valuable museum. He died at Rome, in 1680, at the age of 79.

F. Roger Joseph Boscovich, S. J., a native of Ragusa, filled the chair of Astronomy in the Jesuit Roman College for thirty years, and was highly distinguished for the depth, originality, and variety of his acquirements in Natural Philosophy. He published several valuable treatises on the philosophy of Newton, on optics, etc. He is best known out of Italy for his ingenious theory of the molecular constitution of matter: a theory which the increasing knowledge of more modern philosophy has only confirmed. After the suppression of his order in 1773, he was welcomed to Paris, and taught philosophy there for a time; but returning to Italy, he died at Milan, in 1787, aged 75.

F. De Vico, S. J., was also an eminent astronomer in the Jesuit Roman College. His discovery of several comets introduced him to the circle of men of science. When the Jesuits were driven from Rome in 1848, he was received with open arms in the United States; but, unhappily for science, he died in London a very few years ago, while procuring instruments for his observatory in the far West. He was highly esteemed and beloved by his pupils, of whom there are many in this country.

F. Piancani, S. J., for many years taught chemistry in the Jesuit Roman College. He is admired for the simplicity of his manners no less than for the valuable contributions he has made to the literature of chemical science. Besides a larger and smaller treatise on it, he has published a work on the cosmogony of Moses; and, we believe, is still preparing other treatises for the press.

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Modern science, however, is as inexorable in her demands on human credence, in defiance of the senses, as was ever revelation on the assent of faith. The senses have their empire much restricted by the canons of our philosophers. For, (1.) it is fully established that each organ of sense is susceptible of one class of impressions only, which it passes on to the sensorium, or seat of thought. Thus the organ of vision admits and communicates impressions of light alone; that of hearing, impressions of sound, or of the wave of air set in motion by the cause producing sound, and no others. The organs of taste and smell, in like manner, have their own classes of susceptibilities, which, again, are not the same as those belonging to the nerves of touch. For every other class of impressions than its own, each organ of sense is absolutely inert and useless. The eye can take no cognisance of sound, nor the ear of light: if the eye can feel a touch, it is because certain parts of its structure are furnished with branches of the nerves of touch; and so of the rest. Electricity alone seems to have the remarkable power of exciting in all the organs of sense, sensations proper to the nature of each; in the eye, for example, a flash of light; distinct sounds; a phosphoric odor, a peculiar taste, and a pricking feeling, in the same person at the same time.* Again, (2.) sensations arising from those impressions are so exceedingly complex, that we attribute many more of them to each separate sense than really belong to it. By habit we have become so much accustomed to associate several of those impressions together, as to be unable, without difficulty, to analyze them, and to separate the simple results of the sensuous impression from the more complicated judgments which experience and reason add to it, and by which they interpret it. The eye, for example, receives and conveys impressions purely and solely of light, and its absence, including those of color, which belong to light. Form, extension, sense of distance, etc., are no part of the simple impression made upon the eye, and through it upon the mind, further than they influence the condition of the light, as by bounding it, shading it, etc. These belong exclusively to the sense of touch, combined with experience, so as to be suggested, without actual contact, by certain conditions of light. An inexperienced eye, looking for the first time at a plain surface, as a disc, or at a cube, or a ball, would see only the color, and the edges where that changed. It could not enable the mind to judge how far the object was distant; nor why the light and shade were differently disposed in each; why the light reflected from the disc was uniform, and bounded by a circle, while that from the ball was softly shaded, though bounded by a circular line similar to the disc; nor why the light coming from the cube was divided and bounded by straight lines and sharp angles. To judge of these peculiarities, and their meaning, touch must come to the aid of sight; and afterward memory will recall the conclusions of former experience; and comparison will enable the reasoning mind to form a judgment regarding the shape, size, and distance of the object. In a similar manner, the organs of hearing convey impressions of sound alone; distance, direction, exciting cause, are quite out of the province of its information. Sight and touch, and experience and judgment, all enter into the complex information, now communicated to a practised observer. This fact is strikingly exemplified in musical sounds. A skilful musician will tell you the notes and chords composing a series of such sounds, in which an uninformed and unpractised ear will be able to detect nothing but concord or discord. Thus Mozart, at two hearings, was able to note down the score of Allegri's *Miserere*. Thus, too, there are many substances which we judge of

* Sommerville's Connexion, etc., § xxix. p. 339. Carpenter's Manual of Physiology, § 933.

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by taste, as it is supposed, but which are in reality operative on the sense of smell. For instance, if the nose is held while eating cinnamon, we shall perceive no difference between its flavor and that of a pine shaving.* The same fact is observed with regard to many aromatic substances: if held in the mouth, or rubbed between the tongue and the palate, the nostrils being all the while closed, their taste is hardly, if at all, recognized; but it is immediately perceived on reopening the nasal passages. Thus, too, the wine-taster closes his mouth, and sends the aroma of the wine through his nostrils. Other substances, again, there are, neither aromatic nor volatile, whose taste very strongly irritates the mucous membrane both of nose and tongue, as mustard does, for example, just as it would the skin, if applied long enough externally. Such a sensation, therefore, as the taste of mustard, evidently belongs to the organs of touch, differing in degree of sensibility only. Hence we are taught that the substances properly the objects of the sense of taste, are those only which produce sensations purely and exclusively gustative, perceived neither through the nose nor through the nerves of touch, but acting on the tongue and palate only. Salt, sugar, quinine, tannin, and citric acid, types of the saline, saccharine, bitter, astringent, and sour, are said to possess sapid properties.† From these simple considerations it appears undoubted that the province of each separate organ of sensation, and its resultant impressions on the mind, are much limited, when compared with the wider empire attributed to them by popular language and opinion. Reason is ever correcting and enlarging the simple impression, adding the conclusions of experience and judgment and comparison to the primary suggestions of the sensation; making allowances for what is faulty or imperfect; measuring circumstances, and comparing all the conditions of the impression with each other, before even an approximately true result can be arrived at.

Further (3.) there is much in nature of which the senses totally fail in giving us any information whatever. "None of the senses," says Sir J. Herschel, "gives us direct information for the exact comparison of quantity. Number, indeed, that is to say, integer number, is an object of sense, because we can count; but we can neither weigh, nor measure, nor form any precise estimate of fractional parts by the unassisted senses. Scarcely any man could tell the difference between twenty pounds, and the same weight increased or diminished by a few ounces; still less could he judge of the proportion between an ounce of gold and a hundred grains of cotton by balancing them in his hands."* Nay, even in their own proper and peculiar province, the senses are singularly deficient in certain kinds of information, especially when comparison is involved. "The eye," says the same high authority, "is no judge of the proportion of different degrees of illumination, even when seen side by side; and if an interval elapses, and circumstances change, nothing can be more vague than its judgment. When we gaze with admiration at the gorgeous spectacle of the golden clouds at sunset, which seem drenched in light, and glowing like flames of real fire, it is hardly by an effort we can persuade ourselves to regard them as the very same objects which at noonday pass unnoticed as mere white clouds basking in the sun, only participating, from their great horizontal distance, in the ruddy tint which luminaries acquire by shining through a great extent of the vapor of the atmosphere, and thereby even losing something of their light. So it is with our estimates of time, velocity, and all other matters of quantity; they are absolutely vague

* Herschel's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, § 72.

† Carpenter's Manual of Physiology, § 945.

* Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, § 117.

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and inadequate to form a foundation for any exact conclusion." *

Again (4.) there is a large class of phenomena whose causes, and even whose existence, are far too remote or too minute to be revealed to us by our senses. What are telescopes and microscopes, but the means which science ingeniously devises to supply this innate and irreparable deficiency of our organs of sense? Satirists of the middle age, and its scholatic philosophers, have said that they would dispute as to the number of spirits that could dance on the point of a needle. Modern science shows us, in the infusoria, animals of perfect formation, endowed with functions suited to their condition, many thousands of which could pass at once through the eye of the finest needle; a million of which would not amount in bulk to a grain of sand. No less wonderful is the world of minute existence, revealed by the microscope, in a drop of stagnant water. It is a world within itself, an epitome of the earth, and its successive geological races. A variety of microscopic creatures make their appearance, and die; in a few days, a new set succeeds; these disappear in their turn, and their place is occupied by a third race, of a different kind from either of the former—the remains of all of them lying at the bottom of the glass.† "If for a moment," says Humboldt, "we could yield to the power of fancy, and imagine the acuteness of our visual organ to be made equal to the extreme bounds of telescopic vision, and bring together that which is now divided by long periods of time, the apparent rest which reigns in space would suddenly disappear. We should see the countless hosts of fixed stars moving in thronged groups, in different directions; nebulæ wandering through space, and becoming condensed and dissolved like clouds, the veil of the milky way separated and broken up in many parts, and motion ruling supreme in every portion of the vault of heaven, even as on the earth's surface, where we see it unfolded in the germ, the leaf, and the blossom, the organisms of the vegetable world. The celebrated Spanish botanist, Cavanilles, was the first who entertained the idea of 'seeing the grass grow.' He directed the horizontal micrometer threads of a powerful magnifying glass at one time to the apex of the shoot of a bambusa, and at another, on the rapidly growing stem of an American aloe, precisely as the astronomer places his cross of network against a culminating star." * Without speculating so deeply in what is distant and hidden, the very atmosphere in which we live and breathe is imperceptible to every one of our senses, except, indeed, when viewed through its whole depth, to that of sight in the blue color of the sky, or indirectly to that of touch, by the resistance which it offers to the hand, or the face, in passing rapidly through it, or when it is set in motion by the wind. We perceive its effects, indeed, in the modifications which the phenomena of light and sound undergo, in consequence of its action upon them; in the barometric column, and in a thousand other physical and chemical agencies which attest the presence of the atmosphere, and the important functions which it performs in our terrestrial economy. But as far as sight or hearing, taste or smell, are affected by it, directly, it has absolutely no existence.

Modern science, indeed, coming to the aid of the senses, can enable them to attain the results of an almost inconceivable acuteness. Thus while quantity and comparison are inappreciable, or nearly so, by the unaided organs of sense, balances have been constructed with a sensibility so exquisite, as to turn with the thousandth part of a grain, and yet pretend to no extraordinary degree of merit.† By

* Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, § 117.

† Somerville's Physical Geography; II., xxxii. 348, note.

* Cosmos, I., 139, 140.

† Herschel's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, § 388.

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the aid of an instrument called a spherometer, which substitutes the sense of touch for that of sight, an inch may be divided into twenty thousand parts; and the lever of contact, an instrument in use among the German opticians, enables them to appreciate quantities of space even yet smaller.* Instruments have been devised capable of measuring intervals of time equal to the $\frac{1}{1000}$ part of a second. By the revolution of a toothed wheel, striking against a piece of card, the human ear is enabled to appreciate a sound which lasts only $\frac{1}{11000}$ of a second, and thus to measure that extremely minute interval of time.† Wheatstone, in the course of his experiments on the velocity of the electric fluid, constructed an apparatus which enables the eye to perceive an interval equal to less than $\frac{1}{1.000.000}$ of a second of time. The exact value of this almost infinitesimal interval was ascertained and measured by the known effect of a sound of high pitch upon the ear.‡ It is unnecessary to multiply such examples; but so many we have adduced, for the purpose of demonstrating the extent of the world of physical observation which lies forever concealed from the natural organs of sense. We owe this knowledge of their incapacity for more than a very limited range of observation to the inventions of science, applied to remedy and supplement this very incapacity. Thus science tells tales against the human senses, of which a less inventive and informed age could never have even dreamed.

Once more, (5.) the senses are not only restricted in their sphere of action, and incapable of penetrating beyond a certain limit into the mysteries of physical nature, but even within their own proper province of observation their indications are constantly false and erroneous; so that if we were implicitly to receive and adopt these indications, without due correction, our notions of the constitution of nature would be singularly wide of the truth. As they appear to the naked eye, the sun and moon seem nearly of the same size; flat discs, about as large as the crown of a hat. Uncorrected sense teaches us no more; it furnishes no means of measuring either their absolute or their relative distance. But from other sources, we learn that one is about four hundred times further off than the other; that the mass of the one would fill a space bounded by double the orbit of the other; and that the centre of the sun is nearly half a million of miles nearer our eye than his limb, or the bounding line of his disc, a space equal to more than twice the distance of the moon from the earth. The limits prescribed to himself, forbid the author to enlarge on this interesting portion of his subject, which, however, he regrets the less, that any one anxious to follow it out, will find an excellent paper on "Popular Fallacies," in Lardner's Museum of Science and Art, January 1854; a new scientific and popular serial, which has started under the best auspices, and deserves to be widely circulated.

Did space permit, we might illustrate the fallacious teaching of the senses regarding the phenomena of nature, by the corrections made necessary in every scientific observation, as to the position of distant objects, in consequence of the refraction or bending of the rays of light in their passage through the air, which has the effect of making distant objects in space seem higher than they really are; of the correction necessary for the aberration of light, depending on the time taken to transmit it from a distant object in space; together with others which enter into the daily experience of the observers of nature. Other circumstances also materially influence the impressions conveyed through the organs of sense. Thus a person going into an ordinarily lighted apartment from the dark night, will be painfully affected by the brightness of the light

* Herschel's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, § 338.
† Somerville's Connexion, etc., § xvi. p. 147.
‡ Ib., § xxviii. p. 325.

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for a few moments; while another, entering the same room from a brightly illuminated chamber, will hardly be able for a moment or two to see anything.* If we plunge our hands one into ice-cold water, and the other into water as hot as it can be borne, and after letting them stay a while, suddenly transfer them both to a vessel full of water at blood heat, the one will feel it hot, and the other cold. If we cross the two first fingers of our hand, and place a pea in the fork between them, moving and rolling it about on a table, we shall be fully persuaded, especially if we close our eyes, that we have two peas.† The other senses are similarly affected by circumstances, so as to convey erroneous impressions. Mrs. Somerville sums up the evidence on this head in one word, when she remarks that, "a consciousness of the fallacy of our senses is one of the most important consequences of the study of nature. This study teaches us that no object is seen by us in its true place."‡ And elsewhere she adds, "A high degree of scientific knowledge has been necessary to dispel the errors of the senses."§ Herschel has the following remark in his Outlines of Astronomy‖: "No geometrical figure, or curve, is seen by the eye as it is conceived by the mind to exist in reality. The laws of perspective interfere and alter the apparent directions, and foreshorten the dimensions of its several parts. If the spectator be unfavorably situated, as, for instance, nearly in the plane of the figure, they may do so to such an extent as to make a considerable effort of imagination necessary to pass from the sensible to the real form."

There is one form of illusion to which the senses are liable, so remarkable and irremediable as to deserve a moment's notice; we mean their erroneous testimony regarding motion. We have the authority of Sir. J. Herschel for saying, that "there is no peculiar sensation which advertises us that we are in motion. The rough inequalities in the road are felt as we are carried over them, by the successive elevation and falling of the carriage; but we have no sense of progress if we are prevented from seeing surrounding objects. The smoother the road, and the faster the speed, the less able are we to feel our motion forward. Every one must have felt this in night travelling by the railway, or in a tunnel. In a balloon, with a steady breeze, which merely propels, without gyration or oscillation, the motion is described as a sensation of perfect rest. The same is observed on shipboard, in still water or a calm. Everything goes on as if on land."* To complete the illusion, nothing is more common than apparently to transfer our own motion to the stationary objects around us. This is peculiarly observable at railway stations, when a train first gently moves off. If another train is standing near, and parallel to our own, it is impossible to tell which is moving, our own, or the other in an opposite direction, without calling in the aid of a third object, to correct the doubtful or erroneous impression, by the direction in which it seems relatively to change its place; or by examining the wheels of the other train. In the same way, many persons, while witnessing a panorama, are painfully affected by the shifting of the scenes, which conveys to them an impression as if the room were going round, and the picture remaining stationary. It was this illusion of the senses, as to motion, that perpetuated to a very late date the capital error regarding the supposed circulation of the sun and planets round the unmoving earth; the dispelling of which, by Galileo and subsequent observers, was the greatest triumph ever achieved by philosophy over the empire of the senses.

The simple matter of fact is this, that our senses were given us for a certain definite and practical end, not

* Carpenter's Manual of Physiology, § 983.
† Herschel's Discourse, § 72.
‡ Connection of Physical Sciences, § xxv. p. 264.
§ Ib., § iv. p. 87.
‖ Chap. i. § 78.

* Outlines of Astronomy, § 15, 16.

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for the acquisition of universal knowledge. We use them thankfully within their own domain, but we should err by inferring that their indications are the measure of the true, or of the whole constitution of things: their teaching falls far short of what exists in the universe of material nature; into the world of spiritual existence and operation they have no mission to enter. Catholic doctrine, therefore, is in no worse position, as regards the contradiction of the senses to its results, than is the great mass of scientific knowledge; to deny the one is as unphilosophical as to deny the other, merely because the organs of sense fail to appreciate it, or afford indications directly contrary to it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGINAL.

HOME AT LAST.

THEY gathered 'round the dying stranger's bed,
They heard his words, yet knew not what he said—
"Oh! take me home!"

With earnest looks they pressed his feverish hand,
And sorely grieved they could not understand—
"Oh! take me home!"

The busy host forgot his clamoring guests,
Wistful to answer this of all requests—
"Oh! take me home!"

The good-wife scanned the stranger's pallid face,
And wept. But to his meaning found no trace;
"Oh! take me home!"

The hostess' fair-haired daughter stood apart,
"What can he mean?" she asked her beating heart;
"Oh! take me home!"

"Whence had he come? His name?" None knew. "And yet
He speaks in tones I never can forget—
"Oh! take me home!"

With timid step she softly neared the bed,
And took his hand. The stranger raised his head,
And deeply sighed.

Weeping, she sang a simple, childish rhyme.
He smiled and said: "Jetzt bin ich endlich heim!" *
And then he died.

* I am home at last.

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Translated from the Études Religieuses, Historiques et Littéraires.

THE OLD OWL.

When I was living in my native village, about twenty years ago, I made the acquaintance of an old owl who lived in one of my forests. One of my forests I say, and with good reason; for I was the only being who could appreciate them, although a few landed proprietors in the town were wont to make clearings therein, on the plea of having bought them and paid down certain moneys in the presence of our notary public. Therefore in my forest dwelt my owl, who was a personage of mature years, and had first attracted me by the singular similarity of his tastes and opinions with mine. Our first meeting took place under rather peculiar circumstances. One evening, after belaboring my brains over some enigmatical Persian verses for hours, I left the house, still conning over an enigmatical hemistich; and strolling on until I gained the edge of the forest, plunged in without noticing whither I went. I might have wandered about all night, lost in the mazes of this mysterious satire, had not the sweet odors of a cherry tree in full blossom attracted my attention, penetrating through the olfactory nerves to the inmost recesses of my brain; even to the bump of pedantry itself. This brought me to myself; and astounded to see how far I had wandered at that late hour, I turned to go home at once; but the tangled path and deepening shadows threw me into confusion, and at the end of a quarter of an hour I found myself completely lost. "Never mind," said I, yielding gracefully to circumstances, "this is just what I meant to do;" so on I plunged, through brake and thicket, until I reached the confines of the forest, where an ancient ruined castle frowned down upon the valley, with my little village sleeping at its feet. I sat down by one of the towers to rest, but had hardly drawn one long breath, when there came a flapping of wings about my head, and raising my eyes I beheld—*monstrum horrendum*—an owl. He flew to the left of me, fanning my cheek with his heavy grey wings. Superstitious as an ancient, I turned instinctively that he might be on my right hand, so dreadful seemed the omen; but hardly had I yielded to this involuntary impulse, when good breeding warned me that the self-love of the poor hermit might be wounded;—for an owl has feelings as well as other people. But I was mistaken, he replied to the insult only with a disdainful laugh; and perching himself on the top of the tower, glared at me out of his red eyes with an expression of profound pity.

The laugh irritated me; so I said, wishing to recover his respect if possible, (and here in parentheses be it said that this narrative is addressed, not to those who maintain that animals cannot speak, but to sympathetic beings who enjoy the singing of birds in the woods, and understand their mysterious language; who know what various emotions their songs express; who listen, in short, with reverence to the accents of nature and respond to them;—to such of these we tell this authentic tale, begging the vulgar herd to withdraw from the audience.)

Then I said to the owl, "Pray pardon my silly rudeness; I merely obeyed an instinctive feeling, without the least intention of annoying you; on the contrary, it would really grieve me if you doubted the high esteem in which I hold you."

"Where's the good of excuses?"

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said he, shaking his head; "if you really wish to serve me, take yourself off and leave me in peace."

"I cannot go," said I, "until you pardon my offence."

"And if I did pardon you," rejoined he, "what use would it be? But I'll do no such thing. I cannot forgive you for being a man, or for being here. Begone! you are a miscreant like the rest of your kind."

"You are a miscreant yourself!" retorted I, "and very unjust and distrustful to boot. I never injured the smallest creature—I have been the unfailing defender of birds' nests against children and fowlers. I have incurred the contempt of mankind by my knight-errantry. At least I ought to be treated with common civility by those whom I have loved and protected."

"Oh, well! well! well!" said he, "don't say any more about it. You are young, and seem to be well-meaning enough. I will trust you and rue the indiscretion at my leisure."

"You must have been unfortunate," I remarked respectfully, "to have grown so distrustful."

"What's that to you?" he answered shortly; "my wretched story will do you no good if you are destined to remain innocent; and if you are to become like other men, it will not touch you."

"Nay," said I, thinking to tickle his vanity by a neatly turned compliment, "it would teach me wisdom and prudence. What less could I learn from the favorite of Minerva and the protector of Athens?" But my Timon's wisdom was proof against assault, and he replied:

"You think probably to flatter me, but I never knew the goddess you mention. She was, I am told, an exceedingly turbulent person, continually quarrelling and setting her heroes by the ears. And what were the Athenians but a set of frivolous, chattering magpies, incapable of forming a sound idea, or of putting it in execution if they had."

"You seem to have a great contempt for mankind," said I, rather abashed at the failure of my little compliment. "What has shaken your faith in us, if I might venture to ask?"

"That is a long story," answered he; "but I will tell it to you one of these days if you and death can wait so long."

"Why not now? Everything is at rest; even the squirrels are sound asleep, coiled up in the beech boughs, unmindful of you and me."

"No, no," said he snappishly, "I'm too tired to think now. Besides, I don't know you, nor what you would be at with your teasing questions. Go away and let me alone."

Fearing to vex him further and rouse his suspicions, I bade him good-by and retreated, promising to return the following night. The next evening, just after sunset, I turned my steps toward the forest, and heard as I drew near the tower my poor hermit shooting out into the darkness his dismal cry houloulou! houloulou! which was answered by a dreary echo.

"Poor old soul!" said I to myself, "it is frightful even to hear him, his cries are so full of hatred, menace, and irony. Either he is wicked or—" but I was standing at the foot of the tower and the voice of the solitary called out: "Oh! is that you? It never occurred to me that you would be so punctual. I must confess that your exactness charms me."

And from that hour the anchorite and I were bound together by the strongest friendship. He told me that from the first he had felt drawn to me by a singular sympathy, but had vigorously resisted the attraction for fear of fresh disappointment. His words shocked me by their harshness, but our disputes were always friendly and his rebukes were administered with a fatherly tenderness which touched me extremely.

"But," said I one evening, "what would become of society if we adopted your maxims? The noblest friend-

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ship, the most heroic devotion, would be but deceitful snares. We should see in our companions only knavery, hypocrisy, and treachery beneath a fair outside. And at this moment you are not in harmony with your theories, for you are confiding in me without dreaming that while I speak to you I may be planning your ruin and destruction."

He smiled, and I believed him convinced; but a moment after the doleful theme was resumed, and he was preaching his lamentable doctrines as if I had not interrupted him.

"You are sincere and perhaps even virtuous now," he said. "But that is no more than your duty, so you deserve no credit. I am so old in experience that sometimes my wisdom seems to have been bought with every drop of blood in my veins, and with every hope of happiness. Now, this is the fruit of my experience, which I will give you, and you can digest it at your leisure. Have no friends—live by yourself—never marry—live in a village rather than in a city, and in a forest rather than in either. You laugh, but let me tell you that it is no laughing matter, as you will find when you know the world as well as I do; and you will know it one of these days, when experience has come too soon and death too late for your prayers."

So spake the misanthrope, and I replied: "We must take men as they are and life as we find it; remembering that other people's faults are sooner seen than our own, and that they have as much reason to shun us as we have to despise them. God made us to live with our fellow-creatures, and if each person followed out your dismal precepts the world would become a vast solitude—a living tomb to engulf humanity."

"Alas! young man!" was his mournful reply, and it was only by dint of entreaty that I at last discovered the grounds of his grief and disappointment. One beautiful evening he told me his story. The forest was radiant with a sunset glow; and the little birds were hopping about and building their nests in the branches of the trees, twittering and singing in the fulness of their joy.

"I was born," said he, "in the very place where I live to-day, for the one illusion, the supreme consolation that I have left, is a love of my native land. I was hatched in that crumbling old tower yonder covered with moss and ivy. My two brothers came into the world with me, and it was a dream of ours that we would go through life together, always sacrificing private interest to mutual happiness: promises suited to infancy and destined to be forgotten before youth had fled.

"We were the pride of our parents' hearts, and as we grew from day to day our mother gloried in our size and beauty—our father in the fancied promise we gave of strength and virtue. One day, when we had grown old enough to take a little care of ourselves, our parents addressed these words to us: 'In another month, little ones, you will need our help no longer, and will enter boldly upon life. Now listen to our directions: if we should die before you are old enough to take care of yourselves, go to our neighbor, the old owl, who lives in the oak that was struck by lightning last year, and who comes to see you sometimes. He will be father and mother in one to you, if a parent's place can be supplied. And another piece of advice: never let a silly curiosity prompt you to leave this wood and go in search of new places. Beyond this forest you would find treachery, misfortune, and death. Now mind and remember our words when we are taken from you, and never forget the father and mother who have loved you so dearly.'

"All this made us cry so bitterly that we could hardly speak. The words had a dreadful sound, though we did not know what they meant. 'What was it all about?' thought we; and yet with a sense of dread and ill

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omen, we promised with tears to follow their advice. We pledged ourselves to everything, and thought our fidelity unimpeachable—for childhood has such unbounded faith in itself. Our parents rejoiced in our docility, and for several days our happy life continued unclouded.

"One evening they went out as usual to get food for us after saying good-by very tenderly. For a long time we awaited their return in vain, and fell asleep at last worn out with watching and listening. When we awoke they had not come back, and we asked each other in terror if this could be the eternal separation they had spoken of. The ruins rang with our cries, and the mocking echo sounded to our excited fancy like the laugh of some mysterious enemy. Then hunger came to add bodily misery to our sufferings; and I made up my mind that I, as the eldest, was bound to sacrifice myself to save my little brothers. Telling them to keep up their courage and wait for me patiently, I threw myself boldly out of the nest and flew off in search of the old friend of my mother and father. By help of all sorts of landmarks, I succeeded at last in finding the shattered oak, but he, alas! was not there; and trembling with fatigue I perched myself on a bough to wait in dumb resignation for whatever might come next. A few hours had taught me life's bitterest lesson, and I felt a century older than the day before. At length, hungry and tired, and crazy with grief, I made my way back to my brothers, who were waiting to tell me good news. Our old friend, our only protector now, was with them. From his hermitage he had seen his two poor friends pursued by an eagle and torn with his cruel claws. Then he had remembered us and flown to our nest, bringing food for us all. So my strength was restored, and I awoke once more to the full vigor of life and suffering. When the first anguish of grief passed away, it was only to leave room for fresh trial and disappointment. One day—it was in the beginning of June—I heard the birds singing in the foliage, I saw on every side living beings enjoying life in the great forest, and the thought came to me for the first time that I too might mingle in the festival of nature. I flew out of the nest and perched quietly on an oak that stood at the edge of the glade where all the little birds had met together for a concert. They were listening to a linnet; every one was attending in silence to her joyous notes, and all, even to the nightingale, were filled with admiration for the pretty songstress. And I too admired her. I too was penetrated with love for all these little birds who looked so kind and good. 'How sweet it would be to live among them!' thought I, and I determined to give up solitude and come with my brothers to live among them, to be their friend and admirer. Love seemed so sweet! Admiration of others so ennobling!

"Such were the thoughts in which I was luxuriating while the linnet's song lasted. When she ended, I was still rapt in attention and cried out: 'Oh! how beautiful, how exquisite that is!' Hardly were the words uttered when they discovered me. In an instant I was surrounded, hustled, assailed, insulted in a thousand discordant voices.

"'An owl! an owl! Gracious, how ugly he is! What a queer sort of a *dilettante!* Just look at his solemn face and his great beak! and his great round eyes! and his feathers! He's too hideous—what a fright! There's a *connoisseur* for you! Ugh! the brute!

"'Let's peck him,' said the gentle nightingale.

"'Yes, yes, hurrah! let's peck him well!' assented the thrush.

"And then they all crowded round me—nightingales, woodpeckers, linnets, thrushes, blackbirds, tomtits, even to the turtle doves and wood pigeons themselves. I felt the strokes of twenty beaks fall upon me. It was like a quarry. 'Alas!' thought I, 'can such cruelty be allied to such genius?' And I struggled wildly, stupefied, panting, powerless amid the furious rattle. At last I succeeded in disengaging myself

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and flew away in desperation to hide from my persecutors. Now at last I knew what evil was, and I asked myself, with odd simplicity, you will say, if it was not the contrary of good. It was true, then, as I had heard so often, that there were wicked beings in the world! Could it be true? And while such thoughts whirled confusedly through my unlucky brain, I flew to confess my defeat to my old friend.

"'Oh, well!' said he, 'I don't blame you; you yielded to an impulse of youthful confidence and learned a valuable lesson. Do you suppose that I don't see as well as you that spring is fair and this forest beautiful, and the linnet's song enchanting, and that everything bids us be happy? I know it all very well, and yet I stay all alone in my hole while everything outside is singing and rejoicing. You would not believe my words, perhaps you will believe your own experience. You thought there was no wickedness in the world, only innocence and virtue? Well, your ignorance came from a kind heart, and, after all, you are happier in being good than your enemies in being victorious.'

"'But—just heaven! why did nature make these wretches so beautiful? or rather, why did she make such beautiful creatures so wicked? Why is not the perverseness of their hearts to be read on their faces?'

"'Ah, my son, that is a vexed question that many persons have agitated before now, and that no one has succeeded in solving. Why has nature made the good ridiculous and the wicked handsome? The best way is to resign ourselves to what we cannot understand.'

"'And then,' said I, 'they said I was ugly enough to scare anybody. But that cannot be true, for I look like my brothers, and my brothers—"

"'No, my son,' answered the hermit, smiling sadly, 'no, you are not ugly; nothing on earth is ugly excepting cruelty and vice. The beautiful goldfinch, with his ash-colored throat and yellow wings, was ugly to-day, and the linnet too, and all the pretty little birds who tormented you so. Yes, they are hideously ugly; their hearts are black as night, lovely though the plumage may be that covers them.

"'Then am I condemned to close my heart to love forever? Must I live alone because there is wickedness around us?'

"'Alone, always alone,' he answered, 'otherwise you will have neither rest nor happiness. But don't fancy that you have any cause for lamentation or complaint on that account. See life, once for all, as it really exists, and accept reality instead of pursuing phantoms. Would you have every one resemble you? is every creature to be the hero of some dream of yours? Ah! I see that you are not cured even now.'

"He was right; I was not cured, if you choose to say so. Of course I had to confess that the small birds were wicked, that they were as cruel as they were pretty, and that I must distrust and avoid them. But I sought all kinds of plausible explanations of this incongruity. I said that they had received from nature genius instead of virtue, and that I had no more right to complain of their cruelty than they had to ridicule my ugliness (for ugly I certainly must be) or my harsh voice.

"And having persuaded myself of the truth of this, I flew away and hid myself in the gloomiest part of the forest, weeping over my loneliness and deceived hopes. And now my eyes were opened to another delusion. To the society of my two brothers I had looked for consolation in every trouble, but before long they declared that one hole was too narrow to satisfy their desires, and that they must seek their fortune elsewhere. In vain did I use an elder brother's right in dissuading them from this mad design. In vain I reminded them of the fate of our parents who had perished in spite of every possible precaution, and showed them how much more they would be exposed in thus throwing themselves in the way of danger. Nothing influenced them—not even the memory of our vows of

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mutual fidelity, not even any entreaties that they would not leave me alone in this dreary solitude. One—the youngest and handsomest, my especial favorite—was possessed by some crazy longing for travel and foreign adventure. He dreamed of some land of promise where all would be good and happy; and on the faith of these dreams he left us one day, bidding good-by to his country, his cradle, and his only friends, to go in search of the Utopia he longed to find. I never saw him again. Did he find the object of his desires? Did he die on the journey? I know not; but one thing we may be sure of—that fate cheated him of his wild and ambitious hopes.

"My other brother left me to follow a scatter-brained young screech-owl who had entangled him in her fascinations. He established himself with her in a neighboring wood, but parted from me with a thousand protestations of eternal friendship and devotion.

"And thus I found myself in that enviable solitude which my sage friend had recommended to me—left to myself and my own sad thoughts. I only went out toward evening to look for food, and then returned to my gloomy hole and left it no more. But isolation, instead of making me courageous, only disgusted me more and more with the life I was leading. From the depths of my retreat, I used to watch with envy the gayety and animation of other birds. Not that I dreamed of joining in their mirth, for my own experience of their society had taught me to keep at a safe distance; but the sight of their enjoyment led me to believe that I might find companionship quite as agreeable without leaving my own circle. I mingled more and more among the other owls of the forest; I visited them in their own homes, and counted the hours I spent with them and their families as so much gained against grief and dulness. My most intimate friendship was with a highly respectable family who lived not far from my castle, and especially with a young owl, the fourth child of venerable parents who had known and valued my unhappy father. Her sweetness and innocence made her very lovely in my eyes. What was it to me that her beak was too hooked, her eyes too hollow, and her head angular! beauty is the form of the ideal, not a material regularity. While autumn lasted I visited her every day at the hole of her aged parents, and before long we were bound together by ties of indestructible love. In the midst of our happiness winter separated us. What is winter? Why should this spoil-sport intrude on our fairest days? And yet, after all, nature has a right to be cruel and mischievous, since all her children are so! For several months I was parted from her whom I loved; but as soon as spring returned she became my companion, and I brought her home to my bower, which was to serve me now as a nest and as the cradle of my children. There we spent blissful days, the happiest perhaps of my life. Soon the nest was full; two newly hatched little ones raised their bald heads, and filled the air with infantile cries. With what solicitude we watched over them! what care and anxiety we felt for these darling little creatures! At last we had the happiness of seeing them open their eyes and look up at us with that knowing air of intelligence so enchanting to young parents. I thought that happiness was restored to me, and that fate was tired of persecuting me. 'What matters now,' said I, 'the cruelty of the world and its unjust disdain? Do I need any other happiness than this?

"It seemed as if we could see the children grow from day to day, and their good health, noble mien, and cheerful disposition were fast filling our cup of happiness to overflowing. One day their mother went out in search of food, leaving me to watch the nest, for they were as yet too young to be trusted alone. Hour after hour passed on, and yet she did not return. I became very uneasy as I remembered my parents' fate, and at last, telling the children to be very

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quiet and prudent, I sallied forth in search of her. Soon she appeared, flying toward me at the utmost speed of her rushing wings. 'At last I have come,' she cried, 'let us be grateful for my escape! A falcon has been chasing me for two hours past, and I only eluded his pursuit by hiding in the hollow of a tree. We must get back to the children as quick as possible.' And we hastened back to the nest. As we approached the tower, we heard—oh, horror!—sharp cries of pain, and recognized in those screams the voices of our little ones; on we plunged, distracted with fear; and saw the falcon—it was he—rising up into the air clutching in his horrid claws one of our children, the little creature's blood dropping down about us, while he struggled and cried, 'Mother!—Father!'—and then all was still, and the falcon sailed away out of sight.

"You think that was enough, but not so. When we reached the nest and looked for the other one, there we found his poor little body stretched on the wall, torn open with a frightful wound. What shall I tell you? Wild with grief, we wandered for days about the forest, insensible to rain or wind, to hunger or thirst, even to the mocking sneers of the birds who hunted us, pecking at us and tearing out our feathers. What did we care for that or anything else?

"At last my companion said: 'If you have no objection, let us leave forever this hateful wood, which has brought us such misery and bitterness. Let us give up this odious world and find some other home.' 'But where would you have us go?' I asked. 'If we have not found peace in this retreat, why should we find it anywhere else? We could not be more completely hidden in any other place than we have been here, and yet here we have been discovered. I don't feel like beginning a new life nobody knows where.' 'Let us go among human beings," answered she. 'There, at least, we shall find goodness, generosity, and greatness. Just think how admirable their towns and villages are! To be sure I can only judge them by hearsay, but I have every reason to suppose that we should meet with a cordial reception. The very day the falcon chased me I took refuge in a hollow oak, and I listened to the talk of two men who were sitting at the foot of the tree. You never heard anything so beautiful as their words! Anybody could see that they were the kings of the animal creation. They were complaining of the mice that make such havoc among their bins and granaries. Let us go and deliver them from these pests.' 'You have convinced me,' I replied. 'Yes, we will go to mankind and serve them faithfully. How they will respect us and reward our services!' And so after taking a sad farewell of our old friend and adviser, who saw us depart with many forebodings of evil, we winged our way through the forest. Toward evening we reached its outskirts and saw before us a village. We had reached our new country.

"We chose one of the largest barns in this village for our home, and at once opened a desperate warfare against the rats and mice who were attracted thither in large numbers by the provisions. This novel mode of life brought us so much occupation and distraction, that we had no time to dwell upon our grief. Our courage rose once more, and we used to say to each other: 'What sublime beings men are! How grand are all their actions! They are born ignorant and they know everything! They are born feeble and they conquer nature!' These perfections formed the subject of our morning talks when the night's work was over, their hospitality and goodness, our faithful devotion to them, and the gratitude it could not fail to win.

"Little by little we became familiarized with our position and enjoyed it. The more we studied human nature the more we admired its clem-

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ency, justice, and rectitude. One evening we ventured cautiously out of our retreat, and looked about the village. Before each window hung cages filled with solitary prisoners. There I recognized the cruel nightingale, the linnet who had caused me so much anguish, and many other birds who had been in the habit of tormenting us in the forest. We returned home enchanted with our expedition. 'Here at last we have found justice,' cried I. 'In this happy land the wicked are punished for their cruelty and prevented from doing further mischief; while the good are left free and happy. Why, there was not an owl to be seen among the prisoners! We have reason to be grateful that at last we have reached a haven of rest and tranquillity.'

"We at once decided that I should go in search of our old friend, and induce him to share our happiness. 'Poor soul!' we said, 'at last the destiny which he has so long sought is within his reach. Now, at last, he will see that our hopes of final happiness were not mere dreams.'

"A few nights after I set out on a visit to our friend in his obscure retreat. We parted full of joy in thinking of the good old solitary, whose last days we were to make so peaceful. I flew at full speed, and reached the wood without fatigue. Full of hope, and picturing the pleasant surprise my coming would arouse in him, I entered his dwelling quite suddenly, exclaiming, 'Here I am, father; I have come to take you away from this place, and show you that happiness which you have always treated as a chimera.' 'Is it you, my son?' he said with joyful astonishment, but in a weak, choked voice; and I saw that a great change had come over him. A shudder ran through me. 'Oh, yes, it is I,' replied I cheerfully. 'We have not forgotten you, and we shall not be able to enjoy our happiness unless you are there to share it with us. Come, I will tell you the rest on the way. But what ails you that you do not move?' 'Nothing, my son; it will soon be ended. Before this day closes I shall be cured.' 'Cured!—why, are you ill? you who were so strong and hearty!' 'The illness from which I am suffering has always afflicted me,' he said, 'but the time of cure has come; the physician is at hand.' 'The physician! what physician?' 'Death,' he answered in a hollow voice. 'Death!' cried I, 'what do you mean? would you leave us? we cannot live without you. Oh, come away! come with me! have you no pity on me?' 'Pity! yes, child, I pity you for your youth, and because you do not stand where I stand now. It is you who have no pity in holding me back from my repose. Let me rest, my son, in the eternal peace of nature.'

"His head dropped forward heavily. He was dead. Dead at the moment when I offered him the accomplishment of hopes long since abandoned.

"I flew away horror stricken, as if an enemy were tracking me to destruction; but what I fled from was planted in my heart never to be uprooted. The night fell—one of those dreary autumn evenings when cloud and mist contend for mastery. With a heart oppressed with grief, I returned to the scenes I had passed through so gayly a few hours before. What had I left? Parents, brothers, children, friends, all dead—my companion alone remained to sustain and comfort me; to be consoled and supported.

"Absorbed in these gloomy ideas, I reached the confines of the village. Afar off I recognized the hospitable roof that had given us shelter, and my heart beat with joy in spite of my affliction. But who were that troop of children gathered before the barn door? What did these cries of joy, and stamping of feet, and clasping of hands portend, and the smiling old folks looking on and encouraging their sports? Of course it must be some pure and virtuous amusement since children joined in it, so I flew on with a sense of kindly interest. As the distance lessened, I thought I saw—I

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knew I saw a bird hanging with outstretched wings on the barn-door—nailed there, bleeding, dead. Oh! heaven's justice! my companion murdered! dead! butchered! And that before the eyes of nature, under the light of heaven! And no protesting voice raised from the bosom of the earth! I hung about there, staring at the horrid sight with my heart turned to stone within me. As night deepened the children dispersed, and then I fell upon that inanimate form like a wild beast, and fastened upon the nails with beak and claws to tear their prey from them. My furious struggles only served to lacerate me till I bled; and all the time the dead thing looked at me; its cold, fixed glassy eyes glared at me with a cruel irony that scared me from the place. Yet night and day I wandered about the barn, and night and day watched that dreadful object, until at the end of two weeks madness relieved me of reason and self-consciousness. Then I went away with a heart bubbling over with hatred of humanity. Oh, that I could have clutched the human race in one single body within these claws, to tear out its eyes, devour its heart, and fling the carrion to be the sport of winds and tempests!

"The thread of my life was broken. What more had I to do with the earth, that wicked stepmother who gives us light only to make its glare insufferable. With frantic speed I rushed through the valley, and paused only when fatigue and hunger forced me to rest. I stopped on the margin of a little stream shaded by bushy alders, while the turf along its edge was strewn with wheat. I drew near to eat, but hardly had I touched the earth when I felt myself caught and held fast. 'Well,' thought I, 'man would be unworthy of his name if he did not use all his splendid gifts for the destruction of others. At least I will thank him for ridding me of life.' And then I fell into a gloomy stupor, and became indifferent to everything around me, while in my memory there arose visions of childhood—of the old nest in the tower of my parents, and the pretty little brothers whom I had vowed never to part from; and as my heart swelled with the woeful regrets these images brought up to me, I suddenly caught sight of the fowler running toward me in all haste, and at the same instant I beheld my brother—my brother whom I had never seen since our childhood. A transport of joy came over me; now I was safe, and he it was who would release me. We would fly away somewhere together and begin life over again. Divine hope! it restored strength and courage to me. 'Brother, brother!' I cried anxiously, 'here I am—come this way. Don't you see me?' He turned his eyes toward me. 'Why, is that you? Caught in a trap, aren't you? I really wish I had time to stop and help you, but I am in full chase after a young owl who has given me considerable encouragement. You had better get out of that snare pretty quick, for the keeper's coming. Good-by till we meet again.'

"And now anything, everything seemed possible, explicable, credible. All my other miseries faded away in view of this lie against friendship, this insult to humanity, this blasphemy against pity.

"But after all is said and done, the instinct of life is of all feelings the most irresistible. A moment before I had loathed existence; now, when I saw the fowler draw near, I struggled wildly with beak and claws and wings to save myself. In the presence of death the sun looked bright to me once more, and life again seemed good. A few more desperate springs and struggles and I was free—flying whither? to my native forest, where I had first known misery and disappointment, now my only companions. There all would be unchanged, I thought, except myself. I only should be hopeless, I alone gloomy and silent amid the undying joys of serene nature. But—ah me! when I reached the old place disappointment was lying in wait for

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me there too. The dear old nest was gone; the wall had crumbled away and was strewing the mountain-side. The kindly ivy that sheltered us once was crawling on the earth; the beeches had decayed and scrub bushes choked up the place where they had stood. Everything in me and in nature was dead, and so nothing was left but to bid good by to memory and joy—aye, and to trouble too, for the matter of that.

"This was my last deception. From that day to this I have stagnated here, learning, hoping, fearing nothing. Joy and sorrow are so far away in the past that they seem never to have belonged to me. And this is peace."

There was a long silence, broken only by the sound of my oppressed breathing. At last the owl said, with a weary sigh:

"You wished to know my story. There it is, and you are welcome to the lessons it may give you. In the mean time I can only say that I pity you—pity your innocence, your candor, and your destiny."

And I replied, "You are right. I know life now, and its promises shall never delude me."

He smiled and repeated, "I pity you."

This history impressed me profoundly. I rehearsed the miserable details, and saw in his life my own. I was the credulous being who had trusted implicitly to life. The wretch who had sown kindness among his fellow men and reaped contempt, was again myself. Was I then to clamber the rocky path to the end only to see hope receding in the distance? Society became to me every day more unbearable; I avoided my companions with horror, and their railleries, which up to that time I had borne with indifference, seemed like so many poisoned arrows aimed at my heart. Intercourse with my old friend only increased my contempt for men and existence; yet in this mute revolt against nature and humanity, I selected him as the sole confidant of my woes, and invariably left him with a heart more bitter and oppressed than before.

One day, toward sunset, I was wandering through the great arches of the forest, going as usual toward the retreat of my bosom friend. A serious silence was creeping slowly down from the tree-tops. The birds were still, the winds asleep; no sound or sign of life to be anywhere discerned, except the crushing of dried leaves beneath my tread. And as I went dreaming on amidst this solitude, I heard in spirit the melody of Nature dropping through the tender evening air, and I tried to give it words in this little song:

When Spring with soft maternal hand
Spreads all the earth with green,
And 'gainst the sun's too ardent gaze
Weaves many a leafy screen,

Build your nests, bright-plumed minstrels,
Forgetting not to praise
The bounty that so lavishly
Sheds gladness on your ways.

Think not, in missing old-time friends,
Some favorite bower or hedge,
That Nature has misused her power,
Or broken a sacred pledge:

This is Spring's immortality;
Youth must replace decay.
Grieve not that your turn too must come:
Less brief than bright your day!

Build your nests then, my chanters sweet:
Bloom flower, vine, and tree:
Let no discordant wall disturb
Spring's song of rapturous glee.

I reached the hermit's cell. He was not there as usual, crouched on the edge of his nest; and I called to him, thinking he had fallen asleep or wandered off, as he sometimes did, into a thicker gloom to meditate. No answer. I stood on tiptoe and looked uneasily into his retreat. There I saw in the confusing obscurity a greyish, motionless mass. I laid my hand upon it, and what was my horror to find my friend, my owl! I turned in upon him the last beams of the sun, hoping to rouse him. Alas! the light did not penetrate his eyeballs; the rays did not warm his frigid form. I lifted him up; the head dropped lifelessly, the wings were rigid, the shrivelled claws were cramped and clenched with the death struggle. He was dead! he suffered no longer.

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I replaced him in his hole and stopped up its mouth with stones and turf, sweeping a great branch of ivy across this improvised tomb. When the wall crumbles, soft verdure will shield those poor remains. Oh! my dear, tired owl! I could only give thee a tomb; sleep well and peacefully therein! And so I turned away, thinking of my old friend and of his reverses, precepts, sufferings, and misanthropy.

"Such is the term of existence," said I "so end our joys and our pains." But higher and higher in my soul swelled the song of the forest, until I cried, "This is the voice of God, and he cannot lie:" and entering into myself I understood at last the merciful and providential law that governs nature, attaching to each suffering a consolation, to each pang a hope. To what was my contempt of life leading me? To the gradual debasement of my being, to a forgetfulness of the duties that God imposes on his creatures. Man is made for struggle, and he who deserts the field is a coward. If his strength fails, can he not draw fresh force from prayer? Does our Heavenly Father ever forget his weary children? Yes, life is a hard, rough road, but it leads straight to a goal where the sanctified soul shall find reward and rest. My poor owl might well feel sour and exasperated, since death meant to him only the peace of nothingness; but man has other destinies, and rebellion is for him unjustifiable revolt. What matter passing trials to him who is to possess eternity? Should we not blush at our cowardice when we remember that the infinite God is our consoler?

And all these grave thoughts anent a poor bird of whom nothing is left but a bunch of feathers! Well! there are days when a slight emotion makes the human heart spill over, like a full vase overflowed by one drop too much.

ORIGINAL.

SONNET.

And thou wouldst live for ever, poet soul
In love of human kind! What must thou do?
Look o'er the past, scan well whose worth is true—
Not those mere forms that with the ages roll—
And say what readst of them on Time's bright scroll:—
"Names faint or fading, save a fadeless few,
Like rare Etruscan colors, ever new."
Yet tell me, seer, how shine the favored whole:—
"Some glitter as the icy mountain peak
Remote, whence flow a thousand generous streams:
Some glow as morn or even, or blushing cheek
Of one beloved, or angels known in dreams;
These touch upon the universal—speak—
Lo! Nature, Love, Religion, are the themes."

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From The Month.

THE MUSÉE RETROSPECTIF IN PARIS.

It is probable that there has never been an Exhibition so singular in its contrasted contents, so rich in market value, prepared so abruptly for submission to public inspection, as that which, during the latter half of the year 1865, was to be seen in the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris, under the name of the "*Musée Retrospectif.*" In a general way, its character may be comprehended in England by a reference to the Kensington Museum Exhibition of 1862, from which its conception was drawn, and which it outstripped. Like that Exhibition, it came into existence in especial connection with an institute the primary object of which is to promote the cultivation of art in connection with manufactures. This was formed in Paris three years ago, under the title of "*L'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'Industrie;*" and under circumstances not a little curious, and not a little gratifying to those who have led on the great movement of improvement in art for the last quarter of a century in England. They will find that it has come to pass that the best leading spirits among our great rivals have felt and admitted, with no little alarm, the success of that movement, and the formidable competition with which it has threatened their previous preëminence. The simplest and most sincere evidence of this appears in the published Report of M. Prosper Merimée in reference to the London Exhibition of 1862, and the adoption of its sentiments by the conductors of that admirable periodical, *La Gazette des Beaux Arts.* In that Report M. Merimée, who was official reporter for the French section of the International Jury, thus expresses himself:

"Since the Universal Exhibition in 1851, and even since that of 1855, immense progress has taken place in Europe; and although we in France have not remained stationary, we cannot conceal from ourselves that our lead has become less sensible, and is ever tending to its termination. It is our duty to remind our manufacturers that, however successful they may have been on this occasion, they may possibly sustain a defeat, and that at no very distant date, if from the present moment they fail to address all their energies to the maintenance of a preëminence which can only be secured by an incessant aim at perfection. English industrial produce more especially, so markedly behindhand in point of art previous to the Exhibition of 1851, has made in the course of ten years *prodigious advancement;* and if it should so continue its onward movement, we might find ourselves unexpectedly surpassed."

This startling avowal from an authority not to be contravened led, among other consequences, to such reflections as the following: "The contact of England and France, rendered so frequent by the Universal Exhibitions of Paris and London," observes the *Gazette des Beaux Arts,* "will not be without its use in reference to a regenerative movement now in contemplation, to which we wish to draw the attention of our readers. In our visits to that country —so contiguous to us in locality, so severed in habits—we have learned how much can be done by a few men of resolute purpose—citizens generously devoted to the public good, and unrestricted in their freedom of action. This lesson was well condensed in the words, often quoted, of a sovereign who has passed a portion of his life in Eng-

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land, and has brought from thence certain English conclusions; namely, 'Individual initiative, urging on its plans with indefatigable ardor, saves Government from monopolizing the management of the vital energy of the nation. . . . Stimulate, then, among individuals an energetic spontaneity for promoting all purposes having in view the beautiful and the useful.'"

The result of the very pregnant views thus unreservedly avowed has been an effort in emulation of that much-commended individual vigor of operation; and accordingly a small band of artistic and literary Frenchmen, led on by a distinguished and very zealous architect, M. Guichard, constituted themselves the nucleus of a society the great aim and object of which is an incessant application of the most effective means for fertilizing the wide domain of native art and manufacture, so as to sustain it in its present rich power of productiveness. They have assumed the name of *L'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'Industrie.* They have instituted a museum for the collection and exhibition of all manner of objects akin to their undertaking, where lectures are to be systematically delivered to the same end.

In fine, they have developed so rapidly in their proceedings, that they have designed, and we may say founded, a college wherein special education and special distribution of honors are to be dispensed to students of industrial art. Until a suitable structure for this has been erected, within which the Society will establish its centre of action, its headquarters are in that quaint and spacious square in the Marais de St. Antoine Quartier of Paris, the Place Royale; noted for its clever white marble equestrian statue of Louis XIII., and recently deriving a melancholy interest from being the death scene of Rachel.

In addition to these great projects for permanent organization, of which the germs will be found at the Adelphi and South Kensington, that special Exhibition of 1862 in the latter quarter, the success of which was so extraordinary, and we may add the influence of that noble display of mediæval ecclesiastical art which which was to be seen at Malines in 1864, were the occasions of suggestions which fell most productively upon the zealous minds of our projectors. It was deemed expedient in the councils of the Place Royale, that Paris too should have its "Retrospective" exhibition. The French government, eschewing all jealousy of this independent association, lent its help as soon as application was made: and Marshal Vaillant placed at its disposal abundant space for the proposed undertaking in the large saloons of the Palais de l'Industrie.

It was not, however, without some apprehensions of success in their experiment—without some nervous misgivings as to the realizing of ways and means, and winning the loan of the treasures of antique vertu from their possessors, that they entered upon their work. However, *en avant* was the word, and full success ensued. The undertaking had the good fortune to win favor in four quarters of immense influence—the Emperor, Prince Czartoriski, the Marquis of Hertford, and the Messrs. Rothschild. When this became known, it acted as an "open sesame" to the masters of lesser stores; and from that time streams of undreamt-of and unhoped-for valuables came pouring in upon the society, until at length an inconvenient overflow seemed imminent, and it became necessary to select and decline. The ultimate result, however, was, that the accommodation of twelve large saloons was absolutely exhausted by the contributions; and it has been estimated that the whole might realize on sale something like a million and a half of pounds sterling.

It was a patent defect of this Exhibition, that works of the same kind were not classed together. This was in consequence, doubtless, of the exactions of contributors. Each proprietor of a collection of treasures, however various and unconnected their contents, required, both for safetv's sake and with

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a pardonable vanity, that his own galaxy should shine apart. The spectator, therefore, was for a while bewildered in discerning the various elements of this vast and most miscellaneous collection.

A small, neatly arranged selection of stone-weapons stood as a foundation for the whole. From this we had to pass by a prodigious bound—for the next element was excellence itself, the masterpieces of Greece. The collection of these, if brought into one range and receptacle, would have been sufficient to constitute a most valuable museum of statuettes, vases, and other objects—some of perfect beauty. We cannot in a brief sketch like this attempt any detailed description, which could but be tantalizingly imperfect. We may make a statuette of Minerva, thus noted as No. 98 of the catalogue: "*Athène Toromachos; reproduction du Xoanon, conservé dans le Temple d'Erechthée. Bronze fondu en plein, du travail le plus archaïque. Un des plus vieux bronzes grecs connus.*" With what pardonable veneration might not the lover of the Greek marvels of art bend over this, "one of the oldest Greek bronzes known"!

Another violent leap of transition brought us from the schools of Phidias and Praxiteles to the middle ages and the renaissance period. Here, again, the contributions were profuse. In the former the ivories were of much interest—diptych, poliptych, and single subject—in which the deep sincerity of sentiment of their era struggled through and gave sterling value to imperfect art. All these, as well as the larger portion of other works of the same time, were connected with sacred subjects. Although not equal, upon the whole, to the Malines collection, there was here abundant food for deep meditation and admiration. Here, as there also, was a commemoration of the murder of St. Thomas—a reliquary in the form of a rectangular box of silver, gilt and embellished with niello, its cover pyramidal, topped with a large garnet stone, surrounded by a setting of pearls. On either larger side was pictured the slaying or the entombment of the martyr, with inscriptions. Figures of angels completed the ornaments of this choice work, which has been attributed, with some doubt, to a German hand of the twelfth century.

Numerous works in iron, of the twelfth century, many of great beauty—others in brass, silver, and gold, together with specimens of enamel and jewelry, of middle-age handling, were exhibited on this occasion. Few, however, of the curiosities of this period drew more attention than the manuscripts in simple scroll or illuminated. The greater portion of these came from the collections of M. Ambroise Firmin Didot or M. Le Carpentier. The Marquis de Ganay sent one article worth a hundred others, viz., the Books of the Gospels which had belonged to Charlemagne, and which, as tradition tells us, were wrung from the abbey of St. Maurice d'Argaune in the civil wars of the fourteenth century. On one side of its binding was a gold plate, impressed with the figure of Christ Blessing—a work of the ninth century. It was also adorned with a set of uncut precious stones, added in the twelfth century. Near to this were the Gospels, written in the eleventh century at the monastery of Ottenbeuren in Swabia, in characters of gold and silver. A copy of Josephus, from Saint-Tron in the province of Lemberg, Belgium, of the twelfth century, was also extremely fine. An Italian manuscript of the fourteenth century was also there, written on vellum, with ornamental capitals and miniatures—the revelations of St. Bridget. Among these precious works not the least singular was a *Livre d'heures* on vellum, having 330 pages, illustrated and ornamented with as many different subjects. Of these, fifty-six were taken from the Dance of Death. This was a work of the fifteenth century, and, strange to say—whether in melancholy jest or otherwise—had been presented by Louis XV. to his physician Dr. Mead. The works of the renaissance and subsequent period, in this collec-

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tion, were most numerous in what may be termed miniature objects—light branches and lovely blossoms springing from the great main trunks of painting and sculpture. For them chiefly, so full of winning instructiveness, this *Musée Retrospectif* would seem to have been especially got up. They appeared in forms of gold, silver, and much more cherished bronze, in ivory, and again the happier vehicle wood, in crystal and in glass, in steel, in gems and miniatures, in enamelled terra cotta, in furniture, in time-pieces, in tapestry, and numberless other ways.

The bronzes, scattered among the collections on every side, were admirable. The miniature model of an equestrian statue—a condottiere leader by Donatello—was universally felt to be a model in that most difficult branch of art. It excited an absolute *furore* amongst the critics. In contrast to its graceful swing of boldness, there was a *basso relievo* from an unknown hand, representing the figure of Charity—a draped female figure—clasping a child to her bosom caressingly, while other fondlings of the like age cling round her neck and her knees. Exquisite sweetness of expression is here found united to perfection of form and masterly arrangement of elaborate drapery. Yet the author is wholly unknown. Numerous statuettes sustained the honor of this class. We pass them to note three busts—full size—which could not fail to arrest the attention and command the deep admiration of every amateur or artist who passed through these saloons. The first was that of Beneviani, an Italian noble of the fifteenth century; the second, of Jerome Beneviani, a poet and philosopher of the sixteenth century; the third, of the great Buonarotti. The rigid adherence to nature, full of sincere force of expression, impressed on all three, compelled one to pause and ponder and commune with character so deeply significant. Such busts leave impressions not easily to be effaced, and are most instructive to the sculptor.

The great strength of this Exhibition lay, however, not so much in the subjects to which we have alluded as in its singular profusion of examples in the vast field of pottery and Limoge enamelling. It is probable that never have so many and such various specimens of both these branches of art been hitherto brought together. It is but just to say, that by far the greater part of the voluminous array had attached to it the names of Baron G. Rothschild and M. Alphonso Rothschild. Every variety of pottery or porcelain having any claim to reputation (with the exception of our own English works) seemed to have here, in one quarter or another, its representative.

Here were Moorish and Hispano-moresque vessels, comparatively rude in design and tinting, from which the great susceptibility of Italian art drew its first inspirations. Then came the majolica, in all its progressive modifications; the varnished sculpture of Luca della Robbia; the relievo of Palissy, of which we had here every contrasted variety of subject, and all the different schools of Italy fully and most interestingly illustrated. The value attached to some of the rarer specimens might be thought fabulous were we not familiar with the extravagances into which the long-pursed amateurs are led, in their devotion to the singular, if not the unique. Thus there appeared in the treasury of the Rothschilds a morsel—a small candlestick—of the almost extinct *faience* of Henry II., to which, it was affirmed, the value of forty thousand francs was attached. If the whole thirty or so subsisting specimens of this rarity were swept away, what, in point of general grace of form, elegance of linear detail, or delicacy of color, would be lost to the world? Something infinitesimally inconsiderable. Around this precious relique there was a wondrous profusion of Limoges enamels, belonging to various persons, and exhibiting in every degree the beauties of that exquisite speciality of

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art applied either to portraiture or high historic or sacred subject. These, indeed, deserve to be cherished with watchfulness and affection.

Among other contributions to this Exhibition were a large collection of fine Chinese and Japanese curiosities, to which with great truth the title *Retrospectif* could be affixed. They combined admirably great strength of construction with charming delicacy of embellishment.

In contrast to all these gentler productions of human genius came the special contribution of the emperor, presenting art and ingenuity as handmaidens to war—not as ministering to the amenities or luxuries of peace. In other words, it gave, in review, a complete array of the heaviest heavy armor of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—some thirty suits, standing *cap-à-pie*—illustrating the period when almost the entire frame of the man militant was encased in metal plates; when, consequently, to fall in battle was but too much after the fashion of Lucifer—never to rise again, unless as a prisoner, or unless assisted from mid *mêlée* by the smart hands of some sturdy squire, and thus once more restored to the perpendicular on the back of that singular hippogriff, a horse in armor. In this collection of panoplies the variety of helmets was most striking—some singularly extravagant in their steel contour, and all with as little accommodation as possible for the functions of breathing or seeing. A few offered most ludicrous mockeries of the human face divine, a nose alone projecting in Roman ruggedness: truly an iron joke. Among the rest, a German tournament-casque was conspicuous. It belonged to the second half of the seventeenth century, was wholly of silver, and richly ornamented both in carving and indenture. This gem of the collection was, it appears, a present from the empress to the emperor.

The armor of the central and most conspicuous group in the saloon had the like honor. It presented a knight on horseback—man and horse in full panoply, and an attendant man-at-arms. It seemed intended to unite the aspect of lightness with genuine metallic strength. A tradition is connected with it: that at a period when the progressive development of the fatal use of fire-arms, of cannon, arquebuss, petronel, and pistol, had gradually weakened faith in the utility of the chivalric steel coat, Louis XIII. and his potent minister Cardinal de Richelieu were both staunchly true to the olden creed of the olden time, where

> "None of your ancient heroes
> Ere heard of cannon-ball,
> Or knew the force of powder,
> To slay their foes withal;"

and it was thought expedient by both that his majesty should have this splendid model-suit made, in order to use influence of the most potent kind against the new martial heterodoxy. The progress of time has proved how vainly the recalcitrant effort was made. The great explosive agent has prevailed—until at length, in our own time, the management of the *bouches à feu* is the beginning and end of all scientific strategy; and even the cuirassier—the last of the steel-clads—is surmised to be on his last legs.

While thus on one side of this saloon these numerous examples of armor were ranged—a terrible show—and the helmets occupied, in close muster, an encircling shelf, the *arme blanche* had its honors sustained by a series of radiating groups attached to the walls, in which blades of Italy, Germany, and France, with matchless Toledo rapiers, showed their quality unsheathed. The thrilling simplicity of the cold gleaming steel in these deadly implements was, in many instances, strangely contrasted with the exquisite artistic elaboration of ornament upon their hilts. This anomaly was completed by the adoption, for this purpose, of subjects taken from Holy Writ, and the most tender illustrations of religious charity, sculptured in gold or silver, or tinted in the most delicate enamel. Thus we found

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upon one the four phases of the Prodigal Son's career admirably composed in miniature *basso relievo*. One sword of this kind could not fail to hold attention. It had been sent to Henry IV. by the pope on his abjuration. On its pommel two medals were inserted—the one having for its subject the Crucifixion, the other the Resurrection. On other medals, combined with the hilt, were represented the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Circumcision. Finally, the portrait of Henry himself was introduced supported by angels.

Here also was the blade of a different man, and of a different import, once grasped by the strong hand of Charles XII. of Sweden, vigorous for cut, or subtly tempered for trust. No mincing ornament of delicate tracery embellished its hilt; but it was appropriately wreathed with oak foliage in iron, and it bore an interlaced cipher of C's, surmounted by the words, *Soli Deo gloria.*

This weapon,

> "A better never did itself sustain
> Upon a soldier's thigh,"

was worn by Charles at Bender, and given by him to General Meyenfelt. It was presented to the Emperor Louis Napoleon by the present King of Sweden.

Associated with these specimens of the *arme blanche* were well-preserved examples of the cross-bow and earlier invented fire-arms, with their attendant accoutrements; the whole forming an extremely rich set of illustrations of the centuries to which it more especially referred.

Take it for all in all, this room was pregnant with suggestion. No extraordinary susceptibility of imagination was required for one lingering over its relics to shadow forth fearful episodes without number of tale or history connected with those crowded weapons of slaughter.

Independent of this splendid collection of arms, there were many others among the miscellanea of the Exhibition. By far the finest belonged to the Marquis of Hertford, figuring conspicuously in the chamber specially devoted to *chefs-d'œuvre* contributed from that nobleman's collection; and evidencing that it was not alone on masterpieces of painting that it could depend for its well-merited celebrity. The most prominent arms here were Circassian helmets and sabres, all fresh in brilliant preservation, as if they had just come from the anvil or workshop; the former more particularly remarkable for their exquisite inlaid golden tracery, the latter for their gorgeous richness of minute carving. These, with many other specimens of oriental ornament—creeses, poniards, or scimitars, here enclosed in glass cases—almost compelled one to the conclusion that in the East there is a more delicately inventive genius for ornamentation than can be found in Europe. This we may again see exemplified in the carpets of Persia, the shawls of Cashmere, and in the muslins of Hindostan, gleaming with fire-fly splendor of metallic foliage.

Having dwelt on these specialities of warlike equipment, the footsteps of the visitor were led to the last of the saloons, and found it dedicated, in almost monumental melancholy, to remininiscences of Polish royalty. Members of the Czartoriski family, Prince Ladislaus, and the Princess Iza, had furnished forth almost all the contents of the cases, which lined three sides of the apartment. A very copious miscellany of jewelry and ornaments in gold and silver—some singular for their artistic beauty, and others for their quaint antiquity—was here to be seen. Of special note amongst the former was a charming morceau of jewelry, wherein the letter A, standing for Auguste, was set in diamonds, and supported by two exquisite enamel infant figures, attributed to the hand of Benvenuto Cellini. Also a chain which had belonged to Maria Louisa Gonzaga, enamelled and enriched with pearls and precious stones. For pu-

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rity of taste this could compete with the best French works of its class of the sixteenth century. It was not, however, with a critic's eye, but with painful historic musing, that one contemplated these objects. Here was the ivory sceptre of King Frederick Augustus; and here also a flageolet, in the like ivory, that had been fingered and blown by the same sovereign. Here a great silver goblet, with portraits inserted in its indentures of two kings, Sobieski and Korybut. Here a fair cross of sapphire and a chain of Anne de Jagellon; and here, not the glass slipper, but the crimson-velvet shoe—thick, as if of Chinese model—of good Queen Hedwige. Here was the most splendid of field-marshal's batons—as long again as those of modern times—of ebony enriched with diamonds, and bearing a kingly cipher. Here were a brace of pistols that once had been clasped by the vigorous hand of Saxe; and here a watch and chain recall to mind the the poet's tribute—

"And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

These gems and all this orient pearl and gold once gave brilliancy to scenes such as are long since passed away from the festivities of Poland. These veteran sword-blades vainly remind us of the noble race of warriors by whom the reckless Turk was swept back from the walls of Vienna, and the possible conquest of Europe arrested. They all, however, tell the old and ever-to-be-repeated tale. Like other valuables of royal association, with which this *Musée Retrospectif* was in every quarter redundant—not forgetting that pretty, ivory-piped *cornemuse* or bagpipe, knotted with its still unfaded green ribbons, which once made music to the touch of Marie Antoinette—they express with mute melancholy eloquence the stern old apothegm, *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

MISCELLANY.

The Colosseum and St. Peter's.—Now when I recall my impressions of Rome, I find only two that efface or at least predominate over the others: the Colosseum, the work of the Roman people, and St. Peter's, the master-piece of Catholicism. The Colosseum is the gigantic work of an almost superhuman people, who, in a ferocity of pride and pleasure, erected only such buildings as contained an entire nation, rivalling nature, if possible, in massiveness and duration. The Tiber would have drained the mud of its banks, that the Colosseum might command it forever. But St. Peter's is the work of a thought, of a religion, of an entire humanity, at an epoch of the world. Not an edifice simply to contain an ignoble people, but a temple admitting all of philosophy, of prayer, of grandeur—every aspiration of man. The walls themselves seem to rise and grow, not in proportion of a people, but a God.

Michael Angelo alone has understood Catholicism, and in St. Peter's has given it its most sublime and complete expression—an apotheosis in stones, the monumental transfiguration of the religion of Christ. The architects of gothic cathedrals were sublime barbarians—Michael Angelo a philosopher in conception. Saint Peter's is itself philosophical Christianity from which the divine architect chases darkness and superstition, and bids enter the imperishable stream of beauty, symmetry, and light. In its incomparable beauty—a temple that might serve any worship, a temple deistical, if I may use the word applied to stones—God himself reclothed in his splendor. Christianity itself might perish, but St. Peter's would still remain the eternal, universal, and rational temple of whatever religion succeeded Christ's, provided that religion was worthy of God and humanity. The most abstract temple that ever human genius, inspired by divine ideas, has constructed here below.

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When one enters, one knows not if it is ancient or modern. No detail offends the eye, no symbol distracts the thought. Men of all religions enter with the same respect; sufficient to know the idea of God alone pervades it, and none other could occupy the place.

Change the priest, take away the altar, detach the pictures, carry off the statues—nothing is changed, it is always the house of God, or rather, St. Peter's is to him alone the great symbol of that eternal Christianity, which in influence and sanctity is but the germ of successive developments of the religious thought of all men and every age; and in proportion as God has illuminated it, so it opens to reason, communicates with him in this light, enlarges and elevates itself in proportion to the human mind, growing endlessly, gathering all people in a unity of adoration more and more rational, and making of each form of divinity an only God, of each age a single religion, and of all people a single humanity. Michael Angelo is the Moses of monumental Catholicism, and as such will one day be understood. He has constructed the imperishable arch for the future—the Pantheon of divine reason. LAMARTINE.

Oriental Translation Committee.—An attempt is being made to resuscitate the operations of the Oriental Translation Committee. The Oriental Translation Fund was established in 1828 by several Oriental scholars and others interested in Eastern literature, "for the translation and publication of such works on Eastern history, science, and *belles lettres* as are inaccessible to the European public in MS. form and indigenous language." This scheme received at first very considerable support, and the reigning sovereign has from its commencement always been the patron of the undertaking. During a period of thirty-two years the committee have published, or aided in the publication of, more than seventy translations. Of these many are highly valuable, all are curious and interesting, and several of them are of such a nature, that without the aid afforded by the Society they could scarcely have been undertaken. The Sanskrit translations include those of the Sankhya Karika, Rig Veda, and Vishnu Purana. Among those from the Arabic, are found the travels of Ibn-Batuta, and of the Patriarch Macarius, Al-Makkari's history of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain, and the extensive Lexicon of Hajji Khalfa. There are also on the list translations from the Persian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Armenian, Chinese, and Japanese languages. For the last two or three years no work has been issued from the press of the Society, nor is any one preparing for publication; but as there are signs in the literary world of a renewed interest in Oriental learning, the committee invite the special co-operation of all those who are anxious to bring the East and West into a still closer communion with each other.—*London Reader.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ELEMENTS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW. By Henry Wheaton, LL.D., Minister of the United States at the Court of Prussia, corresponding member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in the Institute of France, honorary member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, etc. Eighth Edition, edited, with notes, by Richard Henry Dana, jr., LL.D. 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 749. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1866.

Whoever will examine Fulbecke's Pandects of the Law of Nations, published at London in 1602, which the author styles the first, to his knowledge, that hath been written on this subject, and compare it with the first edition of Wheaton's International Law, published in 1836, must be astonished at the great progress which had been made in this most interesting science in a period of two centuries and a third. But a glance at Dana's Wheaton will satisfy the most superficial inquirer that the last thirty years have still more fully developed the principles of that code of law which professes to bind the nations of the civilized world.

Mr. Dana has well and faithfully performed a duty, requiring for its proper

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and efficient discharge talents of the highest order. He has produced a book which will be read with interest, not only by the professional man, but by the general reader; for he treats on subjects that the people of the United States are, at the present time, and have been for the last five years, more nearly concerned with than ever before in the history of their government. And as the work is edited with signal ability, it is the more to be regretted that, in a Treatise on International Law, Mr. Dana has deemed it proper to incorporate his own political opinions on a question not of International, but of American Constitutional Law.

On pages 82 and 85, in a note on the United States as a supreme government, the editor says:

The United States "is a new state or government, acting directly upon each individual, by its own officers and departments, in execution of its own laws. Within its sphere it acts as if there were no separate states in existence. *It is also the final judge in a dispute between itself and a state as to the limits of its sphere of action.*"

"The supremacy of the republic within its sphere, and *its supreme right to determine the limits of its sphere, is now settled.*"

"The civil war saw the final and complete establishment of that construction of the Constitution which makes the United States a *State* in the scientific sense of the term, having direct authority over each citizen, to be exercised by its own officers independently of the states; and a right to the direct allegiance of each citizen, from which no state action can absolve him; *with the right to determine the limits of its own jurisdiction;* with no appeal from its decision except through constitutional methods of altering the laws, or the administration, by the ballot, or through public revolution."

The editor entirely ignores the theory that the federal government is one of delegated powers, as well as the 10th article of the amendments to the Constitution, by which it is declared that "the powers not *delegated* to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are *reserved* to the states respectively, or to the people." If the federal government has this exclusive right to determine the limits of its own jurisdiction, then has this provision of the bill of rights become a nullity. Besides, the argument is an illogical one; if it be once admitted the powers of the federal government are *delegated* powers. it is difficult to maintain the theory that either an individual, or a government acting by virtue of delegated powers, is competent to decide, without appeal, on the extent of the powers delegated. There is always this great question to be solved, Have the people delegated such a power? If not, how can the determination of the federal government, that the people have done so, be construed to confer it?

If Congress should, by statute, enact that the presidential term of office should continue during the life of the incumbent, and the executive should ratify the act, and the judiciary decide that it was a constitutional exercise of the powers delegated, inasmuch as the federal government has the exclusive right to determine the limits of its own jurisdiction, would any sane man believe that this could give efficacy to such a gross usurpation?

But it is useless to follow out the argument; the mere statement of the principle is its own refutation.

Nor has the civil war just ended established any such principle. Slavery has been abolished as a result of the war, but this has been done under the forms of the constitution. The heresy of secession has also been overthrown forever; this, however, has been accomplished, not by virtue of any power in the federal government to determine the extent of its own jurisdiction, but because the majority of the people of the North have decided in favor of such a construction of the constitution, upon a point left undetermined at its formation, upon which two great parties have ever since held opposite views, and which could only be settled by the *ultima ratio regum;* there being no other tribunal to which they could submit their differences.

The civil war was not waged for the purpose of enlarging the powers of the federal government, nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of the states; as was emphatically declared by both branches of Congress in 1861; and its effect has been simply to maintain the authority of the constitution, with all the powers which it confers, and all the restrictions which it imposes, unabridged

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and unaltered. No such authority having been previously vested in the government, it cannot be assumed as one of the results of the civil war.

Putting aside, however, this only blemish upon a great work, we desire to call particular attention to the masterly manner in which Mr. Dana has treated the great topics of the day.

His note on the Monroe doctrine will well repay perusal, as it is a subject on which much apprehension exists in the public mind. This enunciation of American policy, he shows to have consisted of two points: 1. That inasmuch as the whole of the American continent is now within the territorial limits of some one or other civilized power, it is no longer open to colonization by European nations. 2. That the United States will view, as an unfriendly act, any attempt on the part of European powers to interfere for the purpose of controlling the political affairs of any of the American States, or to extend to them the operation of the European political system. The question is well worth the study of the statesman, and it is ably treated in this work.

Another question of more than common interest, especially to our naturalized citizens, is the extent to which the government of the United States will afford them protection in foreign lands. The doctrine extracted by Mr. Dana from the cases of Martin Koszta, Simon Tousig, and others, is, that the government will afford protection to a domiciled resident of the United States whilst travelling in a foreign country, under her passport, against any arrest or seizure by the government of his native sovereign, in any event except that of a voluntary return to his place of birth; but in such case he will not be protected against military service owing by him to his native sovereign at the time of his emigration.

The case of the Trent, in which Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the rebel commissioners to Great Britain and France, were removed from that vessel, at sea, by the commander of an armed vessel of the United States, and brought in as prisoners of war, is the subject of a learned note by Mr. Dana. He considers this case to have settled but one principle: "that a public ship, though of a nation at war, cannot take persons out of a neutral vessel, at sea, whatever may be the claim of her government on those persons." A doctrine always held by the government of the United States, and one which they were glad to see authoritatively established on a claim made by that of England.

We have not space to point out in detail the many interesting questions discussed in Mr. Dana's learned notes, such as those of Intervention, Mediation, Extradition, etc. But we cannot, in justice to him, omit a reference to the question now agitating the public mind, arising out of our reclamation on Great Britain for compensation for the ravages of the Alabama and other confederate privateers, fitted out in the ports of that country. The question at issue is a somewhat different one from what is generally supposed. Our own supreme court has decided that it is no breach of neutrality, in the absence of any treaty stipulation, or local statute, to build, arm, and equip a vessel of war, and send her, under American colors, to the port of a belligerent, with the *bonâ fide* purpose of there offering her for sale as a commercial enterprise; though she may be subject to capture by the other belligerent, as contraband of war. Mr. Dana, after a thorough examination of the authorities and of the diplomatic correspondence between the two governments, thus sums up the points at issue:

The United States claims reparation from Great Britain for injuries done to her commerce by cruisers under the rebel flag, for the following reasons:

1. Because Great Britain made a precipitate and unwarranted recognition of belligerency of the rebel power, and thereby established in law, and to some extent brought about in fact, a state of things which made possible and probable the illegal acts of individuals complained of.

2. Because the measures taken by the British Government to prevent the sailing of vessels from British ports, fitted and equipped therein in violation of her neutrality, were tardy and feeble, as well as ineffectual; whether this arose from mistakes of law in the advisers of the crown, or bad faith, or incapacity in inferior officials, or from the insufficiency of the Acts of Parliament, being purely an internal question, with which the United States were not bound to deal.

3. Because Great Britain did not seize and detain or disarm these vessels, or refuse them asylum, or otherwise deal with them in such manner as the law of

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nations authorized her to do, after their fraudulent escape from the original ports.

4. Because the British Government refused even to suggest amendments of her Acts of Parliament in any respect whatever, or to introduce the subject to Parliament when their inefficiency had been proved, and the government had been requested so to do, not only by the United States, on terms of reciprocity, but by citizens interested in preserving neutrality.

5. Because the government had neglected or refused to prosecute citizens of the so-called Confederate States who were openly residing in England as agents for that power, and notoriously engaged in fitting out vessels in violation of British neutrality, though abundant evidence had been furnished to authorize proceedings.

6. Because, by reason of this course of the British Government, the rebels had been able to set forth and maintain an effective force of steamers cruising against American commerce, having asylum and making repairs and getting coal and supplies in British ports; built, fitted out, armed, and manned in and from England, and never even expecting, or pretending to visit a port of the confederacy, when otherwise they would scarcely have had a single cruiser; the result of which had been a most effective belligerent aid to the rebellion, and the great advantage to England and detriment to the United States of driving from the seas the greater part of the American mercantile marine, heretofore the equal and rival of Great Britain, and transferring the commerce of the world to the British flag.

The British Government replies: 1. That the recognition of belligerency was justifiable, and made necessary at the time it was done, and dictated by a duty to the United States as well as to Great Britain; and that the United States gained by it the rights of blockade and search.

2. That the government acted in good faith and with reasonable diligence in enforcing its laws for the preservation of its neutrality; and that, if subordinate officials failed in capacity or diligence in particular cases, their acts or failures being but a part of the entire proceedings otherwise proper and effective, the nation cannot be expected to hold itself responsible for their remote consequences, in the way of making compensation for acts done by belligerents out of the jurisdiction.

3. That the government did seize and prosecute, in her colonial ports, vessels which were charged with being fitted out at home in violation of neutrality; and that she was not bound by the law of nations to refuse asylum to, or seize or disarm or insist on the disarmament of vessels afterward commissioned as public ships of war of a belligerent visiting her ports, on the ground that they had been originally, and before their commissioning as vessels of war, fitted out in her jurisdiction in violation of her neutrality.

4. That the government was not satisfied that the Acts of Parliament had proved inadequate to such an extent, and after so full trial, or that any amendment would be likely to improve them so materially as to justify the United States in charging the refusal to attempt their amendment as a want of good faith.

5. That the government had judged in good faith, on the advise of competent counsel, whether, in cases suggested, prosecutions against individuals should be instituted.

6. That if vessels fitted out and dispatched from Great Britain ever so clearly in violation of her neutral rights, had fraudently escaped, without bad faith on the part of the government, Great Britain was not responsible for acts of hostility done by such vessels beyond her jurisdiction. Her duty was fulfilled if she restored any prizes such vessels might bring within her jurisdiction.

7. That it was inconsistent with the dignity and honor of the government to submit to arbitration claims of another government, the decision of which involved a question whether the advisers of the crown had correctly interpreted the law, or the executive officers of the crown had acted with diligence, good judgment, or good faith.

The points we have thus briefly noticed are but a few of the most important ones which are fully discussed by Mr. Dana; for a proper appreciation of his labors we must refer the reader to the book itself, with the assurance that it will well repay the time devoted to its perusal. It is no ephemeral production, but a good, solid, and deeply interesting work, which will long preserve its place as a landmark in the literature of the nineteenth century.

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LIFE OF SAINT CECILIA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR. By the Reverend Prosper Guéranger, Abbé de Solesmes. Translated from the French. 12mo, pp. 404. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham. 1866.

This work from the pen of the learned Benedictine will, no doubt, be warmly welcomed, both because of its authorship and its own intrinsic merit. It will take its rank, however, rather among works of profound hagiological research than as a contribution to popular biographies of the saints. The history of the life and martyrdom of St. Cecilia occupies but a very small portion of the volume. The rest is devoted to the confirmatory testimonies to her life afforded by the liturgies of the church, both Greek and Latin, the history of her relics and of the Roman basilica erected in her honor, and the homage paid to her throughout Christendom in literature and the arts. All this is of the greatest interest and value, and no little thanks are due to the eminent author for his labor and research. As a life of Saint Cecilia it does not satisfy us. The style is crude and laborious, and lacking in the elements of a finished biography. The author has collected materials which would have come from the hand of a Wiseman or a Newman a masterpiece of literary art, a living picture of the life and times of one of the most illustrious saints of the church. But he does not appear to know how to take advantage of the treasure which he has gathered together with so much painstaking labor. Hence the scenes in the life of Saint Cecilia furnished him by the quaint and charming descriptions in the "Acts" of the saint —her espousals, the vision of the angel seen by her husband, the martyrdom of the two brothers Valerian and Tiburtius, her own interrogatory before the Roman prefect, and sublime death—scenes replete with varied interest, and affording matter for the most powerful dramatic description, and presented to us in the tamest and rudest style. What, for instance, can be more commonplace than the following: Valerian, in presence of Cecilia and the angel, is assured by the heavenly visitor that in return for his consent to the vow of virginity made by his saintly spouse, any request he might make will be granted him. The young man, overcome with gratitude, threw himself at the feet of the divine messenger, and thus expressed his desires: Nothing in life is more precious to me than the affection of my brother; and now that I am rescued from peril, it would be a bitter trial to leave this beloved brother exposed to danger. *I will, therefore, reduce my requests to one:* I beseech Christ to deliver my brother, Tiburtius, as he has delivered me, and to perfect us both in the confession of his name.'"

The translation we should judge to be a faithful one, and is, in the main, correct English. We hardly see how it could be much improved considering the formal, unsympathetic style of the original; but we wish that in certain descriptive passages the historical present had been preserved throughout, or altogether avoided. We are surprised to see the author styled upon the title page as the *Reverend* Prosper Guéranger, *abbé de Solesmes.* It is not common to attach the title of *Rev.* to the name of authors and prelates of such note as Dom Guéranger, and 'abbé de' for 'abbot of' is not in good taste.

A fancy portrait accompanies the volume, representing Saint Cecilia with a harp, which ill accords with the Antiphon quoted on the title-page: "*Cantantibus organis, Cecilia Domino decantabat,*" and which is, moreover, so completely at variance with all representations of her by both ancient and modern artists, and we would willingly dispense with that; but the book is, for the reasons we have assigned, of such value, that we thank the enterprising publisher for the opportunity afforded the American public of perusing the work in English.

SPANISH PAPERS AND OTHER MISCELLANIES, hitherto unpublished or uncollected, by WASHINGTON IRVING. Arranged and edited by PIERRE M. IRVING. 2 vols., 12mo. With a portrait after Wilkie. New York: G. P. Putnam. Hurd and Houghton. 1866.

In the first of these volumes we are presented with a choice selection of papers by the illustrious author, consisting of several charming Spanish legends, illustrative of the events of the conquest of Spain by the Moors, the greater portion of which is newly published. The second volume contains some early contributions to the Morning Chronicle, when the author was but nineteen years of age. These were his first essays in print, but they are none the less remarkable for the fine humor they display, and for which he became so much admired in after

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years. The biographical sketches, which follow, of Captain James Lawrence, Lieutenant Burrows, Commodore Perry, and Captain David Porter possess no little historical value; and the extended memoir of the child poet, Margaret Miller Davidson, the younger sister of the well-known youthful authoress, Lucretia Maria Davidson, is full of the most touching and romantic interest. A number of reviews and miscellaneous papers close these volumes, which need no further praise from us than to say that they are all marked with the genius of Washington Irving. We have been so much charmed by the perusal of the Spanish legends that we could not refrain from placing one of them entire before our readers—the Legend of Count Julian and his family. It will be found in the pages of the present number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The form in which the publication is given is as creditable to the publishers, as it is worthy of the interesting matter.

LAURENTIA: A Tale of Japan. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. (American Reprint.) Baltimore: Kelly and Piet, 174 Baltimore street. 1866.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton consecrates her high intellectual gifts and finished culture with a noble devotion to the sacred cause of the Catholic religion. In her latest story of Laurentia, she has chosen her theme from the comparatively unknown history of the Catholic Church in Japan, and appears to have derived her materials chiefly from the work of F. Charlevoix on that subject.

F. Charlevoix's History of Christianity in Japan is one of the most intensely interesting books we have ever read, and unfolds a page in the annals of the church equalling the records of the first three centuries in glory. The persistent misrepresentation and suppression of truth, which the enemies of the Catholic religion make use of just so far as the credulousness of the public will permit, have hitherto kept the facts in regard to this topic under a veil of mist. This veil is lifting, however, and is destined soon, we trust, to disappear before the rays of truth.

Lady Fullerton's story is well adapted to awaken attention to this subject, if the general apathy and aversion to all Catholic literature does not prevent its being read. Its incidents are mainly historical, with just enough of embellishment and portraiture of imaginary charters and incidents to make it life-like. It is written with that ardor of feeling and in that glowing style, chastened by good taste, which are characteristic of Lady Georgiana's productions. As a work of art it is not equal to her master-piece, Constance Sherwood. The events described are, however, so replete with the highest and most absorbing interest, that one feels no inclination to advert to the mere artistic merit of plot, style, or description. It combines the fascination of a well-written sensation novel, with the utility of a solid book of spiritual reading. We recommend it to all who read anything at all except the daily papers, and advise all parents, whether they read or do not read themselves, to give it to their children. The latter, we are sure, will not find it hard to take.

VIGNETTES, Biographical Sketches of Madame Swetchine, La Sœur Rosalie, Madame Pape Carpentier, Madame Lamertine, etc. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. London and New-York: Alexander Strahan. 1866.

These sketches are all full of interest, some of them most touching and beautiful. The life of La Sœur Rosalie cannot fail to win admiration from every heart. The most wretched faubourg of Paris was the scene of her labors; here with heart and hands, with every power of soul and body, she labored year after year, never weary, but simply and quietly performing a work which man has been proud to honor, a work which God alone fully knows. We quote a short passage describing the funeral of La Sœur Rosalie:

"She was followed to the grave by a multitude such as could be neither counted nor described: every rank, age, and profession was there; great and small, rich and poor, learned men and laborers, the most famous and the most obscure. Instead of going straight toward the church, the body was borne through the streets where she had been accustomed to visit, and women and children who could not walk in the great procession fell on their knees and prayed. A band of soldiers surrounded the bier and rendered military honors to the one who lay upon it, for she had been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

This lowly Sister of Charity felt not

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that her sphere was narrow, but her love, her energy, and activity found everywhere opportunities; they never failed her, she never failed them. This life of Sister Rosalie alone would give interest to any volume of biographies; but several others have almost an equal interest, particularly that of Madame Swetchine, a noble Russian lady. She embraced the Catholic faith, spent many years of her life in Paris, associating with the noblest spirits of the day—Lacordaire, Chateaubriand, Montalembert—by all of whom she was admired with a sort of tender reverence. Though influencing for many years the highest circles of Parisian society, her life was most simply, humbly, and devoutly Christian. The sketch of one of our own countrywomen, Harriet K. Hunt of Boston, who has done much toward enlightening the women of the working classes by her lectures on physiology, is also pleasantly given. We think our authoress has shown in this volume that women have power to do a great work, and that this work can easily be found, and easily done, if but the heart and soul are in it. The volume is beautifully gotten up.

THE SHAM SQUIRE, AND THE INFORMERS OF 1798, with a View of their Contemporaries. To which are added jottings about Ireland seventy years ago. By William John Fitzpatrick, J.P., Biographer of Bishop Doyle, etc., etc. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 379. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

In THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April last, page 122, will be found an article entitled: "Ireland, and the Informers of 1798." That article gave a synopsis of portions of "The Sham Squire," of which the copy under notice is a reprint from the last Dublin edition. It is a curious book, and contains many highly interesting incidents of the rebellion of 1798; of the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmet, and other Irish patriots of that day. The facts disclosed show that through bribery and the spy system, England succeeded in crushing out all efforts for Ireland's independence, even better than her ministers hoped. This system of bribery, however, is not peculiar to Ireland, as many writers have asserted; but is the same in all countries, and in all times. It has been used in this country by both sides in the late war, with as much success as it ever was in Ireland. The only difference being that the Irish patriots never had money to use for such a purpose, while England had plenty, hence her success. The book is well worth reading, and throws light on many disputed points of Irish history, especially that portion of it relating to 1798.

FIRST PRINCIPLES: A letter to a Protestant friend asking information about the Catholic Church, by the Rev. G. H. Doane. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher, No. 27 Barclay Street. 1866.

The title of this pamphlet speaks for itself. It is a plain statement of the difference between Catholics and Protestants on the way pointed out by Christ to find true Christianity.

LAWRENCE KEHOE, New York, will soon publish a new volume of Sermons by the Paulist Fathers. It will contain several Sermons by the late Father Baker.

MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY & Co. announce a new edition of "Good Thoughts for Priest and People." By Rev. Father Noethen.

RECEIVED:

From J. J. O'Connor and Co., Newark, N. J. Curious Questions. By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 292.

D. and J. Sadlier and Co., New York. Disappointed Ambition; or, Married and Single. By Miss Agnes M. Stewart. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 248.

☞ Wanted to purchase, at this Office, several copies of Branchereau's "Prælectiones Philosophicale." Second Edition.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. IV., NO. 21.—DECEMBER, 1866.

ORIGINAL.

PROBLEMS OF THE AGE.

X.

THE STATE OF PROBATION—ITS REASON AND NATURE — THE TRIAL OF THE ANGELS.

In our preceding number we have endeavored to show what is that order of regeneration or supernatural grace, in which rational nature, and through it all nature, attains the end of creation metaphysically final. The position we have taken is, that the creation returns to God as final cause through the hypostatic union of created nature with the divine nature in the person of the Incarnate Word, and the participation in this union by angels and men who are elevated through grace to the rank of sons of God.

We have now another problem to deal with. The Catholic doctrine teaches that angels and men are not brought to their destined end, in view of which they were created, by an immediate, indefectible operation of divine power alone; but by a concurrence of this divine operation with the spontaneous, contingent, and defectible operation of their own free-will. Moreover, that in consequence of the contingent, defectible operation of the second cause which is concurrent with the first cause, a multitude of angels and men finally and irremediably fail to reach their destination.

This statement of the relation of the rational creature to God as final cause, involves a number of the most difficult and perplexing questions. The reason for placing creatures in a state of probation by which their eternal destiny is decided, the relation of divine foreknowledge to contingent events, the conciliation of the efficacy of grace with the liberty of the will, the nature of free-will itself, the reason for permitting the existence of evil, predestination, and similar vexed questions, start up at once to trouble and confound the feeble human intellect.

They are all summed up in the problem of probation. The creature is placed in a state where he is to decide in a certain brief space of time, by his own voluntary choice, his eternal destiny; this destiny including the alternative of the attainment or the forfeiture of supreme beatitude. What reason can be given for this? Why is the rational creature defectible or liable to fail of reaching his destination? Why does God place him in a state of probation, knowing his defectibility? Why is it that some fail and others do not fail to attain their destination?

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licised philosophy cannot give even a plausible solution of this great problem, and the problems arising out of it. It must either deny the problem, or throw out some ingenious guesses which satisfy no one. It is wholly at fault, always has been, and always will be. With those who deny the whole problem, by denying the whole supernatural order, we have nothing to do at present; for we cannot raise anew questions already discussed. We are concerned only with those who admit the moral order of the universe; and these admit the existence of a period of probation, although some of them may extend the limits of this probation indefinitely, and doubt or deny some of its consequences.

The very notion of probation springs from the notion of a free will, permitted and even compelled to choose between good and evil. Now, why is the created will permitted and even compelled to exercise this prerogative which is too often the occasion of the greatest injury to its possessor?

A certain class of philosophers answer this question by asserting that it could not possibly be otherwise. They exaggerate beyond all measure this liberty of choice as something essential to all voluntary operation. They have no conception of any moral goodness, virtue, or sanctity, except that which is the product of this continual striving to make a right choice between two rival objects of desire, the good and the evil. They even extend their notion so far as to include God; as if he were in a kind of infinite state of moral probation, amenable to a standard or law above himself, and only preserving his holiness by a continual effort of will to choose among various possible determinations that which is most perfectly conformed to this standard. Of course, then, when he created intelligent spirits like himself, he was obliged to leave them to their liberty of choice. They could not become holy or happy in any other way. Indeed, according to this system, they must remain in this state of moral probation forever. There is no conceivable way of determining them to good without destroying the liberty of will which is essential to a rational nature. The only immutability of will possible, is that which arises from a confirmed, long-continued habit of choice. Therefore God has not absolutely determined the wills of his rational creatures to good, because he could not. He has left them with the power and exposed to the risks of wrong choices because he could not help it.

This solution of the problem must be rejected as completely unsatisfactory. God is good, and is blessed, by his nature. The human nature of Christ is holy, impeccable, and beatified, by its hypostatic union with the divine nature. The Blessed Virgin was impeccable from the instant of her immaculate conception. The holy angels and just men made perfect have finished their moral probation, and are in an unchangeable state. The perfection of intelligent nature, therefore, so far from implying, excludes liberty of choice between good and evil. If this be so, this liberty of choice is an imperfection. Why, therefore, did God create rational existences with this imperfection? Without doubt he could have given them impeccability. He could have elevated them to a state of perfection without requiring them to pass through any probation. He could have placed all rational creatures at once in the state of beatitude, and kept all sin and evil out of the universe. Why, then, is evil allowed to enter?

Moreover, *whence* and *what* is evil? How is it possible that there should be any evil? Extrinsic to the being of God which is the absolute good, nothing does or can exist, except that which God has created after the similitude of his own being, and which, therefore, participates according to its measure in his goodness. Besides, God has created all things in view of an end. Being infinitely wise, he

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knows how to attain this end through his works, and being infinitely powerful, he is able to do it. Being also infinitely good, only good can terminate his volition. Therefore, if evil were possible, he could not will to actualize it; and if, by an impossible supposition, it could come into actual existence without him, he must will to destroy it. The superficial theology and philosophy which dates from the Reformation, is tied up here in a Gordian knot, which no skill can unravel. It contains two dogmas which are absolute contradictions: creation, and the substantive essence of evil. These two can never coexist in harmony. One or the other must be modified or given up. Either the dogma of creation must be so far given up as to admit of some eternal self-existent *materia* in which lies the essential principle of evil, or the substantive existence of evil must be denied. Those who deny or impair the first, have ceased to be Theists in the strict and proper sense of the word, and are already moving toward Pantheism. Those who deny the second, throw up with it the conception of a moral order in the universe, of a state of probation, strictly so called. There is no Theistic, Christian philosophy of any depth or comprehensiveness on these topics, except that which is included in the theology of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and other great Catholic writers.

It is well known how completely the ancient philosophers were befogged in regard to the nature and origin of evil. Plato taught that the *materia* out of which God formed the universe is eternal, and that, from an inherent intractability in its essence, it is incapable of perfectly receiving the impress of the divine ideas. The constructor of the universe was, therefore, hindered from realizing his ideal and fully executing his design by the defectiveness of his material. He was like an architect who has only soft, crumbling stone, or a sculptor with veined marble. From this source, according to Plato, is all the evil existing in the universe.

The Persians, whose great master was Zoroaster, resorted to the theory of two subordinate creators, both the offspring of the Supreme Being, one Ormusd, being good, and the other Ahriman, being evil. All that is good in the creation comes from the first, and all the evil from the second of these great master-mechanics. Ahriman is destined, however, to be eventually converted, with all his liege subjects, his botched workmanship will be repaired, and the universe will come all right in the end. This ingenious theory left out, however, one essential point; namely, how Ahriman came to have an evil nature, since he was created by the good God as well as Ormusd, and how he and his works could become good, if they were essentially evil.

Manes and the Manichæans carried their dualism to a point of more complete consistency, and more absolute absurdity. They taught the existence of two eternal, self-existing principles, one good, the other bad, who are engaged in perpetual warfare. Spiritual existences proceed from the good principle, corporeal existences from the evil one. Human souls, having been in some way allured into corporeal forms, are polluted by them and involved in evil. It is necessary for the soul to disengage itself from matter, and it will then be fit to return to the supremely good being from whom it proceeded.

Any system which teaches that evil has anything essential or substantive, must give up the pure dogma of creation. For it is inconsistent with that dogma to suppose that God can create anything essentially evil, or that any creature can create anything, or that any substance essentially good can become essentially evil by corruption; since corruption produces no new substance, but modifies substance already existing.

Whence, then, and *what* is evil? What can there be as an alternative

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of good before the intelligence and will of a rational creature to form the material for a dilemma, and oblige him to exercise a faculty of choice? Where is the substratum of a state of probation?

Metaphysical evil, or that evil which is included in the metaphysical essence of all created things, is merely the limitation of their possible good. Simple being, *ens simpliciter*, is alone the absolute good in possibility and in act. Jesus Christ has said, "There is one good, God."* In actual existences, evil is merely a recession from God. It is only relative, and negative, therefore, and expresses the absence of that good which exists in some other creature, or in God. In created existences, good is relative and positive, and evil, or the absence of good, is relative and privative. It is a mere deficiency, but nothing substantive, any more than darkness, cold, or vacuity are substantive.

If we can suppose, therefore, a certain good proposed to a rational creature as attainable by his free volition, with a power to the contrary, we have the necessary conditions of a state of moral probation. That is, the possibility is proved of a certain good being made contingent on the voluntary choice of rational creatures; and with it, the possibility of this good being forfeited by the deficiency of this choice. This answers the question whence and what is the possibility of evil as the concomitant risk annexed to a state of probation. It is only necessary, therefore, to show that we can make this supposition, by explaining how the will can be constituted in an equilibrium between this proffered good and some other object, with complete liberty to incline itself to either.

That other object cannot be an essentially evil object, for there is no such thing in existence. It must be, then, an inferior good. In the state of probation the will is inclined to all kinds of good indifferently, and capable of choosing any which the intellect judges to be best or most desirable. It is capable of making a false choice, because the intellect is capable of making a false judgment. Intelligent spirit has self-dominion where it is not determined by intrinsic necessity. It is lord over its own acts. It can determine its own judgments and volitions. And this makes it a proper subject of precept and moral obligation, capable of being placed in a state of probation.

It may appear very difficult to understand how this can be, but our own consciousness and practical experience give us an intimate sense of its truth. Let us take, then, a familiar example in illustration.

A child is capable of appreciating the good of delicious fruit, the good of approbation and reward, the good of play and amusement, and the good of knowledge. His parents allow him to eat peaches under certain restrictions, and forbid him to eat them without their permission. They allow him to play at certain times and under certain conditions, and forbid him all other amusement and recreation. They require him to devote a certain time to study, and to apply himself to this study with diligence. It is plain that the will of the child is in equilibrium toward all the various kinds of good in respect to which he receives precepts from his parents, and is thus placed in a state of probation, the issue of which is in great measure left to the arbitration of his own free choice. He can determine himself to obey his parents for the sake of their approbation and rewards, or to disobey them for the sake of eating forbidden fruit. He can determine himself to study for the sake of knowledge, or to neglect it for the sake of play. When he determines himself to the inferior, sensible good, he does so by a false judgment, that in the particular instance the present sensible enjoyment is best for him or most desirable. Yet he has power to the contrary, and both can and ought to make a right judgment. He is determined to neither side by any intrinsic

* St. Matt. xix. 17.

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necessity, but determines himself and destroys the equilibrium of his will by a free choice, by virtue of his self-dominion. The necessity of exercising this self-dominion proceeds from imperfection of nature. It is easily conceivable that his nature, if it were rendered more perfect, would determine him always to prefer the approbation of parents, and of his own conscience, to the pleasure of eating fruit, and the pleasure of knowledge to that of play.

This illustrates our present point, and shows how the imperfection of an intelligent creature, which makes him capable of false judgments in regard to the eligibility of different objects of volition, renders him a fit subject of probation.

But why is he created in this imperfect state, and obliged to run the risks of a difficult and dangerous probation? It is evident that God might easily pour such a flood of light upon his intelligence that he would be incapable of making a false judgment, and communicate to him such a degree of felicity in the enjoyment of the true good, that his will would be rapt away without effort beyond all possibility of attraction from any inferior objects. He might communicate the beatific vision simultaneously with the first act of reason, as he does to those infants who are translated to heaven in their infancy. Thus he might secure the eternal beatitude of all intelligent creatures without placing any of them in probation.

It is evident that God must have a reason for establishing a state of probation, and that this reason must involve some great good to be attained by it. This reason is, also, in part intelligible to us. So far as we can understand it, it is, that God and the creature are more glorified through the elevation of created nature to supernatural beatitude, when the created nature concurs with God as First Cause, by its own activity, as Second, con-creative cause, in the highest manner possible. It is the will of God that beatitude should be the prize of merit, and merit implies liberty of choice. Supernatural beatitude is a pure boon from God to the creature, not due to him as simply existing. Therefore, God may bestow it on whom he pleases, and upon any conditions he pleases to establish. As probation implies imperfection, and the creature is created for his propor perfection, when he attains it probation must cease. The period of probation must therefore be limited. It must be also a real, *bonâ fide* probation; that is, the attainment of beatitude must really depend on the right use of the term of probation. Consequently, when the term of probation has expired, those who have failed in it must be left to the eternal consequences of their own voluntary error. That species of virtue which makes an intelligent creature capable of attaining supernatural beatitude is itself supernatural, and therefore impossible without divine grace. When this grace is lost, there is no natural power to regain it. Sin is therefore in itself irreparable. It can be repaired only by a second supernatural grace. If this grace is not conceded, there is no second probation, but the sinner must remain perpetually in that state to which his sin has reduced him. If this grace is conceded, and the limits of probation are extended, those who fail finally and pass out of the fixed period of probation must also remain perpetually in that state to which they have reduced themselves by their own free and voluntary election.

Another great difficulty here presents itself, namely: it appears that the fulfilment of the divine purpose is left to the contingencies of second causes, and at the mercy of the arbitrary wills of creatures. God appears to be like one who makes his plans in the dark, without being able to know what their success will be, or to take efficacious measures for securing their success. For how can he foresee future events that are purely contingent on the free choice of created wills? How can he predetermine an end, to be infallibly accomplished, when this accomplishment is contingent on the free arbitration of the creature? The Ca-

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tholic doctrine teaches that a multitude of angels and men destined to supernatural beatitude finally fail of their destination. Does not this failure partially thwart the divine plan, mar his work, and deprive his universe of its perfection? Although the divine plan has a partial success, through the concurrence of a certain number of angels and men with the divine will, is not this success even due to hap-hazard? Must we not suppose that the divine plan ran the risk of a complete failure, so far as the co-operation of free-will is concerned?

It is evident that these suppositions are all incompatible with the essential attributes of God. He must necessarily have a perfect foreknowledge of all things that will ever come to pass. He must also have supreme dominion over his entire creation, and be able to accomplish all his purposes without any liability to be thwarted by his own creatures. He must have decreed from eternity whatsoever he does in time through his creative act.

Therefore some, overwhelmed by the difficulties which encompass the doctrine of the freedom of the created will, in its relation to the divine, have adopted the part denying it altogether. The denial of free-will, however, makes the state of probation, and the entire moral order of the universe, with its retributions, completely illusory and fantastic. It is a denial of a fact of universal human consciousness. Whoever makes it ought to become a pantheist at once, and maintain that all individual existences are mere emanations of the divine substance.

The Catholic doctrine distinctly proclaims both the divine foreknowledge and decrees, and also the liberty of choice in the created intelligent nature. A Catholic theologian, therefore, cannot dispose of the difficulty in the case, by summarily denying either side of the dogmatic truth. St. Thomas Aquinas, with those who follow his school strictly, endeavors to resolve the difficulty by the hypothesis of a physical premotion of the will, or an efficacious grace, which has an infallible connection with a right choice, but yet leaves the will to make this choice freely and with power to the contrary. God has therefore predestined, by an infallible decree, all those to whom he gives this efficacious grace, to the attainment of beatitude. His foreknowledge is also explained as the knowledge of his own determination through which all events, even contingent, are made certain.

This system has a certain hypothetical finish and completeness about it, and it appears to vindicate the supreme dominion of God over all contingent existences, second causes, and events taking place in time, more effectually than any other. It fails, however, to reconcile with the attributes of God the freedom of the created will and the state of probation. For, according to this system, the will, although in equilibrium, and intrinsically capable of motion to either side, cannot put itself out of equilibrium by its own self-determining power, but needs a previous, efficacious concurrence of the divine will, in order to pass from the potentiality of choice to the act of choice. All acts of the created will are, therefore, determined by the will of God as efficient cause. If this is consistent with the liberty which is necessary to the created will, that it may be second and con-creative cause in concurrence with the first cause to the effect of its own beatitude, God could infallibly determine all rational creatures to beatitude without infringing on their liberty. The creature could evolve into act all its causative activity, free-will could receive its fullest scope, the principle of merit and reward could be fully exemplified in the universe, without risking the eternal destiny of a single individual, or permitting even the smallest sin to be committed. It becomes very difficult, then, on this hypothesis, to explain the permission of sin, and the eternal loss of so many millions of rational creatures. The reason usually given, that sin is an evil incidentally necessary to a system of probation, per-

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mitted on account of the greater good attained through the probation of free-will, falls to the ground, and we have never yet seen any other satisfactory reason substituted for it.

It may be true that, without this hypothesis, the foreknowledge of God and his supreme dominion over his creation are more incomprehensible. This is no decisive argument, however, provided that these divine attributes can be shown to be intelligible without the said hypothesis.

First, in regard to the divine foreknowledge, it is argued that God cannot foresee that which is purely dependent on the created will, unless there is some cause or ground of certainty that the will shall actually place the effect which is foreseen. This cause or ground of certainty can only be the divine determination to concur efficaciously with the will, that it may infallibly place the foreseen act.

To this it is replied, that God foresees all contingent, future events, by a kind of knowledge called the super-comprehension of cause. Knowing completely all causes, he knows all their effects in them. This does not explain, however, his knowledge of the self-determining acts of the will, since in these the same cause is in equilibrium to opposite effects. It is better explained, we think, by the theory of Suarez, that God sees all things in their objective verity. He knows with certainty all that depends on the self-determining action of free-will, because he directly beholds the free-will determining itself. There is no succession in God. He coexists from eternity and in eternity to all the successive periods of created duration. What we call future is equally visible to God in eternity with the past. There is no more difficulty, therefore, in his knowing from all eternity all future contingent events, than there is in our knowing any one of these events in the time of its taking place, or after it has happened.

But, it is further argued, if God knows the acts of his creatures by an immediate vision of them in their objective verity, he is perfected by the creature, which is incompatible with his essence. God is the adequate object of his own intelligence; therefore he knows all things in himself.

God is the adequate and sole object of his own intelligence in the act of simple intelligence in which his essential being in the Three Persons is constituted. Created existences are not included in this act, and the knowledge of them is not perfective of the being of God. God knows them in himself by the knowledge of vision, *scientia visionis*, and sees them in himself as in a mirror. This perfection of vision, by which God sees and knows all things which exist, is a perfection proceeding from his infinite intelligence, not given to him by the creature. The creature is its terminus, but the changes of the terminus affect itself alone, and do not make the essential attribute of God less immutable or infinite. The same objection might be made to the statement, that created existences are the terminus of the divine volition or love. The essential act of volition or love is completed in the act of God *ad intra*, or his infinite love of himself. Yet God loves the creature, delights in the love of the creature, wills the beatitude of the creature. That he may do this, the existence of the creature as the terminus of his volition is necessary as the *conditio sine quâ non*. It might be said, then, that the existence of the creature, and his act in loving God, is perfective of God. It is not. For it is altogether distinct from that which is the terminus of the divine act of love, in which the perfection of the being of God is constituted, viz.: from the essence of God itself. God has the plenitude of love in himself, and it remains the same whether more or fewer created existences are its recipients. So the infinite power of vision in God is the same, whether more or fewer created existences or acts of existing agents come within its scope. There is no objection, therefore, to the theory re-

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specting the science of God, which maintains that he knows all future contingents which depend entirely on his divine decree in that decree, all that depend on second causes determined of necessity to produce certain effects in his supercomprehension of cause, and all that depend on free-will in his foresight of the self-determination of free-will. The whole incomprehensibility of this foreknowledge is reduced to an identity with the essential incomprehensibility of God, as eternal and as coexisting to all the successive periods of time.

Secondly, as regards the divine supremacy over creation, and the ability of the Sovereign Creative Spirit to bring the universe to an end predetermined by himself.

It is argued, that if we reject the Thomist hypothesis, we reduce everything to the hap-hazard of capricious, eccentric, lawless free-will, which makes it impossible to suppose any plan regularly and infallibly carried out through the medium of second causes, in the universe.

This is not so. Free-will is not mere lawless caprice, directed by mere accident. It is directed by intelligence, and acts according to the law of motives. It must choose the good, and can never choose that which is evil, *ratione mali*. Since, by a law of its probation, the real chief good and the apparent chief good are presented before it in such a way as to leave it in equilibrium toward both, without any dominant or necessitating motive toward either, it makes the motive on one side preponderant by its exercise of self-dominion. This is not by chance or caprice. It is by the exercise of intellect, and through the impulse of powerful motives. Its circle of variability is restricted, and its determination is capable of being influenced by intellectual and moral considerations. It is perfectly evident that a man, even without the slightest power of exercising any determining influence on the wills of other men, can nevertheless, without infringing on their perfect liberty, reason them into a co-operation with himself in carrying out a plan, or persuade them into it by proving its advantages before them. Much more, then, is God able to bring a sufficient number of angels and men to a voluntary co-operation with himself, to secure the success of his great design. It is in this way that God manifests his infinite wisdom and divine art, by arranging all things with such consummate and complex skill and harmony, and directing all things from end to end by such a wise, far-reaching Providence, that he is able to bring out in the end the desired result, through the concurrence of free, con-creative second causes. It may be said that, since all angels were free to reject the beatitude proffered to them, God, in creating them and giving them this freedom, exposed his plan to the risk of being completely thwarted by their unanimous refusal to comply with the terms of their probation. The same might also be said of mankind.

We must understand, however, that, although Almighty God does not deliberate, change, modify, watch for results, make experiments, profit by experience, devise new expedients, like a man of creative genius, and although his creative art is one, simple, and from eternity, yet it includes in itself in an eminent mode all these operations of the finite intelligence. If, by an impossible supposition, God had delegated creative wisdom and power to a created spirit, such as the Arians fancied the Logos, and others the Demiurgus, to be; and this mighty intelligence had proceeded to execute his task in the same manner, but on a grander scale, that men execute great undertakings, and we should endeavor to describe the way in which he accomplished his work, we should have a correct though imperfect representation of the actual operation of Almighty God in the execution of his works *ad extra*. The conceptions we are able to form of the operation of God are all analogical We cannot tran-

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scend these analogies. And although we know them to be imperfect and inadequate, yet we know also that they have all the verisimilitude necessary to give us true conceptions. In this way we understand that God knew all the risks to which his plan was exposed, and made provision for them. Wherever it was necessary, he protected his designs from the risk of failure through the non-concurrence of second causes. For instance, having determined to create a heaven containing a multitude of beatified spirits, and foreseeing that a certain number of those who were destined to this high position would forfeit it by sin, he took this into the account in determining the number to be created, and the conditions of the trial through which they were to pass. A profound theologian, who was of the strict Thomist school, the late Bishop of Philadelphia, expressed to the author on one occasion the opinion, that only the lower orders of angels were made liable to sin. He thought that the higher orders received a grace incompatible with sin, though not with merit, and that Lucifer was therefore the chief, not of the Seraphim, but of the Archangels. On this supposition, the risk of sin was confined within narrow limits, so far as the angels were concerned. Whether this be a well-grounded hypothesis or not, it is evident that these pure and exalted spirits, possessing the highest natural intelligence, being impelled to good by their nature, having received the gift of supernatural grace, and having the prospect of a still greater glory before them, were very likely, speaking after a human mode of thought, to make the requisite act of concurrence with the divine will and thus secure their confirmation in grace. In other words, there appears to be an *à priori* probability that at least a great number of them would do so. We know that, in point of fact, a great number of them did, and, according to the common opinion, much the largest portion of the whole number who were tried. Now, this to us apparent probability was a certainty to God, as clearly known before as after the fact. In view of this certainty he created them and placed them in the state of probation. He foreknew, also, how many would fail, and therefore, if his purposes required it, could easily create such a multitude that the angels who fell would not be missed from their ranks. Those who fell did indeed thwart the benevolent designs of God, so far as their own particular persons were concerned. But these designs were conditional, as respecting individuals, and were made in full view of the actual event. God could not be thwarted or disappointed in regard to his grand design, because this did not depend on any particular individuals.

So in regard to men. Jesus Christ as man, and the Blessed Virgin, on whom the fulfilment of the divine plan absolutely depended, were absolutely predestined, and rendered impeccable; Jesus Christ by nature, and the Blessed Virgin by grace. If any other particular individuals were placed in a position which required it, they too received a grace which gave them immunity from any liability to fail in their necessary concurrence with the divine will as second causes. A vast multitude of human beings are elevated to beatitude without running any of the risks of probation. Adam, it is true, was able to thwart the first design of God in regard to the mode of bringing the race to its destination. But he could not thwart God's ultimate design, because he was able to accomplish it by another mode. Particular men, in vast numbers, are able to thwart the designs of God toward themselves. But they cannot thwart his designs toward the race. For he is able to regulate and order times, events, and circumstances, and to continue creating generation after generation, until, by moral means alone, he has completed the number of his saints and peopled heaven sufficiently to fulfil his purpose. Moreover, if necessary, he can always

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touch the springs of the will directly, and determine it to any act which he has positively decreed must be performed. He can also modify, restrict, alleviate, set aside, or shorten the risks of probation, according to his own good pleasure, in regard to any or all of men, with an infinite and infallible wisdom.

But it is again argued, that according to this view, God is not the absolute cause of all things, nor the absolute sovereign over all things. The created will has an independent sovereignty of its own, and God is dependent in certain things on his creatures, obliged to modify his plans and to condition his decrees to suit their determinations.

This is not a conclusive argument. It is a maxim of philosophy, that *causa causæ est causa causati*; the cause of a cause is the cause of that which is caused; *i. e.*, caused by this second cause. God is the creator of free-will, and his perpetual influx gives it always the power of choosing and acting. Free-will is not, therefore, an independent, but a delegated and dependent sovereign. God can deprive it of the opportunity of choosing, or frustrate its determinations. It is sovereign within a limited sphere, because God has chosen to create it and give it sovereignty.

If God is absolute sovereign, can he not concede to a creature the power to do his own will within a certain sphere, if it his sovereign pleasure to do so? Can he not determine to do certain things on the condition that the creature uses his free-will in a certain way, if he pleases? He has pleased to do it. He has made his eternal decrees with a full view of all that his creatures would do before him. All the incidental and partial evil resulting from the misuse of free-will in the universe he has foreseen, and determined to permit. He has decided on his great plan, notwithstanding the incidental evil, in view of a greater universal good. Not that sin and evil are necessary means of the greatest good, or directly conduce to a greater good than that which could exist in a universe without sin; but that the concession of the liberty on a grand scale, the particular and incidental misuse of which occasions sin and evil, is the necessary means to that greater good. The greater good itself is the obedience, homage, love, service, and fidelity given to God by a multitude of creatures who have been left free to sin, and who have not sinned, or not sinned irremediably and finally.

We conclude, therefore, *pace tantorum virorum* who have maintained it, that the theory of the strict Thomists on this point is not conclusively established. To our mind, the theory which is in accordance with the philosophy of the great fathers before St. Thomas, with that of the Scotists in the middle ages, and with that of the most prevalent Catholic schools since the Jansenist controversy, is the more probable one. According to this theory, in a system of strict probation, a physical premotion, or a grace efficacious *in se* and *ab intrinseco*, is not metaphysically necessary in order that free-will may actually concur with the divine will to secure the permanence of the creature in a supernatural state. Nothing is necessary beyond liberty of choice and the grace which gives power to elicit supernatural acts. When the angels passed through their probation, therefore, we cannot go behind the exercise of their liberty in choosing or rejecting the proffered boon of celestial glory, to seek a deeper cause, determining some to choose and not determining others. They were free to choose; and being free, some chose wisely and well, others foolishly and ill. So, also, with Adam. He might have stood, but he did not. He had the power to choose, and he chose wrongly. By the very same power he might have chosen rightly, without any additional grace. The *arbitrium mentis*, the exercise of free self-dominion, is the only reason that

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can be given. This prerogative is indeed mysterious and inscrutable. We do not pretend to have removed all difficulty of comprehending it. But it is incomprehensible to us in our present state of imperfect intelligence, because the soul itself is an inscrutable mystery. Its relation to the divine will and operation is a mystery full of inexplicable difficulties. But it is because of that ground mystery of mysteries, the coexistence of God and the creation, which was the insoluble enigma of all ancient philosophy. The great Aristotle saw the difficulty so clearly which is involved in the relation of a contingent world to the necessary being of God, that, unable to find an ideal formula which could unite the two terms by a dialectic relation, he denied all relation between them. He affirmed the existence of God and of the world. But he affirmed also, that the world exists independently of God, as self-existent, eternal, and necessary. Moreover, that God has or can have no knowledge of the world. For, he argued, God can have no knowledge of the world unless the world is the object or terminus of the divine intelligence. But if the world is the object of the divine intelligence, God is not perfect as intelligence in himself alone, but is conditioned and perfected by that which is inferior to his own being. Thus we see that the objection to the divine foreknowledge of the contingent in its objective verity which is found in scholastic theology, is one derived from Aristotle, and that the extremely subtle and acute reasonings of St. Thomas and the Thomists were directed toward a reconciliation of the Aristotelian philosophy with the Catholic dogmas. The difficulty lies in the creative act of God, which is a mystery not fully comprehensible by human reason, and, therefore, not fully to be explained by any hypothesis or theory of philosophy. The activity of free-will as concurrent, concreative cause with God approaches the nearest of anything in creation to the creative act of God, and, therefore, is the most mysterious and incomprehensible fact of psychology. It is incomprehensible in itself, and it complicates still further the incomprehensibility of the creative act of God. It is not strange, therefore, that there should have been such a long and still unsettled controversy in the Catholic schools respecting this topic, since the church has hitherto abstained from deciding it. Still less can we wonder that non-Catholic schools, having no fixed dogmas or authoritative formulas of doctrine to check the spirit of private speculation, go round and round continually, involving themselves more hopelessly every day in entanglements from which they can never extricate themselves.

The explanation we have endeavored to set forth as the most probable will, we think, commend itself to the minds of most of our readers as the most intelligible and satisfactory which can be given. If a better one can be furnished by some one more competent to the task, we shall welcome it. Meanwhile, we leave what we have written to find what acceptance it may.

It will be seen at once, by those who are at all versed in these matters, that, according to the theory we have proposed, the predestination of those who attain eternal life as the term of a period of probation is consequent on the foresight of their fidelity and merit, at least as a general rule. It does not follow from this, however, that we reject the doctrine of efficacious grace. As this doctrine is immediately connected with the points we have been examining, we will give it a brief consideration now, in order to avoid returning to it hereafter.

In the Thomist theology, efficacious grace means a grace distinct in its own nature from sufficient grace. Sufficient grace gives the power to elicit a supernatural act, efficacious grace gives the act itself. It is therefore efficacious *in se* and *ab intrinseco*. This notion of efficacious grace is de-

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rived from the philosophical notion of the previous and efficacious concurrence of the will of God with every act of free-will, in the exercise of the faculty of choice. According to this philosophy, it is impossible for this faculty, as it is for every second cause *in potentia* to its proper act, to pass from potentiality into act without a special movement from the first cause.

The contrary hypothesis, sustained by Molina, the great body of the Jesuit theologians, Thomassinus, and the generality of modern Catholic authors, is, that the grace which is auxiliary to the will in eliciting free supernatural acts, is not efficacious *ab intrinseco*, but is made efficacious by the concurrence of free-will. This implies a different notion of divine concurrence from the one just stated, according to which the influx of divine power into free, spontaneous, active second causes gives merely an aid which is indeterminate, leaving free-will to its own election among two or more terms upon which it can direct this indeterminate aid. When an artilleryman sights his gun, the divine power which supports and gives efficiency to all natural laws and forces must propel the ball. But this divine power stands ready at his disposal, and will propel the ball in whatever direction, toward whatever point, he selects. So it is with the choice of free-will.

We have already indicated our adhesion to this latter hypothesis. It is far more in accordance with the doctrine of the Fathers, Latin as well as Greek, including St. Augustine himself, than the other. The former one was wholly unknown to the Greek Fathers, and does not appear in the Latin Fathers before the Pelagian controversy. Even after this period it appears, in the writings of St. Augustine and others of his school, in an entirely different form from that which was given to it by St. Thomas. That is to say, it is applied to the case of fallen man, who is supposed to need an efficacious grace on account of the weakness of his will, and to receive it as a special gift of mercy through Christ. The perseverance of those angels who stood their trial successfully is attributed, not to a grace efficacious *ab intrinseco*, which was withheld from the other angels, but to a right use of the same grace which was equally conceded to all, and abused by some. So, also, the fall of Adam is attributed simply to his failure of concurrence with a grace which needed only his concurrence in order to become efficacious, but was frustrated of its effect by his abuse of his own free-will. Moreover, all that St. Augustine says about efficacious grace in fallen man is reconcilable with the docrine of congruity and sometimes directly favors it, as is proved by Antoine and others who have written in vindication of his theology from Jansenist perversions. This doctrine of congruity has been introduced in order to explain more satisfactorily the perfect liberty of the will, without denying the existence of efficacious grace differing *in actu primo*, or antecedently to the consent of the will, from grace merely sufficient. Although the opinion that the actual efficacy of divine grace is to be sought exclusively in the consent of the will has not been condemned, it has nevertheless been received with disfavor and generally rejected. It is commonly taught that God confers, whenever he pleases, upon men, a grace which infallibly secures their co-operation, and their final perseverance. In our view, this doctrine can be sustained by ample and certain proofs from Scripture and Tradition, and is the only one which can be completely developed in consonance with the decisions of the church, especially those of the Council of Trent respecting final perseverance.* The reason why

* Si quis *magnum illud usque in finem perseverantiæ donum* se certo habiturum, absoluta et infallibili certitudine dixerit, etc. A. S.

If any one shall say that he will certainly have that *great gift of perseverance to the end*, with an absolute and infallible certitude, etc.

Si quis dixerit, justificatum vel sine *speciali auxilio Dei* in accepta justitia perseverare posse, vel cum eo non posse. A. S.

If any one shall say that the justified man either

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certain graces are actually infallible in their effects is to be found in their congruity to the character, disposition, and circumstances of the subject, and in their multitude. The necessity for them is not a metaphysical but a moral necessity. The fragility of our nature is such, that, although a grace merely sufficient makes us metaphysically capable of persevering without sin, we are sure to become wearied, and through fickleness, weakness of purpose, changeableness, etc., to break down somewhere. Our own consciousness and experience teach us that we need a divine and protecting arm to encompass us continually and secure us against ourselves, and they incline us to utter that prayer of the Divine Liturgy: "Compelle, Domine, rebelles voluntates nostras:" "Compel, O Lord, our rebellious wills." God, who knows human nature perfectly, can, in a thousand ways, by ordering the circumstances of life, shortening or prolonging it, regulating the influences which act on the character, alluring or terrifying the heart, illuminating the mind, impelling without coercing the will, and adapting his influences with infinite wisdom to the special state of the soul, convert whom he will, sanctify whom he will, give perseverance to whom he will, and still gain his point with the free consent and concurrence of the creature. "Non est volentis neque currentis, sed miserentis est Dei:" "It is not of him who willeth or of him who runneth, but of God who showeth mercy." The difficulty may still be raised, that God withholds these graces of congruity and the gift of perseverance from those who do not in the first instance accept the proffered grace, or who do not finally persevere. But this is removed by the doctrine so ably and strenuously advocated by St. Alphonsus Liguori, that common grace is sufficient to enable one to pray fervently and do ordinary good acts; and that by prayer, with the use of other facile means, efficacious graces and the gift of perseverance may be infallibly obtained from God.

We may now return to our theme of the state of probation originally established by God for those who were made candidates for supernatural glory. We have endeavored to clear our track of difficulties impeding the clear view of the truth that God established this probation through goodness and love, or with the simple view of communicating the greatest good to the creature.

The principal questions respecting probation having been already discussed, there remains now but one, viz.: what was the precise and specific nature of the trial to which rational nature was subjected. This divides itself again into two, one respecting the trial of the angels and the other respecting the trial of man.

The angels, according to the doctrine of St. Thomas and theologians generally, were created at the summit of intelligent being, incapable of error or false judgment in their natural, intellectual operation, and therefore impeccable in the natural order. Supernatural grace was conferred upon them simultaneously with their creation, although, as F. Billuart holds, they may have concurred actively to the reception of this grace, by a spontaneous act preceding all deliberation. Grace made them capable of eliciting supernatural acts, but did not determine them to those acts without the free concurrence of their will. Their intelligence must have been, therefore, left in a certain obscurity as regards the supernatural object, in order that an error of judgment should be possible, or even an act of deliberation terminating in a free volition. What the precise object of deliberation and choice was cannot be certainly and precisely determined. It must in some way have presented the alternative of either eliciting a supernatural act by the aid of the obscure supernatural

can, without a *special aid of God*, persevere in the justice he has received, or can not persevere with it, let him be under the ban. *De Justif.* Can. 16-22.

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light, or of falling back on the free, natural operation of intelligence. God must have exacted some act of homage to his sovereign will, disclosed some condition as the indispensable prerequisite to obtaining the crown of supernatural glory, which the natural intelligence of the angels could not see to be just and right without the aid of a supernatural light. This light was given, clear enough to enable the will, by a strong voluntary effort, to determine itself to act by this light, in preference to its natural light; dim enough to allow the will to turn from it voluntarily, and find in its natural light a plausible reason for withholding its submission to the supreme will. Certain passages of Scripture, and the common traditional Catholic doctrine, indicate that the angels who fell, fell through pride, and that Lucifer, in particular, their chief spirit, in some way aspired to a resemblance with God. Some have thought that he desired to become God. St. Thomas, however, says that this is impossible, because his intelligence was too perfect to permit him to conceive such a thought. He explains the sin of the angels to have consisted in a refusal to accept supernatural glory as a pure boon from God, and a wish to attain beatitude by the exertion of their own natural powers.

The most plausible supposition, in our view, is one that may be said to be contained under the more generic statement just given. It is, namely, that the angels were tried by the revelation of the Incarnation. The union of the Second Person of the Trinity with human nature, the elevation of human nature to divine glory and honor, the obligation of doing homage to Jesus Christ, as King, and to the Blessed Virgin, his mother, as Queen of Angels, was revealed, as the crucial test of the absolute obedience of the celestial spirits. According to their natural reason, and natural love of their own nature and kind, it would appear to them a violation of order and justice to pass them by, in order to assume an inferior nature partly corporeal and animal, into a hypostatic union with the Godhead; elevating this nature above their own, which was the highest in the natural order. Supernatural light suggested to them that God, as sovereign, had a right to bestow his supernatural gifts according to his own will, and, as infinitely wise, must have a secret reason for apparently inverting the order of nature in establishing the supernatural order of the universe. Those who voluntarily submitted themselves to the decree of God were rewarded by an illumination which disclosed to them the wisdom and goodness of the decree of the Incarnation, and the glory which they themselves as well as the whole universe would receive from it; and thus became incapable for ever of erring in their judgment respecting the highest good, and consequently of swerving from it through sin. Those who fell turned their minds away from the supernatural light toward the consideration of their own private good, and the glory of their own persons and their own order. They revolted at the idea of being subordinated to human nature, and desired that the angelic nature should be the subject of the hypostatic union. Lucifer, in particular, as their chief, desired that he himself might be assumed into union with the Word, exalted to the throne of the universe, and deified. He and his associates demanded it from God as a right due to their natural dignity, and thus rebelled against his sovereign majesty, were cast out of the celestial sphere, and forfeited for ever the crown of supernatural glory. Hence their enmity to the Incarnate Word, to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to the human race. Hence their efforts to establish their own supremacy over man, and the continual conflict which the holy angels and the children of God on earth must wage against them in the sacred warfare for the triumph of Christ's kingdom upon earth. This brings us to the consideration of human probation, a topic which must be reserved for a future number.

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MISSAL-PAINTING.*

THE review of monastic literature which we can present in the limited space of a single paper must necessarily be a concise and condensed one, a mere skeleton of the superstructure, not exhaustive but rather suggestive of the sources where information may be found by others who may care to investigate the merits or demerits of a subject about which there have been such varying representations. A complete history of monastic literature would occupy as many volumes as this essay will pages, for it would not only necessitate a review of certain portions of the literature of every civilized country in Europe, but to a great extent at some periods of the whole of European literature. The materials of history, the hymnology of the church, the elements of science, art, and the very woof, as it were, of modern literature, were all handed down to us by that great institution, whose fate as it chanced in England we are endeavoring to delineate. We have hitherto striven to make this investigation a fair and impartial one, based upon facts not as represented by the biassed pens of Protestant historians, but upon facts gleaned almost entirely from the works of men who lived and died in the bosom of that church of which this institution was the cherished offspring. Still more unreasonable is the prejudice of many who refuse to award any meed of praise to the literary labors of monasticism, who look upon the monk as a lazy, sensual, selfish misanthrope, who have heard of the dark ages and are therewith satisfied that they must have been totally dark — intellectual obstinates who wilfully shut their eyes and maintain there is no light. We may have doctrinal prejudices, theological prejudices, social prejudices, against monasticism, but these things ought not to prevent a reasoning man from paying his homage to the genius which may be found in its works. Genius is universal; it is not confined to any doctrine, for it is found in all doctrines; it is not limited to any age, for it is common to all ages; it does not flourish merely under enlightened and free governments, for it has lived triumphant through the dull oppression of tyranny; riches cannot create it nor poverty crush it out: it is born in the hovel; it is nurtured on bleak mountains; it will flourish even under the weary training of indigence and wasting toil: like air, light, and beauty, it is the free, the unbought gift of God.

We have already in a former chapter described the scriptorium, or room adjoining the library, where books were copied and multiplied by monks chosen for that work. We will only add to that description what we glean from the rule of St. Victor—that no visitors were allowed to go into the scriptorium except the abbot, the prior, the sub-prior, and the precentor—that the abbot ordered what books were to be transcribed, and that the writers were appointed by him. At all periods it was a great ambition amongst the monks to be a

* *Authorities:* Plinii Nat. Hist.; Cornel. Nepos; Giraldus Cambrensis; Anglia Sacra; Brompton's Chron.; Humphreys' Art of Illumination and Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages; Sylvestre Paleographie Universelle (Sir F. Madden's edition); Muratori Antiq. Ital. Mediævl; Lanzi Hist. of Painting; Baldinucci Notizie; Froissart's Chronicles; Mrs. Jamieson's Life of Our Lord; Cotton. MSS.—Claud. B iv.—Faustina, B vi.—Galba, A xviii.—Nero, C iv.—Tiber. A ii., C vi.—Vesp. A i.; Harleian MSS. 2961, 5102, 7026, 2900, 2846, 2884, 2858; Bib. Regia, 2 A xxii., 1 D i., 2 A xviii., and 2 B vii.

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good transcriber and decorator of manuscripts. Not only was it a matter of distinction but a sure path to promotion; many who have worked well in the scriptorium were rewarded for their services with abbacies and bishoprics. In the thirteenth century a monk of the monastery of St. Swithin, at Winchester, was recommended for the vacant abbacy of Hyde, as being well versed in the glosses of the sacred text, a skilful writer, a good artist, and clever at painting initial letters.

In this scriptorium was cultivated and brought to perfection an art which has been the admiration of all subsequent ages, but which printing completely swept away, and failed to supply anything adequate in its place —that art is called illumination. It has a career of its own, and a value as a beautiful eloquent monument in the history of the church, and under these two phases we shall proceed to investigate this first part of the literary labor of monasticism.

The art of illuminating manuscripts was not, as has been supposed, originated by Christianity, though it was brought to perfection under its sway. There are two periods in its history, the first goes far back into the remote past, to the times of the Egyptian papyri, sixteen centuries before Christ, and the second period commences with the chrysography or writing in gold of the Greek manuscripts, between the fifth and eighth centuries after Christ. The more ancient rolls of Egyptian papyri are written in red, with a reed, decorated by rude drawings similarly traced, representing mystical scenes of the Egyptian mythology—some of these papyri, however, are of higher finish, being elaborately painted, gilded, and extending to the length of sixty feet. There is preserved in the museum of the Louvre a specimen of the plain style of papyrus, ornamented with illustrations, drawn in outline. It is said to be one of those rituals which are often found enclosed in mummy coffins; it is about forty feet in length, and is in a good state of preservation. There are directions on it for the illuminator, such as were adopted also by the Christian penmen. In the corner of the space left for illumination there was inserted a small sketch of the subject to guide the artist. The French recovered also a specimen of the superior kind of papyri at Thebes, in 1798.* It consists of a number of religious scenes, comprising many figures of human beings and animals, drawn with a pen, and brilliantly colored. It is about forty-four feet in length, though imperfect. It is more than probable also that the Romans had some knowledge of the art of illustrating manuscripts. The passage usually quoted in support of this theory occurs in the Natural History of Pliny,† where we are told that Varro wrote the lives of 700 Romans, which he illustrated with their portraits. But there is also an account of a similar work by Pomponius Atticus, recorded by Cornelius Nepos, who tells us that Atticus wrote about the actions of the great men of Rome, which descriptions he ornamented with their portraits.‡ It is impossible to fix the time when the art of Christian illumination sprung up, but most probably it occurred when the ancient fashion of rolled manuscripts gave way to something more like the present book form; that is, instead of one long narrow sheet of some forty or sixty feet, a number of square sheets placed upon each other, and sewn together at the back. The ancient manuscripts were rolled either

* Published entire by the Imperial Government, in a work called Description de l'Egypte, 1812.

† Marcus Varro benignissimo invento, insertis voluminum suorum fecunditati non nominibus tantum septingentorum illustrium sed et aliquo modo imaginibus non passus interciderе figuras aut vetustatem ævi contra homines valere, inventor muneris etiam diis invidiosi, quando immortalitatem non solum dedit verum etiam in omnes terras misit ut presentes esse ubique et claudi possent.—Plinii: *Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxv., c. 2.

‡ Namque versibus qui honores rerumque gestarum amplitudine ceteros Romane populi præstiterunt exposuit: ita ut sub singulorum imaginibus facta magistratus qui eorum non amplius quaternis quinisve versibus discripserit.—Corn. Nep.: *Atticus.*

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upon one or two rollers. The second roller was adopted for the convenience of the reader, who might roll off his manuscript as he read it from one to the other; thus one roller was placed at the end of the MS. round which it was rolled first, then a second roller was attached to the commencement of the MS., and upon this the reader rolled it off as he read; it was the duty of the librarians to roll it back again for the convenience of the next reader. As long as this mode prevailed there could be no elaborate painting or gilding of MSS., such as we are familiar with, and this is attested by the fact that the MSS. of this rolled form which were dug up from Herculaneum and Pompeii have no trace of decoration. But in the very earliest specimens of the book form which came into vogue early in the second century of the Christian era, there were decorations of various degrees of richness. The Discorides in the Vienna Library, and the celebrated Virgil of the Vatican, said to have been executed in the fourth century, are among the earliest specimens of illuminated MSS. Still the miniature prevailed in these, the decorations in the Discorides being very simple, but absent altogether in the Virgil, whilst the miniatures are large and clear. Decoration, however, was prevalent in that early time, for St. Jerome, who lived in the fourth century, complains of the abuse of this art of filling up books with ornamented capital letters of an enormous size. It is therefore in this fourth century that we find a marked advance in the art of illumination. The most valuable books were written in gold and silver inks by scribes who were called chrysographi; the vellum was stained with rose colored or purple die, to throw up the gold and silver letters. One of the most valued authorities on the text of the New Testament is the version by Ulphilas, the Gothic bishop, who lived in the early part of the fourth century. A copy of this in letters of silver, with the initials in gold, was executed in the fifth century, and is now preserved in the royal library at Upsal, under the well-known title of the Codex Argenteus. Some of the MSS. of this period were written on a blue ground in silver, with the name of God in gold. This magnificent form of copying was devoted principally to the Gospels and Scriptures generally. To this succeeded as an influence of Byzantine luxury the style of writing on a gilded ground in letters of black. During these early periods miniatures formed the principal features of the ornamentation, but toward the seventh century, two centuries after the fall of Rome, a change came over the style of art, and miniatures gradually gave way to more elaborate decoration. In this age, too, the initial letter sprang up. In the most ancient manuscripts it was not distinguished from the text, but from the seventh to the eleventh century separate capital letters of a large size were the characteristics of the volumes most decorated. It is to this period that the origin of the various schools of illumination may be traced. Rome had succumbed to barbarian violence, and her arts, though decaying, still exerted an influence upon this new style of painting, then in its infancy. That influence was naturally stronger in Italy, and therefore the early illuminations of the Italian school bear traces of the old Roman style. In France the same influence was manifest, mixed up with national peculiarities, and this school was consequently called the Franco-Roman. Miniatures now were gradually displaced by intricate ornamentation, interlaced fretwork, or twining branches of white or gold, on a background of variegated colors. But far away in the distant west, in a country which had never been under Roman domination, and was therefore free from Roman influence, a style of art rose up of a purely original character. Historical research has placed it beyond question that in these remote times Ireland was far in advance of other nations in the scale of civilization. Her fame had extended over Europe, her monasteries were adorned

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with men of great piety and learning, who were the trainers of the leading spirits of the age. She was the first to break through the dense darkness of the times, and as she gave Christianity to Scotland, so she also imparted to the Saxons the art of illumination. The very earliest mention we have in the history of our country of an illuminator is of Dagæus, abbot of Iniskeltra, who lived in the early part of the sixth century, and died about 587. Adamnanus, the Saxon abbot of Iona, retained Genereus, who had taught illumination in the Irish monasteries, to impart that knowledge to the Saxons; and in the eighth century another Irish monk, Ultan, is mentioned as having a great reputation as an illuminator of MSS. Bede also confirms this fact of Irish civilization, for he asserts that it was the custom to send youths out of England into Ireland to study at her monasteries. It was from Ireland, then, that the Anglo-Saxons learned the art of illumination.* Later in the tenth century, a style, peculiar and original, was started, it is said by Dunstan, who was a great illuminator, which consisted in a novel use of the foliage, quite distinct from all other styles. It prevailed to the end of the Saxon rule, and is known by the name of Opus Anglicum. One of the finest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon school is extant in the Cottonian library, in the shape of the Durham Book, or St. Cuthbert's Gospels; it was the work of Eadfrith, bishop of Lisdisfarne, in honor of St. Cuthbert; its execution extended from the year 698 to 721; it is peculiarly a Saxon piece of art, and belongs to that species known as "tesselated." Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in the twelfth century, speaks of having seen a similar MS. at Kildare, which was called The Evangelisterium.†

The finest specimen of English illumination of the tenth century is the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated Benedictional, by St. Æthelwald, bishop of Winchester, written and painted between 963 and 984. The first page is a magnificent picture of a number of glorified confessors; it was written by a monk, of whom we shall speak hereafter. Up to the twelfth century decorations were the peculiar characteristics of illumination, although some Saxon MSS. written during those periods have pictures drawn in outline; but the great point in all richly illuminated MSS. was the initial letter, and every effort of art was exerted to make that as rich and magnificent as possible. After that time we find these initial letters ornamented also with drawings of the human form, animals, birds, etc., in addition to the foliage which had hitherto predominated. The coloring of the period was richer also, and these MSS. so decorated with pictures were called "historiated," and led by degrees to the fine historical illuminations of subsequent centuries. Gradually these initial letters became larger and longer, until their tails reached nearly the whole length of the page. They were then carried round the bottom, until out of this progression of the initial letter arose what is called the "Gothic bracket"—an ornamentation like a clasp which ran round three sides of the page. During the fourteenth century miniatures were again introduced, and were improving and becoming more finished up to the middle of the sixteenth century. The Gothic bracket was also extended gradually, until it at last embraced the whole page, and became

* Mr. Noel Humphreys, in his beautiful little work upon the Art of Illumination and Missal Painting, has given, as a specimen of this Anglo-Hibernian school, a page from the Gospels of Mælbrigid Mac Durnan, the MS. of which is preserved in the Lambeth MSS.

† Inter universa Kyldariæ miracula nil mihi mirculosius occurrit quam liber (ut aiunt) Angelo dictante conscriptus. Continet hic liber quatuor Evangelistarum juxta Hieronymum concordantiam: ubi quot paginæ fere sunt tot figuræ diversæ varilsque coloribus distinctissimæ. Hic majestatis vultum videas divinitus impressum, hinc mysticas Evangelistarum formas: nunc senas nunc quaternas nunc binas alas habentes. Hinc acquilam, inde vitulum hinc hominis faciem inde leonis aliasque figuras pene infinitas. . . . Hæc equidem quanto frequentius et diligentius intueor semper quasi novi obstupeo semperque magis ac magis admiranda conspicio.—Giraldi Camb.: *Topogr. Hibern.*, lib., ii., c. 38.

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one of the great features of subsequent illumination—the "border." In these borders all kinds of subjects were crowded — foliage, flowers, birds, animals, and miniatures, and toward the end of the fifteenth century a background was added, first in parts, and ultimately entirely. A work which appeared in the thirteenth century exerted, however, a great influence over the art of illumination, even down to the time of its decline, three centuries later. It was a series of meditations on the life of Christ, known as St. Bonaventura, by John Fidenza, and the minute descriptions it gave of the various scenes of which it treated formed a sort of ideal, the influence of which may be traced in nearly all subsequent treatment of similar subjects, and accounts for their general uniformity. During the Byzantine period illuminating was confined to manuscripts of the Scriptures, the works of the fathers, and books for the services in the church. To these were then added volumes for private devotion, such as Horæ, or prayers for hours and holy days, sometimes called Missals. Legends, history, and poetry followed, and in the fourteenth century the works of Chaucer and the Chronicles of Froissart opened a vast field to the illuminators for the delineation of battles, sieges, religious ceremonies, public events, and scenes of domestic life. Some copies of classical authors also were then illustrated, until by the end of the fifteenth century nearly every kind of formal document was illuminated, including charters, wills, indentures, patents of nobility, statutes of foundations, and mortuary registers. But the printing-press was looming in the distance, and the death-knell of this beautiful art began to toll. Its fall, which was inevitable, was, however, gradual. Men could not be weaned at once from these illuminated books, and a sort of temporary alliance between the two arts was effected. The earliest printed books were illuminated, spaces which had been formerly left by the copyist were now reserved by the printer, and the whole work when it left his hands was given over to the artist; then the subjects were engraven on wood, and transferred to the vellum by means of ink and the press; but the manuscript style was still preserved, and the closest imitation of written volumes was retained by the early printers, and with such dexterity that it is not an easy thing to detect some of the earliest printed books from manuscripts. Perhaps the last effort to illuminate a book by the printer's art to the extent of the older MSS., was an edition of the Liturgy, brought out in 1717 by John Short, entirely engraven on copper plates. The pages were surrounded by borders, and embellished with pictures and decorated initial letters. Even down to the early part of the present century books were printed with ornamental initial letters, and borders on the top and bottom of each page, both of which may be seen occasionally in the present day, more especially in books issued from presses which seek to revive the antique type and style. In concluding this portion of our sketch, we may mention another characteristic of early MS. writing which exists in some of our books in present use. If we take up an edition of a Greek classic printed some forty or fifty years ago, or even less, we shall find it almost unintelligible, from the number of contractions used in the printing; and if we go further back still, we shall find these contractions more numerous. It arose in the eighth or ninth century; the scribes introduced in the copying of Greek MSS. a system of contraction called tacygraphy, by which two, three, or more letters were expressed by one character, which was termed "nexus litterarum." The editors of the early period of printing adopted them in their type, and they continued in use down to the beginning of the present century.

As we have thus given a condensed review of the history and development of that most beautiful art of illuminat-

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ing MSS., we shall proceed to describe the details of the work as it was carried on for centuries in the various monasteries in Europe. The parchment was cut into sheets of the required size, and prepared for the copyist in the following manner:—They were first rubbed over with the powdered bone of the cuttle-fish, or with the ashes of a certain kind of bone o. wood burned and pulverized; a wheel with sharp teeth at equal distances was then run down each side of the sheet, and lines ruled across from point to point between which the matter was to be written; it was then handed to the scribe, who began his work. In the ancient manuscripts there is to be found no paging or table of contents. The whole work was divided into packets of parchment sheets, each containing about four leaves; these packets were sometimes marked with a number temporarily on the first page, which was cut off when the whole was bound. At the end of each section of leaves the scribe wrote the word with which the next section should commence, a practice continued by printers under the title of "catchwords." If a manuscript contained several treatises on different subjects, a list of contents was appended, the initial word of each tract, and the number of sections. As soon as the copying was finished, the work of illustration commenced. The outlines were traced with a pencil made of silver, or brass with a silver point; then the metallic outlines were gone over with a fine quill pen, dipped in a preparation of lampblack and gum. There are many MSS. extant originally intended to be illuminated, but from some unknown cause have come down to us in this unfinished state of outline sketches. The next step was to wash in the shades with ink and water of three degrees of strength; at this point the gilding was done, in order that the burnishing might not interfere with the colors. The raised or embossed gold grounds were done first by laying the metal leaf on a thick smooth bed made of fine plaster, carefully ground; they were then burnished, and if it were intended to decorate these raised gold grounds with engravings or patterns cut in the metal, that was done as the next stage. After this the large masses of flat, painted gilding were added and the colors laid on with the utmost care as to the tints. The last process, which was intrusted only to superior hands, was that of diapering, pencilling, inserting brilliant touches of gold and white, and in fact finishing the whole work. These two forms of gold work, the embossed and the flat, are to be found in perfection in MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They prepared their gold with great care. In the fourteenth century the gold leaf was ground with honey, carefully washed, and the powder mixed with gum water. In a treatise, written by Theophilus,* the pulverization of gold for painting forms a difficult process; he directs that the pure gold should be filed into a cup, and then washed with a pencil in the shell of a sea fish, after which it is to be milled in a mortar made of copper and tin, with a long pestle worked by a strap and wheel. Then the gold filings are to be milled in water for two or three hours and gradually poured off. The powder thus produced was to be tempered with isinglass and laid on a ground of red lead, mixed with the white of an egg; after this it was burnished with a bloodstone, a shining horn tablet being placed under the gilded picture. The Anglo-Saxons used to rub gold filings in a mortar with sharp vinegar, and then dissolve them with salt and nitre. The principal colors used, according to Theophilus, were vermilion orpiment, Greek green, dragon's-blood, granetum carminium, saffron, folium, brunum, minium, white and black. After they had ground their colors on a slab of porphyry, they placed them in covered glass vessels under water, which not only preserved them from dust, but

* Theor.: De Diversis Artibus.

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kept them always soft and ready for use. The old painters never touched their colors with iron, but used as a palette-knife a thin blade of wood. They made their own pencils and brushes, the pencils being made of minever tails, set in quills, and the brushes of the bristles of the white domestic pig, bound to a stick. When a manuscript had passed through all these stages of copying and illuminating, it had to be bound, a work also done in the scriptorium. The sacred MSS. at an early period were bound between two wooden boards, covered with engraved plates of gold and silver set off with crystals and rubies. But the usual binding of volumes for the services for the church was in the skins of deer, sheep, and calves, pieces of which were stretched over the boards, and the leaves were sewn together by the same material cut into strips. The ecclesiastics were forbidden to indulge in the pleasure of the chase, although the love of that sport was a universal passion, and it was with great difficulty they could be restrained from joining in such diversions; but Charlemagne granted permission to priests to hunt for the purpose of procuring deer-skins to bind books. Grants were made to monasteries by other sovereigns of a certain number of skins annually. The corners of the covers of large service-books were protected by plates and bosses of metal; there was a metal centre with a large projected hemisphere on each side, and across the book were two strong loops of leather for the purpose of lifting it when closed. The service-books of the church were necessarily very large, because they were placeed on a high sloping shelf, around which the choristers stood while the precentor, standing behind them, turned over the leaves with a staff from above their heads. Such are a few of the details of the art of illuminating manuscripts, which flourished in the monasteries from the eighth to the eighteenth centuries, when it died in Europe under Louis XIV. The schools of this art, which sprung up from its cultivation, may be enumerated by six denominations, as shown in the following table:

GREEK or BYZANTINE, from the eighth to the tenth century: the *Irish-Saxon*, *Anglo-Saxon*, *Franco-Saxon*, and the painting of *Russia* belong to this school.

EARLY ROMAN, tenth to the fourteenth century, which includes also the *Anglo-Norman*.

ITALIAN, fourteenth to sixteenth century, including the *Spanish* and *Portuguese*.

EARLY FRENCH, fourteenth to seventeenth century, under which may be ranged the *later English*.

FLEMISH, GERMAN, AND DUTCH, from the close of the fifteenth century.

LATER FRENCH, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

We have already remarked that a genius for illumination and excellence in copying were at one time sure recommendations for promotion. The memory of men too who had spent their lives in this occupation were tenderly cherished; and two incidents preserved in history attesting the fact we shall mention. Baldinucci, in his History of Painting, gives an account of two brethren in the Camaldulan Monastery, Degli Angeli, at Florence, who were most indefatigable copyists. Dom Jacopo Fiorentino made his appearance at the Monastery of Degli Angeli, in the year 1340; he is described as a monk of holy manners who, when he was not engaged in monastic duties, spent all his time in copying. He acquired an extraordinary expertness and elegance in writing the peculiar character used in the books of the choir. His talents were appreciated, and Dom Jacopo was seldom idle. He wrote twenty massive choral books for his own monastery, the largest ever seen in Italy, and a great many others for Rome, Venice, and Murano. His fame spread abroad, and after his death the brethren of the order preserved

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the right hand of this scribe, which had done so much good work, as a lasting memorial of his name. Dom Silvestro, another monk living in the monastery of Degli Angeli at the same time, excelled in miniature painting, and to his lot fell the decoration of those very books, as they issued from the facile pen of Dom Jacopo. His work was thoroughly appreciated by the great artists of the best ages of Italy. Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Leo X., his son, were pleased to accord their admiration. When he died his right hand was also embalmed. Although this work of copying and illuminating was carried on generally in the scriptorium of the monastery, yet occasionally a monk had a room to himself for the purpose, bearing the same name. Giraldus Cambrensis, in his Life of St. David, tells us that the great bishop commenced writing a copy of St. John's Gospel in gold and silver letters in *his own scriptorium* at Menevia:

"Scriptorium suum locumque laboris." *

Many of the names of great illuminators are lost in oblivion, but some have been preserved. Of these, as our investigation is more particularly into the monachism of our own country, we shall dwell more largely upon those men who were born on British soil. We have already adverted to the peculiarly advanced state of the Irish monasteries in the very earliest times. There can be no doubt that both as missionaries and educators they took the lead in those remote periods. Muratori, the great Italian historian of the middle ages, mentions Ireland as surpassing other nations in the west in the career of letters,† and we have already quoted the testimony of Bede. We shall therefore commence our review of the English art of illumination with the name of the Irish abbot already alluded to, as the first upon record, *Dagæus*, abbot of Iniskeltra, who died about the year 587, and excelled not only in writing, but in binding and decoration. The next in order is the monk *Genereus*, an Anglo-Saxon, who had both studied and taught in the Irish schools; his services were retained by Adamnanus to teach the Saxon monks in the monastery of Iona; and the third, as we have before mentioned, is an Irish monk, *Ultan*, who, at the end of the eighth century, was renowned as an illuminator. The seed fell upon good soil, and bore abundant fruit, for we next read of *Eadfrith* and *Ethelwold*, both abbots of Lindisfarne, and bishops of Durham, who, early in the eighth century, wrote and illuminated the magnificent copy of the Gospels in golden letters, to the honor of St. Cuthbert, which is now preserved in the Cottonian Library at the British Museum, and known as the Durham Book. There is good reason to suppose that *Dunstan* excelled in illumination. In a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, there is a drawing purporting to be by his hand—a figure of Christ appearing to the prelate, who is prostrate at his feet. *Godeman*, whom we have also mentioned, was chaplain to Ethelwold, bishop of Durham, at whose instigation he undertook the task of writing and illuminating the celebrated Benedictional, which is preserved in the Duke of Devonshire's library. In return for this work, Ethelwold made him abbot of Thorney. He flourished about 970. *Ervenius*, a monk of St. Edmonsbury Abbey, was renowned as an illuminator, about ten years later. In a life of Wulstan, bishop of Winchester, written by William of Malmesbury, we are told that Ervenius was his tutor, and that young Wulstan was first attracted to letters by the beautiful illustrations of a sacramentarium and Psalter, from which he was taught. "Thus," says the biographer, "the youth Wulstan acquired, almost by miracle, the chief heads of the most precious things, for while those lustrous beauties entered in at the apertures of his eyes, he received the

* Anglia Sacra, vol. ii., p. 635.
† Muratori—Antiq. Ital. Medii Ævi, Dissert. 43.

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knowledge of sacred letters into his very heart." * A similar instance is recorded in the life of Alfred, who, when a child, was drawn toward books by the charm of the illustrations. In Brompton's Chronicle we are told that *Osmund*, the Bishop of Salisbury, in the year 1076, did not disregard the labor of writing, binding, and illuminating of books.† *Eadwinus*, a monk of Canterbury, in the middle of the twelfth century, has left a monument of his labors behind him, in the shape of an elaborate psalter, preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge. At the end of this psalter are two drawings, one of Christ Church and the monastery at Canterbury, and the other a full-length portrait of himself. In the same volume are many historical figures, with initial letters in gold, silver, and vermilion. We include in our list *Matthew Paris*, the historian, who, although he is supposed to have been a Frenchman, yet passed his life in St. Alban's monastery, wrote an English history,‡ and may at least be taken as a naturalized, if not a born Englishman. He is reported to have had a good knowledge of painting, architecture, and the mathematics. The history which is called Historia Major, up to the year 1235, was in all probability the work of another. Matthew Paris wrote the continuation, and copied the whole as it is now in the British Museum, and illustrated it. The next English name rescued from the oblivion of the past, is that of *Alan Strayler*, who was also a monk of St. Alban's, about the year 1463. His work is contained in a volume called the Golden Register of St. Alban's, extant in the Cottonian library.* It is a record of the benefactors of the monastery down to the year 1463. His own portrait is inserted as a benefactor, inasmuch as, according to the text, "he had given to the adorning of the present book very much labor, and had also remitted a debt of 3*s.* 4*d.* due to him for colors." Beneath his portrait are two lines in Latin, to the effect that—

"The painter, Alan Strayler, here is given,
Who dwells forever with the choir of heaven."

There are many other portraits of royal and noble personages, holding their respective donations. About thirty years afterward died an eccentric recluse, *John Rous*, called the hermit of Guy's Cliff. He was chantry-priest at a small chapel, founded by Guy, earl of Warwick, at Guy's Cliff, and from the austere solitary life he led there, acquired the appellation of the "hermit." He was an antiquary and an historian. He wrote a life of Richard Beauchamp, fourteenth earl of Warwick, and illustrated it with fifty-three large drawings, executed with a pen, which style of sketching in those days was called "tricking," or "drawing in trick." This MS. is still to be seen in the Cottonian collections.† Rous spent his time in the study of history and genealogy, and wrote and ornamented several manuscripts, one of which was a roll of the earls of Warwick. This is the last Englishman who is recorded to have attained to any excellence in the art of illumination. We must not omit some of the most prominent of foreign artists who distinguished themselves in this study, and in the thirteenth century *Orderico*, canon of Sienna, is mentioned as being one of the most renowned. Lanzi, in his History of Painting in Italy,‡ gives

* Habebat tunc (Wulstan) magistrum Ervenium nomine, in scribendo et quidlibet coloribus effingendo peritum. Is libros scriptos Sacramentarium et Psalterium quorum principales literas auro effigiaverit puero Wulstano delegandos curabit. Ille preciosorum apicum captus miraculo dum pulchritudinem intentis oculis rimatur et scientiam literarum internis haurit medullis.—GULIEL. MALMS.: *De Vita Wulstan*, in *Ang. Sacra*, vol. ii., p. 244.

† Ipse episcopus libros scribere, illuminare et ligare, non fastidiret.—*Brompton Chron.* ann. 1076.

‡ Or rather a continuation of one, the first part of it, from 1066 to 1235, is attributed to Rodger of Wendover, who was in the same monastery. William of Rishanger continued it to the year 1273, from the point where Matthew Paris leaves off (1259), but the whole is frequently quoted as by Matthew Paris. The probabilities are greater in favor of his being an Englishman than the contrary. His works were admired by the early Reformers, for the bold and vigorous manner in which he wrote upon ecclesiastical affairs.

* Cotton MSS.—Nero, D vii.

† Cotton MSS.—Julius, E iv.

‡ Lanzi—Hist. of Painting, book ii., —Siennese School.

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a description of one of his MSS., which is preserved in the library of the academy at Florence, decorated with initials, ornaments, and figures of animals, painted by him in 1213. The names of two celebrated illuminators are mentioned by Dante in his Divine Comedy.

Oderigi d'Agubbio, whom Dante wrote of, was born at Agubbio, near Perugia, and died about the year 1300; he was the friend of Giotto and Dante at Rome. He was introduced by Giotto to Benedict VIII., for whom he illuminated many volumes. *Francis of Bologna*, the other mentioned by the poet, was also in the employ of Benedict, and executed many works for the Papal library. There is an account in Baldinucci of one *Cybo*, who lived in the fourteenth century, and is better known as the Monk of the Golden Islands, from his custom of retiring from his monastery at Lerino every spring and autumn to an island in the Mediterranean off the coast of France, for the wise purpose of the contemplation of nature. "He would walk abroad," we are informed, "not only to contemplate the beautiful prospects offered by the shores of those islands, the mountains, villages, and the sea itself, but also the birds, the flowers, the trees, the fruits, the rarer fishes of the sea, and the little animals of the earth, all of which he would draw and imitate in a wonderful manner."* Would that such an inspiration might steal over the minds of some of our modern artists! In 1433, according to Lanzi, flourished one *Fra Giovanni da Fiesola*, a Dominican friar, who attained to great fame as an illuminator. Then from the monastery of Degli Angeli came again another artist *Dom Bartolommeo*, abbot of St. Clement, who was a painter from youth. Vasari speaks of books and beautiful illustrations executed by him for the monks of Sante Flora and Lucilla in the Abbey of Arezzo, and in a missal given to Sixtus IV. Two great French illuminators come next upon the scene, one of whom, *Andrieu de Beauneveu*, is mentioned in the Chronicles of Froissart.* One of his works, called Le Petit Psautier, was valued at eighty livres, about £120 of modern English money. Another of his works was The Great Hours of the Duke de Berri, fac-similes of which will be found in the works of Sylvestre and Noel Humphreys.† He died in the year 1416, leaving a volume of Hours behind him unfinished, which was bought by the French government for 13,000 francs. The other French artist was *Jean Foucquet*, a native of Tours, who is spoken of as one of the glories of the fifteenth century. His principal works were the illumination of a book called L'Ancienneté des Juifs, and the Hours of Anne of Bretagne, two specimens of which may be found in Mr. Noel Humphrey's excellent work before alluded to.‡ The greatest artist in the Italian school of miniature was *Don Giulio Clovio*, whose advent closes the history of the art in the fifteenth century. The incidents of his career may be found in Vasari; they are eventful; he was driven into a monastery in early life, when the Spaniards devastated Rome in 1527. He threw up the cowl some years after by the Pope's permission, and went into the service of Cardinal Grimani, for whom he executed many of his best works. An office of the Virgin occupied him nine years in painting; it is still extant in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. He also illuminated a copy of Grimani's Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: this is now in the Soane Museum. In Sylvestre's Palæography,§ is a copy of one of Clovio's miniatures from the

* Baldinucci—Notizie de' Professore del Disegno.

* Chroniques de Froissart, vol. iv., p. 71, Lyons.
† Paléog. Univ., plate 195: Madden, ii., 544-7. Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages, plate xxi.
‡ Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages, plates xxxi. and xxxii.
§ Sylvestre—Paléog. Univ., plate 162.

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MS. of Dante's Vision, now in the Vatican. Another splendid relique of this artist consists of a large miniature of the crucifixion, executed for Gregory XIII.; it was brought from the Vatican during the campaigns in Italy, in the time of the French Revolution, by the Abbé Celotti. He was called the Michael Angelo of painters, and died in 1578, at the advanced age of eighty. His last days were spent in peace, as Vasari tells us "he does not study or do anything, but seek the salvation of his soul by good works, and a life spent wholly apart from mundane affairs." *Godefroy* and *Dutillet* were two distinguished French illuminators of the sixteenth century, and *Johan Benzel* of Ulm, is the one with whom Vasari concludes his anecdotes of painting. This list is scanty enough, and there can be no doubt that hundreds of names have sunk in the oblivion of the times; devotees to this beautiful art, and victims to the negligence with which the art-historians of the times treated their labors; they slumber in their unknown graves, but their works exist to the admiration and speculation of modern times. We have given a very cursory and rapid review of the rise and development of this most beautiful art; the most beautiful thing that mediæval Christianity has bequeathed to us. We have endeavored also to give a few names of such of our countrymen who excelled in its exercise, and it only remains to say a few words upon its use, as a work of refined piety, before we proceed to glean a few historical lessons as to the doctrinal development of the church, to be drawn from these art expressions of different periods, for there is nothing upon which a nation or a community stamps the characteristics of its individuality more clearly than upon its art.

These illuminations have a great historical value, as evidences of the life of the times. Were it not for them the past as a life would be lost to us. We should be almost ignorant of the modes and manners of existence of our ancestors. We might have descriptive representations of the deeds they did, but their customs, their habits, their amusements, and their interior existence would have been lost to us forever. It is that which enables us to put as it were a soul into history, to revive a past life in our minds, to resuscitate it, and make it live again before us; all this, but for the preservation of illuminated MSS., would have been irretrievably lost. It is from them alone we can *see* the customs of the domestic life of our ancestors, their habits at home, at table, in the field, in society, for those pictures, though executed to represent a life of Eastern and Biblical incident, have this peculiarity about them, that the paraphernalia of the scenes are in keeping with the times of their execution; so that unconsciously these monks, when decorating their psalters and their missals, have handed down to us the very best illustration of the written history of their times.* We have hitherto reviewed this labor as a work of art, but we must not forget its higher and nobler motive. Art may be kindled by the fire of ambition or the love of gain, but the motive which inspired the monastic illuminator was a far higher one. Whatever we may think of what we sometimes call the folly of spending years in illustrating a gospel or a psalter, we must be driven to the conclusion that as these monks were situated, it was a work of devotion. No other feeling could prompt them to give their lives to such a labor, because it was labor unrequited. In our times, or in fact in all times, men will accomplish marvels for money, but these men were paid nothing for their labor, not even the flattery of admiration. In the

* I know of no better evidence of the value of these MSS. than the excellent and valuable work compiled by Mr. Thomas Wright, a great authority on Saxon artiquities, called The Domestic Manners and Sentiments of the Middle Ages in England. The work is compiled principally from these sources, the illustrations are copied from ancient MSS., and it contains a repertoire of nearly all that can be gleaned from them, forming a picture of the life of Saxons, Normans, and early English, as it was sketched by themselves — a most valuable work, both for the historian and general reader.

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early periods of the art, it is true that in one or two cases an illuminator was made an abbot or a bishop, but those cases were so exceptional that scarcely half a dozen instances could be found in history of such honor being conferred upon an obscure monastic artist. The works over which they spent their long days and longer nights were sent into the church for use; gems of art they were, but exhibited to no public admiration, to no applauding critics; there they lay hidden in monastic libraries, in church vestries, in convent chests, to moulder in obscurity for the amusement and commercial speculation of an after age, when the life they embellished had died out in the world, and it should become impossible to ascertain the names of the men whose busy fingers were plied with such magic skill. Nothing but devotion could have prompted such labor as that, and how are we to say that in the eyes of the Almighty the devotion which could spend years lovingly over the embellishment of a gospel, to illustrate it with the choicest productions of genius, and to offer up to it all that was beautiful and good in thought, fancy, and execution — how are we to say that such an offering may not have been, under the circumstances in which they were placed, as acceptable in the eyes of God as the limited devotion of modern life, with its mechanical modes, its periodical days of worship, amid long intervals of sin? The devotion of modern times may sometimes manifest itself in the erection of hospitals and churches, but we are not always sure that such deeds are free from the taint of ostentation of wealth or jealousy of hated heirs—to flaunt the one or to balk the others; but the devotion which found vent in missal-painting and copying the scriptures by hand in the dark ages must have been pure; for we cannot, even by the most prejudiced investigation, discover any sorbid or ambitious motive for it. Where there is no payment we may rest assured that labor is a labor of love The best proof of the fact is the difficulty to get people to illuminate missals now. It was an exquisitely beautiful art, and ought not to have died out so completely. Latterly, however, in the church, to the scandal of vigilant Protestants, there has been a sort of attempt at a revival of mediævalism; it has become the vogue to appeal to the fathers to sing mediæval hymns, and to decorate the covers of prayer-books and the interiors of churches with mediæval art; but it has proved to be more a revival of mediæval forms than mediæval devotion. It has also become fashionable to study illumination—an elegant amusement for an idle hour—and many have tried it as an art, but it has failed both as an art and a work; as an art, even in these days of art excellence, it has failed, and as a work, it has not been pursued with that avidity to bring success, because the modern stimulant is wanting—it pays not; it is lifeless, automaton-like, a dead body galvanized, missal-painting without devotion.* But in our admiration of the genius and piety of these monastic artists we must not overlook one great fact, that this art is not only a representation of the interior life of the nation, a representation of its manners, customs, and modes of existence, but it is also a reflection of the state of the church at each successive period. Chroniclers may differ in their accounts, historians may quarrel with each other, but the history which a church writes in its art and literature, in its sculpture, painting, and poetry, is traced, as it were, by the events themselves, and graven by the very fingers of time.

We take up a manuscript supposed to be written about the year 900.† It is an evangeliarum. It contains a picture of St. Matthew, with his left hand resting upon a desk, and his right holding a pen. On the next page is the word "Liber," the begin-

* It must be borne in mind that the author of this paper is a Protestant, and we believe a minister of the Church of England.—Ed. C. W.

† Cotton MSS.—Tiberius, A ii.

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ning of the gospel written on a crimson ground in letters outlined in vermilion and gold; at page 72 there is a picture of St. Mark; all the evangelists are delineated, but no other figures. In a Psalter,* written in the year 1000, the same simplicity prevails. It is written in capital letters, with an interlinear Anglo-Saxon version. The title-page contains the figure of Christ in the act of blessing, but the principal picture, which occupies a whole page, is a representation of David in his youth, playing on a lyre-shaped psalter, accompanied by six smaller figures, below which are two others dancing. In another Psalter† of the same period there is a picture of the crucifixion, with Mary, the mother of Jesus, on the one side, and St. John the Baptist on the other. A Psalter of the year 1000,‡ very fully illuminated, is a fine specimen of the purely Biblical nature of the illustrations of that period. The calendar at the beginning contains a representation of three persons at a table, and two kneeling attendants. On page 7 is a youthful Christ, holding a large scroll, upon which the word "vita" is written; also God the Father, as creator of the world, in the Mosaic type; the figure is hidden up to the face by a globe, and from the mouth issue two blue lines, representing streams of water, over one of which a dove hovers—one of the oldest specimens of this conception of the Almighty. Another representation, on the next page, is the figure of David tearing open the lion's jaws; then the temptation of our Saviour—the devil is represented as having a beaked nose and claws. On page 10 is the washing of the disciples' feet, with an angel descending from heaven with a cloth. Page 14, Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene. On page 18, the Last Judgment, in which Christ is most prominent, holding in one hand a horn, and in the other a cross; below him is the Book of Life open, and at his side are two large angels blowing trumpets. Page 30 contains David playing on the psalter; and on page 114 there is a large figure of Christ, holding in his left hand the Book of Life, in his right a sceptre, with which he is piercing the jaws of a lion beneath his feet, and a dragon at his side is biting the lion (see Psalm xci. 13).

One of the most interesting specimens of the opening of the eleventh century (1006) is a manuscript called Ælfric's heptateuch, in Anglo-Saxon.* Its principal subjects of illumination are the fall of angels, the first person in the Trinity enthroned, Lucifer, the days of creation, the creation of Adam, the fall, and the expulsion from Paradise. But we wish to call attention to the close resemblance of the Saxon of that period to our modern English. We shall quote a passage from the Anglo-Saxon text, which might almost be translated by the same words in modern English. The passage is Genesis iv. 9, 10. The Saxon runs: "Tha cwœth drihten to Caine, hwœr is Abel thin brothor? Tha answarode he and cwœth, ic nat. Segst thu sceolde ic minne brothor healdon? Tha cwœth drihten to Caine, hwœt dydest thu? thines brothor blod clypath up to me of eorthan." Which may be rendered in English by almost the same words, thus: "Then quoth the Lord to Cain, where is Abel thy brother? Then answered he and quoth, I know not. Sayest thou should I hold my brother? Then quoth the Lord to Cain, What didst thou? thy brother's blood crieth up to me off the earth."

In the first half of the eleventh century, representations of the Virgin are multiplied in the MSS. of the period, though not yet as the predominant figure. In a Psalter of that date† we have a representation of David in prayer; then Christ enthroned, with angels around him; be-

* Cotton MSS.—Vespasian, A I.
† Harleian MSS., 2904.
‡ Cotton MSS.—Tiberius, C vi.

* Cotton MSS.—Claudius, B iv.
† Cotton MSS.—Galba, A xviii.

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low in a row are eleven heads; and below all, the Virgin and twelve Apostles in full-length figures. In the representation of the ascension, Christ is the main figure borne up by two angels, and below are two other angels and the Virgin with her hands raised in prayer. In a picture Bible * of this period, she is again introduced. Page 8 contains a representation of the root of Jesse—below lies Abraham, then David, and next the Virgin, above all is Christ; but at page 20, we have the death of the Virgin, and the Virgin enthroned in heaven. In the thirteenth century MSS., we find the Virgin taking the most prominent position, and Christ represented as a child; saints, too, creep into the illuminations, more especially Thomas à Becket, whose murder appears to have been always diligently inserted by the monks in their MSS., as we shall see. In a Psalter † of the year 1200, among many other pictures, is a burial of a saint in his episcopal mitre; and the anointing of David is followed a few pages after by the murder of Thomas à Becket. In Matthew Paris's History of the English nation (died 1259), there is a picture of the Virgin enthroned as the queen of heaven, with Christ as a little child; she is bending her crowned head, with her hair flowing down, toward the child, pressing her cheek against his, while with her right hand she gives him a fruit. In a Psalter ‡ of the same period we find the annunciation of the Virgin, the visitation of the Virgin, and the Virgin crowned, with Christ again as a little child. In a copy of the Vulgate § the fourth page is full of pictures; there is the Virgin, with Christ as a child, St. Peter on one side, and St. Paul on the other; below is St. Martin, above the crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John; above that are two cherubim, and quite above all, in the position formerly accorded to Christ, is a representation of the coronation of the Virgin. In the fragment of a lectionary * executed for Lord Lovell by one John Siferwas, a Benedictine monk, there is on the title-page a portrait of Lord Lovell looking at a book, upon the cover of which is a picture of the coronation of the Virgin; on the inner border of page 3, there is the Virgin as the queen of heaven, holding the child with her robe in the left hand, and a sceptre in her right. After three or four more representations of her, we meet with the presentation of the Virgin; in the centre is the Virgin crowned by the first person of the Trinity, who is represented as having a long white beard; another with the Virgin and child upon the moon, surrounded with rays; on page 23, the Virgin surrounded by the pope, bishops, and others, and on page 27, the birth of the Virgin. The office of the Virgin was confirmed by Pope Urban II, at the Council of Clermont. There are several of these offices extant. In an office of the Virgin and prayers † of the date 1420, we find pictures of John the Baptist, St. James of Compostello enthroned, St. Thomas Aquinas, also enthroned, and St. Francis of Assisi receiving the stigmata or wounds of Christ. On page 11, the Virgin and child seated on a bench with St. Anna; on page 13 St. Catherine, page 15 St. Margaret, and page 21 the annunciation. In another office of the Virgin,‡ we find the evangelists, the annunciation and visitation of the Virgin, the murder of Thomas à Becket, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, the scourging of Christ, adoration of kings, and in the most prominent picture the coronation of the Virgin, in which she is represented as being supported by an angel, while the Almighty is pointing with his right hand to a cherub, who, accompanied by two angels, is about to place the crown on

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† Harleian MSS., 5102.
‡ Biblia Regia, 2 A xxii
§ MSS. Regia, 1 D i.

* Harleian MSS., 7026.
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But it was at the period of the Reformation, and after then, that these treasures of art suffered, and the natural iconoclasm of human nature broke out. Men gazed around them upon gorgeous temples, decorated with splendid paintings, stained glass windows, marvellous sculpture, and to their zealous minds it was all idolatry; and they tore down frescoes, destroyed paintings, overturned altars, broke up statues, and burned sacred books to exterminate error if possible, not by the powers of truthful preaching and godly lives, but by the battle-axe and the bonfire; not by uprooting error itself, so much as by beating down and destroying its mere evidences.

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§ MSS. Regia, 2 B vii.

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painting and sculpture, poetry and music, the marvellous adaptability of Christianity as a regenerator and stimulant, how it takes up what is good in the world—genius, skill, love, devotion, and starts them into new channels, with increased vigor and nobler aim. It took up philosophy, purged it of its errors, and of philosophers made fathers; it took up science, and bid it labor to alleviate human suffering, and assuage the physical condition of humanity; it took up art, and not only embellished it, but gave it an inexhaustible realm of subjects—a realm in which it has been laboring ever since, and though improving and advancing in each age, will never exhaust its treasures; it has been, as its Founder declared it should be, the salt of the earth; it has rescued the world in moments of darkness and danger, aroused it from apathy and indifference, purged it, stimulated it, sent it on in the right way, and brought it back again when it had peevishly wandered; and not the least evidence of its purifying, elevating effects upon the fine arts is this, which we have been endeavoring to describe in the rise and development of missal painting, that beauty of cloistered holiness.

From The Month.

THE FAIREST FAIR.

(FROM ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.)

"My beloved is the mountains,
The solitary wooded valleys."—*St. John of the Cross.*

I.

MOUNTAINS, that upward to the clouds arise,
Odorous with thyme, whereon the wild bees linger,
Jewell'd with flowers of a thousand dyes,
Their petals tinted by no mortal finger;
How solemn in their gray-worn age they stand,
Hills piled on hills in silent majesty!
Lofty and strong, and beautiful and grand:
All this and more is my belov'd to me.

II.

Come forth into the woods,—in yonder valley,
Where rippling waters murmur through the glade;
There, 'neath the rustling boughs of some green alley,
We'll watch the golden light and quivering shade:
Or couch'd on mossy banks we'll lie and listen
To song-birds pouring forth their vernal glee.
Wave on, ye woods; ye faery fountains, glisten:
But more, far more is my belov'd to me.

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III.

Know ye the land where fragrant winds awaken
In spicy forests hidden from the eye:
Where richest perfumes from the boughs are shaken,
And flowers unnotic'd bloom and blush and die?
Sweet is th' eternal spring that there reposes
On wondrous isles that gem the sunny sea,
And sweet the gales that breathe o'er beds of roses:
But sweeter far is my belov'd to me.

IV.

The roaring torrents from the ice-cliffs leaping—
I see them foaming down the mountain side,
Through the green dells and valleys onward sweeping,
They fill the hollows with their mighty tide:
Their voice is as the voice of many waters;
Onward they rush, exulting to be free;
But ah! their thunder fails, their music falters:
Far more than this is my belov'd to me.

V.

A gentler sound wakes in the hush of even,
The whisper of a light and cooling breeze;
It stirs when twilight shades are in the heaven,
And bows the tufted foliage of the trees;
It fans my cheek; its music softly stealing
Speaks to my heart in loving mystery.
Ah, gentle breeze! full well thou art revealing
The joy that my beloved is to me.

VI.

Night comes at last, in mystic shadows folding
The nodding forest and the verdant lawn,
Till the day breaks, and Nature starts, beholding
The golden chariot of the coming dawn:
Then on each bough the feathered chanters, waking,
Pour forth their music over bush and tree.
Cease, cease your songs, ye birds; my heart-strings breaking
Lack words to say what Jesus is to me.

VII.

Yea, all the fairest forms that Nature scatters,
And all melodious sounds that greet the ear;
The murmuring music of the running waters,
The golden harvest-fields that crown the year,
The crimson morn, the calm and dewy even,
The tranquil moonlight on the slumbering sea,—
All are but shadows, forms of beauty given
To tell what my beloved is to me.

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low in a row are eleven heads; and below all, the Virgin and twelve Apostles in full-length figures. In the representation of the ascension, Christ is the main figure borne up by two angels, and below are two other angels and the Virgin with her hands raised in prayer. In a picture Bible * of this period, she is again introduced. Page 8 contains a representation of the root of Jesse—below lies Abraham, then David, and next the Virgin, above all is Christ; but at page 20, we have the death of the Virgin, and the Virgin enthroned in heaven. In the thirteenth century MSS., we find the Virgin taking the most prominent position, and Christ represented as a child; saints, too, creep into the illuminations, more especially Thomas à Becket, whose murder appears to have been always diligently inserted by the monks in their MSS., as we shall see. In a Psalter † of the year 1200, among many other pictures, is a burial of a saint in his episcopal mitre; and the anointing of David is followed a few pages after by the murder of Thomas à Becket. In Matthew Paris's History of the English nation (died 1259), there is a picture of the Virgin enthroned as the queen of heaven, with Christ as a little child; she is bending her crowned head, with her hair flowing down, toward the child, pressing her cheek against his, while with her right hand she gives him a fruit. In a Psalter ‡ of the same period we find the annunciation of the Virgin, the visitation of the Virgin, and the Virgin crowned, with Christ again as a little child. In a copy of the Vulgate § the fourth page is full of pictures; there is the Virgin, with Christ as a child, St. Peter on one side, and St. Paul on the other; below is St. Martin, above the crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John; above that are two cherubim, and quite above all, in the position formerly accorded to Christ, is a representation of the coronation of the Virgin. In the fragment of a lectionary * executed for Lord Lovell by one John Siferwas, a Benedictine monk, there is on the title-page a portrait of Lord Lovell looking at a book, upon the cover of which is a picture of the coronation of the Virgin; on the inner border of page 3, there is the Virgin as the queen of heaven, holding the child with her robe in the left hand, and a sceptre in her right. After three or four more representations of her, we meet with the presentation of the Virgin; in the centre is the Virgin crowned by the first person of the Trinity, who is represented as having a long white beard; another with the Virgin and child upon the moon, surrounded with rays; on page 23, the Virgin surrounded by the pope, bishops, and others, and on page 27, the birth of the Virgin. The office of the Virgin was confirmed by Pope Urban II, at the Council of Clermont. There are several of these offices extant. In an office of the Virgin and prayers † of the date 1420, we find pictures of John the Baptist, St. James of Compostello enthroned, St. Thomas Aquinas, also enthroned, and St. Francis of Assisi receiving the stigmata or wounds of Christ. On page 11, the Virgin and child seated on a bench with St. Anna; on page 13 St. Catherine, page 15 St. Margaret, and page 21 the annunciation. In another office of the Virgin,‡ we find the evangelists, the annunciation and visitation of the Virgin, the murder of Thomas à Becket, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, the scourging of Christ, adoration of kings, and in the most prominent picture the coronation of the Virgin, in which she is represented as being supported by an angel, while the Almighty is pointing with his right hand to a cherub, who, accompanied by two angels, is about to place the crown on

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ORIGINAL.

THE GODFREY FAMILY; OR, QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER IX.

RELIGION—PHILOSOPHY: WHICH IS THE TRUTH?

BUT we must return to Cambridge. Eugene made inquiries respecting his late visitor, M. Bertolot, and finding that he taught his own language as a means of subsistence, he applied to him for instruction, not indeed to learn the language, which he knew how to read already, but, as he said, for practice in speaking and so forth.

"I will come to you," said Eugene, "for lessons in your philosophy; you shall give them to me in French. I will write them down, you will correct the phraseology, and thus I shall improve in two departments at once."

"I will teach you French, if you desire it, my young friend," said M. Bertolot, "and by conversation, or any other mode you may desire; but to enter on moral or mental philosophy is quite another affair, and might lead to results unexpected on your part. I am not quite prepared to promise formal instructions on these subjects at this early stage of our acquaintance; my views might shock your preconceived ideas."

"Fear not for that," said Eugene, "my preconceived ideas, if ever they were definite, are now confused; that mind acts upon mind, irrespectively of matter, seems the only clear thought I have on the subject. Further than this all is blank. The mesmeric agencies of which we hear so much, and the appearances of spirits, in some instances well attested, seem to prove mental influences to be direct; but what more do they prove? I have sometimes fancied that the nursery tales may be true, and that it is possible that angels of light and demons of darkness do exist, and that we are operated upon at times by spiritual agencies not detected by our senses."

"Some of the wisest of the earth, even among the pagans, have held this opinion," replied M. Bertolot, "and, as I told you in our first interview, the traditions of the fallen angels were handed down to the Jews, and dealings with any one of them prohibited. Sorcery and witchcraft were considered 'sins' in the Mosaic law, although the generation of the present day scouts such ideas as beneath the dignity of the human intellect, and ascribes every discovery in knowledge to the progress of human intelligence alone."

"Yet," said Eugene, "history might teach all students that the best-laid schemes have often been overset by apparently inadequate exterior causes. The pagan doctrine of the 'Fates,' which evidently exercised a vast influence over men's minds, must have originated from their perception of the fact, that human wisdom cannot absolutely dispose events; preordination or the counteracting influence of invisible agencies, has formed more or less an ingredient in every rational belief, ancient as well as modern. But does it follow from this that supernatural agencies are at work? may it not be a delusion in principle as well as in form; for that the form was erroneous in heathenism at least, I suppose we must acknowledge, since heathenism is exploded now."

"I suspect," said M. Bertolot, "that instead of originating, as you have supposed, from human observation of

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facts, that the doctrine of the 'Fates' was but a corruption of the doctrine of divine providence handed down by the primitive tradition. When paganism is considered at first sight, it seems so strange to modern ideas, that we deem it an *invention*, or a growth, or a material embodiment of our abstract deduction from reasoning on observation. But what if it were none of these things? What if it were simply a perversion of the primitive traditions? A materializing, so to speak, of spiritual doctrine? It has often been asserted that beneath the veil of the myths, positive knowledge might be discerned by a thinking soul. If this be true, as, to a certain extent, facts seem to warrant our acknowledging, then in the latent truths that are supposed to lie hid beneath the mystic veils, we may faintly trace the ancient pristine traditions, defaced first by the material shape they wear, but more, *much* more, by their fixing the attention of the world on animalism and materialism, as the true ends of existence."

"I do not quite understand you," said Eugene.

"I will explain by reference to Bible history," said M. Bertolot. "Man's first sin of disobedience appears to have disturbed the relationships his soul previously held with superior intelligences, nay, to have disordered his own organization, and to give the sway to inferior appetites rather than to the superior part of the soul, which primarily subjected these inferior appetites to its control. The primal order united the soul to God, and necessarily then all his faculties were equipoised and his passions held in subjection. That union destroyed, the passions rose, fierce and uncontrollable; the first man having become a rebel, begot the second, who was a murderer through envy of his brother's spiritual superiority. Since then tradition says that only through violence done to the disordered passions, by humility and patience and long toil, can the pristine order be restored and the primal supremacy of soul regained. This is the office of true spirituality. Paganism also treats of good lost—and of well-being to be acquired through prayer to the immortal gods; but the good it supposes lost, is that of bodily gratification, or of power, or grandeur, and its gods are propitious only when they avert the sufferings which should discipline the soul and prepare it for the reception of the regenerative truth."

"Something of this," said Eugene, "I have heard Euphrasie say; but she would not explain her words, and they came to us like enigmas which we could not solve."

"The solution cannot be comprehended by all," said M. Bertolot; "a preparation of mind is necessary ere we can solve the enigmas of history; and melancholy, indeed, are the facts presented. Look at the first events. Piety, which is another word for the endeavor to seek reunion with God, was renewed in the race of Seth, and through them the pristine traditions were preserved. But soon these sons of God looked on the daughters of men and saw that they were fair, and again spirituality was overpowered, and the race lost itself in sensuality, and was destroyed by the flood. To the eight who survived, of course, the traditions were known, and Noah, priest, patriarch, king of the new race, lived three hundred and fifty years after the flood, to bear a long testimony to their truth. But the perversity of the human inclination was too strong. Man's choice had been to know good and evil; evil could only be known by separation from God, and it would seem as if he were fated to have his choice gratified; it was inevitable at any rate, if he must know evil. Accordingly we find that even one hundred and thirty-three years before the death of Shem, who had witnessed the deluge, and who lived five hundred years after it, in order to perpetuate the memory of it in the minds of men, it was necessary to set apart Abraham, by special provision, to keep intact the spiritual

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meaning of the traditions of true religion. Already had the creature again taken the first place in human affection, to the neglect of the Creator. Already impersonations of human passion had arisen and mixed themselves with the traditions they received from their fathers. These traditions they hid under the false imagery that stole into their hearts; but perverted and debased though they may be, they form the basis of whatever truth may be discoverable under the garb of my theology, and the peopling the world with invisibly acting spirits is one of these notions which the heathens did not invent, but only perverted."

"I think I see what you mean," said Eugene; "but tell me if your philosophy has discovered why man himself is such an enigma, such a compound of loftiness and meanness, so grand in idea and so poor in execution? Why is truth so difficult, seeing that it is so necessary to him?"

"Man is a fallen being," mournfully responded the mentor. "The divine spark once inbreathed, though dimmed and clouded, still prompts to high hopes and high deeds; but severed from God, he can effect nothing to satisfy himself. That reunion is in fact the sole aim and object of existence. None other can satisfy the inward yearning. How that reunion is to be accomplished revelation comes to tell us, for human philosophy was at fault, and the first step I have already pointed out is prayer."

"There are many religions," said Eugene, "and how is the true one to be known?"

"Nay, that question is beyond philosophy, and philosophy was to be the subject of our interviews. I will assist you in distinguishing the functions of the mental faculties, but at the present stage of the inquiry I will not forestall your conclusions. We have already seen that the nature of man is compounded, and that his physical nature is the inferior portion of that compound, his moral and spiritual nature the highest. Intellect is the servant of one or the other, according as to which is accorded the predominance, and it is because that predominance is so often given to the inferior part of our being that we must be so surely on our guard against an undue bias; not but that even our spiritual and moral qualities need also to be watched, for pride and egotism corrupt even these. In fact, man's life here is not only that of an exile consequent on his being born, severed from truth, his true end of being, but the consequences of that severing cause his life to be one struggle to replace his faculties in their pristine equilibrium, and to accord to each its fitting office. As, for instance, when giving to the spiritual that precedence which is due to it, we must beware lest we employ it to any other purpose than the worship of 'The True.' There is a spurious spirituality as well as a spurious morality."

"But why do you distinguish morality from spirituality? Will not one term comprehend both?"

"Scarcely, since morality means the relationship of man to man: spirituality, his relationship to God. The law of God may and does regulate man's morals in those persons who acknowledge that law; but were man to live without God, as is too often the case, he must have laws to regulate his intercourse with his kind; that is, the spiritual man necessarily acknowledges the moral law, but the moral man does not necessarily acknowledge the spiritual law."

"And what, then, is the sanction of the moral law?" asked Eugene.

"Apart from the spiritual law, it must be regulated by reason," returned his friend.

"But," said Eugene, "reason differs in different minds; nay, in different localities. Turkey sanctions what England condemns, and ancient Sparta taught her children to practise what all Europe would now punish them for doing."

"Probably; but that only proves that there is no absolute certainty for

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man, when relying on his own unassisted light. Nevertheless, law does exist, and must exist, to keep society together, and to protect life and property. To be consistent, it should propose to itself a definite purpose, and frame its rules to meet that purpose. As persons are not agreed on spiritual matters, and as life and property can be protected without their so agreeing, modern lawgivers incline to leave out of the question the higher law appertaining to the interior life, and to legislate purely on materialistic principles; provided they do not by legislation contravene that higher law or compromise its principles in any degree, no mischief can come of such a course; but, unfortunately, a neutral position is a difficult one to uphold. Unconsciously, as it were, man infringes the conditions sooner or later, and the anomaly of enforcing the worship of 'reason' at the point of the bayonet is enacted again and again."

"And what part does reason take in religion?" asked Eugene.

"A most important one," said his friend, "since reason is a direct gift of God to man, and all natural gifts, when unperverted, have a direct co-relation to a spiritual gift. Man's nature is not changed by spiritual grace, it is sanctified, purified, elevated, replaced in the position of grace in which Adam was created, or rather in the superadded grace of the redemption. Reason, consequently, must examine the evidences concerning the truth of facts presented to her—must demand by what authority they are assumed to be facts—must compare them with other facts—examine, prove, judge. But remember, reason does not create facts, and may not ignore them when proved, however contrary to the ordinary course of our experience. The Eastern despot caused the traveller to be strangled because he asserted that he had seen water in a solid form. So, many a man strangles the evidence of a fact, because he assumes the fact itself to be beyond belief."

"Can you give me any rules respecting the exercise of reason?" asked Eugene.

"Beware, in the first place, of confounding it with actual experience. Experience is, having personal evidence of fact, as true history is having our neighbor's evidence of the same. But the facts must be ascertained before we can reason upon them, otherwise we may draw conclusions from false premises. But in sifting evidence regarding facts, beware of rejecting any on the sole ground that they are not of ordinary occurrence, or of a class within the personal experience of yourself or your neighbor. Incredulity is as great a folly as credulity: let each question rest on its individual merits, and receive the investigation due to its importance. In the second place, remember that the process of establishing a fact is essentially different from reasoning on that fact when established. The latter is common to all, but the evidence which establishes facts acts differently on minds of different dispositions. Thirdly, a certain series of facts already assumed to be established, often appears to throw light upon and render probable, or even self-evident, another series of facts which, without their precursors, would be of doubtful authority. But that which it is most difficult to realize is, that certain states of the mind render it easier to admit the probability of certain facts than certain other states; so that ere we proceed to the investigation of foreign ideas, we must, as far as in us lie, examine ourselves as to the impartial state of our dispositions, divest ourselves of any prepossessions founded on the lower principles of our being."

"As for example?" said Eugene.

"As for example, my young friend, we take the proposition already discussed this evening: 'Man is a fallen being!' This is either an historical fact or a falsity. Now some men persist in rejecting all agency that is not in accordance with the ordinary se-

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quences observed to occur in the material portion of the creation, consequently they deny the primary fact as matter of history, though compelled by experience to admit that man often falls *de facto*. This, they say, is in consequence of his non-observance of nature's laws, the knowledge of which' provided he acted on that knowledge, would remedy this weakness. The knowledge of physics is, then, to these minds, a necessary and important ingredient in what to them constitutes virtue, while physical ignorance must, by the same theory, bring with it vice and misery.

The history of the creation given by Moses is to such persons a sublime myth, conveying no other idea than that it presents a splendid manifestation of beauty, power, and grandeur. The aim and object of these men is necessarily materialism—the contentment of animal existence; and while this is their aim, their mental vision cannot see the doctrine of the fall of man from spiritual life. Convince these men, however, of their own inherent spiritual affinities, which, though now in abeyance, are ready to be called into operation if only they will that they should be so called—let them experience the yearning for higher life, which now lies dormant if not dead within them, then will the cloudy myth become reality, and the falls *de facto* be viewed as the necessary result of the original fall from spiritual unity. A new vigor will be infused into the frame, and a desire to re-establish the pre-existing supernatural relationships will become the absorbing interest. The rationalist will become a Christian, not by force of human reasoning, but because a change has taken place in his disposition, in his aspiration."

"But does the reception or apprehension of truth, then, depend on human disposition?" asked Eugene. "Should not truth be self-evident, or be at least demonstrable to those whom it concerns?"

"To pure natures doubtless it is so," said M. Bertolot, "but I need not point out to you that facts of every-day occurrence show us that man's nature is no longer pure, and therefore is it that he is blinded by prejudice and by the bent of his inclination. Few have been found willing to lay aside the pride of rank, the demands of human comfort, and the conceit of human learning, and come like little children to be taught by the inspired angel of truth."

"I, at least, would like to try," said Eugene. "Would that the angel of truth were to be found!"

"Pray! and you may find him yet!" replied M. Bertolot.

"Prayer is your constant theme, I perceive," said Eugene, smiling.

"It is man's most constant friend, and the powerful preserver of his soul," replied M. Bertolot. "Man's soul is by its origin aspirative, panting after reunion with God, even when ignorant of the cause of his disquietude. The soul has faculties which need gratification, and can be gratified only in God. These faculties are nourished by prayer, and to prayer is annexed the promise of being heard; but then we must accept and fulfil the conditions."

"And what are those conditions?" asked Eugene.

"The prayer must be humble," said his friend, "diffident of self, confident in God; and it must be accompanied by a firm resolve to let no private bias, no motive of interest, interfere with the inspirations sent in answer. The influences exercised over us by the exterior world, with all the empire of physical enjoyment, must be ready to give way as soon as they interfere with the recognition of the divinity speaking to our souls, as this interference is most fatal; for the 'fall of man' in the first place, the rise of paganism in the second, and in the third place the failure of the Jews in recognizing the spiritual character of our Lord's kingdom, all arose from this undue empire of self-love, of private interest, latent or patent, in the human soul. And this empire must be subdued ere we can hope to regain our position as 'sons of the eternal and essentially spiritual God.'"

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"And yet," said Eugene, "we are of flesh as well as of the spirit, and the demands of the flesh are loud and manifold."

"Yes, and to a certain extent they must be gratified, or life would fail. Only, let the body be the servant and not the master of the soul. Let the object of existence be reunion with God, not the mere gratification of animalism. This aspiration, or this object—and, I may say, this alone—forms the distinctive mark between paganism and true religion. It is not the outer idol that injures the soul, but the inward feeling that is directed to false worship; that accords to beauty, glory, physical power, and animal gratification, the inward adoration due alone to God, the creator, redeemer, sanctifier. Have I made myself understood?"

"I think so," said Eugene; "and by this measure, the great mass of the population must be as essentially pagan as they were in the days of Mars, Jupiter, Bacchus, and Apollo."

"I fear many will be found so," said M. Bertolot. "Men appear to be more eager than ever they were for exterior improvements; they are fast losing hold of the aspirations of the past; they have destroyed old theories, and substituted new philosophies and new remedies for evil that are sapping the very foundations of spiritual truth in men's minds. Yet man cannot utterly stifle his inward yearnings, nor annihilate his spiritual affinities. The soul who rejects the true worship bows, although unconsciously, to inferior agencies, and animal magnetism and spirit-rappings provide their poisoned food for the sickly appetite, and exercise their baneful empire ever the craving souls who reject the hallowing operations of religion. Meantime the world is in a miserable state of trouble and confusion."

"Yes," said Eugene, "but modern philosophy ascribes this state to ignorance, and says a proper educational development would obviate all. If so, what becomes of the fall of man?"

"If so! rather a large if," said M. Bertolot. "The world is nearly six thousand years old, and is it but now to begin to discover truth? and is that beginning to be the laying aside of all received traditional lore? Well! it is a new era, and everything will wear a new aspect soon. It is as though it were in the councils of the Most High, that every form of man's folly and self-seeking should have full development. Good, if he learn at last that from God alone, by supernatural means, comes true light to the soul. Good, if when all other means have been tried and found to fail, he seek it there at last. Good, if at length he recognizes the fact, that the soul's proper sphere is divine, is supernatural; that it is a consequence as legitimate for the purified soul to tower above, to command matter, as it is for heat to melt ice. Good, if he become aware that from the Eternal alone proceeds light and warmth and power and due action, and that the human soul, the proper recipient of these graces, cannot exercise its own proper vitality (so to speak) without these gifts from God, which form at once its nutriment and its stimulus. Now, the unbeliever uses not the means, consequently feels not the divinity stir within him; and that positive inertia of his spiritual existence is the great cause of his remaining an unbeliever. It is as though a man were to refuse to believe that equal proportions of sulphuric acid and of water, being mixed together at the temperature of fifty degrees, the compound will immediately acquire a temperature as high as boiling water, and not believing it possible, he refuses to test it, and so remains unconvinced. Nevertheless, the rise of temperature in this case is as certain a fact in chemistry as the fact in theology is certain, of the rise in the soul, when it approaches God by the means he himself has appointed."

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"But," said Eugene, "if I understand you theologians aright, it is the prayer of faith that pierces the clouds. How am I to attain this faith?"

"Begin with the graces which you have already: I mean that of a sincere desire of truth, and that of the consciousness that you have not truth in actual possession yet. These two facts of your mind are gifts immensely great. Follow them closely and in simplicity, and greater results will follow. They contain already the germs of faith, and if you are true to their teachings you will be led to throw yourself, in child-like abandonment, into the arms of God, and contentedly follow where he leads. Your yearning for truth will then be gratified."

"And how am I to discover which historic facts are true? By divine light also?"

"Divine light will aid you even here. Yet in this case you must use the best human means you can command. You must study the evidences, examine the prophecies, and contemplate the manner in which these prophecies have been fulfilled. You must endeavor to penetrate the spiritual meaning of all the types, of all the allusions. You must mark well the connection between the old law and the new law, and distinguish the essential differences between what revelation from God *is*, and that which is simply man's idea of what a revelation from God should be. Study the developments of heathenism, modern as well as ancient; you will find more similarity than at first appears on the surface: and you will also easily trace therein, the divine truth, borrowed from the first traditions, and from the developments of revelation, which mingled with their perversions form the basis of their system, a system which is built on a materialized version of a spiritual teaching, which, parted from the centre of good, went astray by following its own fancies, relying on its own unassisted judgment. Finally, meditate sedulously the truths of the religion taught at the foot of the cross. Do not wait till you believe ere you do this, but learn what religion is as taught by Christian apostles; then, if you reject Christianity, you will at least know what you reject, and if you embrace it you will find many of your difficulties melt away, as if the very atmosphere dissolved them. But through every process, 'pray.'"

"I will," said Eugene, "certainly I will; until I have found the truth it is but reasonable that I should submit to your guidance. Yes, for a while I will study, meditate, pray, and endeavor to keep my mind unbiassed." Mentally he added, "Yes, Euphrasie, I will endeavor for a while to forget all that could bias me—even you."

CHAPTER X.

SCENE IN THE CASTLE CHAPEL.

So absorbed, indeed, did Eugene continue to be in these pursuits, that home influences and home affairs seemed to have passed from his mind altogether. The long vacation he spent at the lakes, studying works which certainly college authorities did not put into his hands, and which his father would scarcely have sanctioned. On his return to Cambridge he found M. Bertolot absent for a considerable time, so his studies continued unaided in the theological direction. This enabled him the better to elude the eye of observation, and as his father's son was one of the least likely to be affected by "superstition" of any kind, his peculiar mode of passing his time passed unnoticed, only the surprise seemed to be that in the classes he did attend he took so very slight an interest; in fact, he passed for an indolent young man, while in fact reading hard and meditating deeply on themes forbidden by the University regulations. From these dreams of his own fashioning he was one day unpleasantly awakened to a sense of his connection with the outer world by a letter from Mr. Godfrey, detailing in a somewhat bitter

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spirit, the transactions we have related in a previous chapter, and requesting him to take an early opportunity of visiting Adelaide. Mr. Godfrey stated that himself, Mrs. Godfrey, Annie, and Hester were about to return home, but that Adelaide declined to return with them; she wished neither to be pitied nor wondered at, when the duke's absence should become publicly known. She felt equal to keeping up the state becoming her rank, and had invited her aunt and Euphrasie to domesticate themselves with her for some months to come, which arrangement her friends deemed a very suitable one.

Eugene was deeply moved, for family ties had ever been strongly felt by him, and to the transient disgust excited by his sister's conduct in consenting to marry the duke, now succeeded warm sympathy for the annoyance and mortification she endured. Indignation against the cause of it was, however, useless. The duke was gone, and Eugene would have felt some difficulty in reconciling a "call of honor" under the form of a duel with the new philosophy upon which he was so intent: so it was well for him to be out of the way of temptation. His agitation did not, however, escape the observation of his friend, who being just returned from his trip, happened to call on him on the same morning on which he received Mr. Godfrey's letter. Briefly, and in strict confidence, Eugene explained the cause.

"Nay, take it quietly, my young friend," said M. Bertolot. "It is a grievous misfortune, I grant, but let us leave the result in God's hands; good may come of it yet."

"I think I ought to go and see Adelaide."

"Without doubt; and your aunt, too, will welcome you."

"And will you not accompany me also? Your presence would be most acceptable to Euphrasie and to her mother."

"Why—if I thought I should not be intruding—"

"I will ascertain that," said Eugene; and he wrote to his sister of his proposed visit, and of his desire to bring a friend with him.

The return of post brought a cordial invitation to both. Accordingly, they set out for the castle together, and received a most flattering welcome from the inmates. For many days all went happily—very happily. Eugene's natural disposition was gay and joyous, and this ever made him an agreeable companion. At all times every member of the family had been fond of this representative of a gentle house; but at this particular juncture his unaffected cheerfulness rendered him especially acceptable to the duchess.

Yet, when the first excitement was over, there were many things about him which puzzled, even while they interested her. She began to feel uncertain as to whether she understood him. That which seemed a joke, *en passant*, on reflection appeared to contain some hidden meaning. The castle itself was a continual theme with him. The number of its large, unoccupied chambers, which he bade her find inhabitants for among those whose dwellings were so scant of room that they could not even observe the decencies of life: the vast grounds, almost untrodden by human feet, among which he was always pretending to seek for concealed hermitages; then the retinue of gentlemen and ladies who were called servants, but whose principal occupation, Eugene insisted, was to make work for others; —these were a never-failing source of raillery. All these things, which flattered Adelaide's pride, seemed to him but subjects of mere banter, and certainly did not excite that reverence for the "state" in which she lived which she expected and desired. Then there was M. Bertolot, a poor French teacher, nowise elated by the condescension with which she, one of the greatest ladies in the land, entertained him. Calm, self-possessed, he received her attentions with as much

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quiet dignity as if he were her equal. Certainly he did not pay her homage; and as homage was precisely that for which she had married, she could scarcely avoid feeling a little aggrieved on the subject, or feeling as if she had been defrauded of something that was her due; though her natural good sense forbade her from showing her sensitiveness to her guests.

The castle was very large—so large, in fact, that Adelaide had never entered all the chambers. More than half of it had been dismantled, and was generally kept locked. An old steward who kept the keys alone knew all the intricacies of that part of the house, which he asserted had, in ancient times, lodged a large body of retainers, and that it could now, in case of necessity, accommodate whole regiments of soldiers.

One day, in a merry mood, Eugene proposed to his sister to escort her through her own house on a tour of discovery. She assented. The house was in the form of a quadrangle, enclosing a flower garden of considerable size. In the midst was a reservoir, into which a water-god, exquisitely sculptured in marble, was pouring a continual jet of water. Marble pillars supported the upper story of the mansion, forming beneath an arched and cloistered walk round three sides of the garden. Already had Eugene spent hours here in meditation, for it was ever cool, shady, and sequestered; and it being understood that here the family alone were admitted, the servants consequently kept aloof.

"Beautiful cloisters these would make," said Eugene. "When you exchange your ducal coronet for a nun's veil, Adelaide, and your jewelled chain for a rosary, you can come here and tell your beads. Your convent is provided already."

"What an absurd idea!" said the duchess.

"Nay," said Eugene, "such things have been, and may be again."

"Nonsense! this age is too wise for that."

They passed on. Even Eugene was surprised at the extent of accommodation in the furnished and inhabited part of the building. The old duke had so divided the place that he and his duchess had had their separate establishments under one roof, without being cognizant even of each other's proceedings. For the last years of their lives they had met only on state days, and on state occasions.

Adelaide now inhabited the suite of rooms occupied by the former duchess. Until to-day she had never entered those set apart for the duke.

A shudder ran through her veins as as she traversed them, for something seemed to whisper her, that here, too, another duke would die like the former—married, yet wifeless—and that the entailed dwelling, with its vast grounds and cherished heirlooms, would pass away from her altogether.

Eugene saw his sister turn pale, and guessing something of what was passing in her thoughts, led her hastily down a narrow staircase, on the opposite side to which he had entered. He opened another door, which brought them into a secluded shrubbery, which he had never before observed. They walked a few yards, and then came to a low, vaulted archway. They entered, for the key was in the lock; and though the door turned somewhat heavily on its rusty hinges, they easily pushed it open. Another door presented itself, and that, too, was unlocked. Wondering, they entered. Stealthily, yet scarcely knowing why they were so hushed, they moved forward, and found themselves in a small, deserted chapel. Stained glass was in the windows; the stone altar yet remained; fluted pillars marked the aisles; a large cross was wrought in one of the walls, in stone work; but the seats and ornaments were gone. A damp, earthy smell pervaded the place. Adelaide was chilled and drew back.

"Nay, stay one moment," pleaded Eugene. "I will open the window. Let us see what this place is."

They approached, but suddenly they

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perceived Euphrasie on her knees, in a niche formed in the wall, while M. Bertolot, seated on a step beside her, seemed in the very act of raising his hand over her in benediction.

Adelaide started as if an adder had stung her. She suppressed a shriek and hastily turned away. Eugene followed, and reverently closed the door.

The duchess was too much annoyed to speak. She was moody for the rest of the day, but made no remark on the subject which occupied her thoughts. The day after, Eugene was reading near her, while Euphrasie was seated by the window, employed in working embroidery, when the duchess began, in a somewhat bitter tone:

"Well, Eugene, in one thing you have disappointed me. You used to be so fond of art; and your visits to the Pantheon have been so very few, and so very short, that I wonder what is the matter with you. What objection can you have to what all the world terms master-pieces?"

"None at all—indeed none, my dear sister. Your statuary is magnificent, unrivalled." This was said in a deprecating tone, for Eugene earnestly wished to avoid discussion. "There can be no fault to find with the Pantheon. It is I who am to blame. I am out of taste just now. Jupiter and Mars have ceased to interest me. My taste for paganism has had its day, I presume. We cannot always be wrapt up in the same things."

But the duchess was not satisfied with this answer. It rather increased her annoyance, and she replied in the same bitter tone:

"I marvel to hear you and Euphrasie condemn idolatry, while she is on her knees before an image for hours together, and you see no idolatry in that."

"Mademoiselle de Meglior does not worship images that I am aware of," said Eugene, somewhat startled at this burst, "though to keep her mind concentrated on one idea, she may possibly make use of them."

"And what is that but idolatry?" said his sister; "how many of the pagans, think you, would mistake a statue of Minerva for Minerva herself? Their statues were but types to recall ideas."

"Yes, but the ideas themselves were false; Paganism was the worship of physical power, the deification of materialism. True religion is the direct converse of this. It is the elevation of the soul to spirituality, the recognition of a spiritual God, who created man for his own glory, endowed him with spiritual life, for the express purpose of keeping him strictly united to himself. The centre of the one system is self or concupiscence. The worship rendered is the worship of fear, or for the promotion of self-gratification. The centre of the other system is God, by whom all things are made, in whom they still exist, and for whom they should exist in will, as well as in act. One is paganism, the other is Christianity."

"And what may you mean by concupiscence, most learned Theban?" asked the duchess.

"Concupiscence is such a love of self as prevents us from making God the first object of our love," responded Eugene.

"And you, in sober earnest, profess to think it possible to love God more than yourself?"

"I think men have done so," said Eugene, "though they have been but few, when compared to the world's masses."

"Men have loved their whims and fancies to an astonishing degree, I know," said the duchess; "fanaticism has abounded on the earth, but fanaticism is, after all, only a species of madness; I know not whether it be curable or not."

"Do you, then, think it a sort of madness to endeavor to find the true and living God, and having found, to worship him? That, surely, is not your grace's meaning?" There was a slight contempt in Eugene's tone as he said this; his sister was nettled and answered coldly:

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"Man's spirit is naturally superstitious, I think: that is the secret of all this nonsense about worship. He is ignorant, and fears and trembles. Enlighten him, and he will walk upright and rely on himself alone."

"And what is man, that he should rely on himself alone?" responded Eugene; "a being weaker than the lower animals, needing even more protection than they do to defend him from the inclemency of the weather, and obliged to labor to provide food sufficient for himself, while the food of calves and goats grows beneath their feet. When young, man is powerless; when sick, powerless; when old, powerless; nay, without aid he is usually powerless."

"But man generic," said the duchess, "can aid this greatly. Combinations might be formed which would remedy this individual powerlessness. Such, they tell me, are in contemplation; and when formed, superstition will be crushed under the chariot-wheels of improvement in man's physical condition."

"It might," said Eugene, "if any degree of mere animal enjoyment could content man, but it cannot. Let man surround himself with luxury to the highest possible degree, there will still be the feeling that a higher life exists for him. Man's soul, the divine spark inbreathed by God, can rest only in God. Glimpses of high destinies still float around us, and in our unsatisfied longings—unsatisfied when most provided for—we find the pledge that we were made for higher things."

"Mere Platonic crudities these, my dear brother," said the duchess, with a smile. "Beware! you are on a dangerous path; themes like these have misled many a noble mind. And look! Euphrasie is smiling an assent to your mysticisms; she thinks you are already half-way on the road to Catholicity."

"No matter by what road we are led, provided we arrive at truth," responded Eugene. "But you are mistaken in your conjecture; I have not been studying Platonism but Christianity."

"It may be Christianity is but a form of Platonism," said the duchess; "at least many learned men have so asserted. What Christianity was intended to be by its founder I can hardly make out; but it seems to have borrowed largely from the mystics as it travelled through philosophy."

"Nay," said Eugene, "to me that appears a gratuitous assumption. That to a superficial observer there may be some grounds of resemblance between the ideas of spirituality, abstractly considered, entertained by the mystics and by the Christians, I grant—as also that, to a certain extent, man may be capable of deducing these abstract ideas from observation of nature's workings. Nature is a manifestation of the spirit of God, consequently there always must exist a certain correlative teaching in nature corresponding to a higher spiritual teaching, though man's blindness will not always perceive it; but this is only an exterior relationship. The spirit of Christianity enfolds a principle which natural philosophy does not touch."

"A principle which is the mere creature of human imagination," said the duchess; "nay, I might say it is the offspring of discontent. Man is dissatisfied with his lot, and frames a heaven for the future. He were more wisely employed in remedying the present evil."

"If it were possible, you should say, sister. How many evils can man avert? Do we not suffer, from natural predisposition, diseases of various kinds? Do we not suffer in our affections from the misconduct of others? And do not the majority suffer an enforced toil, which absorbs their time, and leaves them neither energy nor leisure for speculative thoughts? They must work or die. Now, philosophy would but render a man discontented with this state of things—a state which leaves the toil to one, and the enjoyment, supposititious perhaps, but still

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apparent enjoyment to another. Force can compel it—the force of unsatisfied nature; but Christianity hallows it—sanctifies it—by teaching how all apparent hardships may nourish virtue and unite the soul to God."

"Nay, I do not dispute that religion is necessary for the vulgar," said Adelaide.

"And are the vulgar to have the highest portion? Christianity is the exaltation of the soul—paganism, the worship of the body. In that case, I would rather cast in my lot with the vulgar."

"If it were but true," said Adelaide.

"Become poor, lofty lady, and you will feel its truth. Perchance luxury is a kind of anodyne to a human being, so that he does not feel his soul when under its influence. Become poor; toil, day after day, for a scanty pittance, and you will find yourself asking if man is only a laboring animal. Become poor, and the soul will speak to you of power and aspiration, and ask why is this sense of loftiness unused. It will ask you why every faculty has its legitimate sphere in which to act, and the soul alone remain without a sphere. Perhaps we need something of this experience before we can feel the stirrings of the divinity within us—before we are prepared to comprehend the truths of religion. Certain it is that the gospel was sent peculiarly to the poor, and that the refined trifles which occupy the minds of the rich, prevent their attending to the inward voice of the spirit."

"Why, Eugene! you are qualified for a Methodist preacher. This is mere rant and cant. Religion takes no such exalted standing in the minds of the vulgar. The Methodist has some pet theory to save his soul, without troubling himself about good works at all; and the Catholic tells his beads and sets up his images in the very style of paganism. They say that at Rome the adoration of the Virgin Mary has taken the place of the worship of the goddess Venus—where is the gain there?"

"The patroness of purity in exchange for the goddess of lasciviousness! Nay, surely, sister, that exchange must be a blessed one. What I have been trying to express all along is, that all that makes us do homage to the animal nature—all that worships the merely physical—is paganism; while all that represses carnality, promotes purity, and leads us out of ourselves to unite us to God, is Christ's. The union of the saints in Christ is not idolatry; it is but an additional means of glorifying God by showing forth, in united prayer, the triumph of Christianity over death itself."

"Do hold your tongue, Eugene. Let us have no more of this. Sometimes you are a Catholic, sometimes a Methodist; but in either character you will be disowned as my father's son. The idea of your disgracing a line of philosophers by such stale trumpery!"

Eugene laughed; and as he saw no other way of closing the debate he quitted the room, which Madame de Meglior was just then entering. But the duchess, seriously annoyed, turned sharply round upon Euphrasie.

"I suppose," said she, "you have been putting these foolish notions into the boy's head. Beware, if you make a Catholic of him you will destroy the peace of a whole family; but that, I suppose, is a secondary consideration to making a convert."

"Indeed, your grace—" replied Euphrasie.

"Nay, do not deny it, whether by words or looks or acts, 'tis all the same; there was no Catholicity in the family until you came into it, and now I clearly see some means must be used to prevent its spreading."

"But," said Madame de Meglior, "in this instance you have forgotten that Eugene is almost always at Cambridge; how does my daughter's religion influence him there?"

"I do not know, but you see it has; the boy was well brought up, was rational and intelligent; and now to adopt these follies! He, the rep-

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resentative of my father's house, too!"

Madame de Meglior was now vexed, but she ventured no reply; it was impolitic to offend the duchess. She liked Durimond Castle better than Estcourt Hall; secretly she hoped that Euphrasie had made an impression on Eugene's heart. She would like to have seen them married, and she well knew that Euphrasie would not marry one out of the pale of the church. Religion was, to madame herself, nothing. She was a no-thinker, not an unbeliever: she had lived nearly all her life in France, among people who sometimes went to mass for form's sake, and who called themselves Catholics, and she could not comprehend the bitter feeling with which her countrymen regarded the Catholic Church. She thought children should be taught religion; it made them dutiful, and for her part she did not see that her husband's daughter was inferior to her nieces. She, however, smothered her vexation, as she said:

"You think too much of these vagaries, my dear niece. This is the age of tolerance; we must be lenient to youthful folly."

"This is a serious folly, aunt," replied the duchess. "It would make a commotion throughout the kingdom, were my father's heir to turn Catholic."

"Yet the wars of the Pretender are long since at an end. Europe scarcely knows whether a representative of the Stuart line is living. It is time these feuds should cease. I thought 'freedom of thought' was the watchword of the Godfrey family."

"What freedom of thought is there in Catholicity?" asked the duchess.

"Nay, that I know not; but I think freedom of thought means that each one may be of the religion he thinks best."

"He must not be a Catholic," said the duchess; "at least, not outwardly. He may think as he likes, of course; no one can hinder that."

"Is that the toleration of England, may it please your grace?" said Madame de Meglior, banteringly.

"It is. Why should he be allowed to destroy the political influence of the family, to mar the marriage of my sister, to bring a slur on a respectable name?"

"I had not thought of that," answered madame; and for the first time she pondered whether it was really an evil that Euphrasie should be a Catholic.

After this conversation, slight as it was, Euphrasie became more and more resolved; till then, though scarcely to be called intimate, she had been at least friendly with Eugene Godfrey. Now she avoided him when she could do so without positive rudeness. The Countess de Meglior, who began to watch her closely, could only perceive that her passion for solitude was ever on the increase. but her obedience to herself never faltered. Madame de Meglior, though but little given to reflection, now discovered that this was a very convenient disposition for her step-daughter to cherish; for, had she wished to be brought forward in the great world of fashion, like other girls of her age, madame's pride would have been wounded at not being able to do this in the proper form for her, as the daughter of a French nobleman. She felt glad, then, that, considering how matters stood, the girl had not forgotten her convent education, and resolved for the present to let her pray and meditate unmolested, feeling sure that, when their estates were restored to them, Euphrasie would become like the rest of the world among whom they moved. As for Eugene, she had penetration enough to discover that Euphrasie's bashfulness rather tended to fan his flame than to extinguish it.

M. Bertolot, who was also watching the young people with much interest, did his best, on the contrary, to induce Euphrasie to open her mind to Eugene; but in this he experienced so much difficulty at first, that he began to think he must abandon the de-

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sign, when accident came most unexpectedly to his aid.

The period drew near when their visit was to conclude, and on the day previous to the one fixed for their departure, the duchess, who had recovered her good humor, proposed a pleasure party to a ruined monastery some few miles distant. There were many young people of the party, and they dispersed themselves in groups about the grounds. M. Bertolot gave his arm to Euphrasie, and began to explore the ruins after a methodical fashion. The walls were of great extent, many of the rooms remained entire, and much of the plan could be traced; they made out the site of the community-room, the chapel, refectory, bakehouse, and so forth, and were descanting on the probable locality of other apartments when Eugene joined them. "This must have been a magnificent place," said he.

"History says it was large and well endowed," said his friend. "What say you, Euphrasie," he continued, "shall we rebuild it for your friends?"

"It is too large," said Euphrasie.

"Nay, we will suppose an indefinite number of nuns, and the enclosure wall shall be placed wherever you direct."

"Even then it would be too grand, too magnificent for the votaries of St. Clare."

"You will not accept it, then?"

"No; unless I might build on another scale. Our holy foundress loved to seem poor as well as to be poor."

"And yet," said Eugene, "there are some magnificent convents in the world."

"Yes," said Euphrasie; "some orders have them exteriorly grand, but St. Clare loved everything to be plain and poor, even the church."

"And why?" asked Eugene, "surely a magnificent church is a great adjunct to religion. St. Peter's at Rome is the glory of the world."

Euphrasie looked as if about to reply, but she checked herself.

M. Bertolot, however, observed the movement, and said, "Nay, tell us your thoughts, Euphrasie."

"I am not sure they are correct," she replied.

"Leave us to judge of that. Speak them as they are."

"If I should scandalize you," said Euphrasie.

"Scandalize? Nonsense! Tell us your idea."

"Well, then," said the young lady, "although splendid edifices have often been erected by the piety of the faithful, and though in all ages it has been accounted a good work to adorn the House of God, I believe that our holy foundress, who was ever watchful over the interior spirit, thought there might be danger of exciting vanity even in that respect, and on that account desired poverty for her daughters in every arrangement. Our own dear reverend mother often inculcated upon us the remembrance of the words of God, 'I will not give my glory to another,' and it seems as if there were a special temptation to man to indulge vain-glory when undertaking any vast exterior work for religion. The most splendid temple that the world ever saw, that of Solomon, lasted barely four hundred years; its founder fell into idolatry, and the worshippers were carried into captivity in punishment for their sins. The second temple had been built scarcely six hundred years when the frequenters of that temple, urged on by the priests, crucified the Lord of Life. It seems dangerous for man, in this his fallen state, to deal personally with magnificence of his own creation; he is too easily puffed up to render it safe for his soul. Therefore is the first beatitude for the poor in spirit, who desire no grandeur."

"Thus thinking, you disapprove of St. Peter's at Rome!" said M. Bertolot.

"Disapprove! nay, reverend father, you well know I should not dare to disapprove of aught that the church has sanctioned. The church has every kind of disposition to deal with, and

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in her wisdom follows St. Paul's advice, in becoming innocently all things to all men, that she may gain some to Christ. I was merely referring to our own dear community, who strive after the spirit of our great foundress. Among these, I have seen some weep when the desecrations have been described to them of heretics taking luncheon baskets within the very walls of St. Peter's, and using the place as a lounging apartment or gossiping room. Again, I have seen others to whom that magnificent church of Rome would bring most saddening thoughts, to whom it appeared as a monument of the great schism which rent the seamless garb of Christ into nameless divisions; where not only the shade of Luther haunts the fancy, but that of the monk Tetzel also, who paltered with the doctrine he was sent to preach."

M. Bertolot shook his head. "You view these matters too strictly," he said; "all men are not like the good nuns, accustomed to practise interior recollection so perfectly they can dispense in a measure with exterior aids; to most souls, exterior appliances are useful and necessary accessories to devotion. The mass of mankind must not be judged of by likening them to the inmates of a convent; there is a wider gulf between than you have any idea of."

"Nay, I remember my father's death," said Euphrasie, mournfully; "but, reverend father, was it not you who told me that, in those terrible disturbances, the *riches* of the church attracted the wolves to the sheepfold, and that the *treasures* of the religious houses occasioned the thieves to enter and take possession?"

"True! Too true! my child; yet will the piety of the worshipper ever seek to adorn the house of God, and the richness of the shrine be an indication of the fervor of that piety. It is alike the pleasure and the duty of the votary thus to enrich the house of God."

"But," interrupted Eugene; "Mademoiselle Euphrasie speaks of herself as if belonging to a convent already. If not indiscreet, may I be allowed to say that I presume we are not to take that supposition '*au pied de la lettre*?'"

Euphrasie blushed and looked at M. Bertolot, as if asking him to speak for her; but he only said, in a kind of half-whisper:

"Speak for yourself, my child; it is necessary to be explicit."

"Then," said Euphrasie, "I believe you may receive the fact literally. I was brought up with the dear nuns, and have always believed myself called to be one of them. I still cling to the hope of seeing them again."

"But in this country," said Eugene, "how can you be a nun?"

"I do not know; but when it was certain our convent was to be broken up, the superioress said to us: 'As the habit does not make the nun, so, dear children, neither does the abode. For his own wise purposes Divine Providence now separates us; but the spirit of prayer, the spirit of recollection, of obedience, of meekness, of chastity and poverty, you all can sedulously cherish still; and if it seems to you that the circumstances are unfavorable, remember that God seeth not as man seeth, and he knows best what will most contribute to his glory and our sanctification. Remember, too, that, to a soul living in God, exterior circumstances are as nothing; so, still, wherever you are, be faithful to God and to St. Clare.'"

"But you surely are not a vowed nun, mademoiselle?"

"No, but my resolution is taken, and I feel that it will never change."

Eugene's brow clouded, and he felt a heaviness at the heart which oppressed him greatly. Moodily he walked by their side until they joined the rest of the party, but for the rest of the day he was as silent as Euphrasie herself was wont to be.

The duchess wondered what had come over him, but no remark was made on the subject. The next day

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he and M. Bertolot returned to Cambridge.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS BEFORE THE WORLD.

THE Godfrey family had returned home depressed and saddened. Over Mrs. Godfrey's spirit, in particular, a shade seemed cast, which but deepened as time passed on. She was a true mother, and worldly as were her ideas, her affections were very deep. Attached to her husband, attached to her children, she felt Adelaide's position even more than Adelaide herself appeared to do, for the affections of the young bride were by no means of so fervent a character as were those of her mother, and her pride and haughtiness were incomparably greater. Indeed, it were difficult to prove that the young duchess was a great sufferer at the present time. She exercised despotic sway over the vassals (as she proudly termed them) of her lord's domains, was generous, and in return was much beloved and gladly greeted with that homage which was dearer to her than aught else.

At the end of six months the duke returned. He resided chiefly in town, but when in the country he occupied the suite of apartments fitted up for the former duke. He presented his wife at court, stayed with her, and assisted her in doing the honors during the festivities of a London season; behaved to her in public with the most respectful attention, listened to every suggestion, and gratified to the best of his power every wish she expressed. Nothing, in fact, could be better than his conduct to his wife before the world; and whatever that world might conjecture, the polite and dignified behavior of both the parties concerned gave it little to talk about. To Mr. Godfrey the duke gave full authority in the settlement of all matters in which his daughter was concerned; and as she appeared contented, who could have a right to find fault? After remaining a few months at home, the duke again departed on the business of the embassy, and this time he stayed much longer abroad. But as Adelaide did not complain, the remarks made were soon hushed into silence.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRINCIPLE OF SOCIAL EQUALITY PUT TO THE TEST.

MADAME DE MEGLIOR continued to reside with her niece, and made herself so agreeable, that the arrangement promised to become permanent.

Euphrasie continued to exhibit the same impassive exterior; in appearance she was but the slave of her mother's will. The duchess regarded her as almost a nonentity, at least after the fears excited by Eugene's religious tendencies had in some measure subsided.

But Annie! "a change had come o'er the spirit of her dream." She, always disposed to romance, was unguarded now. Formerly, Adelaide had acted as a check upon Annie's fondness for equality, fraternity, liberty. Now that that restraint was withdrawn, she imprudently allowed Alfred Brookbank to treat her more and more as an equal. It is doubtful whether, even if she had reflected, she would have foreseen the consequences, for in her most republican moods, she never forgot that she was a Miss Godfrey of Estcourt Hall; and though to amuse herself and pass away the time, she was willing enough to discuss equality and the "rights of man," she certainly expected to receive full credit for the condescension in allowing to an inferior the privilege of such "free discussion" with herself. Home was dull, her sister gone, and her cousin gone too: her mother was always ailing now, and her father, ever newly absorbed by some pet plan, kept his darling Hester

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constantly at his side. Annie was alone, and somewhat desolate: Alfred Brookbank always on the look out for an excuse to bear her company and amuse her. Annie was becoming accustomed to his attentions, without attaching any more definite meaning to them than she would to the attentions of any one of the numerous dependents of her father's house, when, one day, he took advantage of a private interview to make a formal profession of love. This was indeed a surprise; for, though any one else might have expected it, Annie had never once thought of such a probability. Marriages in her family had always been conducted so differently. Besides, she had never looked on Alfred as other than patronized. She had not dreamt of such presumption, though she had allowed him freely to broach in her presence his doctrine of the "inherent equality" of such individuals as are of equal calibre of intellect, and of the right of all mankind at large to freedom and equality. Her manner of receiving this declaration was certainly not very flattering; for she drew herself up in a somewhat haughty manner, and replied that the proceeding was so unexpected, so uncalled for, that she did not know how to answer it, for Mr. Alfred must be aware that the difference in their social position rendered such a proposal unanswerable.

"To one of ordinary mind, perhaps," said Alfred, somewhat chafed; "but to one like yourself, endowed with an understanding above the petty conventionalities—"

"I am not above recognizing my duty to my family, Mr. Alfred, and you must be aware that no one member of it would consent to this."

"Nay, if you only allowed me to hope I had any interest in you, I am sure Mr. Godfrey would not refuse your wishes."

"I have no wish to trouble him on the subject," was the cold rejoinder, somewhat haughtily expressed.

"I may not hope then—"

"You may hope nothing on this subject whatever. Let it be dropped now and forever. If I can aid your prospects—"

"You will patronize me. Thank you, Miss Annie, but patronage from you would suit my temper badly. I had thought there was one being in the world superior to the influence of prejudice, of conventional distinction; but you, too, deem me an inferior, because I boast not of paltry wealth or of gentle descent. Inferior as you deem me, you shall yet feel my power —yes, my power!"

His language and his tone were those of a madman, and his flashing eyes gave him a frenzied appearance. Trembling with rage, the quondam lover left the presence of his adored, meditating in bitterness the most direful revenge.

Had Annie put any faith in his professions of love to herself, she would have been undeceived by this burst of rage. Love had not animated him—that was apparent enough; his disappointment was but a foiled ambition; yet after permitting upward of two years' attentions, conscience told her he should have met with a less haughty rebuff. The retrospect showed her she had encouraged him. She had then partly drawn upon herself a merited rebuke. She could but acknowledge this, and, humiliated, Annie would willingly have done her part in repairing the evil she had occasioned by promoting his advancement in life; but this was beyond her power. The next news she heard was that Alfred Brookbank had prevailed on his father to advance him a large sum of money, and had set sail for America.

Time passed on. Estcourt Hall became duller every day, and beyond the arrival of a new family in the neighborhood there was nothing of interest outside. This family consisted of a dowager Lady Conway, her son and daughter. They had purchased "a place" near the sea for the benefit of Lady Conway's health. Their own estates, or rather the son's estates, were in a neighboring shire. They

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were not intellectual, but they were wealthy and of good family, and in time an intimacy sprang up between them and the Godfreys, none knew how or why, and in a few months after, to the surprise of every one, "The Morning Post" announced that Sir Philip Conway, Bart., had led to the altar Miss Annie Godfrey, second daughter of E. Godfrey, Esq., of Estcourt Hall.

The marriage was strictly private. Eugene left Cambridge for a day or two to be present at it, but he soon returned to college. Of the nature of his studies no one guessed. He did not go in for honors, as his father would have wished. Nevertheless his tutors made a good report of him, and the secluded life he led made many suppose that he was pursuing very deeply some pet hobby of his own.

Indeed, this was partly true; for although at his first return to Cambridge he was much dejected, he soon began to reflect that Euphrasie was very young; that she not only was now completely dependent, but that she was likely to continue so; and that the most unlikely thing that could happen, was the gratification of her wish to enter a convent. He trusted to time to teach her this, and a new hope sprang up within him, and that, too, at the very moment that his friend, M. Bertolot, began to hope he had mastered his feelings for Euphrasie, and become reconciled to the inevitable separation.

Eugene spoke not of his love, but with renewed ardor he addressed himself to study the most important relationships that can exist for man. Guided by the counsels of M. Bertolot, he mastered the evidences of Revelation and then assured himself that that revelation, *once given*, was divinely protected: that that which was intended to shed light on the human soul, darkened by sin, was not a dubious *ignis fatuis*, subject to human vagaries, but an unerring guide and an unfailing lamp. We will not follow him through his arguments now, as we shall have occasion to make him speak for himself on a future occasion.

Time passed on. Annie had been married a year or more. Truth to say, she was somewhat *ennuyée* at present. Her husband resided chiefly on his estate, and this was at some distance from Estcourt Hall. There was little society in the neighborhood, and Sir Philip's tastes corresponded very little with her own.

The young baronet was perfectly well-intentioned, but neither refined nor cultivated. The society of his farm-bailiff, the walk to the fatting-stalls, the talk about the respective fattening qualities of turnips and mangold-wurzels, the speculations on the relative value of farm-yard manure, of guano, or of soot, and dissertations whether each or all should be applied as top-dressing or should be worked into the soil; such were his occupations, and sooth to say, he excelled in the pursuits he had adopted. No beasts at Smithfield could show finer points than Sir Philip's: no farm was in finer model order: his tanks, his barns, his under-drainings, and his irrigations, together with his prize cattle of every description, were the admiration of the agricultural world. He was truly a "lord of the animal creation," and he prided himself on being so. Of intellectual culture he had small appreciation; but as he had great ideas of order, and deemed himself master by right of "the masculine being the most worthy gender," (which was the only idea he retained from his Latin grammar, that had been vainly endeavored to be flogged into him at school,) he would ill have brooked interference with his rights. To him, a wife was a necessary appendage, nothing more; as to allowing a woman to dictate to him, the thing was absurd. He was "a lord of creation," and though he wished the world to pay due respect to Lady Conway, because she was his wife, yet it is questionable whether he himself would have allowed a woman a voice on any

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subject beyond those connected with domestic economy, and even here he reserved to himself the power of veto. He loved his wife, certainly, because he thought it was a part of his duty to do so; besides, he really had some sort of animal affection for her. Annie was well-made, of good birth, well-educated; to say the least, he was as proud of her as he had been of the animal which had won him the first prize at the Smithfield cattle-show. It was part of his system to have the best specimens of animal existence domesticated on his estate, and Annie did not disgrace his other stock.

But Annie; poor Annie! She was alone in the world, though surrounded by everything that could procure bodily ease or bodily enjoyment. She had horses to ride, she had a carriage to ride in, she had gardens and hot houses, plantations and shrubberies; but to her cultivated mind where was the response? To the poetry that strove within her for expression, where was the listener?

"The thought that cannot speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break!"

But Annie's was not a spirit to be easily broken. Naturally expressive, she would have sought interest even among the cottagers, had not her husband's jealousy forbidden it. He was a *magnifico*, and he liked not that his wife should be more popular than himself. He wished to gain the name of being a liberal benefactor to his laborers and cottagers, and would not share his reputation even with the being to whom he had plighted his faith for life. Annie was thus thrown on her own resources. Brought up intellectually, she found a resource in books; and though at times cast down, she rallied again, for youth is buoyant, elastic, hopeful, and a literary taste carries in itself a wonderful power of compensation. But Annie was no dreamer, and the ideas that suggested themselves demanded action, which as yet they were denied: yet Annie read on, and thought on. The time for action will one day surely come, she thought.

"Lady Conway," said Sir Philip one day at the breakfast table, "do you know any thing of a Mr. Alfred Brookbank?"

Annie almost started; she certainly changed color, but Sir Philip was not observing her; so she answered, "Yes—no—yes; that is, Sir Philip, the family lived at Estcourt, and sometimes visited at the Hall."

"He has bought old Gordon's land, and is about to become our near neighbor."

"Indeed! How did he get the money? He was poor when I knew him."

"He has made very fortunate speculations in America; besides which he succeeds to his father's property."

"Is Dr. Brookbank dead?"

"He is, and has left a considerable sum behind him; he economized unknown to his family, it seems."

"But even so, there is an elder brother."

"No, he died in America; of this there is certain news."

"In America!" said Annie. "I did not know he was ever there."

"No? Well, it seems he ran off with a neighbor's wife, took her to America, got tired of her, left her, and went off to the woods. There he lived some time, but one day was found at the foot of some rapids, drowned."

"But how did his family know this?"

"Some stranger to that district identified the body and gave evidence before the presiding magistrate, after which they searched the shanty in which the man had lived, and found papers corroborative of his being Walter Brookbank, and these papers, with sundry articles, they sent home to his family, according to the address given by the stranger, and they were found to have belonged to Walter."

"Strange concurrence of events! Who was the stranger?"

"He gave his name as William Jones."

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"Jones! I suppose Smith, Brown, or White would have served his purpose equally as well?"

"Why do you suppose that Jones was not the man's name, my lady?"

"I do not know, only it seems to me a most improbable tale."

"Improbable! Why, the family believe it, at any rate."

"And the second son is to be established in the neighborhood?"

"Yes; he intends to occupy himself in superintending land. I have some thoughts of employing him myself."

"I thought you said he inherited considerable property."

"Yes, but he has determined to let his mother enjoy the income arising from the paternal estate, and has also promised to care for his sisters' fortunes. Dr. Brookbank died intestate, it seems, but this young man says that shall make no difference. He appears to be actuated by very high principle."

Annie did not answer. She was uneasy; especially at the idea of Alfred's managing her husband's affairs. She feared some sinister motive. Her husband noticed the discontented expression of her countenance.

"Do you not like Mr. Alfred Brookbank?" he asked.

"Well, I hardly know," said Annie; "but at least I do not consider him a man of business. He was not when I knew him; besides, he is young for an agent; an older man might suit you better, Sir Philip."

"I am not sure of that; old men are apt to be obstinate and to have plans of their own; I choose to look into my affairs myself, and to make my own arrangements; so that his inexperience signifies but little, provided he is industrious, and that his American success proves him to be."

Annie knew not what objection to offer, and a dark foreboding came over her; nor was this in any way diminished when, some few weeks afterward, Mr. Brookbank was announced, and Sir Philip, instead of receiving him in his library according to his wont with gentlemen visitors, directed him to be shown into the parlor, in which he and Lady Conway were sitting. Annie would have escaped had it been practicable, but as her departure would have attracted Sir Philip's observation, she thought it more prudent to remain.

Alfred entered, and his bearing was so respectful, so distant, that Annie would have been reassured, had she not felt that at intervals, when Sir Philip was not looking, Alfred fixed his eyes upon her with the gaze of a basilisk; and once when she chanced to look at him she thought the expression of his features perfectly demoniacal. What she had to fear she knew not, but that she did fear something was certain.

It was not only Alfred that had come to reside in the neighborhood; his mother and two sisters accompanied him. The rectory of Estcourt had passed to another, and there was no mansion on the paternal acres suited for the refined tastes of the family, so they had come to reside with Alfred in his newly purchased dwelling. A certain degree of visiting between the families would have been necessary for old acquaintance sake, but more soon became inevitable from the ascendency which Alfred shortly obtained over the mind of Sir Philip. He flattered himself into the baronet's good graces, and made himself so agreeable that Sir Philip began to think it impossible to live without him. Annie tried in vain to stem the torrent of intimacy, that threatened almost to domesticate Alfred in her house. Sir Philip was far too wise a man to be governed by his wife, so he listened to none of her remonstrances; and at times there was a look of triumph, as well as of hatred, in Alfred's features, that made her almost tremble in his presence. Annie was naturally strong-minded, yet she could not overcome this sensation, which was almost a martyrdom, particularly as she suspected Alfred was aware of the torment she underwent. She wrote to

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her aunt, who was still at Durimond Castle, to request that she and Euphrasie would come and spend some time with her, hoping to gain courage in their society, and perhaps protection; but the answer was unpropitious:

"The Duke of Durimond had returned home seriously unwell, and at that moment it would be improper and unkind to leave the duchess without society."

Annie must, then, endure life as best she could. Alfred found himself visiting at Sir Philip's on terms of apparent equality, and often a party was made up of such society as the neighborhood afforded, expressly for the purpose of introducing the family so obnoxious to Annie. Nay, she was in a manner compelled to take her turn in visiting them, repugnant as it was to her feelings.

On these occasions Annie behaved with condescension and politeness, but with nothing more. She received Alfred with the most formal courtesy; he returned her salute with one of apparently the most profound respect. Few more words were interchanged than were absolutely necessary.

It was the current opinion that Lady Conway liked not the society of her inferiors, and Sir Philip, participating in the idea, strove to combat it, although he was no leveller in general; but in Alfred's case he thought the prejudice she entertained ought to yield to such superior merit.

One evening a social party met at Sir Philip's. Singing and dancing were going on; but Alfred was unusually dull, he could not be prevailed upon to join in any amusement. The baronet, fancying his wife's coldness might have had some influence in producing this effect, said to her in the hearing of all the party:

"My lady, was Mr. Brookbank so dull when he visited at Estcourt Hall? Did he never sing to you there?"

"Mr. Brookbank has a very fine voice," was the reply; "I have often heard him sing beautiful melodies."

"Nay, then, call upon him, in memory of 'Auld lang syne,' to sing for you, my lady; no other has the power to arouse him to-night."

Annie turned to Alfred and said in a dignified manner, "You hear Sir Philip's request, Mr. Brookbank; will you consider it mine?"

Alfred started, looked at her, and bowed. He answered in a tone so low that only she could hear its purport:

"You have asked for a madman's song, my lady; what else can memory produce?"

Declining the offer of an accompaniment, he seated himself at the piano, and drew forth notes so wild, so terrific, that the whole party were electrified; then assuming the mien and gesture of one crazed in his intellect, his loud and clear voice gave full force to the following:

Oh! bid me not recall the past,
Though calm appear my features now,
Hid though from sight the fevered blast,
That caused the spirit's overthrow.

'Tis not in mortal power again
Youth's buoyant transport to recall;
'Tis hushed—forever hushed—the strain
That could with joy the heart enthral.

Visions of truth have passed me by,
Mocking the sense, with shapes unreal,
Filling each pulse with melody,
Thrilling the heart with joys ideal.

And freedom, independence, love,
In dreams have risen to my sight—
In dreams essayed my heart to prove.
They vanished at return of light.

And earth is all unholy now.
Venal its joys!—its highest bliss
To lay that false ideal low—
To crush the hope of happiness.

Love gone! one wish doth yet remain—
One thought the maddened brain to whet:
Joy vanished! its fell rival—pain—
Forbids the spirit to forget.

Pain, pain triumphant, speaks of power
To seize the serpent's foulest sting,
Therewith to bid the tyrant cower,
Back to return the poisoned spring.

Yes! I'll unveil those mocking forms,
Those shapes of grace, all sent from hell;
I will reveal the latent storms
That 'neath the placid surface dwell.

Thus proudly I'll unveil deceit;
Thus fearfully I'll stifle pain—
The mask torn off—made known the cheat—
Ne'er shall the false one rest again!

With trust destroyed, with pleasure gone,
Earth yields the soul no fitting mate;
But standing fearless and alone
The vengeful spirit lives—*to hate.*

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The emphasis that was given to this wild song struck terror to the hearts of the hearers, especially as the singer himself seemed frantic with excitement. When it was finished a pause ensued, as if all present wanted to take breath; and Sir Philip found voice to say:

"Why, where on earth, Brookbank, did you learn such a ditty as that? You have absolutely frightened the young ladies; they think you half mad, yourself."

"It is the lay of a madman in good earnest," said Alfred, "he who composed it was crazed by disappointed love; I sing it now and then as a warning to young ladies not to be too cruel."

He looked round the room for Annie as he spoke; but Annie was no longer there; every line of that song had spoken volumes to her, in telling her what a bitter enemy she had raised, and as the last word vibrated on the singer's lips, she left the apartment. When she returned she was very pale. She felt conscious that Alfred was watching her every movement, and that feeling made her miserable.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From Chambers's Journal.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN is dying, alas! Sweet Autumn is near to her death;
All through the night may be felt her languid scented breath
Coming and going in gasps long-drawn by the shivering trees,
Out on the misty moors, and down by the dew-drenched leas.

Autumn is dying, alas! Her face grows pallid and gray;
The healthy flush of her prime is momently fading away;
And her sunken cheeks are streaked with a feverish hectic red,
As she gathers the falling leaves, and piles them about her bed.

Autumn is dying, alas! Her bosom is rifled and bare;
Gone is the grain and the fruit, and the flowers out of her hair,
Whilst her faded garment of green is blown about in the lanes,
And her ancient lover, the Sun, looks coldly down on her pains.

Autumn is dying, alas! She lies forlorn and alone;
The little chorusing birds have a broken, unhappy tone
As they fly in a crowd to the hedge when the evening mists arise,
To curtain the bed of death, and shadow the closing eyes.

Autumn is dying, alas! But to-night the silent cloud,
Dropping great tears of rain, will come and make her a shroud,
Winding it this way and that, tenderly round and around,
Then catch her away in its arms from the damp, unwholesome ground.

Autumn is dead, alas! Why alas? All her labor is done,
Perfected, finished, complete, 'neath the wind and the rain and the sun:
All the earth is enriched—the garners of men run o'er;
There is food for man and beast, and the stranger that begs at the door.

Look to thy life, O man! Swiftly approaches the night;
Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with all thy might.
Labor right on to the end: let thy works go forth abroad;
Then turn thy face to the sky, and enter the "joy of thy Lord."

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From The Dublin Review.

PROTESTANT PROSELYTISM IN EASTERN LANDS.*

THERE are few impartial and well-informed Protestants who will not confess that their missions throughout the world have invariably proved to be utter failures. No matter to what sect or denomination they belong, or from what country or association their funds are derived, Protestant missionaries, as preachers of that gospel about which they speak so much, never have converted, and we believe never will, convert the heathen save by units and driblets, hardly worthy of mention. In India, in Turkey, in Africa, among the South-Sea Islanders, and the Red Indians of America, the result of Protestant missionary labor is the same wherever it has been tried. The people to whom their missionaries are sent may, and often do, become more or less civilized from intercourse with educated men, and often learn from those who wish to teach them higher matters, some of the arts and appliances of European life. Some few certainly embrace what their preachers deem to be Christianity; and occasionally, but very seldom, small communities of nominal Christians are formed by them. But to bring whole regions of the inhabitants to the foot of the cross — to convert whole nations to Christianity — to prove that their converts have embraced a system in which a man must do what is right as well as believe what is true — are triumphs which have hitherto been reserved for the Catholic Church, and for her alone.

But, even humanly speaking—and quite apart from all considerations of the truth as existing only in the ark which our Lord himself built—can we wonder at these results? Are there any who have sojourned in, or even passed through the lands where missionaries of both religions work, and have not compared the Catholic priest with the Protestant minister who has come out to preach the gospel in those countries? Take, for instance, an up-country station in British India. Is there a Protestant missionary in the place? If so, he is a man with considerably more than the mere scrip and staff of apostolic days in his possession. As wealth goes among Englishmen in the East, he is perhaps not rich; but he is nevertheless quite at his ease, and certainly wanting for nothing. He has his comfortable bungalow; his wife and children are with him; the modest one-horse carriage is not wanting for the evening drive of himself and family; nor is the furniture of his house such as any man of moderate means need despise. He has a regular income from the society he represents; and his allowances are generally such as, with a little care, will allow of his living in great comfort. And, finally, if he falls sick, too sick to remain in the country, the means of taking him home again to England or America are forthcoming at a moment's notice. He is generally a good linguist; for having nothing else to do during six days of the week, he devotes much of his time to the study of the vernacular. He is re-

* 1. The Gospel in Turkey, being "the Tenth and Eleventh Annual Reports of the Turkish Missions-Aid Society." Published at the Society's Office, 7 Adam Street, W.C.; at Nisbet's; and Hatchard's, London. 1864–5.

2. The Lebanon: a History and a Diary. By David Urquhart. London: Newby. 1860.

3. Journal of a Tour in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece. By James Laird Patterson, M.A. London: Dolman. 1852.

4. Prospectus of "the Syrian Protestant College." Issued by "The Turkish Missions-Aid Society." London. 1865.

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spected by the European officers of the station; for he is often the only person they ever see in the shape of a clergymen. He is almost always an honest, upright man, with little or no knowledge of the world, and, if possible, less of the natives to whom he is sent to preach. This, however, does not matter; for, except among his own personal servants, he makes no converts, and has but few hearers. There is no positive harm in him, but as little active good. He is a fair sample of a pious-minded Calvinist, but is certainly no missionary, as Catholics understand the word. So far from having given up anything to come out to India, both he, his wife, and his—generally very numerous—offspring are much better off than if he had remained in his native Lanarkshire or Pennsylvania. If he belongs to the Church of England, he is very often a German by birth, and appears to have "taken orders" in the establishment without having for a moment abandoned his own peculiar theological views. Some few Englishmen—literates, hardly ever University men—are to be found here and there, as English Church missionaries; but these are few and far between, nor do their labors often show greater results than those of their Presbyterian fellow-laborers. Even Dr. Littledale* speaks of "*the pitiful history of Anglican missions to the heathen;*" and he might with great truth have extended his verdict to the missions of every other denomination of Protestantism.

In contrast to the Protestant, take the European Catholic missionary in the East, as apart from the native-born priest. He is invariably a volunteer for the work, either a monk or a secular priest, who, aspiring to more severe labor in his Master's vineyard, has chosen the hard and rugged path of a preacher of the gospel in pagan lands. As a general rule, you will probably find him living in an humble room in the native bazaar, and depending for his daily bread upon the charity of his flock, or the contributions of any English Catholic officer or civilian who may happen to be in the neighborhood. He is Catholic in his nation as in his creed; for you may find him French, Belgian, Italian, Spanish, Irish, or English. The present writer has met a French nobleman and the son of a wealthy Yorkshire squire laboring and preaching as Jesuit Missionaries to the natives of India and the poor Irish soldiers who form so large a portion of every garrison in that country. Is it, then, to be wondered at if, notwithstanding their superior means and far greater worldly "respectability," the Protestant missionaries do not succeed as ours do; or rather, that whereas our missions are never without fruit, theirs seldom show forth even a few sickly leaves? But the simple fact is, the missionary spirit—or rather the spirit which leads a man, if he believes that duty to God calls him to abandon family, wealth, comfort, health, nay, life itself—never has, and never can be, understood by Protestants, whether climbing the heights of ritualism, or sunk in the depths of Socinianism. Catholics are often angry with Protestants, because the latter are uncharitable respecting monks, priests, and nuns. Catholics are wrong in being angry. Hardly any person who is not a Catholic can understand the spirit which moves men and women to make such sacrifices for the love of God, and counts the loss as so much gain. The very idea of these acts is to him as color to one who has been blind from his birth: *he* not only cannot understand it, but *you* cannot explain it to him. This is a truth to which every convert will bear testimony, after his eyes have been opened to the truths of God's one and only Church, and which even few of those who have been Catholic from their youth upward can realize.

But notwithstanding "the pitiful history" of Protestant missions to the heathen, the work of these gentlemen in that direction is not deserving of

* See The Missionary Aspect of Ritualism, in the Church and the World. (London: Longmans.)

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other sentiment than that of pity. If men will labor in fields where they can bring forth no harvest, and if others will pay them for doing no good, the affair is theirs, not ours. They never can do harm to the Church in those regions, for they achieve neither good nor evil to any one, further than by giving the natives in places where there are no Catholic missionaries a very erroneous idea as to what the duties of a Christian teacher ought to be. Not so, however, in those countries where Protestantism has sent its emissaries to undermine the faith which flourished among the inhabitants centuries before the very name of Protestant was known or heard of. To help such undertakings, "The Turkish Missions-Aid Society" was established and is kept up, and it is to the two reports of that society at the head of the list of works under notice, that we would call the especial attention of Protestants, even more than Catholics, throughout England.

The "Laws and Regulations" of "The Turkish Missions-Aid Society" are divided into nine clauses, and in the second of these we are told that—

"The object of this society is not to originate a new mission, but to aid existing evangelical missions in the Turkish empire, especially the American."

What these "evangelicals" missions are, and to whom the "American" missionaries are sent, we shall see presently. As a matter of course, the society is supported by the very cream of "evangelical" Protestantism, having Lord Shaftesbury for its President, Lord Ebury as Vice-President, and Mr. Kinnaird as Treasurer. The subscriptions are very large indeed, and from the "statement" furnished by the report for 1864–65, we find that no less a sum than £24,672 5*s*. has been sent out to the East for "native agencies" alone, since the commencement of the society, now about eleven years ago; this, of course, being all in addition to the very heavy sums and comfortable salaries furnished by the American society, called the Board of Foreign Missions, by which these missions and missionaries are maintained.

It would appear that the "fields" occupied by these American missions are five in number, and the present condition of them is thus summarized in the eleventh, the latest, annual report, now before us:

Fields.	Missionaries.	Native Assistants.	Stations and Out-Stations.	Churches.	Church Members.	Schools.	Average Sabbath Attendance.	Day Scholars, Male and Female.
Western Turkey	45	73	45	19	512	37	1,509	1,015
Central Turkey	19	54	27	14	998	26	3,125	1,717
Eastern Turkey	21	74	56	14	403	51	2,291	1,489
Syrian . . .	24	37	22	8	200	25	650	548
Nestorian . .	16	82	36	—	529	—	3,000	
Total . .	125	320	120	55	2,642	139	10,575	5,169

These "missions" have been at work, some more, some less time; but a fair average for the whole would be about twenty-five years. It will be observed that in the five "fields" there are but 2,642 "church members," or what, among Catholics, would be termed communicants. The individuals who come under the head of "Average Sabbath Attendance," can no more be termed Protestant than his grace the duke of Sutherland can be called a Catholic because he was present at the funeral of Cardinal Wiseman. But we will grant, for the sake of argument, that the 2,642 "church members" are earnest, consistent Protestants. If so, and taking into calculation only the funds furnished by the Turkish Missions-Aid Society, as quoted above, these converts are not very valuable, for they have only cost something less than ten pounds each. But if to the £24,672 5*s*., we add all that the American Board of Missions has paid in the same period as salaries for missionaries, for "native assistants," for schoolmasters, rents, building of churches, printing, books, and the passage-money of missionaries and their families to and from the East, we shall find that there is not one of these individuals whose conversion has not one way and another cost a round three thousand pounds. At this price

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they ought to be staunch anti-papists, for their religion has been a very high-priced article.

Let us turn for a moment to the second book on the list at the head of this article. No one who has read a line of the well-known Mr. Urquhart's many writings on political questions, will ever accuse him of Catholic tendencies on any subject. He is not a bigot, indeed; nor, again, does he ever defend the past history of Protestantism, for he is too well read to uphold what every honest man, with the knowledge of an ordinary school-boy, must condemn. In oriental matters, moreover, Mr. Urquhart has his peculiar views; but as these have nothing whatever to do with the questions of Protestant and Catholic, missionary or non-missionary, we may fairly accept what he says on the subject as the testimony of an impartial witness. Here, then, is what he writes respecting the Catholic clergy and the sectarian missionaries in Syria and Mount Lebanon:

"The Roman Catholic regular and secular clergy are established here as in any other Roman Catholic country; that is to say, they are pastors of flocks, and not missionaries. The Protestants have no flocks, and *they are sent with a view to creating them.* TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS are yearly subscribed in the United States for that object, and the missionaries come here having to justify the salaries they receive."—*The Lebanon*, vol. ii. p. 78.

The italics in the above quotation are our own, and we have thus marked the words in order to draw attention to what every traveller in the East, not bitten with the "pure gospel" mania, has borne testimony. But let us return once more to the "statement" of the five missionary "fields" occupied by the Americans in the East. Mr. Urquhart would never make an assertion like the above without chapter and verse for what he says; and when he writes that TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS are yearly subscribed in the United States to support their missionaries in the East, we may very safely consider the statement to be true. We cannot, however, suppose that for this enormous sum the missions in Syria only are meant, for then each one of the two hundred "church members" with which that land is blessed would cost a small fortune in himself. But at the same time it is impossible not to allow that he must mean the American missionary establishments in the East generally—the five "fields," of which a "statement" has been copied above, and the total of whose "church members" amounts to 2,642. And even with this calculation it will be seen that every Protestant communicant costs the pretty little *annual* sum of about £9 10*s.* for his conversion. and subsequent religious instruction. We are given to finding fault, and not unnaturally so, with the cost of the Established Church in Ireland; but what is this when compared with the price of the "Gospel in Turkey"? It is doubtful whether—apart, perhaps, from some other Protestant missionary "field" of which we are yet ignorant—the religious instruction of any people in the known world costs as much. It is as if each ten individuals had a curate entirely to themselves, and each hundred "church members" a very well-paid private Anglican rector of their own. No wonder that we are told the Syrian Protestant converts think highly of their new creed, "the Gospel of Christ," as it is modestly called. In a country where everything is more or less measured by a monetary standard, a convert for whose spiritual well-being £9 10*s.* per annum is paid must believe himself to be in a state of exaltation, considering that had he remained in his own church, his Maronite, Greek, Greek Catholic, or Armenian priest—having to say mass every day, to attend to some one or two thousand parishioners probably scattered over a large district—would consider himself very fortunate indeed if he had a stipend of two thousand piastres a year, or about £20, of which more than half would be paid in corn, oil, or fruits. The fathers of the Jesuit mission in Syria are allowed a thou-

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sand francs, £40, for the travelling expences, clothing, table, etc., of each priest when engaged on missionary work away from the house of his community; how, then, is it that the American missionaries cost so very much more? We will take up our quotation from Mr. Urquhart again, at the point where we left off:

"They (the American missionaries) have town-house and country-house, horses to ride and an establishment and a table which speaks well for the taste of the citizens of the United States. These are results obtained by exertion and combination, and which, affording enjoyment in their possession, prompt to efforts for their retention. The persons thus raised to affluence and consideration in a fine and luxurious climate would have to sink back to hard conditions of life, if not to want and destitution. This relapse presents itself as the consequence of failing in the creating of congregations, or at least of supplying to those who subscribe the funds plausible grounds for expecting that the consummation was near. Looking at the country, nothing can be more painful and more hopeless than the contest: nowhere is an ear open. As to converting the Turks, they might just as well try to convert the Archbishop of Canterbury.

* * * * *

"As to converting the Jews, it would be much better for the United States to send missionaries to Monmouth-street. There remain, then, but the Maronite, the Greek, the Greek Catholic, Armenian, and Nestorian churches, that is to say Christians, to convert. From the pre-existing animosities among the Christians, the missionaries could not so much as open their mouths to any of the members of these communities on the subject of religion, and therefore it is a totally different course that they have adopted. They have offered themselves as schoolmasters; not as persons depending for remuneration on their claims to the confidence of parents, and on their proficiency; but supplying instruction gratuitously, and adding thereto remuneration to the scholars in various shapes. Their admission in this form has been forced upon the people by the Turkish government. The condition, however, has been appended to it, that they should not attempt to interfere with the religious belief of the pupils. This has been going on for years; the money continuing to be supplied on the grounds that Protestant congregations are being created, and the proceeds enjoyed by the missionaries on their undertaking that they shall not create them.

"The statistical under-current is, however, veiled or disguised from the men (the missionaries) themselves. The one generation has, so to say, succeeded the other. The new men come out occupied with their own zeal, not caring critically to examine the position in which they stand, and entering at once on a contest already engaged. They are filled with contempt for everything around them; and to religious zeal, itself a sufficiently active impulse, is superadded the necessity of furnishing reports for public meetings and periodicals in America—reports which, failing to contain statements of proselytes secured, have at last to supply narratives of contests undertaken and martyrdom endured."—*The Lebanon*, vol. ii. pp. 79, 80.

Our author has, in the foregoing paragraph, certainly touched most of the weak points of Protestant missionary working. Even a cursory analysis of the reports before us confirms every word of this quotation from his book. Like every Prostestant account of missionary work, the Turkish Missions-Aid Society's Reports are interlarded with scriptural quotations, having always the same significance—that the time for seeing the result of the labor has not yet come, but soon will be; or, as Mr. Urquhart puts it, they supply to those who subscribe the funds, plausible grounds for expecting that the consummation is near.

Some years ago, a grand case of *quasi* martyrdom was reported at Exeter Hall, and must have been worth much money to the societies who furnish missionary funds for the East, both in England and America. It was the cause of many questions being asked, and much correspondence being furnished, in both Houses of Parliament. Dispatches were written, the Turkish Government threatened, and the life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who was then our representative at the Porte, made a burden to him for a time with extra work. The story was that some American Protestant missionaries, when "preaching the Gospel" on Mount Lebanon, were stoned and otherwise ill-treated, being finally turned out of the village in which they resided; some of them being badly wounded. The tale was well told, but, like other histories of the kind, was allowed to be forgotten

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as soon as it had served its purpose. Here is Mr. Urquhart's version of the affair, and, gathered as it was in the country itself, is not unlikely to prove the true version of the story:

"The missionaries arriving at Eden (a village not far from the celebrated cedars of Lebanon, the inhabitants consisting entirely of Maronite Catholics) entered a house, and disposed themselves to occupy it. The master of the house told them that he would not and could not receive them. They persisted, threatening him in the name of the Turkish authorities. A great commotion ensued, and the people, with the fear of the Turkish authorities before their eyes, devised a plan for dislodging the missionaries by unroofing the house. A roof in the Lebanon is not composed of tiles and rafters; to touch a roof is a very serious affair, not to be undertaken in wantonness. The people had the satisfaction of seeing the missionaries mount and depart, without any act on their part which would expose them to after-retribution."—*The Lebanon*, vol. ii. p. 82.

As we said before, Mr. Urquhart is one of the very last men who could be accused of any leaning toward Catholicism, still less of any affection toward the native Christian population of Syria and Lebanon. Of this his volumes bear witness in every chapter. But in a dozen instances he proves what we have so often heard asserted by travellers returned from these regions, that the people do not want, and do not wish for, the American missionaries, and would far rather be without them. Also that wherever these Protestant apostles are located, their presence is a continual source of trouble and annoyance, by causing quarrels among the people, and that their sojourn in the land is most certainly not conducive either to the glory of God on high, or of peace on earth to men of good will. That their so-called mission has been a most complete religious *fiasco*, is pretty well proved by the returns which at page 308 we copy from these reports. If the reader will but turn back to it, he will find that with twenty-four missionaries and thirty-seven native assistants, the number of "church members" in the Syrian "field" amounts to no more than two hundred, and this after the Americans have worked as missionaries in this "field" for the last quarter of a century or more. Surely no clearer proof than this is wanting for endorsing what Mr. Urquhart has said above respecting the way and the reason why these religious undertakings are puffed up, and "plausible grounds" given for expecting that the consummation of "gospel" triumph is at hand.

There is, perhaps, no Christian population in the world more united as a body, more attached to their clergy, more faithful in their holding to the See of Peter, or more orthodox in every particle of their faith, than the Maronites of Mount Lebanon. To illustrate, even in the most superficial manner, the history and ritual of this singular people would extend this paper far beyond our limits. Suffice it to say that upward of ONE THOUSAND years before the discovery of America, the holy sacrifice of the mass was offered up in their churches, and matins, lauds, vespers, and complins sung every morning and evening in their sanctuaries, just as at the present day. Their name is derived from that of St. Maroun, a holy hermit, who, in the fourth century, when the heresies of Eutyches and the errors of Monothelism were so common throughout the East, preserved the inhabitants of Lebanon and the adjacent parts from those influences. "The Maronites," says Mgr. Patterson, in his work, which is the third on our list at the head of this paper,—

"The Maronites maintain that they have never swerved from the Catholic faith, and love to assert that their Patriarch is the only one whose spiritual lineage from St. Peter, in the see of Antioch, has been unbroken by the taint of heresy or schism." (P. 389.)

Their secular clergy number about 1,200, and the regulars, inhabiting sixty-seven monasteries, comprise some 1,400 monks, priests, and lay brothers. They have besides fifteen convents, in which there are about 300 nuns.

"The blessings of education (continues the same author) are widely diffused among the

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Maronites. Almost all are able to read and write; and though few even of the clergy can be called learned, they are all sufficiently instructed in the most necessary things, and especially in the practical knowledge of their faith. Offences are rare among them, crimes almost unknown. The number of the Maronites of Lebanon appears to be about 250,000. In 1180, William of Tyre estimated them at more than 40,000; in 1784 Volney placed them at 115,000; and Perrier, in 1840, at 220,000. Elsewhere they are hardly to be found; the largest number I know of is at Cyprus, where there are about 1,500. A few also are found at Aleppo and Damascus, and some at Cyprus.

. . . . .

"There are (among the Maronites of Lebanon) four principal colleges for the education of the clergy. The most ancient is that of Ain Warka, in which between thirty and forty pupils are educated. They are taught Arabic (their vernacular), Syriac, which is the liturgical language of this rite; logic, moral theology, Italian, and Latin. Six exhibitions for the maintenance of as many scholars at the College of Propaganda were attached to this college. At the time of the first French occupation of Rome, the funds which provided for them were seized, and have never been restored; but the pupils still go to Rome, and many of them are to be met with in the higher ranks of the Maronite clergy." (P. 388.)

It is then to turn this people, and these priests, from the faith which they have so long and so honestly held, and from the spiritual paths in which they have walked for at least fifteen hundred years, that respectable black-coated American gentlemen, whose experience of life has been confined to Boston or New York, are sent over and maintained by the funds furnished by the zealous evangelicals of England and the United States. No wonder if those to whom they come would rather be without them. With the people whom they are sent to "convert" they have not a single idea in common. The very vernacular of the country has to be studied and learnt by them (an undertaking of at least two or three years, as Arabic is perhaps the most difficult language in the world for an adult to acquire a proficiency in), before they can preach or even converse with those whom they wish to teach what they themselves deem, the truths of eternal life. Without the most remote approach to anything like a ritual, and without even the barest liturgy to recommend them, they come among a people who from their very infancy are perhaps more familiar with the meaning and teaching of earnest ritualism than any nation on earth. Mr. Urquhart, in the quotation we have given elsewhere, says of the American missionaries, that "as to converting the Turks, they might just as well try to convert the Archbishop of Canterbury;" might he not have said the same as to the converting of the Maronites? From the 200 "church members," which the returns of the Turkish Missions-Aid Society state as the result of the "missionary" labor on the Syrian "field" during the quarter of a century and more which the work has been going on, if we deduct the personal servants of the twenty-four missionaries, and of the thirty-seven native assistants, how many will then be left as real, true, and earnest converts from their own faith to that which the American missionaries would teach them? "It has to be observed," says Mr. Urquhart, "that the proselytism carried on is not, as is supposed in Europe, against unbelievers, but between Christians;"* and surely here is proselytism of the very worst kind forced upon a people against their will, by the inhabitants of another far-off country, who would do very much better if they spent their yearly £25,000 among themselves, in "converting" the thousands of worse than pagans to be seen daily in the streets of every great town of England and America, and whose "faith" is from time to time shown in their "works."

We have no desire to hold up to the ridicule they deserve the absurd canting sentences and so-called scriptural ejaculations with which the report of the Turkish Missions-Aid Society is interlarded. All who have perused similar documents must be well acquainted with the way in which

* The Lebanon, vol. ii. p. 78.

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verses from Holy Writ are made to serve £ *s. d.* by the writer. Nor do we wish to make our readers laugh by reproducing some of the "pious" anecdotes which are to be met with in these pages. Thus it may, or may not, be true that at Nicomedia "a few years ago all was darkness and bigotry;" but it can hardly be taken what the French would call "*au sérieux*" that two Armenian priests in this locality were "awakened" by reading an Armeno-Turkish translation of The Dairyman's Daughter, and that, since the conversion of these gentlemen, a flourishing church, with a large congregation, has been gathered together, and a home mission formed to carry the Gospel to the towns and villages around.* Also, from a personal knowledge of the facts, we permit ourselves to doubt whether the so-called "missionary" work in Constantinople has been, to say the least of it, judiciously carried on; and whether, about two years ago, the zeal without knowledge on the part of the missionaries did not very nearly cause a rising of the whole Mahometan population, and a general massacre of all the Christian population in that city. Nor —on the testimony of Anglicans, Presbyterians, and other Protestants—can we subscribe to the eulogium sung in praise of "the excellent Bishop Gobat." We have far more serious matter to deal with as regards the American missions in Syria and the East, and of which, if they are in the least degree consistent, Protestants more than Catholics, whom it really does not concern, would do well to take heed.

In the appendix to his "Tour," Mgr. Patterson has, with a fairness and impartiality of judgment which cannot be too highly praised, investigated the question as to what it is that the native Protestants in the East really believe when the process of their so-called "conversion" is complete. And it may not be out of place here to mention that the present writer, who has lately returned from a residence of nearly ten years in those countries, entirely and to the letter agrees with what this author has stated. Were it allowable to mention names, he could also adduce the authority of many Englishmen who have resided in Smyrna, Constantinople, Beyrout, Damascus, the Lebanon, and other parts of the East, all of them Protestants, most of them attending every Sunday the English ministrations of the American missionaries, and some of them even communicants in their churches. The evidence of these is varied in different points, but, as a whole, certain pages of Dr. Patterson's appendix might serve as a *prècis* of the various opinions which these gentlemen have spoken, and which the writer himself has formed during his prolonged residence in the East. Be it, however, noted, that the objections here raised are not against the American missionaries themselves, but against the *result of their labors*, as well as against those of other Protestant missionaries—wherever throughout these lands their labors have produced any fruit whatever in the shape of "converts."

"Most true it is," says Mgr. Patterson, "that though large sums are expended yearly by Protestants for their missions, the result is nevertheless small indeed; but yet a great work is being done (I sincerely think unintentionally) by those establishments. *The faith of hundreds and thousands in their own religion is being shaken, without any other faith being substituted for it.** The missionaries' reports are full of expressions to the effect that many persons come to them, declaring their readiness to hear what they had to say, and their disbelief of their own national or common faith; and yet the 'converts' registered by themselves may be told in units, or at most by tens. Accordingly, I never came in contact with 'liberals' in politics or religion, whether Jew, Christian, or Gentile, who did not commence the conversation (on the supposition that I was a Protestant) by declaring their disbelief of this or that current dogma of their faith; and in all such cases I found I was expected, *as a Protestant*, to ap-

* See Tenth Annual Report of the Turkish Missions-Aid Society. p. 10.

* The italics are our own, and we give them to mark the pith of the whole question, with which nearly all Protestants, as well as every Catholic we have met, that have inhabited Syria, Palestine, or the Holy Land for any time, most fully concur.

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plaud and admire their lamentable condition of mind. I repeat, most emphatically, that I never saw a single person of this description who had one doctrine to *affirm*. The work of the Protestant missions is simply destructive. In Turkey it is detaching Mohammedan subjects from their allegiance to their spiritual and temporal head; in Greece it is introducing the mind of youth to the conceit of private judgment; in Egypt it does the same for the Copts; and in Mesopotamia for the Nestorians. The missionaries report that, among the Jews, they prefer to have to do with the rationalists rather than with the Talmudists; and acting on that principle everywhere, they first make a *tabula rasa* of minds, on which they never afterward succeed in inscribing the laws of sincere faith or consistent practice." (P. 455.)

Here, then, we have, in a few words, an account of what the teachings of the Protestant missionaries in the East result in. They take away the faith that is in these people, and give them nothing in return.* In other and plainer words, the end of all this teaching, and preaching, and denouncing of "popish" docrines, is simple unbelief or infidelity, embellished with Scriptural verses and the current cant of the evangelical school. Do the subscribers to the Turkish Missions-Aid Society contemplate this as one of the results of their liberal donations? Is *this* what the society put forth so boldly as the "Gospel in Turkey?" Is it for such a change that the traditions mounting to within less than four hundred years of our Lord's sojourn on earth, preserved as they are by a people living in the land which he inhabited, are to be cast off? Surely, even from the most enthusiastic of the evangelical school, these questions can have but one answer.†

And let not the subject be either misunderstood or blinked. Take any dozen Englishmen really conversant with the ways of the country and the ideas of the inhabitants; let them all be Protestants, and even be of those who, finding no other Protestant ministration, attend the chapels of the American missionaries. Of the twelve, certainly nine will tell you that, although well-meaning and honest men in their way, the preaching of the Protestant missionaries in the East pulls down, but never builds up belief, and that in sober truth the native Protestant "converts" are but so many free-thinkers —theoretical Christians, but practical infidels. There is, with respect to this part of our subject, one more extract from Mgr. Patterson's book,* which, although somewhat lengthy, we find so much to the purpose, with respect to some of the questions of the day, that we copy it entire:—

"The Protestant sects of the West (says our author) are represented in the East by missions of several denominations; but since they all represent but one principle, namely the denegation of spiritual authority as the basis of belief, it is unnecessary to distinguish them here. At first sight it might appear that the Episcopalians, or representatives of the Anglican establishment, should command a distinct notice, since they have one point (that of episcopal superintendence) in common with the Eastern sects; but when it is considered, not merely that the fact of their having real bishops is denied by all sects of the East,† as well as by the Catholic Church,

* An English official who had resided upward of twenty-five years in Syria, and who is a very earnest Protestant, told the present writer exactly the same. "The American missionaries," he said, "destroy the faith these native Christians had, but give them no other in return. The consequence is, that they invariably become mere rationalists."

† About four years ago, a party of English travellers were journeying over Mount Lebanon. While halting at a roadside "khan," they were accosted by a native who spoke English very well. They asked him who he was, and where he had learnt their language. He said he was, or had been, servant to one of the American missionaries, naming the gentleman, and that he was "a good Protestant." One of the ladies present put a few questions to him, and among others, asked him what he now believed of the Virgin Mary? "*That* for the Virgin Mary," said the miscreant, spitting at the same time, and using an Arabic gesture indicating the utmost contempt. The lady—an Anglican, not a Catholic—of course dropped the conversation, feeling too disgusted to continue it. Some days afterward she related the anecdote to the wife of an American missionary; but the latter was not at all shocked, merely making the remark, "*I guess the man had got rid of his old superstitions.*" Is this what they call evangelizing the native Christians?

* No one interested in the present spiritual state of the East should be without this volume, and every traveller to Palestine—Catholic or Protestant—should take it with him.

† This, be it remembered, was written in 1852, ten years before the recent attempt at union on the part of certain Anglicans with the Greek Church. What Mgr. Patterson says is the simple truth, and is confirmed by numerous conversations which the present writer had, during a ten years' residence in the east, with several patriarchs and numerous bishops, priests, and deacons of the Greek, Armenian, Nestorian, Copt, and Jacobite sects. All these clergy hate the very name of Rome, but they acknowledge she has real bishops and a real priesthood; while one and all deny that the Anglican Church has either.

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but that they themselves entirely repudiate any claims which might be founded on their supposed possession of an apostolic commission and authority through the episcopate; and when, moreover, it is remembered that the few persons who think differently on these points are wholly unrepresented in the East, it seems evident that the distinction would be unreal. Further, the Protestant missions in the East are mainly supplied by ministers in the communion of the Establishment in England, but often not episcopally appointed or ordained, and in all cases a perfect equality is admitted between such as are so appointed and those who are not. Hence the Anglo-Lutheran 'Episcopalians,' the Independents, the American Congregationalists, etc., act in unison, and on one principle. They teach that the belief they advocate in certain doctrines is to be acquired by each individual through a perusal of certain writings, and must be held by him as the result of convictions proceeding from his own investigation of those writings, which they assert to be the inspired word of God. This procedure they call 'the right of private judgment.'

"But the very terms of the Protestant principle, thus represented, involve, not merely a disregard of existing authorities, but also of that which presents that system for the acceptance of Eastern Christians. Those, however, who advocate its claims are not usually to be bound by the laws of consistency in logic. Though they will have every man to read the sacred Scriptures (that is, *their* version of them) and to judge for himself, they have also a few doctrines, built on them, as they suppose, to which they attach an importance equal to that ascribed by Catholics to the dogmas of faith. Of these, the chief is what they term 'justification by faith only' —a doctrine which teaches that man is accounted (but not made) fit for eternal life in the divine presence, by a *subjective* act or sentiment of the mind, called by them 'faith.' This 'faith' is not the 'faith' of theological writers, but a persuasion, or enthusiastic feeling, on the part of the individual, that he is saved from eternal death by the sacrifice of the cross. Laying such stress as this view does on a persuasion, or feeling of the mind, it might be expected that other acts of the mind would be regarded by those teachers as of cognate importance. With singular inconsistency, however, they regard all such acts, whether of love, hope, or fear, or the like, as not only unimportant or indifferent, but even sinful in fact or tendency. The one operation of the soul to which they attach salvation is that of persuasion that itself is saved. To account for so arbitrary a distinction, they allege that this persuasion is not a natural gift, but a divine grace—or, rather, *the* divine grace; for in it are contained, and from it flow, all those good results which Catholic writers call 'graces;' such as humility, charity, hope, etc. This extraordinary and almost inexplicable doctrine, they consider not only conveyed in Holy Scripture, but the whole sum and substance of its teachings; and they allege portions of the epistles of St. Paul, in which he declares that man is not justified by works, done irrespectively of the divine sacrifice of the cross, to prove that all works or acts of the mind (saving always the one act of persuasion, which they call 'faith') are valueless and ineffectual to work out salvation. The teachers of this view among us are often pious persons, who act morally from natural good feelings; but the Eastern mind is too consistent and too voluptuous to imitate them. If it is possible, they say, to attain salvation by means of a sentiment so pleasant, we regard it as quite unnecessary to add to it supererogatory performances disagreeable to our inclinations." (P. 453.)

Here, in sober fact, and if we will only give things their right names, is one of the chief reasons of such "conversions" as take place in the East to Protestantism. An oriental mind is difficult to fathom at once; but take any of the professed Protestants in Syria or other parts of Turkey, clear away all the rubbish they have learnt to talk in imitation of their new teachers—separate if you can (and it is merely a matter of time and patience) all the prating about "the Lord Jesus," and "the blessed Scriptures," the "teaching of the Spirit," and such like spiritual mouthings, from what are the actual thoughts of the individual and the real reasons for his change, and you will invariably find at the bottom of his mind the all-prevailing idea, that of what use are confession, penance, private prayer, fasting, giving alms, and other good works, when salvation can be accomplished by the far more easy and pleasant process of a mere sentiment of the mind, which any man can train his understanding into be-

The English Book of Common Prayer, translated into Arabic, is very often met with throughout the East, but it does not appear to have impressed the Oriental Churches, whether in communion with the See of Peter or not, very favorably respecting the Established Church of this country. The Thirty-nine Articles they regard with especial horror, as showing the church to be heretical at core. Nor have the samples of the Anglican Church and Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem done much to remove this impression, but rather the contrary.

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lieving when he wishes to do so. And these, be it understood, are the best of the converts. As Mgr. Patterson says of them:—

"Such persons as I am alluding to have really embraced the principle on which Protestantism rests. They have thrown off the authority of their own belief, not to accept the formula of another, but to reject all authority. They are like the German 'philosophic' Protestants, or the French universitaries of the West—their conduct is often irreproachable, but their belief is a blank, and their principles distinctly Antinomian, even when they themselves do not put them in practice. I maintain that to one class or other of these all the proselytes made to Protestantism in the East belong. They are either worthless persons, who are happy to substitute an easy-simulated sentiment for whatever amount of discipline their communion imposed, or they are 'philosophers,' sceptics, and infidels. The reports of these allegations, and the existing state of religious and political parties in the East, give scope for these results." (P. 453.)

There are, however, two other reasons, which also act powerfully upon such natives of the East as come under the influence of Protestant missionary teaching, and of which when they have abandoned their own creed, they take especial pride in the possession. The one is the notion which they imbibe from certain misquotations of Holy Writ, as well as from ill-judged (even looking at it from a Protestant point of view) teaching on the part of their new pastors; namely, that every man is "a priest unto God," and that once a Protestant and a "church-member," they are as high in spiritual rank, and far superior in "saving faith" to those whom they formerly regarded and respected as their clergy. The idea is, of course, utterly false, and childish in the extreme, to our views. But the native mind can only be judged by its own standards of worth, and the fact remains as we have said. That the Protestant missionaries would knowingly foster such notions it would be uncharitable to believe; but that such is another result of their teaching there can be no doubt whatever. The missionaries themselves, however, see very little indeed of their congregations, small as they are, save at prayer-meetings and preachings once or twice in the week. It is a curious fact, but one which has struck many even of those who have not yet found courage to knock and ask for admittance into the Catholic Church, that in proportion as a sect, or people, or nation, stray far from the unity of the one true fold, so do their pastors and teachers neglect and despise that visiting and looking after their flocks, which forms with us such a prominent part of every parish priest's or missionary's duty. The High-Church Anglican Protestant clergymen—although still very far short of what is done by our clergy—come next to the Catholic priest in this work; and as we descend the scale of Protestantism, we find the practice more and more rare, until by the Socinians such acts of supererogation on the part of their preachers are never heard of. With Protestant missionaries in the East the practice is exceedingly rare: perhaps it is regarded as an infringement upon true religious liberty?

The third reason which has often—very generally, if not always—influence in making the native of Syria, Palestine, or other Eastern lands embrace Protestantism, is that when he has done so, the fact of his being a proselyte puts him indirectly under the "protection" of the English or American consul, if such an official there is—and there generally is one—within even a couple of days' journey from the convert's place of abode. Not that the individual is at once put on the rolls of the English or American subjects. Such was some years ago the practice; but now for very shame's sake this has been altered. But, as the English consuls-general, consuls, and vice-consuls have a sort of standing order to "protect" all Protestants against the tyranny or ill-usage of the local authorities; and as every native Protestant has nearly always some grievance which he makes out to be an injustice committed on him *be-*

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cause he is a Protestant, so his complaint invariably finds its way to the English consulate, and either the chief of the office or one of his native dragomen deems it imperative upon him to interfere, if not officially, at any rate officiously, with the pasha or other authority of the place. As a matter of course the complaint is listened to, and—justice or not justice—the "protected" of the consul gets what he calls justice, but which his opponent often deems the very reverse. For, be it remarked, that, as a general rule in the East, "justice" means obtaining what you want, not what is yours by law or equity. Your complaint, and what in Europe we call justice, *may* be on the same side. If so, all the better; but if not, you will term your view of the affair "justice" all the same; and, if you don't get what you want, you are *un*justly treated. This sort of administration is but too often ruled by the consuls, and the "converts" know full well how to make use of it. No one who has not lived in the Turkish dominions can imagine the power which an European consul or vice-consul has in those countries. Mr. Urquhart has done good service in exposing this evil, which is, in point of fact, one of the chief reasons why the Ottoman empire has been gradually but surely verging toward ruin since the foreign consular power became virtually far greater than that of the local authority. Of this interference of one country in the affairs of another, Mr. Urquhart says, it presents "a terrible prospect for the human race; for it involves the extinction of each people, and the absorption ultimately of the whole in some one government more dexterous than the rest." All the chief governments of Europe have been more or less guilty of this meddling with the executive of Turkey, but notably England, France, and Russia, in whose hands every local pasha is a plaything, to be tossed here and there at will. England says—or, rather, each English consul says for her—that he must interfere, else French influence would be too powerful in the province or district. France returns the compliment, and declares that England—that is, the English consul—is such a deep diplomat that, unless she uses her influence, England would be paramount in the place. Russia, on the other hand, declares that she must maintain her *prestige*, else the Turks would say of their old enemy that she had fallen in the scale of nations. This interference in the administration of the Ottoman empire is thus described by Mr. Urquhart:

"In other countries it has been known as diplomatic representations made in regard to principles; here (that is, in Turkey) it is administrative. It bears upon the taxes, the customs, the limitation of districts, the administrative functions, the parish business, the selection and displacement of functionaries, the operations of the courts of law—whatever is included under the word 'government' belongs here to 'interference.' This operation is exercised with authority, without control, without responsibility. The discussions in reference thereto are carried on between the functionaries of a foreign government; and as that foreign government can enter upon the field only by an act of usurpation, its position is that of an enemy. Every act is directed to subvert and to disturb; the object of each individual is of necessity to supersede the legitimate authority of the native functionary with whom he is in contact.

"Thus it is that the administrative interference, which has in Syria replaced the diplomatic, is carried on through consuls." (Vol. ii. pp. 349, 350.)

Hitherto this work of "interference" has been carried on by our English consuls in Syria in very much the same way as it has by their Russian and French colleagues, no better, but no worse. At any rate, in all matters of influencing religious affairs, directly or indirectly, they have held perfectly aloof. But if we are to judge from a document lately put forth by the Turkish Missions-Aid Society, the title of which stands at the end of the list of books and pamphlets that heads this paper, either an entire change has in this respect come over our policy, or else several of our Anglo-Syrian officials must be acting in direct disobedience

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of the wishes of the Foreign office. We allude to an appeal for the building of "A SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE," together with a prospectus of the same, and a list of the "*Local Board of Managers*," among which, to their shame be it said, appear the names of Mr. Geo. J. Eldridge, her majesty's consul-general in Syria; Mr. W. H. Wrench, her majesty's vice-consul at Beyrout; Mr. Noel Temple Moore, her majesty's consul at Jerusalem; and Mr. E. T. Rogers, her majesty's consul at Damascus. That there can be no real desire or want for such an institution in the country, and that the very appeal for help to found it is about the most outrageous piece of pious impudence that has ever been published, even in the name of sectarian so-called religion, will appear upon a further examination of this document. We will do the American missionaries the justice of saying that no Englishman would, or could, ever have had the *toupé* to ask for money for such a purpose; the whole document bears the unmistakable impress of "smart" New-England. As we have shown before, from the "summary" of American Missions Statement given elsewhere, copied from the report of the Turkish Missions-Aid Society, the number of Protestant "church members" on the Syrian field is two hundred; this, too, after nearly thirty years of missionary "labor" in the country. And now these same missionaries come forward and modestly tell us that "more than £20,000 have already been secured and invested in the United States" for the building of this proposed "institution," and that "it is proposed to raise an equal amount in England, the income annually going to the support of the College." The president of the proposed college, and *ex-officio* president of the board of managers, is an American missionary, the Reverend Dr. Bliss, and among the members of the board are the names of some thirteen or fourteen other missionaries of all sorts. The trustees, who "are to have the general supervision of the institution," reside in New-York, where we should imagine they will be able, from their proximity to the college in Syria, to supervise the whole affairs exceedingly well. With these, or with such persons as have parted with their money for such a pious folly, we have nothing to do. But as regards the English officials, it is another matter, and Protestants, as well as Catholics, must agree that men holding the positions they do in a country where religious discord is the bane and curse of the land, have no business to mix themselves up with an undertaking which is purely and wholly got up for the purpose of proselytism. Had the subscription been to build a Protestant chapel or church, or to endow any such establishment for the use of the English residents in Syria, it would have been a very different matter. To lend their names to any such undertaking these gentlemen would have a perfect right; but to give their official sanction to a scheme which is but a renewed campaign upon the religion of the country, and as English government officers to say that they —and consequently the government they represent—approve, as consul-general and consuls of a wholesale sectarian converting shop, is nothing less than a prostitution of the name of this country in Syria. The "dodge" is a good one; the American missionaries, notwithstanding their "tall" pious talk in missionary newspapers, have actually done nothing toward perverting the native Christians of Syria. Two hundred "church members" in nearly thirty years is at the rate of seven converts a year, or less than the third of a convert every twelve months for each of the twenty-four missionaries. This would never pay. Even American subscribing "Christians" will, after a time, cease to contribute for what brings forth so little fruit. Something must be done; and therefore they have started the idea of this "Syrian Protestant college," having got the promises of these

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consular gentlemen to countenance it as they have done.

Did these proselytizing consuls, before they allowed their names to be made use of in this prospectus, read the third paragraph of the document, in which we are coolly told that "THE ENEMIES OF CHRISTIANITY, PROFESSED INFIDELS AS WELL AS PAPISTS, FULLY ALIVE TO THE ADVANTAGES TO BE GAINED FROM THE PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY, ARE ADOPTING BOLD AND ENERGETIC MEASURES TO FORESTALL PROTESTANTISM IN BECOMING THE EDUCATORS OF THIS VAST POPULATION"?

Or, if they *did* read it, did it not strike them that there was an insolence, as well as an amount of sickening cant and implied falsehood, throughout these words which ought to have prevented them, *as English gentlemen*, to say nothing of their official characters, from countenancing such a concern? Have English consuls in Eastern lands so far lost whatever teaching they may have had as to forget that, taking all her majesty's subjects throughout the world, the "Papists" are very nearly as numerous as the Protestants; and that to class them with "infidels," and call them "the enemies of Christianity," is an insult—to say nothing of the loud vulgarity and the utter untruth of the assertion, which there can be no excuse for any English gentleman, far less any English official, to lend his name to? In this, every person with the slightest pretension to the name of gentleman or an educated man, no matter what may be his religious persuasion, must agree with us. And to talk of "Syrian Protestantism," with its two hundred "church members" amidst a population of half a million native Christians, and three times that number of Moslems, being "forestalled" in "becoming the educators of this vast population," is much as if the Mormons in London were to complain that the English Church was "forestalling" them in being the educators of the capital of England. The Latter-day Saints of the metropolis bear a much larger and not at all less respectable proportion to the rest of the population of London, than the Protestant "converts" of Syria do to the rest of their fellow-countrymen.

Three excuses may be put forth in defence of these consular gentlemen who have thus disgraced the country they serve. It may be asserted—1st, That if French, Russian, and Austrian consuls give official protection to Catholic and Greek religious establishments, it is quite lawful for English authorities to do the same to Protestant undertakings. 2dly, That "the Syrian Protestant college" is to be got up for literature, the sciences, jurisprudence, and medicine, and not for religious purposes. And, 3dly, That they have allowed their names to be made use of without reading over the prospectus. Of these the third and last excuse is the only one that will hold water for an instant; and for their sakes we hope it may be true, poor and lame as such a plea would be for official men. As regards the first of these pleas, which we have put into the mouths of the defendants, it is quite true that the French, Russian, and Austrian consuls have and do afford official protection to Catholic and Greek religious establishments, but the cases are by no means parallel.

To quote again the words of Mr. Urquhart:—"The Roman Catholic regular and secular clergy are established here (in Syria) as in any other Roman Catholic countries;* that is to say, they are pastors of flocks, and not missionaries. The Protestants have no flocks, and they are sent with a view of creating them."

We wonder what this writer would have said could he have seen a "Syrian Protestant college" proposed as a means toward this much-desired end, or could he have foreseen that four

* The same may be said of the Greek clergy, who have many and very large congregations in the country—in some parts much more numerous than the Maronites or other Catholic churches.

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English consuls could ever have lent their names—officially, too—to such a combination of Little Bethel and "smart" American doings. Nor will it suffice to say that this institution is not being got on foot for the express purpose of proselytism, more or less direct. In paragraph number eight we are told that—

"The college will be conducted on strictly Protestant and evangelical principles."

What *that* means, we all know; also—

"It will be open for students from any of the Oriental sects or nationalities who will conform to its laws and regulations."

That is to say, any student belonging to the Latin,* Maronite, Greek Schismatical, Greek Catholic, Armenian Catholic, Armenian Schismatical, or other Eastern church, will be admitted to this college, provided he attends "Protestant" and "evangelical" preachings and prayers, and is humble-minded enough to hear the faith of his fathers denounced every day as one of "the enemies of Christianity," and "Papists" lovingly classed with "professed infidels." And in the very next sentence we are further informed that—

"It is hoped that a strong Christian influence will always centre in and go forth from this institution; and that it will be instrumental in raising up a body of men who will fill the ranks of a well-trained and vigorous 'native ministry;' become the authors of a native Christian literature; supply the educational wants of the land; encourage its industrial interests; develop its resources; occupy stations of authority, and in a large degree aid in carrying the Gospel and its attendant blessings wherever the Arabic language is spoken."

With the help of one English consul-general, two English consuls, and one English vice-consul, this may in a certain measure be done: yes, and *will* be done; for consular influence in those lands is all-powerful. But without it, no: without this English state-help the "Syrian Protestant college" will wither, and only bear fruit in such proportion as have done the "Protestant churches" in Syria, with their twenty-four missionaries, their thirty-seven native assistants, and their two hundred communicants, after nearly thirty years labor in the Syrian "field."

After the extracts we have given from the prospectus, can there be any doubt as to the proselytizing intentions of this American-Syrian-Protestant-evangelical institution? or can there be two opinions as to the propriety of English gentlemen and English officials degrading themselves and their office by becoming connected with such an undertaking? We observe, by the way, as a curious coincidence in the prospectus, that the name of the New-York Treasurer to the board of trustees of this proposed college is William E. Dodge; and that the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, of New York, has been appointed one of the professors. Would it not have been better and more appropriate if her majesty's consuls at Beyrout, Damascus, and Jerusalem had left all this evangelical speculation to men of like name and calling? It is true that when the prospectus was drawn out, and these English officials allowed their name to be made use of, Lord Palmerston was prime minister, and Lord Russell ruled over the foreign office. That the Shaftesbury power with the first, and the well-known tendencies of the author of the Durham letter, may have had some influence with these individuals in their official character is possible, nay, probable; but should gentlemen, English gentlemen, ever have allowed their names to go forth as patrons and directors of this unholy humbug? A private individual may lend his influence to whatever scheme he likes to patronize; but a public servant—and above all an English public servant in

* In the East, European Catholics, and all others who use the European or Roman Ritual, are called "Latins;" while the other Oriental churches in communion with the See of Peter are distinguished by their respective names—Maronites, Greek Catholics, Armenian Catholics, Syrian Catholics, Chaldeans, and others. The whole are termed "Catholics," and there is nothing of which they are so proud as their intercourse with Rome and the centre of unity. Of the various schismatical and heretical sects, there is not one that assumes the name of "Catholic" except certain of the "advanced" school in the English Established Church.

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Turkey—has no right whatever to be so liberal with his patronage.

One word more ere we have done with the "Syrian Protestant college."

At the head of the list of subscribers to this proposed institution is £1,000 from "The late Syrian asylums' committee." If we are rightly informed, that money was subscribed from the residue of a fund which was instituted in 1860 to afford assistance to the sufferers from the Syrian massacres. To this fund Catholics, Protestants, Greeks, and Jews subscribed, with the express stipulation and understanding that no part or portion of it was to be used for any religious purpose whatever. The fact was, that the chief managers of the fund in Syria were American missionaries, and subscribers to it were afraid that the money would be used for proselytizing purposes. After a time the great misery of the Syrian Christians came to an end, and no further relief was required: but there still remained an unused balance of about £1,200 of this fund in the banker's hands. If what is reported in London be correct—and we have very good reason for believing it to be so—who was it that gave authority for this £1,000 to be given as a donation to the Syrian Protestant college? To question regards not only the Cathlics, Greeks, and Jews of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other towns in England that subscribed to this fund, but also those belonging to a large—and we are thankful to say a very large—class of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, who, however much they may differ from us in matters of faith, are enemies to religion being made a cloak for fraud, and are honest and honorable in their dealings between man and man. If this £1,000 which heads the list of subscriptions to the Syrian Protestant college was really given from the money which in 1860–61 was gathered together as "the Syrian relief fund," a gross and most infamous breach of trust has been committed, and all men should beware how they in future contribute to anything in which the American Oriental missionaries have any influence.

But where have the projectors of this college learned geography? They tell us that the establishment will be "LOCATED IN BEYROUT, the seaport of Syria, a city rapidly growing in size and importance, and OCCUPYING A CENTRAL POSITION IN RESPECT TO ALL THE ARABIC-SPEAKING RACES."

The capitals are our own, for we would note these words as bringing a new light in geographical discovery. That Beyrout is by far the most pleasant, nay the only pleasant, town in Syria to reside in—that there is more society, and particularly what the promoters of this undertaking would call more "Christian" society, we fully admit. That, on account of its proximity to the sea, it is far more healthy than most towns in Syria, and that from the number of its European and native Christian inhabitants it is far safer to reside in, and much more exempt from the chance of any Moslem outbreak taking place, cannot be denied. But that it occupies "a central position in respect to all the Arabic-speaking races," is simply, and very grossly untrue, as a glance at any school-boy's atlas would show. It would be about as correct to assert that Plymouth or Falmouth held "a central position in respect to" the rest of England. If the promoters of "The Syrian Protestant college" are so very anxious to diffuse the great blessings of their faith and literature "wherever the Arabic language is spoken," would not Damascus, Mosul, Aleppo, Antioch, or even Bagdad, be more central than Beyrout? To reside in any of these places would not be so pleasant, but it would be more missionary-like, and would certainly save the money of the subscribers, Beyrout being by far the most expensive town in all Syria to live in.

But men of American sectarian preacher stamp never knew and never will know what a missionary spirit is. It is foreign to their habits as well as to their creed. When we hear of

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American Protestant missionaries going forth with barely a change of clothes; when we learn that they abandon father, mother, family, house and home to preach the Gospel; when we read of half a score of them undergoing martyrdom, as did two Catholic bishops and eight priests in Corea, an account of which was published in the Times of the 27th August last—when, in fine, we hear of their taking lessons in their work from the Jesuits, the Lazarists, the Capuchins, the Dominicans, or any other of those religious orders which have shed such lustre upon the church in all ages—it may then become a matter of discussion whether, notwithstanding their gross errors in faith, they have not something of the missionary spirit among them. At present we can only look upon them as do all the Moslems, the native Christians, the Jews, and nineteen-twentieths of the European population in the East, namely, that they drive a very flourishing trade, and enjoy very comfortable incomes: but that the work they are paid for doing has neither the self-denial of man nor the blessing of God to make it prosper. Protestant missions throughout the world have ever been, are, and ever will be, most miserable failures. Dr. Littledale was, at any rate, candid when he spoke of "the pitiful history of Anglican missions to the heathen;" but he might with equal truth make mention of the wretched results of Protestant missions throughout the world. That unison of mawkish sentiment and Biblical phrases selected at random, which commonly goes by the name of "cant," may certainly influence weak-minded persons to subscribe to visionary schemes of a Protestant conversion of Oriental Christians. But exposure must come sooner or later, and with it the beginning of the end of subscriptions. Some years ago the American missionaries gave up the "field" they occupied at Jerusalem; would it not be as well if they conferred a similar boon on the Syrian and Lebanon districts? The churches against which they are chiefly engaged in preaching have their own bishops, their own clergy, and their own missionary preachers from Europe. These latter are not engaged in perverting men from another quarter, but—at the request, and with the full concurrence of the native bishops and clergy—they build up and repair the breaches in the sheep-fold, and help in driving away the wolves that would enter. There may be—there are—sheep that go astray from time to time, but considering all things—and particularly now that the sectarian influence of English consuls in Syria has been brought to bear on the "work"—these are few indeed. The Maronites and other sects in communion with St. Peter's successor, form part and parcel of God's one only true and holy Catholic Church, against which, we have His word, the gates of hell shall never prevail.*

In his work upon "Mount Lebanon," from which we have already quoted, Mr. Urquhart relates a conversation which he had with a certain Maronite bishop, which seems so *apropos* that we give it entire:—

"I wish you to know [said the bishop] that we are not attached to France. France is to us an oppression from which we would be most happy to escape; we have proved this by acts, but no account is taken of them. How France came to be considered our protector is an old story, into which it is needless to enter. The connection awakened against us the hatred of the Turks and of the Greeks, and to it may be attributed the past suffering of our people from both. Here and in the other parts of Syria, in Egypt and in Cyprus, from the middle of the last century to the close of the campaign of Napoleon, we reckon that the blood of 40,000 Maronites has been shed by the Turks or the Greeks. This is the debt we owe to French protection. When, in 1840, the French government sent to us to require us to support Ibrahim Pasha and Emir Beshir, we gave a flat refusal.

* The fact of four English consuls allowing their names to go forth as patrons of a Protestant College, which is to be got up for the perversion of native Christians, is so utterly at variance with the general practice of our government, that we must express our surprise it has been overlooked at the Foreign Office. We cannot imagine Lord Stanley lending even a tacit sanction to such an outrage on the feelings of the native Syrian Christians.

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M. —— came to Saida, and sent a message to the Patriarch (of the house of Habesh), who sent his own secretary to give him the answer, which had been decided on by the bishops and chiefs, which was, 'The Maronites have heard much of, but have never seen, the fruit of the protection of France, and could not, in the hope of it, expose themselves to the risks they were now required to run.' Then the English government sent to us an agent (Mr. Wood), accompanied by M. Stendel, on the part of the Austrian government, proposing to us to accept the protection of Austria in lieu of that of France. We declined to make any application for such protection; *and we complained to Mr. Wood of the interference in our religion of the Protestant missionaries, which made us look with suspicion on the intentions toward us of the English government. He assured us that the English government was opposed to all missionary schemes, and suggested that we should draw up a petition to the Turkish government, requesting the missionaries to be prohibited from entering the country, promising that the English ambassador would obtain from the Porte an order to that effect. Satisfied with these assurances, we aided in the expulsion of Mehemet Ali, although he had every way favored the Maronites.*

"*The promised order respecting the missionaries never came. England set up a Protestant bishop* (*in Jerusalem*), *and obtained from the Porte the formal recognition of the Protestants as a body.*" (Vol. ii. pp. 261. 262.)

The italics in this quotation are our own. They show pretty plainly whether or not the missionaries are welcome to the natives of Syria. But what will these same natives say now, when they see our consuls-general and consuls coming forth as the official patrons and promoters of Protestant missionary proselytism? If it be true —and we have certainly always looked upon it as one of the rules of our government—that the English government "*is opposed to all missionary schemes*," how is it that the consul-general in Syria, the consul at Jerusalem, and the consul at Damascus, are allowed to take upon themselves the office of "managers" or "local directors" of the Protestant Syrian college?

ORIGINAL.

DELIA.

THERE is a darkness which is still not gloom,
And thou, poor child, whose young but sightless eyes
Catch no glad radiance from the summer skies—
Worse, still, neglected in thy blindness, whom
Those nurtured like thee in the self-same womb
Have cast on strangers, strangers truly wise,
Since more than waif of gold such charge they prize—
Hast found a joy what others find a doom.
Thou knowest the way unto the chapel door,
And, kneeling softly on its blessed floor,
Thou art no longer blind; the *Presence* there
Reveals itself to thy adoring prayer;
Hours fly with thee that altar's Guest before,
Till, cowards, we envy what we would not share.

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ORIGINAL.

MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER.

How shall we tell in a few words the story of one whose career extended over sixty-six years? Our heroine's name calls up a picture of the most brilliant period in French history. A thousand images arise of pageantry, of genuine magnificence, of jewelled and gilded wretchedness. Life seemed like a great magic lantern exhibited for her private amusement; scene after scene passed before her eyes with a pomp unknown in these days of tinsel splendor; but most welcome of all, ever returning, never palling, was the slide that presented to her view La Grande Mademoiselle, the contemplated bride of half the sovereigns in Europe.

Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans was born in the palace of the Louvre, May 29th, 1627. Fairies met her on the threshold of the world and endowed her with all earthly goods—boundless wealth, a cheerful temper, keen wit, excellent health, and a fair share of beauty. Was it a kindly or a spiteful fairy who crowned these gifts with a vanity that nothing could undermine or overthrow? This self-love afforded the only unfailing enjoyment of her long life; but as it made her throw aside as unworthy of her every scheme of happiness suited to her rank, and carve out a destiny for herself in defiance of all authority, the fairies must decide the question, not we.

"The misfortunes of my house," she says, "began soon after my birth, for it was followed by the death of my mother, which greatly diminished the good fortune that the rank I hold would have led me to expect: The great wealth which my mother left, and of which I am sole heiress, might well, in the opinion of most people, have consoled me for losing her. But to me, who feel now of what advantage her superintendence of my education would have been to me, and her credit in my establishment, added to her tenderness, it seems impossible sufficiently to regret her death."

This passage from her "Mémoires" exhibits several of Mademoiselle's peculiarities: a certain blunt, abrupt mode of expressing her exact meaning, an egotism that makes her lose or gain a test of the importance of events, and a right-minded honesty which saved her from the worst errors of her time.

No unmarried daughter of France had ever enjoyed so magnificent an establishment as was now accorded to the heiress of the house of Montpensier. The Tuileries, where she lodged, being connected by a gallery with the Louvre, the little motherless child was under the supervision of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, as well as of Marie de Medicis, who expended more tenderness upon this grand-daughter than she had ever on her own children. Mademoiselle regarded her royal grandmother with great partiality. She used to say when the Duchess of Guise was quoted: "She is only a distant grandmother, she is not queen."

Marie de Medicis left France in disgrace in 1633, followed by Monsieur, whose career was a series of petty intrigues, from which he invariably emerged unscathed, leaving his accomplices to bear the consequences of their folly. Very different was the spirit of his daughter. At six years old she was taken to see the degradation of Duc d'Elbœuf and Marquis de

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la Vienville from the order. On being told that their disgrace was owing to devotion to her father, she wept bitterly, and wished to retire, saying that she could not with propriety witness the ceremony. Ten years later Monsieur supped with her, enlivened by the music of the twenty-four royal violins. She writes: "He was as gay as if MM. de Cinq Mars and de Thou had not been left behind on the road. I confess I could not look at him without thinking of them, and amid my own joy the sight of his contentment pained me." Is not a certain reverence due to this generous daughter of a mean-spirited intriguer, and to one who, with untrammelled liberty, remained virtuous in the court of Louis XIV.? That her unspotted character was not the result of coldness, is proved by her foolish devotion to Lauzun. If pride was her safeguard, at least some human praise should be given to so high an estimate of royal greatness.

The king and queen were untiring in tender attentions to Mademoiselle. She writes: "I was so accustomed to their caresses, that I called the king *petit papa*, and the queen *petit mama*, really believing her to be so, because I had never seen my own mother." After enumerating the various little girls of quality who came to play with her, she adds: "I was never so occupied with any game as to be inattentive if a reconciliation with Monsieur was mentioned. Cardinal Richelieu, who was prime minister and master of affairs, was determined to control this matter; and with proposals so degrading to Monsieur that I could not listen to them without despair. He said that to make Monsieur's peace with the king, his engagement to Princess Marguerite de Lorraine must be broken, that he might marry Mademoiselle de Combalet, the cardinal's niece, now Madame d'Aiguillon. I could not help crying when it was mentioned to me, and in my anger sang, in revenge, all the songs I knew against the cardinal and his niece. It even redoubled my friendship for Princess Marguerite, and made me talk of her incessantly."

Gaston d'Orleans returned to France October 8th, 1634, and his daughter went to Limours to receive him. Wishing to test her filial memory, for he had left her at the age of four or five years, he appeared before her without the *cordon bleu* which distinguished him from the members of his suite. "Which of these gentlemen is Monsieur?" she was asked, and without hesitation sprang to her father's arms; a proof of fidelity which touched him deeply, that being of all qualities the one most likely to excite his surprise. Nothing was spared for her amusement, even to the gratification of her desire to dance in a *ballet*. A band of little girls of high rank was composed, with a selection of lords of corresponding stature. The magnificent dresses and appointments satisfied even Mademoiselle's ambition. In one figure birds were introduced in cages, and set free in the dancing room. One unlucky songster became entangled in the dress trimmings of Mademoiselle de Brézé, Cardinal Richelieu's niece, who began to cry and scream so vehemently as to introduce a new element of amusement among the assembly. The accident recalls a similar one which occurred at the time of this lady's marriage with the Duc d'Enghien, afterward the great Condé. There was a ball afterward, where Mademoiselle de Brézé, who was very small, fell down while dancing a *courante*, because, in order to make her look tall, they had put such high-heeled shoes upon her feet that she could not walk. Clearly her sphere of success was not destined to be the ball-room. Poor little soul! she played doll for more than two years after her marriage, and was sent to a Carmelite convent to learn to read and write during her husband's absence in Roussillon with the king.

Mademoiselle gives a graphic account of a journey which she took in 1637. The events recalled, with the

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emotions they excited in her at the time, show an acuteness of perception far beyond that of most children of ten years old. Her sentiments are too virtuous not to demand a brief notice. "Arrived at Champigny, I went first to the Holy Chapel, as a place to which the memory of my predecessors, who had built and founded it, seemed to summon me, that I might pray to God for the repose of their souls." A little later we hear of her at the Convent of Fontevrault. The abbess was a natural daughter of Henri IV., and the nuns lavished every attention upon their guest, delighting to honor her with the title of "Madame's niece." Their devotion bored our princess greatly, and would have made her ill but for a grain of amusement to be derived from the simplicity of the poor ladies. But fortune, Mademoiselle's unfailing friend, soon relieved her from this monotony. Two ladies-in-waiting, Beaumont and Saint-Louis, instead of going into the church, explored the convent court-yards. Terrible cries attracted their notice, and were found to proceed from a poor maniac, confined in a dungeon, according to the ill-judged practice of those days. After amusing themselves with her extravagances, they went to find their little mistress, that she might share the enjoyment. "I broke off a conversation with the abbess and betook myself in all haste to the dungeon, which I did not leave until supper-time. The table was wretched, and for fear of suffering the same treatment the next day, I begged my aunt to let my officers prepare my meals elsewhere. She made use of them after that day, so that we fared better during the rest of our visit. Madame de Fontevrault treated me the next day to a second maniac. As there was not a third, ennui seized upon me, and I went away in spite of my aunt's entreaties." And this was the child who, at five years old, wept over the degradation of two of her father's followers. Through life, her best impulses seem to have had root rather in a sense of her own dignity than in compassion for others.

More easily understood is her enjoyment of the royal hunts, during the days of Louis XIII.'s attachment to the virtuous Madame de Hautefort. "We were all dressed in colors, mounted upon hackneys richly caparisoned, and each lady protected from the sun's rays by a hat covered with plumes. The chase led past several handsome houses, where grand collations were prepared for us, and on our return the king sat in my coach between Madame de Hautefort and me. When in a good humor, he entertained us very pleasantly with many topics. At such times he allowed us to speak freely of Cardinal Richelieu, and proved himself not displeased by joining in the conversation."

His eminence was destined to fall more deeply than ever into disgrace with Mademoiselle in 1638. The dauphin was born at the château of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, September 5th of that year; and his cousin, who, like any other little girl, enjoyed being in the royal nursery, used to call him "her little husband." This amused the king exceedingly, but Cardinal Richelieu viewed the matter more seriously. Mademoiselle was sent home to Paris. On the way, she was taken to Ruel to see the minister, and there received a grave reprimand for the indiscretion of her language. "He said I was too old to use such terms; that it was unbecoming in me to speak thus. He said so seriously to me things that might have been addressed to a reasonable person, that, without answering a word, I began to cry; to comfort me, he gave me a collation. None the less did I go away very angry at his words."

If this rebuke had made a deeper impression upon Louise de Bourbon, her biographer's task would be a more grateful one. The naïveté with which she reveals all her matrimonial castles in the air would be incomprehensible if these schemes had not been purely ambitious; as free

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from sentiment as a military stratagem or a commercial speculation.

At fifteen Mademoiselle met with a great loss in the death of her excellent *gouvernante*, the Marchioness of Saint-Georges. She speaks of this trial with more tenderness and less egotism than one might have anticipated. "I learned, on awaking in the morning, how ill she was, and rose in haste that I might go to her and show by various attentions my gratitude for her noble performance of her duties toward me ever since I came into the world. I arrived while they were applying every possible remedy to revive her, in which they succeeded after repeated efforts. The viaticum and extreme unction were brought, and she received them with every evidence of a truly Christian soul. She responded with admirable devotion to each prayer: no subject of surprise to those who knew how piously she had lived. This over, she called her children to her, that she might bless them, and asked permission to give me, also, her benediction, saying that the honor she had enjoyed of being with me from my birth made her venture to take the liberty. I felt a tenderness for her corresponding to all that she had shown toward me in the care of my education. I knelt beside her bed, with eyes bathed in tears; I received her sad farewell and kissed her. I was so touched by the thought of losing her, and by the infinite number of good things she had said to me, that I did not wish to leave the room until her death. She begged that I might be taken away, and her children too; she was too much agitated by our cries and tears, *and testified that I alone was the subject of any regrets she was capable of feeling.* I had hardly returned to my own room when the agony began, and she died in fifteen minutes."

Mademoiselle retired to the Carmelite convent of Saint Denis, until Monsieur should select another governess. She requested that the place might be given either to Mademoiselle de Fiesque or Mademoiselle de Tillières (both "persons of quality, merit, and virtue, and relations of her own"), hoping earnestly that the choice might fall upon Mademoiselle de Tillières. Her wishes were thwarted, and the Countess de Fiesque entered upon the task with Spartan firmness. An illness of six months' duration vanished miraculously when the news of her appointment was announced, we are told with sarcastic emphasis.

Whether governess or pupil suffered most in this connection, it would be hard to say. Mademoiselle de Fiesque had an aggravating system of petty supervision, and Mademoiselle a fixed determination to elude it. On one occasion when our princess had been shut up in her room by the tyrant's orders, she managed to escape, stole the key of Mademoiselle de Fiesque's private apartment, and locked her in. "She was hours in uneasiness before a locksmith could be found; and her discomfort was all the greater because I had shut up her grandson in another room, and he screamed as if I had maltreated him."

But we should soon tire of these reminiscences, did they not bring upon the stage personages more important than Mademoiselle herself—hard as it would have been for her to think so.

In 1643 we find the *dramatis personæ* much changed and extended. Louis XIII. has passed away, making so good an end, that we wonder at the grace of God to see how noble a death may close an insignificant career. Richelieu has been succeeded in Mademoiselle's ill graces by Cardinal Mazarin. Louis XIV. is a precocious, ignorant child of nine years old. The cabal of the *Importantes* has arisen and declined, and two seditions in Paris, founded upon slight provocation, have proved the populace ripe for the Fronde Henrietta Maria and her children are refugees at the French court, and Mademoiselle, with her enormous possessions, is considered an eligible match for the Prince of Wales. As Charles Stuart in the character of an unsuccessful suitor is a novel topic, no

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apology is needed for introducing at some length the history of his courtship.

The court was at Fontainebleau when his royal highness arrived in France; and their majesties went to meet him in the forest. His mother presented him first to the king and then to the queen, who kissed him, after which he bowed to the Princess of Condé, and to his cousin. "He was only sixteen or seventeen years old; quite tall for his age, with a fine head, black hair, brown complexion, and quite a good figure." One unpardonable sin he had in Mademoiselle's eyes; that, not speaking French in the least, he could not shine in society. Clever talk she enjoyed keenly Even in childhood, Monsieur's brilliant conversation had fascinated her.

The Prince of Wales worked diligently to produce an impression upon his cousin's flinty heart, which (shall we confess it?) was wasting itself away in an unrequited attachment for the imperial throne. Many a suitable match did Mademoiselle reject, because the untimely death of two empresses kept her in a fever of hope and expectation. In vain was it represented that the emperor was old enough to be her father; that she would be happier in England or Savoy. She replied disinterestedly that "she wished the emperor,. . that he was not a young and gallant man; which proved that in good truth she thought more of the establishment than of the person." In vain did Charles Stuart follow her about bareheaded, ministering mutely to her love of importance. In vain did he hold the flambeau this side and that, while the Queen of England dressed her for Mademoiselle de Choisy's ball. His *petite oré*, as they called the dainty appointments of a gentleman's dress in those days, were red, black, and white, because Mademoiselle's plume and the ribbons fastening her jewels were red, black, and white. He made himself torch-bearer again while she arranged her dress before entering the ball-room; followed her every step, and lingered about her hotel until the door closed behind her; all in vain, because at nineteen our heroine had the discretion to prefer a middle-aged emperor, firmly seated on his throne, to an exiled prince of seventeen.

His gallantry was so openly exhibited as to excite much remark. It lasted all winter, appearing in full force at a celebrated entertainment given at the Palais Royal toward the close of the season. Anne of Austria herself arrayed her niece upon this occasion, and three whole days were devoted to preparing her costume. The dress was covered with diamonds, and red, black, and white tufts; and she wore all the crown jewels of France, with the few that still belonged to the Queen of England. "Nothing could have been more magnificent than my dress that day," she assures us; "and there were not wanting those who asserted that my fine presence, fair complexion, and dazzling blonde hair adorned me more than all the jewels that glittered on my person." Mademoiselle does not exaggerate her charms. Though not strictly handsome, her noble bearing and charming coloring produced all the effect of beauty.

The dancing took place in a large theatre, illuminated with flambeaux, and at one end stood a throne upon a daïs, which was the scene of Mademoiselle's triumphs. "The king and the Prince of Wales did not care to occupy the throne; I remained there alone; and saw at my feet these two princes and all the princesses of the court circle. I was not in the least ill at ease in this position, and those who had flattered me on entering the ball-room found matter the next day for fresh adulation. Every one said I had never appeared less constrained than when seated on that throne;" and the imperial hopes being at their height, she adds: "While I stood there with the prince at my feet, my heart as well as my eyes regarded him *du haut en bas* . . The thought of the empire occupied my mind so exclusively, that

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I looked upon the Prince of Wales only as an object of pity."

The conclusion of this romance belongs really to the interval between the first and second Fronde, but we insert it here for the sake of convenience, pleading guilty of the anachronism. In 1649 we find Mademoiselle again persecuted to marry her cousin, then Charles II. "L'Abbé de la Rivière said that I was right, but that it must be remembered that there was no other match for me in Europe; that the emperor and King of Spain were married; the King of Hungary was betrothed to the Infanta of Spain; the archduke would never be sovereign of the Low Countries; that I would not hear of any German or Italian sovereign; that in France the king and Monsieur (d'Anjou) were too young to marry; and that M. la Prince (Condé) had been married ten years, and *his wife was in good health.*"

A courier was sent to their majesties to announce the King of England's arrival at Péronne, and the count went forward to meet him at Compiègne. Mademoiselle had her hair curled for the occasion, and was bantered by the regent gently upon the pains she had taken to please her suitor. "Those who have had admirers themselves understand such things," replied her royal highness tartly, referring to the foibles of her majesty's youth.

The royal personages met within a league of Compiègne and alighted from the carriages. Charles saluted their majesties, and then Mademoiselle. "I thought him much improved in appearance since he left France. If his wit had seemed to correspond to his person, he might perhaps have pleased me; but when the king questioned him in the carriage concerning the dogs and horses of the Prince of Orange, and the hunting in that country, he replied in French. The queen spoke to him of his own affairs, and he made no reply; and being questioned several times about grave matters which greatly concerned himself, he declined answering on the plea of not being able to speak our language.

"I confess that from that moment I resolved not to consent to this marriage, having conceived a very poor opinion of a king who at his age could be so ignorant of his affairs. Not that I could not recognize my own blood by the sign, for the Bourbons are beings greatly devoted to trifles and not much to solid matters; perhaps myself as well as the rest, being Bourbon on both sides of the house. Soon after we arrived, dinner was served. He eat no ortolans, and threw himself upon a huge piece of beef and a shoulder of mutton, as if there had been nothing else on the table. His taste did not seem to me very delicate, and I felt ashamed that he should show so much less in this, than he had displayed in thinking of me. After dinner the queen aroused herself and left me with him: he sat there a quarter of an hour without uttering a syllable: I should like to believe that his silence proceeded from respect rather than from absence of passion. I confess frankly that in this interview I wished he would show less (respect). Feeling rather bored, I called M. de Comminges to be third party and make him speak; in which he fortunately succeeded. M. de la Rivière said to me: 'He looked at you all dinner time, and is still looking at you incessantly.' I answered, 'He will look a long time without attracting me if he does not speak.' He replied, 'Ah! you are concealing the charming things he has said to you.' 'Not at all,' said I. 'Come near me when he is devoting himself, and you will see how he sets about it.' The queen arose; I approached him, and, to make him speak, I asked after several persons of his suite whom I had seen; all which he answered, but *point de douceurs.* The time came for him to go; we all went in a carriage to escort him to the middle of the forest, where we alighted, as we had done on his arrival. He took leave of the king and came to me

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with Germin (Lord Jermyn), saying: 'I believe that M. Germin, who speaks better than I do, has explained to you my wishes and intentions; I am your very obedient servant.' I replied that I was his very obedient servant. Germin made me a great many compliments, and then the king bowed and left me."

After the battle of Worcester, Charles II. reappeared in Paris and made a third trial for his cousin's hand. "I thought him very well made and decidedly more pleasing than before his departure, though his hair was short and his beard long, two things that change people very much. He spoke French very well." All went smoothly for some time: Mademoiselle received from her royal suitor all the douceurs for which she had formerly listened in vain; and frequent assemblies at her rooms made them very intimate. But her will was too vacillating to allow of her coming to any definite decision, and Charles was at length wearied into giving marked evidence of his displeasure. "The first time I saw the queen after my interview with Germin, she showered reproaches upon me. When her son entered (he had always been accustomed to take a seat in my presence), they brought forward a great chair in which he seated himself. I suppose he thought to make me very angry, but I did not care in the least." Indeed, it would have been an ingenious tormentor who had found a vulnerable spot in Mademoiselle's vanity.

As Queen of England, Louise de Bourbon would have found room for the legitimate exercise of her best faculties. As an unmarried princess of immense wealth, she became the tool of men who did not scruple to use her courage, magnanimity, and energy for their own ends, and requite her generosity with neglect. Let us follow her adventures in the days of the second Fronde, and see to what exertions a love of bustle and notoriety could urge a princess accustomed to seek her own ease in all things.

The first Fronde took place in 1648, and was directed by the coadjutor archbishop of Paris, Monsieur M. de Retz, who acted under the influence of two motives: a desire to supplant Mazarin, and rule France himself; and an enthusiasm for constitutional liberty. Our space being limited, we will not pause to reconcile these two aspirations. The court left Paris by night for St. Germain. Mademoiselle accompanied the queen, and made herself useful as a medium of communication with the populace of Paris, who loved her for being a native of their city. She describes the royal destitution with graphic frivolity, and is exceedingly merry over this siege, in which the besiegers starved for want of the luxuries they had left behind them in the beleaguered city.

In the second Fronde, which broke out about two years later (1650-1652), the position of affairs is altered. M. de Retz appears in the character of mediator, and Mademoiselle casts her lot with the rebels. The princes of the house of Condé seize the opportunity to avenge insults offered to them by Mazarin, and Gaston d'Orleans joins the Frondeurs—perhaps in order to avoid the trouble of leaving Paris.

Skilful writers have left accounts so voluminous of those troubled times, that they rise before us rather in a series of living pictures than as historical records. That midnight conference in the oratory, between fair, queenly Anne of Austria and the little dark, misshapen coadjutor; Mazarin threatening Condé; and he, with curled lip and reverential mockery, leaving the ministerial presence with the words, "Farewell, Mars!"—the quelled populace, streaming hour after hour through the king's bedchamber, while his mother's beautiful hand holds back the velvet hangings, that each one may look upon the sleeping boy and know that he has not fled from Paris—all is before us as if it

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happened yesterday. The chief actors with their talents and foibles are better known to us than to their contemporaries; and the French nation is today as it was then—ready to be won over by any clever bit of scenic effect.

Mademoiselle and Condé, who had hitherto been sworn foes, came to a formal reconciliation in 1651, and being bound together by their detestation of Mazarin, welcomed the outbreak of the second Fronde. Anne of Austria declined the company of her niece on leaving Paris, and she was thus left to the flattery of those who well understood the right use of her folly and her strength.

The golden moment of her career arrived. Orleans must be secured to the Frondeurs, or Condé, coming from Guyenne, would find the line of the Loire cut and the enemy master of the position. Monsieur was firm upon two points: that he would not leave Paris himself, and that his private troops should occupy the position best fitted to protect him if the royal army should attack Paris. His daughter, who had been longing for an opportunity to distinguish herself, offered to go to Orleans in place of the duke, and on Monday, March 25th, 1652, left Paris amid the benedictions of the people. A contemporary MS. journal says: "About noon Mademoiselle's carriages assembled in the court of the Orleans palace, ready for the campaign; she wore a gray habit covered with gold, to go to Orleans. She left at three o'clock, accompanied by the Duke de Rohan, Madame de Bréganté, Countess de Fiesque, and Madame de Frontenac." Monsieur sneered at the project, and said her chivalry would not be worth much with out the common sense of Mesdames de Fiesque and Frontenac—her *maréchales de camp*, as they were called between jest and earnest.

Upon the plains of Beauce the young amazon appeared before the troops on horseback, and was received with enthusiasm. "From that time," she says, "I began to give my orders;" and a little later at Toury, where she was joyfully welcomed by a crowd of officers: "they declared that a council of war must be held in my presence. .... That I must accustom myself to listening to matters of business and war; for henceforth nothing would be done except by my orders."

Arrived before Orleans, Mademoiselle found closed gates and small disposition to grant admittance. The unfortunate city government, pressed on one side by Frondeurs and on the other by royalists, asked only leave to remain neutral. The rebel army had been left at some distance from Orleans for fear of alarming its inhabitants, and *M. le gouverneur*, learning that the attacking party was a lady, sent out a tribute of confectionery, "which seemed to me amusing," remarks Mademoiselle.

At last, tired of waiting upon the governor's indecision, her royal highness went out with her ladies for a walk, much against the judgment of her advisers—or ministers, as she called them. The rampart was edged with people, who cried, on seeing her, "Long live the king and princes, and down with Mazarin!" And she answered, "Go to the Hotel de Ville and make them open the gates;" with other exhortations of the same kind, occasionally mingled with threats, "to see if menaces would move them more than friendship."

Now it so happened that before her departure from Paris, M. le Marquis de Vilaine, a noted astrologer, had drawn the princess into Madame's private room, and imparted to her the following prophecy: "All that you shall undertake between Wednesday noon, March 27th, and Friday will succeed; and you shall even at that time accomplish extraordinary things." This prediction was in her pocket, and anxiously as she disclaims all faith in it, we may believe that it encouraged her to make efforts which gave no apparent promise of success. When, toward evening, she stood outside the

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Porte Brulée, did not M. de Vilaine's horoscope rise in her estimation? The river was crossed and the bank ascended by the aid of some chivalrous boatmen, an improvised bridge of boats, and a little more scrambling than would seem consistent with royal dignity. "I climbed like a cat, grasping at brambles and thorns, and springing over hedges without hurting myself in the least. * * Madame de Bréanté, who is the most cowardly creature in the world, began to cry out at me, and at every one who followed my steps; making great sport for me." Outside the gate, a group of bargemen worked under Mademoiselle's inspiriting direction; inside were citizens, urged on by the Count de Gramont, to tear down the planks; while the guards looked on in armed neutrality. When the two middle planks were torn off from the transverse iron bars, Gramont signed to the princess to come forward. "As there was a great deal of rubbish, a footman took me up and passed me through the hole, where no sooner did my head appear than they began to beat the drums. I gave my hand to the captain and said: 'You will be glad to be able to boast that you let me in.' Cries of 'Long live the king and princess, and down with Mazarin!' were redoubled. Two men took me and placed me in a wooden chair. I don't know whether I sat in the chair or on the arms, the rapture of my delight set me so completely beside myself. Every one kissed my hands, and I was ready to die with laughter to find myself in such a position." And so the city was taken, and Mademoiselle earned the title of Maid of Orleans, all in an afternoon's frolic. If she thought to retain command of Paris in a fashion so amusing, the battle of Porte Saint Antoine must have undeceived her.

The heroine was received with rapture on her return to Paris. She was assured by Condé that the wish of his heart was to see her queen of France, and that no treaty should be concluded without especial consideration for her. No one can be more uninteresting than her royal highness when elated by success, we must confess; but an hour of trial was approaching that should develope, for the first and last time in her life, truly grand and heroic qualities. Until the 2d of July, 1652, Mademoiselle had given no signs of feminine feeling except by exhibiting those foibles which are popularly supposed to be especially characteristic of women. But on that day, as she hurried through the streets of Paris, carrying hope to every one she met—consoling poor Guitant, shot through the lungs, pausing to speak a word of comfort to the wretched Rochefoucauld, and putting new heart into the great Condé himself, we recognize sympathies worthy of a better development than they ever received. During a pause in the battle M. le Prince came to her in a pitiable condition, covered with dust and blood, his hair tangled and his cuirass dented with blows. Giving his naked sword to an equerry, he flung himself down upon a seat and burst into tears. "Forgive my emotion," he exclaimed; "you see a desperate man before you. I have lost all my friends; Nemours, La Rochefoucauld, and Clinchamp are mortally wounded."

Mademoiselle was able to assure him that these reports were greatly exaggerated, and Condé, restored to himself, sprang upon a fresh horse and galloped off to his post. The battle was at its height. Paris had been simultaneously attacked at the Porte Saint-Denis and the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Inquiring the whereabouts of Turenne, M. le Prince rushed to the faubourg, knowing that where the marshal commanded there must Paris be most in peril. Soon came the tidings that the barricade of Picpus had been forced. At the head of a hundred musketeers he threw himself upon the barricade, and drove the enemy back in its own dust. Never had the conqueror been greater than on that useless, terrible 2d of July.

The next meeting between Made-

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moiselle and Condé was full of triumph. They parted, she to betake herself to the towers of the Bastile, he to the belfry of Saint-Antoine. Toward Bagnolet in the valley the princess saw the king's troops gathering for a fresh attack. Having communicated with Condé through a page, she left the Bastile, giving stringent orders that, in case of necessity, its cannon should be turned upon the royal army; and returned to her post near the gate to invigorate the soldiers with wine and brave words.

There was indeed need for encouragement. Frondeurs were falling back in dire extremity—royalists pressing forward, hopeful, and strengthened with reinforcements. The hours of the Fronde seemed numbered—when from the heights of the Bastile blazed forth a flash of light; the cannon thundered out in quick succession—the royal army paused, reeled, and retreated in amazement. Mademoiselle had saved the day, and "killed her royal husband," as Mazarin expressed it. Henceforth she was to be more than ever an object of distrust to the queen and minister. But though this victory lent a dignity to the last days of the Fronde, there was no principle of stability in the party. Weak policy, quarrels, treachery on their side—opposed to them, Mazarin, whose keen perception told him that temporary withdrawal from the ministry would insure unlimited power in the future; and Turenne, with double the forces of Condé—nothing was fairly matched except the courage of the two parties.

The Fronde came to an abrupt end, and every one was left to make his own terms. Mademoiselle had shown disinterestedness, courage, and humanity worthy of a better cause. The fruits which she reaped were a notice to leave the Tuileries, and the refusal on her cowardly father's part to protect one whom the king had condemned. There appear to have been about eight years of half enforced banishment from court, which she spent on her numerous estates, amusing herself with writing romances, portraits (then in vogue) and her Mémoires, which she continued until within a few years of her death. M. Sainte-Beuve tells us that the style of her imagination belongs rather to the close of Louis XIII.'s reign, and to the Hôtel Rambouillet, than to the poorer literary period of Louis XIV.

And now, having given a faint delineation of Mademoiselle during her prosperous and fêted youth, and during the days of the Fronde, which we are inclined to regard as the period at which she gave most evidence of kinship with her grandfather, the great Henry; we pass on to a time when fortune ceased to favor her, and the world began to hustle her about, as roughly as it does common mortals. La Grande Mademoiselle, who had hitherto looked upon human griefs and passions as upon a brilliant theatrical spectacle, was destined at last to leave the royal box, and figure on the stage herself for the diversion of her fellow creatures. An amusing afterpiece this exhibition seemed to her contemporaries; but to us, who have not suffered from her airs of superiority, there is a certain pathos in this genuine devotion lavished upon the wrong object at an age when such blindness is simply absurd. That heart of adamant which had looked above kings and princes to covet the imperial crown, fell prostrate in the dust before a colonel of dragoons, a member of the royal household. Alas for pride of race!

Mademoiselle was forty-three years old when the conviction seized her that it would be well to marry, that M. Lauzun was the most attractive person in existence, and that for once it would be pleasant to receive the love of some one worth loving. That M. Lauzun admired her seemed evident, but how to give an opportunity for expression to one whose sense of reverential duty always kept him at a distance?

One day they had an interview in the embrasure of a window, the first of many similar ones, in which she consulted him about her proposed alliance

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with Prince Charles of Lorraine. The tactics of our modest suitor are worthy of all praise. "By his proud bearing he seemed to me like the emperor of the world," writes Mademoiselle, whose circumstantial account must be pressed into few words. "Why should she marry," he reasoned, "since she had already everything that could embellish life? The position of queen or empress was little more exalted than her own, and would be encumbered with burthensome duties. True, in France she could raise some one to her own rank, and unite with him in untiring devotion to the king, who must ever be her first object in life. It was easy to build a castle in the air, but how to find a companion worthy to share it with her, when no such being existed? A woman of forty-three had three resources: a convent, a life of strict retirement apart from court and city, and finally marriage. Marriage would insure liberty to enjoy the world at any age, but it might be at the cost of her happiness." Hints only plunged him into reverential silence. At last the secret was revealed by writing; then comes incredulity met by protestations, and finally amazed conviction. "What! would you marry your cousin's servant? for nothing in the world would make me leave my post. I love the king too well, I am too much attached to my position by inclination, to leave it even for the honor you would confer upon me." And when she assured him that his devotion to the king only endeared him the more to her (for loyalty appears to have been the mainspring of their attachment), he answered: "I am not a prince; a nobleman I am assuredly, but that will not suffice for you;" and she replies, "I am content; you are all that would become the greatest lord in the kingdom, and wealth and dignities are mine to bestow upon you," etc., etc., etc.

The story is well known. Louis XIV., after much hesitation, gave his consent to the marriage. Mademoiselle was to confer great wealth upon Lauzun, together with the sovereignty of Dombes, the duchy of Montpensier, and the county d'Eu; always with the agreement that he should not resign his post at court, but unite with her in exclusive devotion to the king.

The night before the wedding day Mademoiselle was summoned to his majesty's presence, with directions to pass directly to his room through the *garde-robe*. "This precaution was not a good omen. Madame de Nogent remained in the carriage. While I was in the *garde-robe* Rochefort entered and said, 'Wait a moment.' I saw that some one was introduced into the king's room whom I was not intended to see. Then he said 'Enter,' and the door was closed behind me. The king was alone, and looked unhappy and agitated. He said, 'I am in despair at what I have to tell you. I am told that the world says I have sacrificed you in order to make Monsieur de Lauzun's fortune. This will injure me in the eyes of foreign powers, and I ought not to allow the affair to proceed. You have good reason to complain of me; beat me if you like, for there is no degree of anger I will not submit to, or do not deserve.' 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'what do you mean, sire? it is too cruel! but whatever you do to me, I will not fail in the respect due to you. It is too strongly implanted in my heart, and has been too well nourished by Monsieur de Lauzun, who would have given me these feelings if I had not already been actuated by them, for no one can love him without acquiring them.' I threw myself at his feet, saying: 'Sire, it would be kinder to kill me outright than to place me in this position. When I told your majesty of the affair, if you had bade me forget it I would have done so, but think how I shall appear in breaking it off now that I have gone so far! What will become of me? Where is Monsieur de Lauzun?' 'Do not be uneasy; nothing will happen to him.' 'Ah! sire, I must fear everything

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for him and for myself, now that our enemies have prevailed over the kindness you felt toward him.'

"He threw himself on his knees when I knelt, and embraced me. We remained thus three-quarters of an hour, his cheek pressed to mine; he wept as bitterly as I did: 'Oh why did you give time for these reflections? Why did you not hasten matters?' 'Alas! sire, who would have doubted your majesty's word? You never failed any one before, and you begin now with me and Monsieur de Lauzun. I shall die, and I shall be glad to die. I never loved anything before in all my life, and I love, and love passionately, the best and noblest man in your kingdom. The joy and delight of my life was in elevating him. I had thought to pass the rest of my days so happily with him, honoring and loving you as much as I do him. You gave him to me, and now you take him away, and it is like tearing out my heart. This shall not make me love you less, but it makes my grief the more cruel that it comes to me from him whom I love best in the world."

Mademoiselle's suffering in this scene was heightened by the fact that a suppressed cough outside the door revealed to her the presence of an unseen witness. She rightly suspected it to be the Prince de Condé, and reproached the king with just indignation for subjecting her to such a humiliation.

His majesty bore her reproaches very patiently, and dismissed her with the assurance that further discussion would not alter his decision. "He embraced me and led me to the door, where I found I don't know whom. I went home as quickly as possible, and there *je criai des hauts cris.*"

Lauzun, sure of his hold upon her royal highness, and fearing to lose ground with the king, yielded with admirable resignation to the royal decree. His favor at court seemed for awhile greater than ever; but suddenly, for reasons never made public, he was disgraced and sent to the Castle of Pignerol. Mademoiselle spent the ten years of his imprisonment in faithful efforts to procure his release, and *purchased* it finally by an immense donation to the Duke du Maine, a son of Madame de Montespan. It was a success bitterly to be deplored. Any one more odious than Lauzun after his release, it would be difficult to imagine. Peevish, grasping, slovenly, and ungrateful, he hung about Mademoiselle's establishment; using the power which a private marriage had undoubtedly given him with an insolence that turned her love to disgust.

The spirit of a courtier alone remained to recall the Lauzun of former days. When the princess announced to him the death of Marie Thérèse, he cried: "'People deserve to be imprisoned who spread such falsehoods; how dare they say such things of the queen?' . . . At last they showed him the letters, and he had to agree that queens are mortal like other people."

In 1684 Mademoiselle and Lauzun parted in mutual displeasure. She rejected his efforts at conciliation, and the last entry in her Mémoires is the following: "M. de Lauzun was living as usual in obscurity, but exciting notice, and often concerning matters which annoyed me. When I returned from Eu in 1688, my people were dressed in new liveries. One day, when I was walking in the park of ——"

"Mademoiselle knew life late," says M. Sainte-Beuve; "but in the end she knew it well, and passed through every stage of experience. She felt the slow suffering which wears out love in a heart, the contempt and indignation that crush it, and reached at last that indifference which finds no remedy or consolation except in God. It is a sad day when we find that the being whom we have loved to adorn with every perfection and load with every gift is *so poor a thing.* She had years to meditate upon this bitter discovery. She died in March, 1693, aged sixty-six years."

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Lauzun, with characteristic insolence, appeared at the funeral in the mourning of a widowed husband. The king sent the Duke of Saint-Aignan to bid him withdraw. "At such a moment I cannot listen to the voice of pride," was the reply; "I am absorbed by my grief, and could wish to see the king more occupied with his own." He remained to the close of the ceremony.

The magnificent obsequies were interrupted by a more serious disturbance. An urn, in which part of the remains were carelessly embalmed, exploded with a tremendous noise, frightening all the assistants. It was said that not even death could come to Mademoiselle without some ludicrous circumstance.

This princess began life with advantages such as fall to the lot of few human beings. What did she leave behind her in the world? A hospital and seminary under the charge of Sisters of Charity; a very fair literary reputation, founded chiefly upon her Mémoires, which, though not elegant in style, are truthful, graphic, and clear; and a character without spot or blemish, in an age when such characters were rare. Her written confessions afford ample material for cutting criticism, but it would be an unkindly task to turn her own artillery upon herself.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND CHRISTIAN REVELATION.

BY REV. JAMES A. STOTHERT.

II. The advance of science has thrown some light on a subject of extreme difficulty and abstruseness: the relation of the qualities or accidents of matter to its substance. It is a subject of extreme difficulty, into which it seems not permitted to man to penetrate beyond the surface; but in regard to which much ignorance and misapprehension have been dispelled by the observations and deductions of modern philosophers. There are certain external marks or notes by which we recognize certain material things, as their form, their color, their hardness or softness, etc. One thing we call wood, another iron, a third wax, and so on. These external notes or marks by which we distinguish bodies are called their qualities, accidents, or properties. Underneath them there is the substance of the material thing, of which we have no means whatever of knowing anything. What it is that constitutes the difference between wood and iron, in their substance, must remain for ever a secret to our senses. We can perceive that one is harder, heavier, colder, than the other; but these observations go no further than the external qualities of the two bodies; regarding their absolute substance, or internal constitution, we have no possible means of forming a judgment. For all that we know, it may be the same in all bodies, or it may be as various as the simple elements of matter, now limited by chemists to about sixty, or it may be much more various. It is one of the mysteries of matter which will probably never be disclosed to the eye of man in this life.

Not only is the nature of material substance thus unknown to us, except through the external qualities, or accidents, which represent it; but we are informed by science that most of these qualities are the result of circumstances wholly distinct from their subject. A complete revolution in popular ideas has in part been achieved, in regard

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to the permanence and immutability of these qualities of matter. Nothing seems more natural than to say that a red rose must be always red, a violet always blue, or that the size, shape, etc., of material bodies are inseparable from their existence. Yet Proteus himself was not more various in his shapes, than are the violet and the rose in the varieties of color of which they are susceptible. Color, in fact, has no existence at all in the material object which we look at; it is a condition of the ray of light which enters our eye after reflection from the object, or after passing through it. Some objects absorb one or more parts of the threefold visible ray of white light, and transmit or reflect to our eye only what remains of its constituent parts; some objects send the whole ray, undecomposed, to the eye, and we call them white; others absorb it altogether, and they are said to be black. But all bodies, whatever their original color, that is, whatever part of the white ray they send to the eye, after absorbing the rest, may be made to appear of any color, by viewing them under the influence of variously colored light; which proves that their color exists not in themselves, but in the light which falls upon them, and on which their substance acts in some unknown way.

Sir John Herschel's testimony on this subject is very explicit. "Nothing at first can seem a more rational, obvious, and incontrovertible conclusion, than that the color of an object is an inherent quality, like its weight, hardness, etc.; and to see the object, and to see it of its own color, when nothing intervenes between our eyes and it, are one and the same thing. Yet this is only a prejudice; and that it is so, is shown by bringing forward the same sense of vision which led to its adoption, as evidence on the other side; for when the differently colored prismatic rays are thrown, in a dark room, in succession upon any object, whatever be the color we are in the habit of calling its own, it will appear of the particular hue of the light which falls upon it: a yellow paper, for instance, will appear scarlet when illuminated by red rays; yellow, when by yellow; green, by green; and blue, by blue rays; its own (so called) proper color not in the least mixing with what it so exhibits." *

In like manner, other qualities of matter have no absolute existence, independent of circumstances. Twenty solid inches of sea water, if subjected to a pressure equal to that at a distance of twenty miles below the surface, would be reduced in volume to nineteen inches.† A globe, an inch in diameter, consisting of air of the ordinary density at the earth's surface, if it could be removed into space one radius of the earth, say 4,000 miles, would expand into a sphere exceeding in radius the orbit of Saturn, as Sir Isaac Newton has calculated. Hence the tail of a great comet, such as that observed in 1843, and which extended from its nucleus 200 millions of miles,‡ may, for aught we know, consist only of a very few pounds or even ounces of matter, expanded to a degree of tenuity to our minds almost inconceivable.§ The same agent, heat, modifies the extension and form of matter in totally opposite ways; making clay contract and lose in volume, while expanding water, and still more largely air. Extension, or form, therefore, is subject to great modification by change of circumstances; nor is weight less so. A pound weight of matter at the earth's equator weighs heavier at the poles; or, which is the same thing, a pendulum oscillates faster at the poles than at the equator. If removed to the planet Mars or Mercury, a pound of matter would lose half its weight; if to the surface of Jupiter, it would weigh nearly three times heavier.

If there is one quality more than another characteristic of solid rock, it is the immobility of its parts; as mo-

* Discourse, etc., § 71.

† Somerville's Physical Geography, I., chap. xvi. p. 318.

‡ Hind's Comets, p. 22.

§ Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy, chap. xi. § 559, note.

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bility is a distinctive feature of water and vapor. Yet experiments in crystallization have demonstrated the existence of mobility even in solid bodies, in an unimaginable degree. Mrs. Somerville remarks, that "we are led, from the mobility of fluids, to expect great changes in the relative position of their molecules, which must be in perpetual motion, even in the stillest water and the calmest air; but we are not prepared to find motion to such an extent in the interior of solids. That their particles are brought nearer by cold and pressure, or removed further from one another by heat, might be expected; but it could not have been anticipated that their relative positions could be so entirely changed as to alter their mode of aggregation. It follows from the low temperature at which these changes are effected, that there is probably no position of inorganic matter that is not in a state of relative motion."* And elsewhere, in her Physical Geography, the same high authority assures us that "nothing can be more certain than that the minute particles of matter are constantly in motion, from the action of heat, mutual attraction, and electricity. Prismatic crystals of salts of zinc are changed in a few seconds into crystals of a totally different form by the heat of the sun; casts of shells are found in rocks, from which the animal matter has been removed, and its place supplied by mineral; and the excavations made in rocks diminish sensibly in size in a short time if the rock be soft, and in a longer time when it is hard; circumstances which show an intestine motion of the particles, not only in their relative positions, but in space, which there is every reason to believe is owing to electricity; a power which, if not the sole agent, must, at least, have co-operated essentially in the formation and filling of mineral veins."†

In the language of the older treatises on science, glass is said to be transparent: gold, coal, etc., opaque, that is, incapable of transmitting light. But there is no substance known to modern discovery which, if sufficiently attenuated, is not capable of being seen through. Opacity, therefore, has no real existence as a quality of matter; it depends only on condition and circumstances. Hardness or softness, in like manner, are easily separable from the substance of matter. Clay in its natural state is soft, apply heat to it and it becomes hard; wax is naturally hard, but becomes soft and ductile when warmed. Thus our knowledge of the internal constitution of material substance, through the medium of its external qualities, is in the highest degree uncertain, variable, and often erroneous. For there is not one of those external notes or marks, which we call qualities, which cannot be changed or modified in such a way as seriously to derange the accuracy of our observations. Enough of accuracy has been secured for the purposes of our daily life; but, like the senses, our knowledge of the relation of quality to substance was never intended to carry us through the boundless field of knowledge, or enable us to pronounce with certainty regarding the nature, the difference, or the identity of substance, merely from the indications given us by its apparent qualities. These are truly accidents; things which do not affect the essence of matter; but connected with it in an evanescent way, liable to sudden change, and totally baffling our attempts to establish any certain criterion of substance by means of our observations on its qualities.

Recent observations in chemistry have still further demonstrated the impossibility of arriving at any knowledge of the internal structure of matter from its appearances. The delicate tests invented by chemists, in order to detect the difference between substances which appear to every human sense the same, though they effect their purpose with marvellous ingenuity, yet fail in indicating the ultimate reason for their efficiency.

* Connexion of Phys. Sciences, § 14, p. 125.
† Phys. Geog. I, ch. xv. pp. 238, 239.

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Thus syrup extracted from the sugar-cane, or from plants yielding similar sugar, looks in every respect the same as that extracted from the juice of the grape. The refinements of modern chemistry, however, have pointed out several tests to distinguish one from the other.* And in a beam of polarized light there is provided a test as subtle as any contributed by the aid of chemistry. In the instance of cane sugar, the plane of polarization revolves to the right; in grape sugar, it revolves to the left. Of this subtle agent, Mrs. Somerville remarks, when stating this interesting fact, that "it surpasses the power even of chemical analysis in giving certain and direct evidence of the similarity or difference existing in the molecular constitution of bodies, as well as of the permanency of that constitution, or of the fluctuations to which it may be liable."† The same delicate test of polarization enables us to distinguish reflected light, such as the moon's, from the light which issues from a self-luminous body, like Sirius. But in all these instances, the ultimate rationale of its indications still remains veiled in impenetrable darkness; and with it, any knowledge of the internal substance of matter.

It is, however, in the mysterious facts to which chemists have given the names of Isomorphism, Isomerism, and Allotropism, that we perceive the most direct and remarkable contribution of modern scientific research to the defence of Catholic revelation. Chemistry enables us to penetrate further than any other science into the secret operations of Nature; and strange insight has been thus obtained into the identity of substance under two or more external appearances; and of the existence of two or more substances of distinct character under identical appearances. A few words will not be idly devoted to a description of these terms, and of the results associated with them.

Isomorphism expresses the phenomenon in crystallization established by Gay Lussac and Mitscherlich, of different compounds assuming the same crystalline form. The generally received law of this process had hitherto been, that the same substances invariably crystallize in forms belonging to one system, different substances, in forms belonging to another. Cases had indeed been observed, before the discovery of Isomorphism, in which the same element had been seen to crystallize in two forms, belonging to different systems, not geometrically connected. Sulphur, for instance, crystallizing from its solution in the bisulphuret of carbon, assumes a geometrically different crystalline form from sulphur when melted by heat, and allowed to consolidate as it cools. But these and a few other similar cases had been explained as depending on a different arrangement of the particles, due most probably to a difference in the temperature during the operation. They were not thought to interfere with the general law of the same substance always assuming the same crystalline form. The two eminent philosophers just mentioned ascertained beyond a doubt that, in many instances, compound substances, in the process of crystallizing, assume the same or a cognate form, though their elements are totally different. Thus chloride of sodium (sea salt), sulphate of alumina and potash (alum), and many other compound substances equally dissimilar, crystallize in the form of the cube and its congeners. Other crystalline forms also are found to be common to many differently constituted compounds. "To these groups of analogous elements," says Professor Gregory, from whose work, On Inorganic Chemistry, we have abridged this account, "the name of Isomorphous groups has been given, as there is every reason to believe that as elements they possess the same form; and the phenomena of identical form in compounds of different but analogous composition, have received the name of Isomorphism. Two elements

* Brande's Lectures on Organic Chemistry, p. 153.
† Connexion of Physical Sciences, § xxii. p. 214.

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are said to be isomorphous, which either crystallize in the same form, or may be substituted for each other in their compounds, equivalent for equivalent (the other elements remaining unchanged), without affecting the form of the compound. We can hardly doubt that not only the salt, but the acids are really isomorphous, and would be found so if we could obtain them all in crystals; and we have the same reason to conclude that the elements of these acids are also isomorphous; that arsenic and phosphorus, sulphur and selenium, for example, crystallize in the same form."*

The converse of this phenomenon is also included among the discoveries of modern science; the same substance is sometimes observed to crystallize in two different forms not geometrically allied; and the occurrence of this new exception to the received law of crystallization is called Dimorphism.

Isomerism is the term employed to represent another exceptional class of facts, observed by later chemists to interfere with the general rule, that analogy or similarity of composition implies analogy in form and external properties. Two or more compounds, formed of the same element, in the same relative proportions, and having, therefore, the same composition in 100 parts, are often found entirely distinct and unlike in all their properties. Such bodies are called Isomeric. "The discovery of Isomerism," says the same eminent chemist, "however unexpected, is entirely consistent with the atomic theory, of which it is merely a special case. Isomerism is of very frequent occurrence among organic compounds, owing, no doubt, to their unusually large atomic weights, since the numerous atoms of the elements afford much scope for isomeric modifications; and, doubtless, this principle plays an important part in the processes of organic life and growth, as well as in decay."†

More remarkable than all of these exceptions to hitherto established laws is the discovery of the existence of simple elements under totally dissimilar forms. Thus sulphur exists under three distinct and incompatible forms, or modifications, called Allotropic. Carbon likewise in three; the diamond, which is crystallized in octohedrons, and is limpid and transparent; graphite, which is black, opaque, and crystallized in prisms; and common charcoal, lamp-black, etc., which is black and quite amorphous. Phosphorus has two allotropic forms: one crystallized, white and transparent, and easily set on fire; the other, deep reddish-brown, amorphous, and inflamed with much less ease. Each of these elementary bodies thus assumes appearances as dissimilar as if they were totally different bodies, possessed of a physical character quite unlike each other. Well may Professor Gregory, after this summary of the subject, add: "The occurrence of such marked differences in the properties of elementary bodies is very remarkable, and of great interest in reference to the molecular constitution of matter; but the subject has not yet been fully investigated."*

The speculations of another very distinguished chemist, Professor Faraday, in this field of recent observation, are worthy of place in this collective testimony of modern science, to the imperfect acquaintance with the ultimate constitution of material substance attainable by any amount of study of its external properties or appearances. "There was a time," says this eminent philosopher, "and that not long ago, when it was held among the fundamental doctrines of chemistry, that the same body always manifested the same chemical qualities; excepting only such variations as might be due to the three conditions of solid, liquid, and gas. This was held to be a canon of chemical philosophy, as distinguished from alchemy; and a belief in the possibility of transmutation was held to be impossible, because at variance

* Inorganic Chemistry, Ed. 1853; pp. 38 *et seq.*
† Ib., pp. 43, 44.

* Inorg. Chemistry, pp. 44, 45.

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with this fundamental tenet. But we are now conversant with many examples to the contrary; and, strange to say, no less than four of the non-metallic elements, namely, oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus, and carbon, are subject to this modification. The train of speculation which this contemplation awakens within us is extraordinary. If the condition of allotropism were alone confined to compound bodies, that is to say, to bodies made up of two or more elements, we might easily frame a plausible hypothesis to account for it; we might assume that some variation had taken place in the arrangements of their particles. But when a simple body, such as oxygen, is concerned, this kind of hypothesis is no longer open to us; we have only one kind of particle to deal with; and the theory of altered position is no longer applicable. In short, it does not seem possible to imagine a rational hypothesis to explain the condition of allotropism as regards simple bodies. We can only accept it as a fact, not to be doubted, and add the discovery to that long list of truths which start up in the field of every science, in opposition to our most cherished theories and long received convictions."*

Those persons who have resisted the evidence of Catholic revelation on the *primâ facie* ground that sound philosophy and a knowledge of the physical phenomena of nature are directly opposed to some of its doctrines, must begin, we should think, to feel their position a little less impregnable than it seemed before such sentiments as these were warranted by the actually established facts of modern science. With such evidence of its recent fruits, we may be well satisfied to watch with interest and congratulation the progress of philosophical inquiry conducted in such a spirit; not so much for our own sakes, to whom, indeed, no analogies afforded by any human science could add anything in the way of confirmation to what we have been taught by divine testimony, transmitted through the church of Christ to our remote age; but for the sake of the erring and the doubting among the intellectual minds of our fellow-countrymen; with the hope that their attention might be arrested and turned in the direction plainly enough indicated by such analogies. With one more extract, we must take leave of Professor Faraday's highly interesting volume; only begging as many of our readers as are interested in such pursuits to purchase it, and study it for themselves. After pointing out the difference between common and allotropic phosphorus, he continues: "We can scarcely imagine to ourselves a more complete opposition of qualities than is here presented in these two conditions of phosphorus; an opposition not limited by merely physical manifestations of density or crystallographic form, but recognizable through all the phases of solution, thermal demeanor, and physiological effect. The metamorphosis has, in fact, been so complete, that we can only demonstrate the allotropical substance *to be* phosphorus, by reducing it to its original state, and subjecting it to ordinary tests. If the forces determining its constitution had been so balanced that the power of reduction were denied to us, then the substance we now call *allotropic phosphorus* must necessarily, according to the strictest propriety of logic, have been admitted to be not phosphorus, but some other body. It is impossible, rationally, to deny that such permanent incontrovertibility may not lie within the power of natural laws to effect. That we are not aware of such an example, cannot be accepted as a proof of its non-existence; and analogy, the guidance to which we refer when direct testimony fails, is in favor of the affirmative."* From the great powers of analysis at the command of this distinguished physicist, directed as much by the courage as by the wisdom and the candid spirit of true philosophy, it is impossible to say

* Lectures on Non-Metallic Elements, pp. 115, 116.

* Lectures, etc., pp. 42, 43.

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what further insight into the constitution of matter may not hereafter be obtained. Such an instance is surely of itself a full justification of our sanguine hopes for the future of science in its relation to what has been revealed by eternal and unchanging truth.

Rather by way of indication than of summary of the reflections suggested by these inquiries, we would ask, how is it that the almost illimitable extension of gross material elements should be accepted without hesitation, while the possibility of the spiritual and glorified body of the Lord existing, without division or multiplication of itself, in every Catholic tabernacle, and also in heaven, is regarded as so wildly impossible, and even monstrous a conception, as to be scouted at the bare mention of it? When philosophy expects us to believe that black, crumbling charcoal, and the hard, shining diamond, are one and the same simple substance, why should it be thought in the nature of things so incredible as at once to preclude all further examination of the evidence on which it rests, that the substance of the Child of Bethlehem, of the risen and ascended Lord, and of the most holy eucharist, are one and the same. We are far from saying that the mode of existence is the same in all these instances; we only claim for revelation what is conceded to science; that appearances should not be held, *in limine*, conclusive of the question, nor be allowed to outweigh or prejudice other evidence; for in every province of the universe of knowledge things are not what they seem. If what exists, or may exist, is to be limited by what human organs of sense can perceive, the boundaries of knowledge shrink into the narrowest compass: the eye and ear of an infant are enthroned as the judges of the constitution of nature; discovery and the progress of science are no more, or would never have been; mankind would yet be sunk in the imbecility of its primitive ignorance.

III. Next to the fallacious testimony of the human senses, and the hidden nature of material substance, the subtle influences at work in the physical world seem very remarkably to indicate some curious analogies between the constitution of matter in its finer forms, and the nature of spiritual agencies. Recent analysis of the solar beam, for instance, has revealed rays hitherto unknown, because invisible to the acutest vision unaided by the appliances of science, and for long concealed even from its piercing scrutiny, but yielding at last to the refinements of modern investigation. These invisible rays have been proved to exercise most important functions in nature; in the germination and vegetation of plants, and other widely multiplied physical processes. There are few who have not heard much of the magnetic and electric currents which permeate every portion of the surface of the globe and its surrounding atmosphere; but we imagine that not so many are aware of the powerful influence which they possess in the economy of our planet. "There is strong presumptive evidence," says Mrs. Somerville, "of the influence of the electric and magnetic currents on the formation and direction of the mountain masses and mineral veins; but their slow persevering action on the ultimate atoms of matter has been placed beyond a doubt by the formation of rubies, and other gems, as well as various other mineral substances, by voltaic electricity."* And, in another place, in the same instructive work, she remarks, that "it would be difficult to follow the rapid course of discovery through the complicated mazes of magnetism and electricity; the action of the electric current on the polarized sunbeam, one of the most beautiful of modern discoveries, leading to relations hitherto unsuspected between that power and the complex assemblage of visible and invisible influences on solar light, by

* Physical Geography, II., chap. xxii. p. 92.

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one of which nature has recently been made to paint her own likeness."* These influences, for all their subtlety, have a real, appreciable existence, and fulfil a definite and beneficent end. A curious example of the subserviency of the invisible magnetic current to the wants of men is mentioned by Humboldt as having occurred to himself, in one of his voyages off the west coast of South-America. Bad weather had prevailed for several days, so as to shut out all view of land, or of the sun and stars. The crew were in expectation of making a particular port on that coast: on consulting his dip-needle, the scientific passenger discovered that the ship had passed the latitude of its destined port; the ship's course was altered, and much delay and, probable, danger avoided.† Nor are the agencies destructive to human life less subtile or recondite. Various miasmata of a pestilential character defy every refinement of chemical analysis to detect the cause of their mischievous operation, or the difference of their elementary constitution from that of pure and wholesome air. The most universal, and, as far as our knowledge serves, the most important of all physical influences, that of gravitation, is also the subtlest and most occult; traversing the vast regions of space with instantaneous speed, and pervading the remotest fields of the great universe of matter; penetrating without sensible interval of time to distances far beyond the utmost reach of human thought, with a force which maintains the stars of heaven in their courses, and gives stability to every known material system.

If these occult agencies in the material world are recognized as fulfilling their mission, for all their secrecy and subtlety, or rather, by means of these very characteristics, why is the possibility of a hidden yet efficient agency in the spiritual world denounced as a heresy against common sense and sound philosophy? The physical system of things has its great laboratory of decomposition and reconstruction kept in operation by these unseen influences; it is indebted to them for the maintenance of its existence. Science rejoices to measure them by their admirable results, to detect their operations in their sensible effects. Why must the sacramental system revealed in the spiritual world be with equal justice refused its claim to an agency hardly more subtle? Philosophers admit the truth of observations in these occult natural agencies, and have no doubt of their real existence; why do they so contemptuously regard the result of our observations in those which are secret and spiritual, when our observations are as numerous, and their evidence as good?

IV. The whole question of the relation of space and time becomes one of vast interest and importance, in connection with a common objection made to the possibility of our holding communication with the saints and angels in heaven, as Catholics are taught to believe they may. Across a space of such unknown vastness, it is alleged that the idea of transmitting a wish or a prayer is contrary to every principle of philosophy. Now, assuming, what indeed has never been proved, that the heaven of the blessed is as remote from our daily path as some maintain it to be, and without entering here into the abstract question as to whether the idea of space or of time is the older and simpler, some considerations are suggested by the study of modern scientific principles, which may throw light on the objection just stated, and may help us to ascertain its real worth.

It is evident that time and space may be made a measure of each other. The distance from one point in space to another may be expressed in so many units of time, say a minute, an hour, or a day, required to traverse the intervening distance at a given velocity. Hence, if velocity of motion

* Physical Geography, II., xxxiii. pp. 400, 401.
† Cosmos. I., 171; III. 139.

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from point to point be represented by the simple formula of $\frac{\text{Space}}{\text{Time}}$ we obtain two other formulas representing time and space, respectively, in terms of each other.

Thus, if Velocity $= \frac{\text{Space}}{\text{Time}}$

Then, Time $= \frac{\text{Space}}{\text{Velocity}}$

and Space = Time × Velocity.*

There is a little instrument much valued by philosophical observers, but of no great intricacy in itself, which is at once an unerring measure of space and time; we mean a common pendulum oscillating seconds in a given level, say of London, at a given level, say of the sea, other conditions, as of the thermometer, etc., being the same. This instrument, beating seconds, is an invariable measure of length; in the latitude of London, for example, at the level of the sea, with thermometer at 62° Fahr., it is invariably 39·1393 inches long. And, conversely, provide such an instrument of the length just mentioned, and set it a-going; its oscillations will exactly measure out one second of time. Further, as a measure of length, it enables us to ascertain the weight of a cubic inch of water, in parts of a pound troy, whence the imperial standards of weight and capacity are derived. Hence a pendulum is a constant representative of space, in its length; and of time, in its oscillation. At any point on the surface of the globe, a rod of a certain given length will invariably, in similar circumstances, beat seconds; and a rod, beating seconds as it swings, will invariably measure a certain fixed length, according to the latitude. Why it does so, does not enter into our arguments now; it is enough that the fact is ascertained, and is one of the very commonest application to practise. Every good house-clock is evidence of it In the same town, for instance, the seconds' pendulums of all regularly-going clocks are of equal length to the minute fraction of an inch; and all pendulums, of the same length exactly, keep the same time exactly. In other words, space is made a measure of time, and time is a measure of space.

We said, just now, that space may be represented in terms of time, and time in those of space, *the rate of Velocity* being given. London is said to be ten hours from Edinburgh, when the transit is made at the rate of forty miles an hour. "As long as it would take to go to London," may be given as an expression equivalent to ten hours, at the same rate of motion. But vary that rate, and the terms used instantly represent very variable quantities. Ten hours from London, at the rate of a pedestrian travelling his four miles an hour, represent an insignificant distance of only forty miles; "as long as it would take to go to London" now expresses a period of a hundred hours, or more than four days. But take the wings of light, and instantly the distance supposed, if expressed in terms of time, dwindles to a minute portion of a second; even this is long, if you measure the space by the flash transmitted along the electric wire. Leaving the comparatively insignificant spaces on the surface of the globe for those vaster distances which divide planet from planet and from the sun, the time of 8 minutes 3·3 seconds, which the solar light takes to travel from its source to our globe may be taken as an expression of its distance from that luminary. Nay, there is a rate of velocity surpassing all these, bridging over the vast space of Neptune's orbit, for example, or the vaster diameter of a comet's path, in a unit of time too minute for the subtlest human instruments or calculations to appreciate. We mean the force or influence of gravitation, which, ever since the first moment when the sun and the planets were created, has been passing instantaneously from the centre of the solar system to every part,

* For example, call Velocity 40 miles an hour, and Time 10 hours; then Space = 40 × 10 = 400 miles; or call Space 400 miles, Velocity being the same; then Time = $\frac{400}{40}$ = 10 hours.

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even the most distant, of his wide empire, and back again from its furthest point to his centre.

Now, it is evident that if you undertake to express the distance of sun from planet in terms of the time, at this rate of velocity, it is reduced to nothing. The sun is as effectually present, for instance, in his all-important gravitating influence, at every instant of time, in the planet Neptune, nearly three thousand millions of miles away, as the hand of the schoolboy is present at the end of his sling, while he whirls it round his head, and retains the stone in its place by the string. Cut the string, and the stone flies off; suspend for an instant the influence, or force, or attraction, or whatever you please to call it, which binds Neptune to the sun, and he flies off in a path more eccentric than any comet's.

There are two ways of spanning distance: one by actual, bodily transit; another by the transmission of an impulse or wave, propagated and repeated along the space intervening, in some medium more or less mobile or subtle. The planetary motions are good examples of the actual translation of bodies through space: this earth of ours sweeping along, in its orbit round the sun, at a rate of something like nineteen miles in a second, or 68,000 miles in an hour, besides its rotatory motion on its axis of 24,000 miles every day. The planet Venus exceeds this velocity, travelling at the rate of 80,000 miles an hour; while Mercury, in the same time, accomplishes 109,360 miles. Even this inconceivable velocity is far surpasssd by the comet of 1843, which, with a tail two millions of miles long, and a nucleus apparently larger than our globe, swept round the sun, at its perihelion, at the rate of 366 miles, or nearly the distance from Edinburgh to London, in one second.*

Velocities of impulse exceed those of bodily translation; that is, supposing we may class among examples of wave motion the transmission of sound, light, electricity, and perhaps gravitation. Dr. Lardner mentions his having, on one occasion, in company with Leverrier, written a message by electric telegraph, at a distance of more than a thousand miles, and at the rate of 19,500 words in an hour, or of 5·5 words in a second.* At a similar distance, and indeed at a much greater, a steel bar may be made to vibrate fourteen thousand miles in a second.† Such a velocity evidently far surpasses the power of human comprehension. Even in regard to the less rapid transmission of light, the eminent astronomer Bessel candidly confesses that "the distance which light traverses in a year is not more appreciable to us, than the distance which it traverses in ten years. Therefore, every endeavor must fail to convey to the mind any idea of a magnitude exceeding what is accessible on the earth."‡

Now, even supposing that we are acquainted with all the methods which exist in nature for spanning vast distances, and if, as we have shown, distance may be expressed in terms of the time taken to travel over it, or transmit a communication across it, the thought forcibly occurs, What is distance, if viewed apart from the means at disposal for overpassing it? A friend in the next room is not nearer us than another in the next continent, if in the same interval of time we can communicate with either. To be sure, one of them we might see sooner than the other, but sight is no necessary means of communicating; the blind are forever debarred from it. Man can communicate with man, even materially, without either sight or hearing; and far beyond the range of either.

But who shall be bold enough to say that other and subtler methods of communication may not exist in the material universe? or that the world of

* Outlines of Astronomy, § 590, 593.

* Museum of Science and Art, part viii. p. 116.
† Ib., part ix. p. 201. ‡ Quoted, Cosmos, iii. 55.

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spirit has none more vivid than those subtle currents which permeate the world of matter? To a generation or two ago, the means of transmitting intelligence, which are now quite familiar to us, would have seemed fabulous; a little further back in the history of Europe, their discovery might have involved the penalty due to witchcraft. If the passage of a material impulse across the wide orbit of Neptune unites him intimately at every moment with the sun, is there any distance that can be said absolutely to present an impassable gulf to the intercourse of spirit with spirit? Or, can it be said that some such means of communication do not, and cannot exist, because human senses do not perceive them, nor human intelligence comprehend them? Transmission by impulse surpasses in velocity every known instance of actual, bodily translation: why must what we yet know of the former be fixed as the limit of what is possible? Why may there not be some means of communication surpassing in swiftness the flash of the lightning, or the influence of gravitation, as far as it exceeds the sweep of the comet or the slow progress of the pedestrian? Why must it be pronounced an idle dream, that we may hold one end of a chain of impulses vibrating from earth to heaven, lying along the future track of our emancipated and purified spirits?

And pursuing analogy one step further, it is no severe demand on the imagination to conceive that the universal presence of God, which embraces and interpenetrates the immensity of space, may be, to the subtle and vivid impulses from spirit to spirit, what, in another order of things, the elastic ether of the planetary and sidereal spaces is to vibrations of material creation; that it may fulfil for those similar functions of propagation and transmission. In him who is everywhere, at every instant, and forever, intelligence may easily be conceived to pass between the remotest points of space, with a speed not slower than coexistence itself; for in him there is no passage or motion either in time or space; he is the one indivisible Eternal, here and now.

V. We are forcibly struck, while referring to the discoveries of modern science, with the very slender ground on which the mass even of educated persons accept their most astonishing and improbable results. How many persons of all those who talk, with much fluency and show of knowledge on subjects of physical science, have tested, by their own observation, the truth of one of the phenomena which they converse about? How many persons, for instance, who tell us that light and heat in the same ray have been separated, have actually proved it by personal experiment, or even seen it proved by another? How many persons are there at this moment in England and Scotland who have verified by their own observation and calculation the size and figure of the earth, or its distance from the sun and moon; not to mention other more intricate problems in physics, of which they have no personal knowledge whatever? The mass of mankind are content to receive these things on sufficient testimony of men competent, or whom they deem competent, to inform them on such subjects. Here, at least, in the domain of science, there is no exaltation of private judgment, no rebellion against scientific authority; and it is a wise and a just arrangement that it should be so. There are not many men, in any age, furnished with the intellectual outfit necessary for such verifications; a lifetime would not be sufficient to enable one man to accomplish them all. Sir John Herschel has the following admirable remarks, which are very much to our present purpose. "What mere assertion will make any one believe, that in one second of time, in one beat of a pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour

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of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us that a cannon ball shot directly toward it would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly occurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second? That it is by such movements, communicated to the nerves of our eyes, that we see; nay, more, that it is the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times in a second. These are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained."

If Theology, or the science of God and his revealed will, is, as might have been expected, not less, but more recondite than any other, as its objects are vaster, more remote from human understanding, than those of any other science; surely, on philosophical principles, it is not unreasonable that authority should have its weight here, also, and equal measure at least to be dealt to all. Yet the modern world is agreed in ridiculing and denouncing the principle of authority in religious matters, as the bane of human society; and in exalting private judgment and opinion, as the Christian's only ultimate appeal in the matter. Apply this principle of independence to any other science, to any subject of human knowledge, or to any object of intelligent inquiry; and a race of sciolists, pedants, and sceptics would inevitably result. The authority of great names in science would lose all its just honor; there would be no system, no progress in observations; thousands of persons, incompetent to do more than deny the conclusions of the learned and the able, would refuse their assent to these, till the impossible time should arrive, when, by actual and personal investigation, they should be pleased to pronounce judgment on the accuracy of these conclusions; life would be consumed in negation; mutual trust and deference to superior knowledge and capacity would be annihilated. Whether in this incompatibility of private judgment with its best interests, and even with its stability, Revelation is very different from Science, we leave to the study of our readers, and to their observation of the fine gradations of independent judgment which conduct from Luther to Strauss; the former of whom began by denying the pope, and the latter ended by impugning the divinity of Jesus Christ.

VI. The principle of authority and its correlative, subordination and dependence, is represented, in a remarkable manner, in the constitution of physical nature, especially in the province of astronomy. It is a remark of Dr. Whewell in his Bridgewater Treatise,* "that the relations among the planets is uniformly, not co-ordinate, but subordinate. Satellites are subject to the influence of their primaries; primaries to that of the central sun; the central sun itself to a higher and more distant centre; in a sublimer material hierarchy, ascending in gradations of im-

* Bohn's Edition, p. 175.

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mense numerical magnitude; and thus while insuring the stability of the whole planetary and stellar systems, ultimately, as every analogy teaches us, making one grand centre of revolution and subordination, at a point of space whose distance we cannot even imagine." In his remarks on the Third Law of Kepler, namely, that the squares of the times of planetary revolution round the sun are proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from that central luminary, Sir J. Herschel has the following pertinent observations. "Of all the laws to which induction from pure observation has ever conducted man, this third law, as it is called, of Kepler, may justly be regarded as the most remarkable, and the most pregnant with important consequences. When we contemplate the constituents of the planetary system, from the point of view which this relation affords us, it is no longer mere analogy which strikes us—no longer a general resemblance among them, as individuals independent of each other, and circulating about the sun, each according to its own peculiar nature, and connected with it by its own peculiar tie. The resemblance is now perceived to be a true *family* likeness; they are bound up in one chain—interwoven in one web of mutual relation and harmonious agreement—subjected to one pervading influence, which extends from the centre to the furthest limits of that great system; of which all of them, the earth included, must henceforth be regarded as members."* The remarks of the same great philosopher on the systems of double stars, in a later part of his work on astronomy, bear still more directly on the view we are proposing. "It is not with the revolutions of bodies of a planetary or cometary nature round a solar centre, that we are now concerned; it is with that of sun round sun—each, perhaps, at least in some binary systems, where the individuals are very remote, and their period of revolution very long, accompanied with its train of planets and their satellites, closely shrouded from our view by the splendor of their respective suns, and crowded into a space bearing hardly a greater proportion to the enormous interval which separates them, than the distance of the satellites of our planets from their primaries bear to their distances from the sun itself. A less distinctly characterized subordination would be incompatible with the stability of their systems, and with the planetary nature of their orbits. Unless closely nestled under the wing of their immediate superior, the sweep of another sun in its perihelion passage round their own might carry them off, or whirl them into orbits utterly incompatible with the conditions necessary for the existence of their inhabitants. It must be confessed that we have a strangely wide and novel field for speculative excursions, and one which it is not easy to avoid luxuriating in."*

VII. The phenomena of nature suggest an interesting view of law in general, which we shall in a few words faintly outline. It is constantly urged as an objection to the doctrine of revelation regarding the Blessed Eucharist, for example, that it is contrary to philosophy, inasmuch as it assumes and implies the suspension of a universal law, which connects certain definite accidents or qualities of matter invariably with their corresponding substance; for in the Holy Eucharist the properties, qualities, or accidents of one substance are attached to another.

By a "*Law*" in physics no more can be understood than a deduction from a sufficiently large series of observed facts, establishing, from long and careful and extensive observation, a uniformity of result in the same given circumstances. Some laws are said to be "empirical," which though derived from careful noting of invariably

* Outlines of Astronomy, chap. ix. § 488.

* Outlines of Astronomy, chap. xvi. § 847.

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recurring phenomena, enunciate no principle, or rationale, but merely the numerical result of observation. Thus Kepler's three laws of planetary motion, and Bode's law of planetary distances from the sun, are instances of law simply and confessedly empirical. Newton's law of gravitation is said to furnish the principle which is involved in Kepler's formula of details; because once Newton's law is admitted as governing planetary motion, what Kepler observed of the movements of the planets, can be deduced by calculation. It would be perhaps more philosophical, in the present state of our knowledge, to regard even the most apparently elementary and fundamental law as only empirical, and the ultimate principle as lying deeper than any known law. In this view, a law like that of Newton's demonstrating, would be said to lie only one step nearer the ultimate principle than the earlier and more empirical. Probably there is no ultimate principle nearer than the divine volition.

In fact, the law of gravitation is now regarded by philosophers as something short of the ultimate solution of material attraction and repulsion; they are groping their way, at this moment, to something more universal than that law, as may be gathered from the following observations of Sir J. Herschel: "No matter from what ultimate cause the power which is called gravitation originates—be it a virtue lodged in the sun, as its receptacle, or be it pressure from without, or the resultant of many pressures or solicitations of unknown fluids, magnetic or electric ethers, or impulses—still, when finally brought under our contemplation, and summed up into a single resultant energy, its direction is *from* many points on all sides *toward* the sun's centre."*

Whence is this uncertainty about the probable nature of this force? Because, universal as it has been thought, it fails in certain circumstances, as in some electrical conditions, and within very small distances; when the relation of material particles to one another is one of repulsion, and not of attraction. Take another law, as it is called, that fluids will always rise as high as their source, and no higher. The phenomena of capillary attraction prove that this law does not hold in all cases. The chemical law of atomic combination is sometimes found signally to fail. Physical laws, therefore, like these, are good only as far as they go; there are limits to their application.

Why may not this be true in regard to the law which is said to militate against the doctrine of the blessed Eucharist? It may hold good for a thousand instances, and may fail in the next, like other physical laws; and that instance may be the very one of this revealed doctrine. *Exceptio probat regulam* is a sound rule in a certain sense; it tells the other way, however, when the absolute impossibility even of an exception is maintained in regard to any physical law.

But, in fact, we see that this law of relation between quality, or accident, and substance, is very uncertain in its application to many conditions of matter. Modern discovery has much diminished the number of the properties, or qualities, of matter; and has proved that even these are by no means constant in the same substance, nor always variable in different substances; so that one substance often looks to every sense, like another, wholly different; and "behaves," like it, in a variety of ways; while the same substance has sometimes more than one mode of appearance. There is, in fact, no law of uniformity between material substance and its properties; if there is any law on the subject, it is the other way; and the result of discovery seems clearly to demonstrate that we know absolutely nothing of the nature of substance.

VIII. closely connected with this view of law is the interesting subject of secular variations, observed

* Outlines of Astronomy, chap. ix. § 490.

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throughout nature, but especially in the motions and temporary disturbances in the heavenly spaces, and which afford, in fact, the best evidence of the stability of the vast system of creation. A variation is observed in the ellipticity of the earth's orbit, for instance, of which one evident proof is the acceleration of the moon's motion round her primary; it might seem as if, at some vastly remote period in future time, the total derangement of our planetary system must ensue; but calculation has assured us that there is a point, far short of that, at which there will occur a change; and in the lapse of ages things will return to their original condition. Thus beyond an exception to law there is still Law existing supreme, regulating the conditions and the term of such exceptional existence. In a similar manner, the law of storms, as it is called, establishes the dominion of definite order even in the confusion and mad fury of the tropical hurricane; so definite, and so completely under the control of observed rule, that navigators are provided with certain instructions for evading the overwhelming force of those terrible visitations. We think of these cycles of apparent exception and departure from established order, in the physical world, when we hear objections made against this or that apparent anomaly in the spiritual and moral government of God; till the principles and laws of one government are proved wholly unlike those of the other, we imagine a secular variation not impossible in the one as it actually exists in the other; and we can endure even a temporary eclipse of the outward glory of his church, the prevalence of her enemies against her, for a longer or a shorter time; the exile of her chief pastor; the triumph of iniquity in her glorious capital; convinced that erratic trains of events like these are subject to law in the permission of him who governs as he made the universe of matter and of mind, by an act of his sovereign and omnipotent will.

IX. From what has preceded, one or two general reflections occur to an intelligent mind, somewhat to this effect. It seems that the horizon of science has never been long stationary, and is now opening wider than at any former period. Every science has passed through many strange phases of empiricism, before reaching the philosophical basis on which it now rests. All of them are disclosing facts and analogies undreamed of by our grandfathers. A very few years make a book on chemistry or physiology old and out of date. We are posting on to further knowledge; strange and unimagined relations between matter and matter, and still stranger between matter and mind, are no doubt awaiting the detection of future discoverers; our children, or their children, will know more than we. A single sentence of Professor Faraday's reflections on the subject of Allotropism, is sufficient to open a wide view of the possible career of science. "The philosopher ends," he says, "by asking himself the questions, In what does chemical identity consist? In what will these wonderful developments of allotropism end? Whether the so-called chemical elements may not be, after all, mere allotropic conditions of purer universal essences? Whether, to renew the speculations of the alchemists, the metals may be only so many mutations of each other, by the power of science naturally convertible? There was a time when this fundamental doctrine of the alchemists was opposed to known analogies; *it is now no longer opposed to them, but only some stages beyond their present development.*"*

Is it safe to trust to what are considered to be indications of physical truth in a contest with moral evidence when the limits of physical knowledge are so floating and ill defined? Is it safe to erect barriers of supposed physical laws against the entrance of conviction regarding the truths of

* Faraday's Lectures, pp. 105, 106.

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revelation, when recent discovery has established so much that tells on the side of faith; when it has overturned so many old philosophical objections to it; when future discovery may, and seems likely to push the advantage of revelation still further into the domain of matter; when its indications have so many analogies to the doctrines o. revealed truth? We are sure, at least, that future discovery can take from us no advantage which we at present derive from our knowledge of physical laws; it cannot fail widely to extend that advantage, by enlarging our acquaintance with the laws of nature.

X. The natural termination of our reflections is the consideration of how short a way we yet see into the constitution of Nature; how far we are still from reaching the secrets of her vast operations. "After all, what do we see?" asks Admiral Smyth, in his *Cycle of Celestial Objects*. "Both that wonderful (stellar and nebular) universe, our own, and all which optical assistance has revealed to us, may be only the outlines of a cluster immensely more numerous. The millions of suns we perceive cannot comprise the Creator's universe. There are no bounds to infinitude; and the boldest views of the elder Herschel *only* placed us as commanding a ken whose radius is some 35,000 times longer than the distance of Sirius from us. Well might the dying Laplace exclaim, 'That which we know, is little; that which we know not, is immense.'"* If, on the one hand, the discoveries of man in every department of material knowledge prove him to be in genius and intelligence only "a little lower than the angels," the boundless expanse of undiscovered worlds of investigation in his own and distant systems may well abate his enthusiasm, and make the greatest philosopher acknowledge that we as yet know only in part.

If so, partial knowledge of the laws of divine government can never be a safe or a philosophical guide to direct us in accepting or rejecting whatever comes to us claiming to be from the author and sustainer of that government, as revelation does. It can never be safe even as a preliminary guide; as an ultimate rule to test the value of revelation, it is totally disqualified. Till we know all, we can say nothing of what is possible or impossible, probable or the reverse. We can understand a person to whom the claims of revelation on his assent were new and strange, hesitating to accept it at all, till its credentials had been examined, and their evidence ascertained; but once that process is concluded, and a revelation established, we cannot understand a philosophical mind, in the elementary state of human knowledge, proceeding to select from the sum of revealed truth what seems to it intelligible, and accepting that, while rejecting whatever it considers to be the reverse; and maintaining that, because it cannot comprehend the mysterious things of revelation, therefore they cannot be from God. The only course, at once safe and philosophical, is to accept the whole of what is presented to us, without questioning its coincidence, or otherwise, with our previous views of what is likely or befitting; with our present notions of what is intelligible. To our limited knowledge it may seem in its doctrines unintelligible, imperfect, perhaps even contradictory; clouds of doubts may seem to hover over it; storms of conflicting principles and laws and assumptions, subversive, as we think, of the course of nature, may now rage about its path. But ascend the mountain-top, and the clouds are left far beneath; the roaring of the storm cannot be heard so high. Descend a little way into the deep, and the agitation of its surface ceases; silence and order and everlasting rest are established there. So the deeper we penetrate into the knowledge of God, as manifested in his material government, or the higher we ascend in contemplating his modes

* Vol. ii. Bedford Catalogue, p. 803.

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of action in nature, the nearer we shall approach to the vision of that perfect harmony and nice adjustment of every part of his vast creation, the full disclosure of which will recreate our intelligence in the light of his eternal beauty. It cannot be matter for wonder, then, that we rejoice at every new step in science, at every discovery of the secret powers of nature. We welcome the advance of physical science as a pioneer of the ultimately victorious progress of revealed truth, which shall demonstrate its intimate harmony with all that is known of the divine operations in the constitution of nature.

Meanwhile, we can afford to wait "till the day breaks and the shadows flee away." The veil will one day be withdrawn, and we shall see, eye to eye. Influences and agencies which it has not yet been given to man even to imagine, will then be disclosed, around us and within us; as when the eyes of the prophet's servant were opened, and he beheld his master surrounded with chariots of fire and horses of fire. Things will then be seen as they are, in the day of the manifestation of the sons of God. We can afford to wait for that day. We feel within us, already, much that we cannot account for, on natural principles; strong presentiments, and instincts of the supernatural and eternal order of things, are ever and ever crossing our path, stirring us with strange and sudden and mysterious power; disposing us for the revelations of the final day. A day of wonder; a day of benediction; but not for those who have refused to believe because they could not see, but for Christ's simple little ones, who were content to believe before, or without seeing; for whom it was enough that the great Creator had spoken to them by his Son, and since by his church; more than enough, that, even here, they could recognize the subservience of philosophy to faith; that they could perceive "in outward and visible things the type and evidence of those within the veil."

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE HYMN.

Copied from a print of the Blessed Virgin in a Catholic Village in Germany. Translated into English by S. T. Coleridge.

DORMI, Jesu! mater ridet
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,
  Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non dormis, mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat,
  Blande, veni, somnule.

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling:
Mother sits beside thee smiling;
  Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth;
  Come, soft slumber, balmily!

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ORIGINAL.

CELTIC ANTHOLOGY AND POETIC REMAINS.

THERE is no people, the annals of which may not be separated into three distinct periods, namely: the period of heroes and epico-poetic narration; the period of myth, fable, and apotheosis; and the period of realistic and definitive history. Or, to range the whole in the order of historical sequence, the three distinctive phases of race-annals may be formulated as follows:

1. The period of myth and apotheosis—which, among the European races especially, constitutes the beginning of history.

2. The period of heroes and poetic annals—which forms a kind of transition period.

3. The period of realistic definitive history, untinted with imaginative glories—the beginning of which indicates the point in race-history at which literary civilization commences.

To the analysis of the first we apply the term *mythology;* but for the second it happens that there is no term—unless we may be permitted so to deepen the sense of the word *anthology* as to include within its sweep of definition, not only poetic extracts, but poetic material and the logical analysis of that material. For the purposes of this paper, therefore, the word will be used in the sense suggested, as including the poetic material of a people, and the discussion of any anthological idiosyncrasies therein manifested.

This use of the word being permitted—it happens that, however intricate and various in details, the essential *data* of anthology are everywhere the same in classification, and everywhere susceptible of the same logical analysis. Without here pausing to specify reasons, which may be more conveniently specified hereafter—this division into classes of *data*, needful because as yet no logicalization has been here attempted, may be effected with tolerable precision by recurring to the usual analysis of a people's poetic material. The analysis of these *data*—anthological because imaginative and poetic—may, therefore, be exhibited thus:

1. Mythology and semi-historical or moralistic fable.

2. Poetic annals and ancient waifs of ballad and song.

3. Household legends, fairy stories, and superstitions.

In the region of mythology the *data* have been collected and collated with considerable thoroughness, especially by German *savans;* in the region of poetic annals, only the general details have been subjected to analytic scrutiny; and in that of household lore and legend, saving the collection of the Brothers Grimm, little has been effected in comparison with the importance of the subject. Enough has been done, however, to demonstrate, not only the applicability of the fore-made classification, but also the singular analogical resemblance in minute details which exists between the household legends of any one people as compared with those of any other, and which, in analogy at least, points to the original historical unity of the human race.

Nor is the analogy which bespeaks this unity to be limited to the general analysis of class. Amid the vagaries of mythology and apotheosis, amid the epic-annals of heroes and demigods, and, in short, amid the more minute imaginings and superstitions

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of every people may be traced curious and often startlingly singular analogical resemblances.

The Edda, weird, Northern and Gothic in the *ensemble* of its imaginings, reproduces, otherwise nomenclated, the mythology of the Greek and of the Roman; the dim bat-winged Athor of mystical Egypt, who presided under the shadows of the pyramids over the creation of beauty, reappears. less mystically aureola'd, in the classical *mythos* of Venus; and the ghoul of the desert-inhabiting Saracen — most Arabic of all Arabs — haunts the woodlands and waste-places of Germany, as illusive and wine-dispensing Elle-maid; in short, in all forms of superstition and in all moods of anthology there is an essential unity—a unity having its root in the general unity of the human imagination. For, the imagination, however through the operation of local causes its dreams may be tipped with rainbow-tints or imbued with shadowy sublimity—is one in the ever-varying rhythm of its creations, and one in the vague palaces of fantasy which it uprears. Valleys and palaces of ideal loveliness it may evoke—visions to which Poe weds expression in the weird imagery of his Haunted Palace:

> "And travellers in that happy valley,
> Through two luminous windows, saw
> Spirits moving musically
> To a lute's well-tuned law;"

Or, again, valleys and palaces of lunatic ghastliness and superstition—visionary lunacies, which Poe graphically, though somewhat metaphorically, depicts in his own modification of the above rhythm-painting:

> "And travellers now within that valley,
> Through the red-litten windows, see
> Vast forms that move fantastically
> To a discordant melody."

But, whether the music be discordant or well-tuned, the humanity of its note cannot be mistaken; and whether the creations of the human intellect be palaces of loveliness or pagodas of ghastliness, they still bear the unmistakable impress of man's toiling after the ideal—of the vague, restless, and unsatisfied yearning for the lost ideal of his being, to compass which he toils and struggles and dreams. In this essential unity of human imagination is grounded the essential unity of the *data* of anthology, and hence its marvellous and minute analogical resemblances.

Anthology having never been reduced to definitive system, it happens that no little of its critical material exists only in lumbering and uncollated masses. Indeed, not a little of that which might have been valuable as material has been permitted to rot in mildewed manuscript — for need of appreciation of its real value on the part of scholars—instead of having been (as it should have been) treasured and preserved, as the pabulum of thought and science; and yet more remains uncollected, and will so remain until a more valid comprehension of its value shall have been impressed upon the minds of spectacled professors who are usually the last to comprehend that in the comprehension of which they ought to be first. But, notwithstanding this apparent apathy and neglect on the part of the learned, there are, still, certain problems of history which can only be unriddled with this key—that of comparative anthology—as, for instance, the exploits of Joan d'Arc; a hundred riddles of mental philosophy there are, which can not be unravelled without it; and, in every language, multitudes of words are based, as to their peculiar shades of significance, upon anthological criticism. Thus the *nightmare* is the *demon which haunts the night;* the *Huguenots* were *imps of the woods*—from *Hugon*, the demon of the woodlands—and not as a learned dean supposes the *people eidgenossen:* and a *seer* is simply a *see-er*, that is, one who has the gift of the second sight.

A minute knowledge of anthology—we here use the term to denote that blossoming of events and moral ideas into imaginative forms, which consti-

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tutes most of that which we denominate the poetic material of a people, is, therefore, in the highest degree necessary to the proper comprehension of—

1. Historical criticism.
2. Comparative philology.
3. Mental philosophy — especially in those moods of mind of which modern civilization furnishes no examples.

To take a familiar illustration. It has been over and over demonstrated that, unless we deny the validity of the common principles of historical evidence, to admit the existence of that peculiar imaginative faculty denominated "second sight" is a necessity. Nor is the faculty, if its existence be admitted, necessarily to be accounted a preternatural gift — being simply the logical result of the cultivation of certain impulses of human intellect seldom, in the experiences of modern society, evoked into activity; being, in fact, the logical deduction of that scenery which surrounded the Highlanders of Scotland, and of that mood of mind which was their prevailing habit. Civilization develops no sublimity of mental strength, except in the region of reason. Moral sublimity is not developed by communion with streets and avenues. Neither is imaginative insight—that which, in ultimate deduction, is inspiration — an inhabiter of palaces. Born of crags, of mountains, and of the lurid and ghastly grandeur of the tempest — the imaginative insight is the lightning of the mind, and like the lightning at midnight reveals that which to the moon and stars is wrapped in darkness. To educe the principle: the imaginative forms (anthology) into which primitive moral ideas, rude reasonings, and epic-events blossom, are essentially modified by two ever-active causes, namely: idiosyncrasies of race and scenic surroundings. And hence, in reducing the fragmentary imaginings of a people to scientific system, we are compelled to keep constantly in view the idea of answering to the conditions of three problems:

1. Given the scenery of a country and the idiosyncrasies of its people, and we may, in a general way, indicate its anthology; or
2. Given the anthology and idiosyncrasies, and we may, with tolerable accuracy, indicate the leading peculiarities of the scenery; or
3. Given the scenery and anthology, and we may indicate, with exactitude, the leading idiosyncrasies of the people.

Having indicated, by way of preface, the general scope of anthology and the value of its *data*, we shall devote the remaining portion of this paper to the anthological relics of the Irish race, and especially to its elfin and poetic phases.

Fairies are (among the Irish peasantry) still believed to exist, and to exercise no little influence over the affairs of mortals. They are generally represented as pigmies, and are, so runs the superstition, often seen dancing around solitary thorns, which are believed to be among their most frequented haunts. Hence the veneration of the peasantry for old solitary thorns —the peasantry believing that if these thorns are cut down or maimed, the fairies are thereby provoked, and will either maim the person who has cut the tree, cause his cattle to sicken and die, or otherwise injure his property. Places supposed to be haunted by fairies are termed gentle, as likewise are several herbs, in gathering which a strange ritual is observed. If provoked by any person, it is believed that the fairies will steal and carry away that which is dearest to that person, as his wife, or especially any members of his family in babyhood and before baptism. The castles in which the fairies dwelt were generally believed to be movable at the pleasure of the proprietor, invisible to human eyes, and usually built in ancient forths or raths. Among the principal fairy kings were Firwar, whose castle was at Knock Magha, and Macaneantan,

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whose fairy palace was at Sgraba. Whistling Hill (Knock-na-feadalea), in the county of Down, is still visited by hundreds of the peasantry, who, especially on the last night in October, which is observed with singular ceremonials, aver that they can hear the music of the fairies issuing from the hill. The following verses include the names of the principal places fabled to be inhabited by fairy kings:

"Around Knock-Grein, and Knock-na-Rae,
Bin Bullvin, and Keis Koraln,
To Bin Eakhlan and Lokh Da-ean,
And thence north-east to Sleive Guillin.
They trod the lofty hills of Mugarna,
Round Sleive Denard and Beal-at-an-dralgh,
Down to Dundrin, Dundroma, and Dunardalay,
Right forward to Knock-na-Feadalea."

Which was the route of procession on the night of the last of October, when aërial spirits were supposed to be peculiarly active. The following legend of Whistling Hill we extract from a collection of these legends in the original Irish made by Rev. William Neilson, D.D., and printed by Hogan, No. 15 Lower Ormond Quay, Dublin, in 1808:

"There was an honest, pious man, who lived formerly near the river, by the side of the hill (Whistling Hill); and the vestiges of his house may yet be seen. His name was Thady Hughes; and he had neither wife nor family—his mother, an aged woman, keeping his house.

"Thady went out on a Hallow-eve night to pray, as he was in the habit of doing, on the bank of the river; and looking up to observe the stars, he saw a dusky cloud from the south moving toward him as if impelled by a whirlwind, and heard the sound of horses just as if a troop of cavalry were tramping along the valley. Thady noticed that they all came over the ford and round the mountain.

"Remembering that he had often heard it said, 'if you cast the dust under your feet against the cloud, if the fairies have any human being with them they are compelled to release him,' Thady seized a handful of the gravel which was under his feet and hurled it, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, against the whirlwind: whereupon fell down a strange lady, weak, faint, and wearily moaning.

"Thady started, but, imagining that the voice of the strange lady's moaning was human, went to the spot where she fell, spoke to her, and took her in his arms and carried her to his mother, who gave her food—the lady eating but little.

"They asked her few questions that night, knowing that she came from the fairy castles. Besides, she appeared to be sick and sorrowful, and did not seem to be in any mood for talking. The next morning, however, she related her story, having first enjoined secrecy, which Thady and his mother promised.

"The strange lady's name was Mary Rourke, and she had formerly lived in the county of Galway, where she was married to a young man named John Joyce, who lived hard by Knock Magha. One year after her marriage with Joyce, King Firwar and his host carried her away to the fairy castle of Knock Magha, leaving something in the form of a dead woman in her place, which bulk was duly waked and buried.

"She had been in Knock Magha nearly a year and was daily entertained with dances and songs, notwithstanding she was in sorrow at having been parted from her husband. At length the host of the castle told her that her husband had married another woman; that, therefore, she ought to indulge in grief no longer; and that Firwar and his family were about to visit the province of Ulster, and intended to take her with them. They set out at dawn from Knock Magha forth, both Firwar and his host; and many a fairy castle they visited from dawn till fall of night, travelling all mounted on beautiful winged horses.

"After they lost Mary, the fairies did not halt; for they were to feast that Hallow-eve in the fairy castle of Sgraba, with the fairy king, Macaneantan."

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The story adds that Thady Hughes married Mary Rourke, and that a difficulty subsequently arose between Thady and John Joyce, who, having heard of the escape of the strange lady from the fairies, went to Thady's cottage and claimed her as his wife. The matter afterward came before the bishop for adjudication, who adjudged that as Mary had, to all appearances, died and been buried as the wife of John Joyce, she was under no obligation to be his wife after her death. And thus ends the legend.

The general similarity of the fairies as depicted in this legend to those of Germany as illustrated in Goethe's Erl King, is obvious, and seems to argue either historical kin or identity of origin. In Goethe's ballad a corpse is left in the arms of the father. The version subjoined is an anonymous newspaper version, but is so far superior to that of Mrs. Austin, that we quote it in preference:

"Who rideth so late through the night wind lone?
It is a father with his son.

"He foldeth him fast; he foldeth him warm;
He prayeth the angels to keep from him harm.

"'My son, why hidest thy face so shy?'
"'Seest thou not, father, the Erl King nigh?

"'The Erlen King with his train, I wist?'
"'My son, it is only the fog and mist.'

"'Come, beautiful one, come away with me,
And merry plays will I play with thee!

"'Ah! gay are the blossoms that blow by the shore,
And my mother hath many a plaything in store.'

"'My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erlen King doth say in my ear?'

"'Be still, my darling, be still, my son,
Through the withered leaves the winds howl lone.'

"'Come, beautiful one, come away with me,
My daughters are fair, they shall wait on thee!

"'My daughters their nightly revellings keep,
They shall sing, they shall dance, they shall rock thee to sleep.'

"'My father, my father, and seest thou not
The Erl King's daughters in yon wild spot?'

"'My son, my son, I see, I wist,
It is the gray willow down there in the mist.'

"'I woo thee; thy beauty delighteth my sense,
And, willing or not, shall I carry thee hence.'

"'O father, the Erl King now puts forth his arm!
O father, the Erl King, he doeth me harm!'

"The father rideth, he rideth fast,
And faster rideth through the blast.

"He spurreth wild, through the night wind lone,
And dead, in his arms, he holdeth his son."

Of this topic—the folks-lore of the Irish peasantry—we shall here take leave, merely hazarding the opinion that there is some remote historical connection between the Irish traditions of the idiosyncrasies and doings of elves and those of the Germanic races—a connection probably dating from the Danish occupation of the country about the seventh or eighth century. In the Irish poetic annals, which antedate the Danish occupation by several hundred years, no traces of elfin traditions can be detected; and the same is true of the Ossianic ballads which McPherson has rather imperfectly collated, and between which and the several Celtic manuscripts there is a singular resemblance.

The collation of McPherson, valuable in many respects, is amenable to almost fatal criticism, in that the sublimity of the Gaëlic composition is marred by being twisted from the parallelism (which, in the original, is analogous to the Hebraic) into the form of prose: the parallelism being in English—as in Gaëlic, Celtic, and Hebrew—the most effective form into which sublimity can be wrought. And to demonstrate the truth of this proposition we need only to put portions of McPherson's prose version into the parallelistic form, and shall adopt for this purpose Fingal's interview with the spirit of Loda, than which, uniquely considered, a poem of more overwhelming sublimity was never written or conceived. Subjoined is McPherson's version:

"A blast came from the mountain: on its wings was the spirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors, and shook his dusky spear. His eyes appear like flames in his dark face: his voice is like distant thunder. Fingal advanced his spear in night, and raise his voice on high. 'Son of night retire: call thy winds, and fly! Why dost thou come to my presence with thy shadowy arms? Shall I fear thy gloomy form, spirit of dismal Loda? Weak is thy shield of clouds; feeble is that meteor thy sword! The blast rolls them together; and thou thyself art lost. Fly from my presence, son of night! call thy winds and fly!'

"'Dost thou force me from my place?' replied the hollow voice. 'I turn the battle in

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the field of the brave. I look on the nations, and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blast of death. I come abroad on the winds; the tempests are before my face. But my dwelling is calm above the clouds; pleasant are the fields of my rest.'

"'Dwell in thy pleasant fields,' says the king. 'Let Comhal's son be forgotten. Have my steps ascended from my hills into thy peaceful plains? Have I met thee with a spear on thy cloud, spirit of dismal Loda? Why then dost thou frown on me? Why shake thine airy sphere? Thou frownest in vain: I never fled from the mighty in war; and shall the sons of the wind frighten the king of Morven? No—he knows the weakness of their arms.'

"'Fly to thy land,' replied the form; 'take to the wind, and fly! The blasts are in the hollow of my hand: the course of the storm is mine. Fly to thy land, son of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath!'

"He lifted high his shadowy spear! he bent forward his dreadful height. Fingal, advancing, drew his sword, the blade of dark-brown Luno. The gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air."

Now, let us put this in the form of the parallelism—a form into which the sententious sublimity of the composition naturally falls, and in which nearly all these ancient Gaëlic and Celtic epics occur in the original:

"A blast came from the mountain:
On its wings was the spirit of Loda.
He came to his place in terrors,
And shook his dusky spear.
His eyes appear like flame in his dusky face:
His voice is like distant thunder.
Fingal advanced his spear into the night,
And raised his voice on high.
'Son of night, retire;
Call thy winds, and fly!
Why dost thou come to my presence with thy shadowy arms?
Shall I fear thy gloomy form, spirit of Loda?
Weak is thy shield of clouds;
Feeble is that meteor, thy sword.
The blast rolls them together:
And thou thyself art lost.
Fly from my presence, son of night!
Call thy winds, and fly!'
'Dost thou force me from my place?' replied the hollow voice.
'I turn the battle in the field of the brave.
I look on the nations and they vanish:
In my nostrils is the blast of death.
I come abroad on the winds:
The tempests are before my face,
But my dwelling is calm above the clouds;
Pleasant are my fields of rest.'
'Dwell in thy pleasant fields,' said the king.
'Let Comhal's son be forgotten.
Have my steps ascended from my hills into thy peaceful plains?
Have I met thee with a spear on thy cloud, spirit of the dismal Loda?
Why dost thou frown on me?
Why shake thy dusky spear?
Thou frownest in vain:
I never fled from the mighty in war;
And shall the sons of the wind frighten the king of Morven?
He knows the weakness of their arms.'
'Fly to thy land,' replied the shadow;
'Take to the wind, and fly!
The blasts are in the hollow of my hand.
The course of the storm is mine.
Fly to thy land, son of Comhal,
Or feel my flaming wrath!'
He lifted high his shadowy spear:
He bent forward his dismal height
Fingal, advancing, drew his sword, the blade of the dark-brown Luno.
The gleaming path of steel winds through the gloomy ghost.
The form fell shapeless in air."

For vague sublimity, for weird, dismal, ghastly, and phantasmagoric grandeur of conception and effect, the imagery of the above episode of Ossian has never been exceeded in the vast domain of fantasy-weaving; and this effect is vastly heightened by the sententious step of the sentences and the shadowy cadence of the parallelism—a cadence which is the natural expression of sublimity, and to compass which in ordinary blank verse is impossible. Compare, for instance, the following imagery of similar *ensemble*, from Milton's "Paradise Lost":

"O'er many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous;
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and shades, of death—
A universe of death."

Or the following rhythmical painting of more than Miltonic massiveness and magnificence of imagination, from the "Orion" of R. H. Horne—a poem of more idiosyncratic merit than most poems upon the classical model. Orion thus describes the building of a palace for Hephaistos (Vulcan):

"So that great figures started from the roof,
And lofty colignes, or sat and downward gazed
On those who stood below and gazed above—
I filled it; in the centre framed a hall;
Central in that a throne; and for the light
Forged mighty hammers that should rise and fall
On slanted rocks of granite and of flint,
Worked by a torrent, for whose passage down
A gape I hewed. And here the god could take,
Midst showery sparks and swathes of broad gold fire,
His lone repose, lulled by the sounds he loved:
Or, casting back the hammer-heads until they stopped
The waters' ebb, enjoy, if so he willed,
Midnight tremendous, silence, and iron sleep."

Both of which, though in their manner unparalleled, are, in a less degree, imbued with that which we may term POETIC ILLUMINATION; that which constitutes the felicitous sublimity of Ossian; in short, that for which only one simile, and that an impossible one

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—namely, the shooting of a sun athwart the heavens at midnight—be adduced.

But—the reasons here specified being deemed insufficient—if further reasons be necessary for the adoption of the parallelistic form in treating the ancient Gaëlic and Celtic compositions, these necessary reasons are fluent from the original form of those compositions, and from the fact that the parallelism is the only poetic form adapted to their style; which may be demonstrated by comparing the rhythmical collocation of a single poem, the Songs of Deardra, a Celtic poem in manuscript which will form the basis of the remainder of this paper, with the collocation of the parallelistic English rendering. Adopting phonographic equivalents for the Irish letters, the initial stanza of Deardra's song improvised as a farewell to Scotland, runs as follows:

"*Ionmuin lioni an tio ud shoin,*
Alba cona hionghantuio;
Nokha tliucfuinn aisde de,
Muna dtioefuinn re Noise."

And the parallelistic rendering, line for line, as follows:

"Dear to me that eastern shore;
Dear is Alban, land of delights.
Never would I have forsaken it,
Had I not come with Naesa;

Thus the translation is rendered exact, conveying not only the matter but, also, the manner of the original—without which last any translation is and must be defective. The song is thus continued:

"Dear are Dunfay and Dunfin,
And dear are the hills around them;
Dear is Inis-drayon,
And dear to me Dunsaivni.

"Coilcuan, sweet Coilcuan!
Where Ainli and where Ardan came.
Happy passed my days with Naesa,
In the western vales of Alban.

"Glenlee, O Glenlee!
Amidst thy thickets have I slept,
And amidst thy thickets feasted,
With my love in Glenlee.

"Glenmessan, O Glenmessan!
Sweet were thy herbs and bright thy greens.
Lulled by the falling stream we slept,
On Inver's banks in Glenmessan.

"Gleneikh, bright Gleneikh!
Where my dwelling first was fixed.
The woods smile when the rising sun
Shoots yellow arrows on Gleneikh.

"Glenarkhon, dear Glenarkhon!
Fair is the vale below high Dromkhon.
Sportive were my days with Naesa,
In the blooming vales of Glenarkhon.

"Glendarua, O Glendarua!
To me were thy people dear.
The birds sang sweetly on the bending boughs
That shaded over Glendarua.

"Dear to me is that spreading shore;
Dear the sandy-margined streams.
Never would I have forsaken them,
Had I not come with Naesa."

The events celebrated in these manuscript songs, now mustily rusting in the Dublin University collection, occurred during the first century, A. C. Deardra was the daughter of Macdoil, the historian of Ulla (Ulster); Concovar being at that time king. The plot may be briefly described:

1. At the birth of Deardra it is foretold that she shall be the cause of many calamities; but the king, unappalled by omens and predictions, causes her to be taken from Macdoil and reared under persons whom he appoints; proposing to make her queen of Ulla.

2. The beautiful Deardra conceives a passion for Naesa, one of the sons of Usna; and, with the assistance of his brothers, Ainli and Ardan, elopes with him to Alban, (Scotland,) in the western part of which Naesa has large estates.

3. A messenger arrives from Concovar conveying the king's solicitation that they return to Ulla, and bearing tokens of the king's forgivenness to Naesa and Deardra.

4. Disregarding the forebodings of Deardra, the sons of Usna accept the king's hospitality; and on the voyage Deardra sings the pathetic farewell to Alban just quoted, as if foreboding the events which follow.

5. As the vessel moors in the haven Deardra ceases to sing; but, still foreboding ruin to Naesa, advises him to place himself under the protection of Cucullin, who has his residence at Dundalgan. Naesa's confidence in the honor of Concovar, however, prevails; and they proceed to Emana, the royal seat—Deardra foretelling their fate both in conversation and in frequent prophetic song.

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6. They are received by Concovar with the semblance of kindness, and placed in the castle of the Red Arm with guards to wait upon them; while a body of mercenaries are sent to rescue Deardra and burn the castle—the troops of Ulla having refused to imbrue their hands in the blood of the heroes.

7. Naesa, Ainli, and Ardan effect their escape with Deardra; but, being pursued, are overwhelmed by the king's mercenaries and slain. Deardra sings the following lament, calling to mind every circumstance which endeared her to Naesa, and reflecting with self-tormenting ingenuity upon those transient interruptions which, occasioning uneasiness at the moment, now serve to aggravate her unavailing sorrow:

"Farewell for ever, fair coasts of Alban;
Your bays and vales shall no more delight me.
There oft from hills with Usna's sons,
I viewed the hunt below.

"The lords of Alban met in banquet.
There were the valiant sons of Usna:
And Naesa gave a secret kiss
To the fairest daughter of Dundron.

"He sent her a hind from the hill,
And a fawn beside it running;
He left the hosts of Inverness,
And turned aside to her palace.

"My soul was drunk with madness
When this they told me—told me
I set my boat upon the sea,
To sail away from Naesa.

"Ainli and Ardan brave and faithful,
Valiantly pursued me,
And brought me back again to land,
And back again to Naesa.

"Then Naesa swore an oath to me;
And thrice he swore upon his arms,
That never would he cause me pain,
Until unto the grave they bore him.

"The maid of Dundron swore an oath;
Thrice swore the maid of Dundron,
That long as Naesa dwelt on earth
No lover else should claim her.

"Ah, did she hear this night,
That Naesa in his grave was laid,
High would be her voice of wailing,
But seven times fiercer shall be mine."

8. Standing by the grave of Naesa, Deardra concludes her lamentations with the following funeral song and panegyric, which having sung, she springs into the grave and falls dead upon his breast:

"Long is the day to me: the sons of Usna are gone.
Their converse was sweet;
But as raindrops fall my tears.
They were as the lions on the hills of Emana.

"To the damsels of Breaton were they dear.
As hawks from the mountain they darted on the foe.
The brave knelt before them,
And nobles did them honor.

"Never did they yield in battle.
Ah! woe is me that they are gone.
Sons of the daughter of Caifa,
A host were ye in the wars of Cualna.

"By careful Aifa were they reared.
The countries round paid them tribute.
Bursting like a flood in battle,
Fought the valiant youths of Sgatha.

"Uatha taught them in their youth.
The heroes were valiant in fight.
Renowned sons of Usna,
I weep, for ye have left me.

"Dark-brown were their eyebrows;
Their eyes were fires beneath;
And their faces were as embers—
As embers ruddy with flame.

"Their legs as the down of the swan—
Light and active were their limbs;
Soft and gentle were their hands,
And their arms were fair and manly.

"King of Ulla, king of Ulla!
I left thy love for Naesa.
My days are few after him.
His funeral honors are sung.

"Not long shall I survive my love;
Think not so king of Ulla.
Naesa, Ainli, and Ardan,
I desire not life when you are gone.

"Life hath no joy.
My days are already too many.
Delight of my soul,
A shower of tears shall fall upon your grave

"Ye men that dig their grave,
Dig it wide and dig it deep.
I will rest on the breast of my love.
My sighs shall resound from his tomb.

"Oft were their shields their pillow,
And oft they slept upon their spears:
Lay their strong swords beside them,
And their shields beneath their heads.

"Their dogs and hawks,—
Who will now attend them?
The hunters are no more on the hills;
The valiant youths of Connal Cairnl.

"My heart, it groans—it groans,
When I see the collars of their hounds.
Oft did I feed them,
But I weep when they are near.

"We were alone in the waste,
We were alone in the woodlands;
But I knew no loneliness,
Till they dug thy grave.

"My sight begins to fail,
When I view thy grave, my Naesa.
My soul hastes to depart:
And my voice of wailing to be hushed."

Thus ends one of the most pathetically beautiful tales, founded upon original history, which the epico-poetic annals of any people afford. It is far superior to any single poem amid the Svethico-Gothic remains rendered famous by the masterly translations of Longfellow. In fact, to him who shall

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happily combine the requisite anthological learning with the requisite skill as a translator, no literary Golconda, more prolific in the rubies and scintillant glories of poesy, could be unlocked, except with the Aladdin-key of almost angelic invention, than is afforded in the mouldering, mildewed, and musty masses of manuscript, in queer Celtic letters, which have been permitted to rot for ages in the library of Dublin University. Had they been English, they would have been magazinistically vaunted as masterpieces in the piquant pages of "Blackwood," or amid the dreary sermonoids of the "Westminster." Being Celtic, they are, so being, neglected.

Albeit, there are to be Longfellows and Tennysons hereafter who shall be cosmopolitan, and neither exclusively English, exclusively American, nor exclusively Japanese; and men of learning there are to be hereafter, who shall be citizens of the world (in a literary sense), and not especially citizens of England, or of France, or of America, who will seek for the beautiful in strange places beyond the narrow limits of London, Paris, or New-York.

Meantime, it has been the object of this paper to play the lamp to the gem-seeking Aladdin—suggesting that something may be done, rather than doing it. Hence what has been said and what might have been more cleverly and elaborately said, has here been curtly said upon the subject of Celtic anthology—using the term in a sense that suited the purposes and scope of this paper.

ORIGINAL.

"QUARE TRISTIS ES ANIMA MEA, ET QUARE CONTURBAS ME?"

WHY, O my soul! art thou, ofttimes,
So faint and sad?
Life shows to thee its brightest side;
Why not be glad?

Is not the earth most beautiful,
What wouldst have more?
Filled is thy cup with life's best gifts
And running o'er.

And all the grandeur and the grace
Of noble art—
Do they not beautify thy life,
And cheer thy heart?

And love, most heavenly gift of all—
Is it not thine?
Yes, truly; yet I cannot say
Content is mine.

I feel a sadness of the soul,
A weariness,
A constant longing of the heart;
What meaneth this?

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I know that once, when journeying far,
I felt like this,
But then they only called my grief
A home-sickness.

And so, with every gift of God,
With nought amiss,
My heart is longing, longing still;
What meaneth this?

Why is it that my soul is sad,
What meaneth this?
It panteth after thee, O God!
Thou art its bliss.

From the Reader.

THE LAKE DWELLINGS.*

SINCE 1854, when Dr. Keller published his first report on pile-dwellings in Lake Zurich, he, and other Swiss archæologists stimulated by his example and guided by his counsel, have zealously explored many other Swiss lakes, and have succeeded in discovering more than two hundred similar settlements, and in collecting tens of thousands of relics of the people who during many centuries occupied them. Six reports on the "wonderful Pfahlbauten" have been published by Dr. Keller; but, being written in German, they are less known than the compilation in French by Fred. Troyon, who has absorbed Dr. Keller's facts, and, mingling them with fancies of his own, has given a sensational character to his work. Excellent notices have, however, appeared, written by Wylie, Lubbock, Lyell, and others, and translations of some original memoirs have been printed in the Smithsonian Reports. Stripped though the subject be, in some degree, of novelty, the present translation of Dr. Keller's work is not the less welcome; it is indeed right, that he who gave the first exposition of these structures should tell the story of their discovery, and picture forth the state of society which their remains reveal. In this work we have a general description of the structure of these dwellings; notices of the various settlements which have been discovered, with an account of others on the Italian side of the Alps, and of the Crannoges in Ireland and Scotland; chapters on the remains of plants, by Dr. Heer, and of animals, by Professor Rütimeter; and ninety-nine plates and several woodcuts give graphic, but sometimes rough drawings of the dwellings, and of the various objects found in them. As a storehouse of facts, illustrating the character and progress of an ancient people, this work is invaluable; it will aid other archæologists in their researches; and we think, too, that the cautious and philosophical manner in which Dr. Keller reasons from his facts will help to correct some hasty and fanciful speculations.

* The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other Parts of Europe. By Dr. Ferdinand Keller, President of the Antiquarian Association of Zurich. Translated and arranged by John Edward Lee. F.S.A., F.G.S. (London: Longmans.)

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For the construction of pile-dwellings, the Swiss lakes afford favorable sites, as along the shores there is generally a considerable breadth of shallow water. Some pleasant bay, protected by well-wooded hills, abounding in game, was selected for such settlements; and at a little distance from the land piles of various kinds of wood, generally entire stems with their bark on, but sometimes split, and from fifteen to thirty feet in length and three to nine inches in diameter, were driven into the bottom of the lake, the heads of the piles rising from two to four feet above the water. At the Wangen settlement there were 40,000 piles, but all may not have been driven down at the same period. Across this substructure other stems of trees ten or twelve feet long were laid, and fastened by wooden pegs; and above them split boards were similarly fastened, forming a solid, even platform, which was covered by a bed of mud or loam. The platform of a few, which Dr. Keller calls *fascine dwellings*, was supported not on piles, but on layers of sticks and small stems built up from the bottom of the lake, being similar to some of the Scottish Crannoges. The boards and planks had been imperfectly fitted together, for numerous objects which had slipped through the chinks of the floor are scattered over the lake bottom; but quantities of broken implements, pottery, and animal and vegetable refuse, heaped together on particular spots, show that spaces had been left in the platform, through which rubbish had been thrown into the water, thus forming heaps analogous to the kitchen-middings of Denmark. Huts were erected on the platform, having a framework of piles and stakes, with wattle or hurdlework of small branches woven between the upright piles, and covered over with a thickness of from two to three inches of loam or clay, evidence of which has been found in pieces of half burnt clay retaining the impression of the wattle-work. As some pieces have a curve, Troyon concluded that the huts were circular, and from nine to twelve feet in diameter; but Dr. Keller shows that the curve had probably been produced by the great heat to which the clay covering was exposed before it fell into the water, while also pieces of different curves are found promiscuously on the same spot with others perfectly flat, no piece indeed exceeding twelve inches across. It is now pretty certain that most, if not all the huts, were rectangular; those at Robenhausen and Niederwyl were found to be twenty-seven feet by twenty-two feet. They stood close to but apart from each other, and were thatched with straw and reeds. From the almost universal prevalence of clay weights for weaving, it may be inferred that every one was furnished with a loom. A narrow platform or bridge resting on piles, of which a few remains have been found, connected these dwellings with the land. Room enough there was in and around these huts for all the operations of daily life, as well as for the manufacture of every implement used in household economy; and in short, this was the place where every craft or art known to the settlers was brought into play. Even domestic animals were stalled on the platform, as at Robenhausen the remains of the litter of these animals has been found.

Such sites for dwellings are not unknown to history. Hippocrates describes similar habitations on the stagnant, quiet-flowing river Phasis in Armenia, and Herodotus others on Lake Prasias in Thrace. The Crannoges in Ireland were inhabited as recently as 1645, but rather as places of refuge; and at the present time there are analogous structures in the Eastern Archipelago. Security against the attack of enemies seems to have been the chief reason of selecting such peculiar sites for dwellings, at a period when society was in a divided state,

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and when war of tribe against tribe was frequent. Similar conditions were indicated by the numerous hill-forts of the ancient Britons, and even by the pele-towers of the border-land in mediæval times. From the great labor bestowed on the pile structures, and the vast number of instruments of all kinds found in the "relic bed" of the lakes, it is clear that they had not been temporary places of refuge, but permanent habitations, which had been occupied during many generations; and the relics, scattered abundantly beneath these pile-dwellings, furnish important evidence relating to different eras of civilization.

In a considerable number of these dwellings—thirty at least—no trace of metal has been discovered, the instruments having been made of stone, bone, and wood; in a much larger number bronze, without a trace of iron, has been found; and in a few, it is clear that iron has been extensively used. The three ages of stone, bronze, and iron are here established by better evidence than from any other groups of remains; for the great number and variety of relics which these lake habitations have yielded, give a broad basis for true inductive reasoning on prehistoric conditions. Yet there is evidently no sudden break in these periods, such as would prove that superior and conquering races had introduced higher civilization. "It is very certain that, at least in Switzerland," says Dr. Keller, "there was no hard line of demarcation between the three periods, but that the new materials were spread abroad like any other article of trade, and that the more useful tools gradually superseded those of less value." We have here, therefore, *continuity* and *progress*; and it may be reasonably inferred, that the advance in art from the use of stone to that of bronze, and then to iron, was made by the same race who originally took up their abode on these lakes; for during the long time the pile habitations were occupied, extending over several thousands of years, there was no essential change in the structure of the dwellings or in the mode of life. Doubtless, when these lake-dwellers first arrived in Switzerland, they had the germs of civilization; they had domestic animals from the first, such as sheep, though the flesh of wild animals was more used for food; they could spin, weave, and make cordage from bast or vegetable fibre, rude pottery they could make, some of which was even painted with graphite and rubble; fishers they were, using nets and hooks made of bone; from serpentine, flint, horns, and bones they made their weapons and tools; they had brought with them cereals, and cultivated the soil with very inefficient instruments made of stag's horns and crooked branches of trees, and raised wheat and barley, which they ground by mills of a primitive form, consisting of a round stone as a corn-crusher, and a mealing-stone with a hollow in which the corn was bruised. The stone weapons and implements are similar to those of Denmark; but several show in an interesting manner how the stone celts or chisels, which were small, from one to eight inches in length, were hafted. Some were first inserted into a piece of stag's horn, and then set in a shaft or club; others were inserted into clefts of branches and fastened by cord and asphalt. During this early age, it was the most important of all instruments, and was used for various purposes; fixed at the end of a pole, it was a lance; let into wood, it was a war-club or domestic axe; placed in horn, it was the poor man's knife; it served to skin animals, to cut flesh and hides, and to make all instruments o horn and wood.

The evidences of commercial intercourse with other people are but slight; but a bluish glass bead, in a stone-age dwelling on the little reedy or "moor lake" of Wauwyl, may show some connection with the Egyptians or Phœnicians; and knives, arrow-heads, and other implements, made of flints, not found in Switzerland, but derived from distant parts of France and Germany,

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may indicate a barter trade with the north and west. Possibly, too, Nephrite, of which the most valuable celts were made, and which does not occur in Europe, but in Egypt, China, and other parts of Asia, may point to intercourse with the east, unless we suppose the Nephrite implements had been brought from the east by the lake-dwellers, when they first settled in Switzerland.

Not a few of the stone-age dwellings had been burnt by accident or by an enemy, and were not rebuilt; but others had a continued existence through both the stone and bronze periods; and hence we see settlements in a transitional state, and trace a gradual advance in civilization. At Meilen, where a vast number of stone relics have been found, there appear one bronze armilla and one bronze celt; but at Robenhausen we probably see the commencement of the metallurgic art, for amid a profusion of stone relics belonging to three different platforms, crucibles have been found, with lumps of melted bronze, and one lump of pure unmelted copper. It may be that the lake-dwellers became first acquainted with metal through traders; but, as Dr. Keller remarks, "May we not venture to assume that the colonists, by their intercourse with strangers who were acquainted with the nature of metals, were incited to search their country for copper ore, and try to melt and cast it? Copper ore is found on the south side of Mürtschenstock, on the Lake of Wallenstadt." The age which was dawning blends itself with the age which was setting; for we find that the new instruments of bronze were copies of the old forms in stone. Even the bronze ornaments were but improved copies of analogous objects in bone, showing indeed the sameness of race in both periods, and the similarity of their tastes and customs. The gradual introduction of metal gave to the lake-dwellers new powers, which enabled them to improve their condition; dwellings were now erected in deeper water; larger piles were used, and better sharpened and squared, fastened with cross beams, and strengthened by stones heaped up; pottery was better made, more elegant in form, and sometimes painted black or red, or ornamented with tin-foil plates. The bronze implements which had been made by native artisans were of excellent workmanship and form, especially the spear and javelin-heads, which prove great proficiency in casting. The swords with short handles and curved knives and armillæ resemble those which have been found in Denmark; but we observe none of the graceful leaf-shaped swords which occur in Britain and Ireland. Varied, peculiar, and sometimes beautiful is the ornamentation of the period, consisting of zigzag lines, points, triangles, spiral and lozenge forms.

A transitional state there was, too, between the bronze and the iron periods. Morges settlement on Lake Geneva may be regarded of the bronze age; for not only have one hundred and thirty bronze objects been found there, but also moulds for casting bronze winged celts, showing that such implements had been made on the spot; yet here there occurs an iron poniard. But in the lake-dwelling of Marin, one of the last occupied, the number of iron objects is surprisingly great, exhibiting to view weapons, agricultural and domestic implements, and ornaments made of iron, which in the older dwellings had been made of stone or bone or bronze. Of these iron relics the most remarkable are the swords, of which fifty and more have been found at Marin, some with and others without sheaths, all, with one exception, of iron, and every one being peculiarly yet differently ornamented. These swords are masterpieces of the smith's art, and were probably produced at large manufactories, when there were division of labor and every practical appliance, for some of them bear upon them makers' marks. They are, however, the product of Celtic art, and correspond in form and ornamentation with those of the later Celtic period of northern nations; and

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this view is confirmed by the discovery of similar swords in the ditches of the fortress of Alesia, where a conflict had taken place between the Romans and Helvetians when it was besieged by Cæsar. Less striking to the eye, however, is the connection between the productions of the bronze and of the iron age; but our author remarks:

"There are, indeed, some forms of implements which remind us of the previous age. But, on the whole, when the Marin objects were made, iron had taken full possession of the field, and all the implements, including ornaments, which could be made out of iron, a metal both firmer and more pliable, were manufactured out of this material. But the form of these specimens had in some measure undergone a change, for the working of iron is a totally different matter from that of bronze; and the hammer of the smith and the moulds of the founder cannot produce the same forms. The remains of the settlements of pure stone, bronze, and iron ages indicate, therefore, epochs of civilization among the inhabitants, separated by long intervals, while the end for which the lake-dwellings were erected—namely, the security of person and property—and their construction remained the same."

Of the religion of the lake-dwellers there is no certain information; but some relics made of stone and pottery, somewhat crescent-shaped, found in bronze-age settlements, Dr. Keller thinks may be representative of the crescent moon, and, therefore, probably objects of worship. According to Pliny, the Druids gathered the mistletoe with great solemnity on the sixth day of the moon; and hence it is inferred that the moon images were sacred emblems, having power to avert and cure diseases. This, however, is but a fancy, for it does not appear from Cæsar that the Celts worshipped the heavenly bodies.

The fauna and flora of the lake-dwellings afford interesting information to naturalists, and throw some light on the questions as to the origin, the development, and distribution of species. During the stone age, the *bos primigenius* and *bos bison* were abundant, but they disappear after the introduction of metallic weapons; the former is now only found on the marshes of the North Sea. A very large ox, with great semilunar horns bent forward from the frontal plane (*bos trochoceros*), and which had been contemporaneous with the mammoth and hippopotamus, appears to have been domesticated at Concise and Chevreaux. It is now extinct; but the marsh cow (*bos brachyceros*), which was most abundant in the stone age, has continued to exist to the present time, and now occupies the mountainous parts of Switzerland and its wild mountain valleys. In the earlier periods, several races of swine ran wild, which were subsequently domesticated. The fox was abundantly eaten; but the hare was not used for food, even the traces of its existence are few; neither domestic fowls, nor rats, nor mice appear. Wild animals predominate in the stone age, but they gave way in subsequent periods to domestic animals.

The seeds and other parts of plants, lying in the lake mud, or buried under several feet of peat, have been so well preserved, that their characters can be determined. The small-grained six-rowed barley and the small lake-dwelling wheat (*triticum vulgare antiquorum*) were, from the earliest period, the most generally cultivated of farinaceous seeds; and, notwithstanding the rudeness of the husbandry implements, the quality of the produce was apparently equal to that of modern times; the spelt (*triticum spelta*), now one of the most important cereals of Switzerland, did not appear till the bronze age; while rye was entirely unknown, thus showing a connection with the countries of the Mediterranean, the lake colonists having the same cereals as the Egyptians. Cakes of unleavened bread have been found, made of millet and wheat, which had been baked on the hearthstones in the dwellings. Barley seems to have been used boiled or parched; but as corn-crushers and mealing-stones have been found in most of the settlements, grain had been extensively used for food. The latest settlement, dating backward

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not less than 2,000 years, and the older going some 3,000 years and more further backward still, it is interesting to observe what change this long lapse of time produced on plants:

"The dense, compact wheat and the close, six-rowed barley have undergone no perceptible change, yet it must be confessed that most of them agree with no recent forms sufficiently to allow of their being classed together. The small Celtic beans, the peas, the small lake-dwelling barley, the Egyptian and small lake-dwelling wheat, and the two-rowed wheat, or *emmer*, form peculiar and apparently extinct races; they are distinguished for the most part from the modern cultivated kinds by smaller seeds. Man has, therefore, in course of time produced sorts which give a more abundant yield, and these have gradually supplanted the old varieties."

With wild plants the case is different:

"The flora of the lake-dwellings announces to us that all the plants which come in contact with man become changed up to a certain point, and man participates in the great transformations of nature, while the wild plants, which surround us at the present day, still grow in the same forms as they did three or four thousand years ago, and do not exhibit the sightest change."

The final abandonment of these lake-dwellings, about the beginning of the Christian era, would result from an improved civilization and a more united and orderly state of society; but how long before that time they had been occupied has not yet been definitely determined; our chronology is still relative rather than absolute. Peat has accumulated over some settlements, but as its rate of growth varies under different conditions, we are only told by it that the stone-age dwellings lasted many centuries. At Robenhausen peat moor, there are remains of three settlements of the stone age, one over the other; two of which had been destroyed by fire, and the last had been abandoned, probably on account of the increase of peat. Between the first and second settlement there are three feet of peat and one foot of other deposit, both containing relics; between the second and third settlements the deposits are the same in character and thickness, and over the last dwelling are two feet of peat and half-a-foot of mould; so that during the stone age there had been a slow growth of eight feet of peat, and the deposit of three and a half feet of other matter. Other means have been used to obtain more definite results; the most remarkable of which is that of Professor Morlot, who from an examination of a cone of gravel and alluvium, connected with deposits of the stone, bronze, Roman, and recent periods, and gradually built up by the torrent of Teniere where it falls into Lake Geneva, concludes that the age of bronze has an antiquity of from 3,000 to 4,000 years, and that of stone from 5,000 to 7,000 years—no very startling estimate, when we remember the high antiquity which has been assigned to the drift and cave men.

Of the physical characters of the lake-dwellers, Dr. Keller gives us little information; that they had small hands is probable from the shortness of their sword-handles. Few human bones, and those chiefly of children, have been found. No crania of the stone age have been seen, but a few out of the bronze period, one of which from Meilen differs little from the skulls of the existing Swiss. It is, therefore, mainly from the relics found that we can form any guess as to the origin and relationship of the lake-dwellers, and by those it is shown that they belonged to the very people who at the same time lived on the mainland. Dr. Keller concludes "that the builders of the lake-dwellings were a branch of the Celtic population of Switzerland, but that the earlier settlements belong to the pre-historic period, and had already fallen into decay before the Celts took their place in the history of Europe.

The history of the lake-dwellers opens a hopeful prospect for those races who are now in a degraded condition; for here they start with a low degree of civilization, and yet there is a gradual rise upward to that point where great skill was reached

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in metallurgic and other arts; but even this was only a step onward to that high cultivation of intellect and morals among their descendants the Swiss people. Why should not other races pass through the same stages, especially when influenced by intercourse with modern civilized nations?

ORIGINAL.

PEA-BLOSSOM.

I HEAR a faltering footstep
Crossing the matted floor,
And a little knock low down
On the panels of the door.
A small hand is uplifted
To raise the iron latch,
And entrance claimed in a silvery tone
No nightingale could match.

Away with books and papers!
Enter, my fairy bright;
Sweep the dim cobwebs from my brain,
And let in air and light.
Close the dull portals of history,
Unclasp that magic door
That leads to the jewelled caverns
Of fiction and fairy lore:
The legend of Cinderella,
Of knights and maidens small,
Of princely frogs and pigmy dogs,
And my lady's golden ball.

Good-night, my white-robed enchantress,
My blue-sashed, sunny-haired muse;
Perfection thou art, from that topmost curl
To the tips of thy dainty shoes.
Watch her well, angel-guardian!
Pray for her, crowned saint,
That when the time for the cross shall come,
Her spirit grow not faint;
That she may go to her last repose
With a heart unspotted by sin—
That this face of lustrous purity
May mirror the soul within.

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ORIGINAL.

A MONTH AT A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

I ALWAYS had a great veneration for the disciples of Esculapius, but never so much so as when my considerate doctor decided that a sea voyage was absolutely necessary for my health. Being unblessed by those sweet cares, a wife and children, I determined to show my obedience to his commands, and at the same time to gratify my long-cherished plan of visiting the old world. Be reassured, readers, I have no intention of harrowing your gentle spirits by a description of sea-sickness, nor of wearying you with my experiences at custom-house or railroad dépôt, but desire to transport you at once to the good little watering place of V——, which had been recommended to me as the very place for the exorcising of that tyrant, devil, dyspepsia.

It was a lovely evening in July that I took a carriage from D——, for the said watering-place, for railroads have not as yet invaded the primitive simplicity of the village; hotels have, however, and much to my satisfaction I found myself, after a charming hour's drive, seated in a cozy room with an excellent dinner before me. My hostess I soon discovered to be quite a character; a raw-boned, fast-talking Frenchwoman, with a suspicious darkness on her upper lip. When I had finished my repast, this worthy dame informed me that it was the custom of all good "Seigneurs" to repair to the beach after dinner; so giving me my hat and cane, she showed me the way, and I in all obedience departed.

The moon was then full, and cast a deliciously deceptive light on all around; even the wretched huts where-in the French peasantry contentedly huddle, mellowed by its light, looked picturesque and quaint. Looking around, I found that the village nestled between two hills, and that I was at the moment in the principal street, which cuts it in two, and from which smaller streets diverge in all directions. Tempted by the quiet of the evening I turned from the main road, and soon found myself in one of the prettiest winding lanes imaginable; at that quiet hour, with the moonlight streaming through the interlacing tress, I know of nothing more charming than a walk along the winding paths which form a network around the village; what in the day time might be simply pretty, borrowed from the lovely night a charm and mystery that was irresistible; and so I wandered on, a luxurious feeling, half melancholic, half pleasurable, soothing my spirit, until I was abruptly reminded that all things sweet in this life are short, by finding myself at the end of my pretty lane, and once more landed in the village street. Here my landlady's admonition was brought to my mind, by seeing several parties of red-hooded, red-cloaked personages all going one way; these were evidently some of the good bathers, and them I followed. In a few minutes I found myself in quite a small crowd of strangers, who made the beach look like a garden of poppies. I, who had formed my ideas of watering-places from Newport and Long Branch, looked in amazement at this beach, which is nothing more or less than a break in the high white cliffs, which stretch on either side as far as the eye can

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reach; however, though small, it seemed convenient, and I looked at the rippling water in eager anticipation of the morrow's bath. Seating myself on the stones, which form a poor substitute for the firm white sand of Newport, I proceed as is my custom, to observe my companions, and from their trifling actions to form an opinion of their different natures. A number of groups attracted my attention, but as I merely discovered that the ladies of the parties were industriously occupied in trying to out-babble—talk it hardly was—each other, and that the men carelessly reclined near them smoking, in utter despair of otherwise making use of their mouths, I was beginning to think that there was not much food for my observations, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the familiar sound of a few English words. Turning around, I saw at a few steps from me a party which I had not yet observed. The centre figure of this new picture at once arrested my attention; evidently this lady considered herself of great importance, for she was laying down the law to the various persons around her, with a volubility that a French woman only can attain. Her dress was an extraordinary caricature of rural finery; it was a pity, I thought, that the face under that peculiarly youthful, flower-ornamented hat, should be that of a plain woman of fifty. Her court was principally composed of various feeble imitations of herself, but my attention was soon entirely occupied by two figures at the extreme verge of the group, a young lady and a gentleman; the young lady seemed to be giving an English lesson to her listless companion, who appeared almost too indolent to turn around in admiration of the girl's sprightliness; a second glance convinced me that I was near one of my own countrywomen; the delicate profile, fragile form, and rather nervous manner could belong to none but an American. My interest was now excited to the hightest pitch, for when an ocean rolls between a man and his country, all that reminds him of that country has an irresistible charm, especially when that something happens to be a pretty girl. But my observations were cut short, for the whole party arose a few minutes after, and left the beach. I soon followed, and learned from my voluble landlady that I had been observing fellow-boarders; that the strangely attired lady was the most important personage of V——, that she patronized sea-bathing every summer, and that she rejoiced in the name of Madame la Baronne d'Agri. The handsome young monsieur with the beard, proved to be her nephew, and the "Charmante Americaine" was here with her mother, an invalid for whom sea air had been ordered. Then followed a long description of the other members of the party, a Mr. and Mrs. Poirier and their daughter, a young artist and several other personages, to which description I fear I was but indifferently attentive.

Next morning it rained—rain forming a part of nearly every day's programme, as I afterward discovered. Not yet having become hardened to the fact, I was dolefully looking from the hotel door, vainly endeavoring to discover a patch of blue sky, when I was joined by Madame la Baronne's nephew. Remarks on the weather were followed by a polite offer of a cigar, whose genial fragrance soon induced a more interesting conversation. A few chance words brought out the fact that my young companion was quite an amateur chemist, and as, in my college days, chemistry had been a sort of passion with me, we were soon launched in an animated discussion. I was much interested to hear what rapid strides the French had recently taken in that and other positive sciences. From chemistry we passed to politics, philosophy, and finally religion. While listening to this young man's clear, strong exposition of his sentiments on these various subjects, I found myself wondering at this, to me, new phase of the French character, as unlike the light,

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frivolous, gay-hearted Frenchman of the novel and stage, as possible. I must say it pleased me even less; the down-right scepticism, the well-turned sophisms, the extreme materialism, were easily traced to the teachings of Voltaire. I am well pleased to think that this young man is the representative of but a comparatively small class, but unfortunately that class is composed of much of the brain of the country, and consequently carries with it great influence. On all American questions M. Louis d'Agri (for so the young man was called) showed a curious interest; of our great war his opinion had been biassed by Southern influence—not unnaturally, since his only American associates had been from that portion of our country; these associates had also given him their ideas on the subject of slavery, but a few facts, put in the simple, plain way which seemed best to suit his turn of mind, convinced him, or seemed to convince him, that, in that particular at least, his judgment was in error. He asked many questions on the present state of affairs in our country, of the possible future of the South, of the treatment of Jefferson Davis, etc., etc., all of which I answered apparently to his satisfaction. Indeed, not only in his case, but in many others, I have noticed that there is a great curiosity felt about everything American; to tell the truth, I think that the war brought to their minds that a vast and important country really does exist on the other side of the broad ocean, a fact of which before they were but dimly conscious. Even now, the strange ignorance of our customs, people, and especially our geography, even among the educated classes, would bring forth the astonishment and indignation of any American fifth-form school-boy. The French are singularly devoid of our go-ahead qualities in everything; they travel but little, and being perfectly convinced that France is the only country of any real importance on the globe, trouble themselves but little about any other, especially should that other be separated from them by an ocean.

From American politics we turned to those of France, a subject which brought out the young man's most bitter anathemas; dissatisfied with the form of government, with the people, and especially with the emperor, he expressed himself with much more freedom than any other Frenchman I had yet conversed with. Most of them answer any objections with a shrug of the shoulders, and a furtive glance about them; they often praise the emperor for the good he has done their beloved Paris, but with an air which says: "I like not the man, but admire his sagacity." Very few Americans, however, could have expressed more republican, more anti-aristocratic sentiments than M. d'Agri, who, as I learned afterward, is the last direct representative of a decayed but noble house. On all religious topics he proved to be an utter sceptic, avowedly believing in nothing, and regarding as either knaves or dupes all those who did not stoop to his own degrading materialism: singular that a mind so clear should be so perverted. We had merely broached the last subject, when the ladies of the party, enticed by the sun which was beginning to brighten the sky, descended, and proposed going down to bathe. M. d'Agri, advancing toward the young lady I had observed the night before, said:

"*Mees Fannee*, I have just been having an interesting conversation with a countryman of yours."

The young lady's face brightened, and with a frankness that is certainly a charm peculiar to American girls, extended her hand, saying in English:

"Is it possible! Americans in a foreign land can scarcely be strangers!" and so, from that moment, I was considered as one of the party. Mrs. Hayne, the invalid mother, I found belonged to that rather extensive class of ladies who, from having some slight

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nervous ailment, nurse and pet it till it grows to be a real malady, which makes them fretful, wrinkled, and miserable. As we walked to the beach I was made the honored recipient of the good lady's woes, and being a tolerable listener was immediately taken into her favor.

We found the beach already lively with the indefatigable bathers, who seize on all tolerably sunshiny days to search for health in the luxurious water. Several groups of people, who either had bathed or were going to bathe later, were seated on the stones, watching with interest the extraordinary looking figures that emerged from the long row of cabins. Notwithstanding my eagerness for a good swim, I stood for nearly half an hour watching also; many of the ladies who went into their cabins majestic in width of skirt and flowing drapery, emerged from them reduced to a mere ghost of their former grandeur. To all whom it may concern, I give it as my decided opinion, that oil-silk caps and scant bathing dresses are generally not becoming, and that a young man must be of a peculiarly susceptible disposition to become enamored of these sea-nymphs.

One thing let me observe, there is a regard for personal safety here of which we are too devoid. I noticed in the water two black-clothed individuals, whose only business seemed to be to exercise those ladies and children who did not swim, so that they might not catch cold; to give lessons to beginners in the noble art of swimming, and to have an eye to the safety of the bathers generally. When the bath is over, the well-cared-for person is well wrapped up and hurried to the cabin, where a hot foot-bath is in readiness; to this latter arrangement I give my most cordial approval.

As I turned around, after these various observations, intending in my turn to appropriate one of the cabins, I was met by Madame d'Agri, who, in an eccentric bathing-dress, was tripping down to the water. Stopping me, she overwhelmed me with voluble patronage, assuring me that her nephew had spoken of me in the highest terms, and that all his friends were hers; and finally pointing to the largest cabin on the beach, over which the family arms floated ostentatiously, informed me that in that cabin they often retired from the vulgar herd, and invited me, whenever I felt annoyed by the plebeians around me, to join them, that a chair would always be at my disposal. Bowing my thanks, I beat a hasty retreat, out of breath for very sympathy.

After my bath, which I enjoyed as only veteran swimmers can enjoy it, I sallied forth to verify or destroy the impressions my moonlight stroll of the night before had given me. To some extent, at least, they were destroyed; in the moonlight the low, thatched huts —cottages they could scarcely be called—looked picturesque; in the broad daylight they looked simply squalid; dirt and discomfort reigned supreme. In many of these huts there seemed to be but one, unfloored, wretched-looking room, serving as kitchen, bedroom, and parlor, to a swarming family of dirty children, with their dirtier parents. Yet I am told that many of these peasants, who are content to live in these hovels year after year, and subsist on crabs, periwinkles, and such trash, are often comparatively well off, some of them being in actual receipt of rents amounting to ten and fifteen thousand francs a year; but as their fathers lived so do they live, and the natural consequence is that they are an ill-favored, withered-looking set. I looked in vain for a fresh, blooming girl, there seemed to be no age between twelve and fifty; even the children looked withered, and the old people were fairly bent double; yet they lived on, contented enough, because dreaming of no other possible life, and enjoying the bustle of an occasional fête with a zest which our more phlegmatic people would disdain. While making these

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reflections, I again found myself in one of those charming lanes which had so pleased me the night before. These, at least, were unspoiled by the misery around; what a blessing that man cannot degrade nature, however he may degrade himself! By my side murmured and gurgled the prettiest little brook, dignified here by the name of "petite rivière," which I ever saw; clear as crystal, swift and cold, it lends beauty and freshness to the whole country around. An American farmer would laugh at the tiny stream scarcely more than a mile in length, but an artist would revel in its beauty.

And so, what with bathing, walking, driving, and chatting, time passed quietly but pleasantly at the little village of V——. Meanwhile I grew more and more interested in watching my companions, especially two of them; I often found myself, while seeming to listen to the Baronne's endless tales of her house's past grandeur, or to poor Mrs. Mayne's recital of her troubles, closely observing my young countrywoman and M. Louis d'Agri. Knowing as I did his ideas on serious subjects, and feeling, too, the influence which a mind like his, strong, cool, and calculating, could scarcely fail to exercise over a sensitive and impulsive nature like hers, I found myself growing more and more uneasy. Evidently accustomed to that sort of flirting and freedom which is entirely prohibited to French girls, Miss Hayne delighted in taking her lazy cavalier unawares, and obliging him, with the most innocent air possible, to give up his dear comfort—now to fetch a chair, again to hold her worsteds while she wound them; a sort of treatment to which the gentleman was evidently unaccustomed, and which, perhaps for the very novelty of the thing, seemed to create not an unpleasant sensation. But, on the other hand, he was fond of bringing out all her girlish and unsophisticated ideas, and quietly levelling at them his battery of cold-hearted sophisms, in order to destroy them one by one; at first she would battle bravely, but an impulsive girl, untrained to analyze her own convictions, has but a poor chance against a clear-headed, determined man, and I noticed, with pain, that after every such discussion she would seem uneasy and depressed. Then her opponent would lazily settle himself in his chair, and allow his rival, the young artist, whom I have strangly slighted heretofore, to bring his gallantries into play. This young man was a sort of *protégé* of Madame d'Agri's, and an entirely different type of man from Madame's nephew; all the arts and graces, compliments and "petits soins" which the latter despised, M. Dubois employed with true French art. He had from the first been struck by Miss Hayne's pretty face, which he sedulously introduced into all his sketches, paying her, whenever he was permitted, most unremitting attentions; but I noticed that, though the native coquetry which seemed to be this girl's principal fault, induced her to encourage him, a word, or even a look from M. Louis d'Agri, would draw her away from him to the piano, or oftener to the chess-board, where she invariably received severe lectures on her neglect of the rules of that noble game. You may, in the mean time, wonder what became of the other young girls of the party, for there were several; they looked at *Mees Funnee*, and her freedom of speech and action, in ill-concealed horror, and remained near their mothers, chattering fast enough among themselves, but scarcely venturing to answer "yes" or "no," when addressed by their elders, especially if those elders happened to be of the other sex. Indeed, M. Louis informed me in confidence that his young countrywomen, "s'ennuyent bien, et ma foi! elles ennuyent joliment les autres" before marriage, but after—bah! and an expressive wave of the hand finished the sentence.

One morning as I was lounging about, thinking with a certain degree of *ennui* that doing nothing was, after all, the hardest sort of work, I was met

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by Madame d'Agri, who accosted me with one of her sweetest smiles.

"O Monsieur! I was just wondering where I should find you—so delighted, really so charmed—you must go with us, indeed you must! now, no excuse; positively I will accept none; this time you must allow my will to be law."

"Madame, I am your most obedient; but in what particular am I required to show my duty?"

"Mon Dieu! and have I not told you? what a giddy thing I am; indeed my poor husband" (whom I am sure she talked to death) "always said I was giddy! We are going to C——, where there is to be a fête, and on the way we can see a chateau or two, not much, you know, but pretty well for these degenerate times. Yes, we are all going —that is, no, not all, for poor Madame Hayne has the migraine; dear! dear! how that poor woman suffers! So the charming *Mees Fannee* has accepted me as her chaperone—interesting girl, is she not? Well, as I was saying, Madame Hayne has the migraine, and Madame Poirier has the toothache and will not let her daughter go without her; so the party will be reduced to Madame Duchemin and her daughter, *Mees Fannee*, my nephew, M. Dubois —has he not a charming talent—and myself; and you really must join us—plenty of room I assure you, plenty of room. We shall go in one of those vehicles they call an 'Americaine'—I fancy it got its name from the hospitality with which it holds so many people—so like your delightful country!"

After some little delay occasioned by the ladies, who, as might be expected, all forgot something at the last moment, we started. It was a fresh, breezy morning, just such a one as to excite high spirits, and make one appreciate every trifling incident. The road was excellent, indeed it made me blush for some of our own ill-made, ill-kept roads; but of this I said nothing, for every American feels bound, when abroad, to represent all concerning his country "couleur de rose." The scenery was charming; nothing perhaps striking and grand and vast, like the scenery we are most accustomed to, but a pleasing alternation of hill and dale, with well-cultivated fields, villages nestling in groves of fine trees, and above all, occasional glimpses of the blue ocean, to delight the eye and to give one a genial and pleasing sense of the beautiful, without calling forth rapturous, and let me add, fatiguing expressions of admiration. When we reached the first chateau we all agreed that we were tired of the "Americaine," and that it was absolutely necessary for our happiness to wander about for half an hour or so.

"M. d'Agri!" exclaimed Miss Hayne "you once promised me a sketch; here is my album, and yonder chateau is the very subject for a drawing; so, sir, please to sit down and obey my command."

"Obedience was never my principal virtue, *Mees Fannee*, and I feel particularly lazy this morning."

But a little imperious gesture, accompanied by a half smile, had their effect, and the young man, perhaps too indolent to make further objections, took the proffered album, and seeking the softest grass-plot, sat down. I noticed that the artist, of whose arm the Baronne had taken possession, looked around angrily, as though this time M. d'Agri were in reality trespassing on his ground; but that gentleman, himself quite a clever draughtsman, proceeded with most imperturbable *sang froid*. The view he chose was really pretty. The chateau, a large, irregular edifice, stood at the end of a noble avenue of horse-chestnuts, whose broad leaves made a dense shade; the country immediately around was charming; a little stream somewhat resembling that of V——, only larger, was seen in the distance, wandering through shrubbery and trees, until lost behind a hill which rose more abruptly than most of the hills in this part of Normandy. On the other hand, fields of wheat and oats extended for some

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distance, ended by a dark belting of woods; not far from us stood one of those large wayside crosses so often seen in Catholic countries, near which a shepherd was tending a flock of sheep.

When the sketch was finished Madame d'Agri came up, and admiring it loudly, thanked *Mees Fannee*, with many caresses, for having made that lazy nephew of hers exert himself, and during the rest of the ride showered even more than her ordinary share of condescensions on the young girl. This brought to my mind various other trifling circumstances, and I said within myself: "French titles are often accompanied by French poverty; this girl is rich, and Madame la Baronne knows it. I will watch."

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the village; leaving our tired horses at the inn, we walked to the market place. Here, a number of booths, gay with flags and ribbons, stood temptingly displaying their wares; most of them were filled with second-rate, but highly colored china, for which unlucky wretches were induced to try their chance, through the agency of a particularly dirty pack of cards. Gambling on a small scale, for pieces of dusty gingerbread, seemed to be another favorite mode of parting with sous. On the other side, the beating of drums and clanging of cymbals announced that in a certain tent the unsophisticated mind could be rejoiced by extraordinary theatrical representations for the moderate sum of three sous; dust, noise, and bustle reigned supreme, and the peasants in their holiday clothes seemed to be at the very height of enjoyment. Altogether it was a gay and picturesque scene, but I was content to view it at a respectful distance. Not so Madame d'Agri; she patronized the peasants, who looked at her eccentric costume in bewildered admiration; chucked the children under the chin, scolded the parents, and in short acted out the "grande dame" of the fête to her heart's content. As night approached, a large building in the centre of the place, used, I believe, as a sort of flour dépôt on market days, was lighted by Chinese lanterns and flaring tallow candles; here the youth of both sexes enjoyed a rollicking, laugh-abounding dance, to the sound of a cracked fiddle. Madame was just insisting on forming a quadrille of her own, to encourage the peasantry, who, by the way, seemed but little in need of encouragement, when her nephew represented to her that we should not get home till late as it was, and that the moon would not serve after a certain hour. Reluctantly she yielded, and we settled ourselves once more in our "Americaine," tired but pleased. The conversation was soon monopolized by M. d'Agri and Miss Fanny, who, whatever might be their fatigue, always seemed to have some point of dispute.

After this excursion my vigilance increased, and my observations were not pleasing; two or three little circumstances brought out in M. d'Agri's character an insensibility to the pains and sufferings of others, and a certain cruelty of thought and action, which, notwithstanding the interest his fine intellect excited in me, brought a feeling of distrust, and at times of dislike.

One rather misty day, on which but few bathers ventured into the water, I, feeling a need of exercise, determined to enjoy my customary swim. The cabin I happened to take stood next to the large one of Madame d'Agri. When I returned, dripping and glowing from my bath, I noticed that the lady was seated in it sewing, and that her nephew was lounging by her, reading the paper. As I was luxuriating in the delicious feeling which I believe sea-bathing alone can give, I was startled by a few words which came distinctly to my ears; so far the conversation had not risen above an occasional, monotonous hum, but suddenly I found myself in the awkward position of a forced listener, as the thin wooden partition proved but a slight obstruc-

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tion to the heightened voices of the speakers.

"My good aunt, let us not broach that subject again."

"My good nephew, I must and will; the welfare of our noble house—"

"Fiddlesticks!" (this is a mild translation.) "Listen rather to this account of the transactions at Vienna."

"Louis, you are mad. If you will not be moved by higher considerations, think at least of your own comfort—that comfort that you love so well. You are poor, too high born to work, what then is left you but a wealthy marriage?"

"There you have touched my only vulnerable point, my comfort; but then, my dear aunt, what becomes of your aristocratic scruples? would you have the noble blood of the d'Agris contaminated?—"

"But, Louis, Americans are not like others; it is true they do say her father made his money in commerce, but then, I read somewhere or other that Americans consider themselves all as sovereigns; besides, we want money, and if it is said that you married a foreigner, people will not trouble themselves about the origin of her money-sacks, as they would if she were the daughter of a French roturier. Come, my boy, be reasonable; remember that you are the last representative—"

"I remember, rather, that champagne is dear, and so are cigars: what do you want of me?"

"I want you to marry this rich girl; no hard task—you seem to like her well enough—"

"My good aunt, everything in life bores me. When I was a child, my playthings bored me; later, school and college proved almost intolerable bores; my rank bores me; Paris bores me, the country still more so; society is an insufferable bore, but above all, French girls bore me. Now, this *Mees Fannee* is original, or seems to me so; she stirs me a little with her quickness, her coquetry, and her *outré* ideas. But remember that has not yet lasted long; a few weeks more, and she too probably, will bore me—and then for a whole lifetime . . . good aunt, that is a consideration to make a man tremble!"

"Nonsense, Louis; you will have to marry some time or other."

"Yes, I suppose so; but French girls are brought up with a becoming sense of the submission due from wives to husbands; now, this girl would prove rebellious I know, and, however democratic I may be in my theory of the government of nations, my theory of the government of the 'ménage' is that of despotism. Besides, I have a remnant of humanity left in me, and would not condemn that bright young creature to the misery of being my wife; no, no, let her marry some Quixotical American, who will place her on a high pedestal and pass his life in admiring her and letting her henpeck him."

I could not help smiling at this *résumé* of an American husband's chivalric devotion.

"Very well, you will pass your life as you have commenced it; you will deny yourself all sorts of luxuries because they are expensive; that Rembrandt you covet so, will remain unpurchased; you want to travel, but you will stay at home, because travelling costs money; and finally you will marry some girl as poor as yourself, or with a dôt, which she will spend, together with more than half your pittance, in buying silks and satins to outshine Madame this or Madame that—"

"Hold!"

"On the other hand, you might, by marrying this charming *Mees*, decorate your house with pictures and statutes, go everywhere, see everything, and take your place among the enlightened patrons of art and science; all this you reject because you are afraid this little *Mees* will prove stronger of will—"

"Stronger of will than I!" and M. Louis sprang from his chair; the Baronne was no fool after all. "Dia

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ble! there are few women I could not bend to my will. My aunt, I will try my luck with this little *Mees*; win her, wed her, and conquer her, too?"

"There spoke a d'Agri; but, my dear boy, you should pay her court more assiduously, compliment her—"

"Pshaw! I understand your charming sex better than you do yourself; if flattery could have won her, I should long ago have been beaten by that soft-headed, smooth-tongued artist. No, the surest way to win a woman is to make her feel that you can master her, and that if you bow before her, it is only because you choose to do so."

"So you are not afraid of ultimate success; you think she loves you?"

"No, but I think she is fascinated, mesmerized, what you will, by me, which answers the same purpose; what I have to do is to hasten matters, and that is what I mean to do. I think she has gone to the 'Source' for one of her eccentric, solitary rambles. Au revoir, ma bonne Tante!" and the young man sprang from the cabin with an energy which I had never before noticed in him. Soon after, Madame gathered up her work apparently, and I heard no more. My toilet finished I also took my departure, and thoughtfully turned my steps toward the hotel.

On my way I met Miss Fanny just returning from her walk; evidently M. Louis had missed her. Ascertaining that she was not tired, I begged her to accompany me to a particularly pretty spot on the hill, from which the village was seen to advantage; on the way the conversation was desultory, though I tried gradually to lead it to the subject I meant soon to attack. Once seated under the trees, I changed my tone, and looking at her earnestly, said:

"Miss Fanny, will you pardon me if the interest I feel in you, as a countrywoman, and as a guileless girl, leads me to speak plainly to you? Remember that I am more than twice your age; come, have I permission to make myself disagreeable?"

"I do not understand you"—and she looked up startled; then, perhaps reading a part of my thoughts in my face, she said with a blush, "Yes, you may speak."

I then, as gently as possible, told her what I had observed, and dwelt on the young man's unsound religious principles, on his want of sympathy for others, etc., and finally related the conversation I had just heard, softening some parts, but giving a detailed account of others. She bent her head, and seemed considerably moved.

"And now, my child," I continued, "give me the satisfaction of feeling that I have done right, that you are glad to know this, that your heart is not as yet so engaged in this affair as to bring you any real unhappiness; if I thought I had unwittingly wounded any deep and honest sentiment of yours, if I thought you felt for this young man that sort of love which hallows its object, and often purifies it from evil, I could not easily forgive myself."

"You need not fear, my good friend; I thank you for your interest in me," and she extended her hand, smiling faintly through her tears. "I have done wrong I know, but this is how it happened: at first, ennuyed by the quietness of this place, which seemed so dull after Newport, I commenced a sort of flirtation with this M. Louis d'Agri, merely because I craved excitement."

"Precisely; in other words you are an example of our as yet imperfect system of education. In France young girls are kept in severe restraint, from which they rebound after marriage, often causing much misery; ours is the other extreme—there is an almost unlimited degree of liberty among our young people, which is so far good that it creates a feeling of chivalric honor among the men, and of self-sustaining strength among the women; but at the same time this freedom creates also a longing for excitement, a

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fear of ennui, which finds vent in an immense amount of flirting, generally innocent enough, but which becomes a part of the character of almost every young person, especially every young girl—is it not so?"

"Perhaps it is; at all events the peculiar character of this young man soon interested me; I felt piqued at his indolent, indifferent manner, and continued the flirtation; gradually, as I came to know him better, he acquired over me, I scarcely know how, a sort of influence from which I could not rid myself; but never once did I mistake the feeling which prompted me to crave his society, for love."

"Then you do not think he could have succeeded in—"

"I do not know; had I not been made aware of his base, mercenary motives, he might have strengthened that influence so far as to blind me to its nature, and make me think it love; but—"

"But now you are warned."

"But now I defy M. Louis d'Agri and his fascinations," and her eyes flashed.

"Still, do you not think that you would feel more comfortable away from his society?"

"I feel no fear, but shall be glad to leave this place. Fortunately, mother was complaining this very morning of the cold sea-winds, and I can easily persuade her that it is necessary to go further south. Is your mind easy now? I see you have but little faith in my resolution."

"Pardon me, I have, but I think that the Baronne would find means to make a longer residence here disagreeable, did she perceive the change which your manner must necessarily undergo."

Our conversation lasted some little time longer, and ended by most kindly expressed thanks, and hopes for some future meeting, which hopes I most cordially reciprocated, for the girl's frank and simple manner during the past conversation had much heightened my esteem of her.

That evening there arose a perfect storm of regrets, and expressions of surprise at Mrs. Hayne's suddenly expressed determination. "It was not possible! Madame's health had improved so perceptibly," which assertion the worthy lady repudiated with as much energy as though it had been an insult. "We shall feel so deserted after she and *Mees Fannee* have gone," etc., etc. *Mees Fannee* said nothing, but a heightened color, and a quiet, determined manner new to her, seemed to strike M. Louis forcibly; he darted a quick look at me, but whether he really ever suspected my agency in the transaction or not, I never knew. If he did, I believe that after the first feeling of anger had passed, he felt grateful rather than not, for his better nature, I am glad to think, really revolted at the idea of the contemplated meanness.

At eleven the next morning the old-fashioned diligence carried *Mees Fannee* and her mother away, leaving the hotel *triste* indeed. A little while after I saw Madame la Baronne and her nephew walking up and down the little garden, the lady gesticulating violently, and the young man quietly smoking a cigar, and answering his excited relative with an occasional shrug of the shoulders.

Soon after I also took my departure, for I found the interest of the place strangely diminished, and the evenings at the "plage" stale, flat, and unprofitable; so leaving the good French ladies and their daughters discussing the coming winter's fashions with voluble interest, the indefatigable Baronne eagerly looking out for another heiress, and the nephew lazily indifferent to her success, I made my adieux. Thus ended my month at a French watering-place.

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AVE MARIA SINE LABE CONCEPTA.

BY REV M. MULLIN.

HAIL, Mary, our Mother! Hail, Virgin the purest!
Hail, Mary, the Mother of mercy and love!
Hail, Star of the Ocean, serenest and surest
That ever shone brightly in heaven above!
'Mid the shadows of death stretching down o'er the nations,
Thy children have always rejoiced in your fame.
Oh! proudly we witness in our generations
The last crowning halo that circles thy name.

Tradition, which, joined with its sister evangel,
God placed upon guard at the door of his bride,
Tradition, which beams like the sword of the angel,
As flame-like, it "turneth on every side,"
Tradition shoots up o'er the ages victorious—
Its summit in heaven, its base upon earth—
Like a pillar of fire, far-shining and glorious,
And shows thee all sinless and pure in thy birth.

As fair as the rose 'mid Jerusalem's daughters,
As bright as the lily by Jordan's blue wave,
As white as the dove, and as clear as the waters
That flowed for the prophet and circled his grave;
As tall as the cedar on Lebanon's mountain,
As fruitful as vine-tree in Cades' domain,
As straight as the palm by Jerusalem's fountain,
As beauteous as rose-bush on Jericho plain;

As sweet as the balm-tree diffusing its odor,
As sweet as the gold-harp of David the king,
As sweet as the honey-comb fresh from Mount Bodor,
As sweet as the face veiled by Gabriel's wing:
The silver-lined sky o'er the garden of Flora,
The rainbow that gilds the dark clouds within view,
The star that shines brightest, the dawning Aurora—
More chaste than the moon, and more beautiful too.

The glass without stain, and the radiance immortal,
The ever-sealed fount in the city of God,
The garden enclosed, on whose sanctified portal
None e'er but the King of the angels hath trod:
The sign that appeared in mid-Heaven—a maiden
With the moon 'neath her feet, and twelve stars on her head,
Sun-clothed, going up from the desert to Eden;
Such Mary, the Queen of the living and dead.

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Oh! such are the words of the saints now in glory,
Whose voices are heard o'er the dark waste of time,
Like sentinels set through the centuries hoary,
Proclaiming her free from original crime;
Of the prophets and pontiffs, and doctors and sages,
Who once in this dark vale of misery trod,
Like lamps hanging out on the mist-covered ages
To light up the ways of the city of God.

We see by their light with a swelling emotion
The bark of the church, as it onward doth ride,
Through tempest and gloom, where the Star of the Ocean
Doth brightly illumine its path o'er the tide;
Where clouds become thicker and hurricanes fleeter,
And threaten to shut out its radiance from view,
We see through the darkness the figure of Peter
As he points it out still to the sailors and crew.

We hear the loud ring of the multitude's pæan
By the nations in triumph exultantly sung,
From the cliffs of the north to the distant Ægean,
As Celestine silenced Nestorius' tongue:
In Ephesus' temple—the temple of Mary—
The fathers hold council by Peter's command,
In Ephesus' streets, long expectant and weary,
The crowds stand with joybells and torches in hand.

We see the grand figure of Cyril before us,
Where John, her adopted, before him had trod,
As pontiffs and people swell loud the glad chorus,
That Mary our Mother is Mother of God.
And oh! that we've witnessed the last shining lustre,
That Star of the Stars, in her diadem set,
The first in existence, last placed in the cluster,
To shine through a long line of centuries yet;

There were journeys by land, there were ships on the ocean,
That bore Judah's princes to Sion's bright walls;
The people have heard with a thrilling emotion
The voice of the high-priest, as on them it calls.
Oh! bless them, dear Mother, we pray with emotion,
And bless this green island, that looks up to thee;
For this, dearest Mother, is gem of the ocean,
And thou art immaculate Star of the Sea.

December 8, 1864.

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ORIGINAL.

WOMAN.*

AMONG the social topics of the day, that of the present position and future prospects of woman holds a prominent place. This is the less to be wondered at, in that the course of civilization, the force of public opinion, together with the effect of the progress of machinery upon labor, have materially altered the duties which were once esteemed peculiarly her own.

We have three small books before us, all from England, and all bearing on this one topic. The first ("Essays on Woman's Work") delineates very forcibly the *fact*, that the actual work of women, independently of that performed within the domestic circle, is (relatively to the employment of numbers) immense. Our authoress calls it "the great revolution which has been so little noticed amidst the noise of politics and the clash of war —the withdrawal of women from the life of the household, and the suction of them by hundreds of thousands within the vortex of industrial life." Page 20 she says: "I was told in Manchester, by one of the most eminent and thoughtful women in England, that the outpouring of a mill in full work at the hour of dinner was such a torrent of living humanity that a lady could not walk against the stream. I was told the same thing at Bradford by a female friend." (Page 22)—"It is clear then, since modern society will have it so, women must work." But not women only; "young female children are winding silk for twelve clear hours a day beneath a hot African sun, in a charitably economical institution," (27) and "mothers have left the hearth and the cradle, and the young girls and the *little* children themselves have run to offer their feeble arms; whole villages are silent, while huge brick buildings swallow up thousands of living humanity from dawn of day until twilight shades." (33)—"There are to be seen the obvious results of the absence of married women from their homes, in discomfort, etc., and in the *utter* want of domestic teaching and training during the most important years of youth; besides the sure deterioration of health consequent on long confinement." Well may Miss Parkes consider it "a purely economical and selfish tendency, acting by competition alone and casting aside unprofitable material. Women are more and more left to provide for themselves, and society takes hardly any trouble to enable them to do so, either by education or by opening the doors to salaried employment. The great overplus of the female sex in England, caused chiefly by the wholesale emigration of men to the colonies, increases the difficulty tenfold." "In fact, the general freedom and *laisser aller* of English political and social life, while it serves many admirable purposes in the general economy of the nation, allows the weaker classes, those who are in any way unfitted for the race, to go to the wall, while the others pass by. I believe the very *poor* to suffer far more in England than elsewhere; and I am sure there is no country on earth where so many women are allowed to drift helplessly about, picking up the scanty bread of insufficient earnings." "We are at present in an extraordinary state of social disorganization." (Pp 37, 38.)

This is but a dismal result of progress, of civilization; modern society with all its boasting seems to have

* Essays on Woman's Work, by Bessie R. Parkes. The higher Education of Woman, by Emily Davis. Woman's Work in the Church, by J. M. Ludlow. London and New-York: Alex. Strahan.

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achieved little for happiness. After this witness for the uneducated class, Miss Parkes proceeds to show the difficulties that encompass the educated strivers after bread, and here difficulties seem to increase, from the danger incurred by exposing young women to intercourse with a corrupted social state; "it is better," says Miss Parkes, "to be starved in body than made worse in the moral and spiritual life," and in this we can but agree with her, as also in the conclusion that this fact renders many an occupation ineligible which would otherwise be good in itself. The lady's remarks on the changes of eighty years are interesting, as her accounts of "educated destitution" are graphic and painful in their truth. Her remarks are sensible, and her plans proposed are so modest and unassuming they seem rather suggestions, "helps to thought," than projects, and as such we cordially recommend them; for though American society is not yet in the state depicted of the superabundant populations of Europe, we cannot fail to recognize that if the *same principles* are exercised on this side of the Atlantic as have been exercised on that, the same results will follow when population becomes denser; it behooves us, then, to be wise in time, and acknowledge some higher law than that provided by an inexorable system of political economy, if we would be happy. Men and women are not necessarily blind agents of capitalists, mere creators of a wealth which they do not share in due proportion to their intelligence and their industry. They are moral beings, if they would but know it, if they would but exercise and cultivate their moral powers; beings capable of controlling themselves, and, by enlightened industrial arrangements, of providing for themselves and for their neighbors. The tendencies of Miss Parkes are evidently to the formation of joint-stock societies, making the laborer at once a worker and a capitalist. This *might* be so contrived as to form another style of "guild" of auld lang syne, when Catholic workmen protected each other from want. Christian love, and earnest thought, endeavoring to form associations for mutual interchange of kind offices, and for encouraging each other in practices of piety and good will to men, are essentially Catholic; it is only when based on a purely selfish motive, and with purely earthly aims, that they lose their charm and best security. We confess that for ourselves we do not expect to see any great improvement in the condition of the worker, whether male or female, in Europe or elsewhere, by combination or otherwise, while the effort for improvement is unsustained by a recurrence to first principles, and unbased on *positive* religious forms and dogmas. As long as the *world* is unchristian it must remain *selfish*, and the weakest will go to the wall, in every form of civilization, whether named co-operative or competitive. But once recognize that man's most essential life resides in his *soul*, and that he is bound to provide for the wants of that soul as his first object, "*guilds*" take form and shape, and the *laborer*, rising in dignity, performing his labor as an ordinance of God, "loving his neighbor as himself," establishes, or may establish, associations, in which the weaker shall be protected, and the poor recognized as the representatives of Christ. This we shall see exemplified on another page in speaking of the "*Rosines*" instituted by Rosa Governo, who had been a servant.

Miss Davis's book on the Higher Education of Woman, is addressed more especially to the middle classes, for whom she requires education as a means of obtaining a livelihood. The discrepancies between the education accorded to English girls and boys are greater than those existing between American boys and girls; still there is much room for improvement. Girls are too apt to be superficial, "to read too much, and think too little;" and even here in free America, some may be found who think they should lose

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caste by being useful, thorough, and energetic. To such as these we particularly recommend Miss Davis's book, for it sifts all such fallacies, and regards the question of woman's place in the social order, primarily considering them as "children of God, members of Christ, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven; and, secondarily, as wives, mothers, daughters, sisters" (p. 36). Miss Davis writes modestly, suggestively, not dogmatically; feeling her way as it were at every step. Her descriptions are of course English, but much that she says of the *neccssity* of suitable employment for woman, not only for a maintenance but for *healthy existence* as a moral and intellectual being, is applicable to every nation, and will afford useful hints to any one who has pondered seriously on woman's present position and future prospects.

We regret that we cannot speak so favorably of the tone of Mr. Ludlow's book, valuable as is the information it affords as to what the collective energy of women can effect when strong religious motive is the prompter of their actions. The author gives a consecutive account of the work of women in the church from the time of the apostles to the present era, tracing their usefulness, their power of varying their action according to the exigencies of the day in which they lived; the devotedness of the ancient deaconesses; the learning of the nuns, when the world was the prey of the Goths and Vandals and their successors; the intellectual activity that characterized the communities while the outer world was sunk in barbarism; the books they spent their lives in copying, and the works they themselves composed. Then he gives an account of the active orders, or, perhaps, rather associations, as of the Béguines—

"who, without renouncing the society of men or the business of life, or vowing poverty, perpetual chastity; or absolute obedience, yet led, either at their own homes or in common dwellings, a life of prayer, meditation, and labor. Matthew Paris mentions it as one of the wonders of the age for the year 1250, that 'in Germany there rose up an innumerable multitude of those continent women who wish to be called Béguines, to that extent that Cologne was inhabited by more than 1,000 of them.' Indeed, by the latter half of this century, there seems to have been scarcely a town of any importance without them in France, Belgium, Northern Germany, and Switzerland." (P. 118.)

"The first of these fellowships was composed of weavers of either sex; and so diligent were they with their work, that their industry had to be restricted, lest they should deprive the weavers' guilds of their bread. Wholly self-maintained at first, they rendered moreover essential service in the performance of works of charity. As soon as a Béguinage became at all firmly established, there were almost invariably added to it hospitals or asylums for the reception, maintenance, or relief of the aged, the poor, the sick. To this purpose were devoted the greater part of the revenues of the sisterhood, however acquired, another portion going to the maintenance of the common chapel. The sisters moreover received young girls to educate; went out to nurse and console the sick, to attend death-beds, to wash and lay out the dead; were called in to pacify family disputes." (P. 118.)

"The Béguines had no community of goods, no common purse for ordinary needs. Nevertheless, those among them who were wholly destitute, or broken down with infirmities, were maintained at the public expense, or out of the poor fund; mendicancy was never allowed, unless in the extremely rare case of the establishment not being able to relieve its poorest members." (P. 120.)

This is refreshing testimony to woman's powers, and were a similar *devoted principle* now at work, many of the problems troubling earnest, thoughtful female minds might be solved. "The striking feature of her self-maintenance by labor" is a very valuable evidence, for now that machinery is called in to *help* the race, we cannot believe that under its rightful application, Christian women could effect *less* at the present time than they did in ancient days. A similar devotedness, a similar idea of the duty of living for God, a similar appreciation of the *divine* institution of industry as a means of sanctification, would produce equal or even superior effects, since intelligence is more diffused now than formerly, and mechanical assistance more within the reach of the

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many. That which is needed is simply the *spirit* of *godliness*, and to him that *asketh* this is *promised.* Shall we then longer look calmly on the evils that beset the sex, when the means are at hand to remedy them, whenever we sincerely wish for them?

Mr. Ludlow proceeds to trace the educational fellowships, the Ursulines, Augustinians, and others. He says that in the sixteenth century female orders generally devoted themselves to education, even when founded on the old Franciscan basis of manual labor. Then comes the enumeration of the charitable sisterhoods, in all their varied modes of assuaging human misery or diminishing temptation to sin; in all their efforts for succoring the poor, the sick, the infirm, and for recalling the lost sheep to the fold. The information contained in the volume renders the book valuable in spite of Mr. Ludlow's prejudices, broadly and oftentimes coarsely expressed. We dare not repeat his blasphemies relative to the adoration of the blessed eucharist, to the vow of chastity, or to other dogmas; they are introduced, as he acknowledges, to free the author from the imputation of Romanizing tendencies, to which the involuntary testimony he bears to the *right action* of the church has subjected him. We pity him, that he did not see the force of his own evidence, that he was not *led* to the truth, rather than to the vilifying it. We give but *one* instance of the manner he has adopted in order to prove himself no Romanist; it will suffice to show the want of candor which reigns throughout the book when the *Romish* Church is touched upon. Having described, *con amore*, the institution of the Béguines as "being exempt from almost all the inconveniences of a *convent life*" (to which he appears to entertain an insuperable objection), he attributes at first their fall to the jealousy of the regular congregations. Yet after a while, the innate force of truth compels him to confess that the institution fell by its own fault. The free fellowships departed from the *spirit* of their foundation. "In place of the self-supporting industry and active charity which at first characterized them, there crept in the opposites of these—reliance upon others' alms and indifference to good works! So complete was the change that the very term Béghard, *prayer*, surviving in our 'beggar,' has come to designate clamorous pauperism" (pp. 136, 137) He continues on another page:

"But the Béguine sisterhoods of the north were too numerous, too useful, too much in harmony with the spirit of their age and country, too deeply rooted in the affections of the people, to perish before the canons of the council or a papal bull. Nor, indeed, it was soon seen, did Rome's safety require that they should perish. The existence of free *brotherhoods* was, indeed, inconsistent with that of Romanism itself; for every community of men, not bound by rule or vows, not subject to a clerical head, must be of necessity an asylum of free thought, such as a monastic church with an infallible head could not, without the greatest danger, allow. Sisterhoods, on the other hand, although equally unbound by vow or rule, might safely be tolerated; since, through the priestly director or confessor, generally an essential part of the organization of any Béguinage, they could be kept in dependence, tempted on into monachism. And thus, parallel with the current of censure against Béghardism and Béguinism as a system, there begins to flow another current of toleration, and even, as the danger diminishes, approval, for those 'faithful women who, having vowed continence, or even without having vowed it, choose honestly to do penance in their hospitals, and serve the Lord of virtues in the spirit of humility.'"

The Béguines were finally absolved from censure by the Council of Constance, 1414 (pp. 139, 140). The mind which does not see in this account that one set of Béguines were suppressed on account of disorder and that the others were retained from the desire of promoting virtue, is singularly blinded by prejudice, notwithstanding that he walks, as he says himself (p. 139), "in the brightness of Luther's most blessed name."

The Béguines, according to our author, were eventually merged into

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Tertiaries, or more regularly organized religious bodies, of whom he gives so interesting an account that we can but wonder and admire the more that the account comes from such a source. There is, however, in the author's mind, a notable ignorance of the "purity of intention" enforced by the church as necessary to the sanctification of good works, and this accounts for much misconception on his part. He says that when Madame de Miramon, a young widow, began her religious life in works of active charity, "her director exhorted her to make a 'retreat' for a year, in order to devote herself to her own perfection, without exercising her charity toward her neighbor." This Mr. Ludlow styles "a trait characteristically Romish," in which we must presume he is right, for if he represents the anti-Romish party, we must say, judging by his book, there is little apprehension shown by that party that "good works," to be acceptable, to be sanctifying to the agent, must be wrought in God, and therefore that a year spent in the repression of self-seeking, in acts of humiliation and self-abasement, might be and probably was necessary to insure that the future acts of the pious lady should be performed in that "pure intention" which would draw down upon them the fructifying blessing of divine grace. We are fain to confess that this is, as "the gentleman says, characteristically Romish;" and much we rejoice at so beautiful a characteristic of our faith.

We cannot follow Mr. Ludlow through all his accounts, which we regret the more as he gives important evidence to the fact, that in every age of the church pious women have been found to comprehend the needs of the age in which they live, and to associate with the special purpose of providing the assistance necessary. In a barbarous age, when vandalism overturned human learning, "nunneries, like monasteries for men, became schools or store houses of learning, sometimes even centres of intellectual activity. At the beginning of the sixth century, the nunnery founded by St. Cesarius at Arles contained two hundred nuns, mostly employed in copying books. Their rule bound them to learn 'human letters' for two hours a day, and to work in common, either in transcribing or in female labor" (p. 106). The convents of Tours, founded in the sixth century by Queen Radegund, and the Swabian nunnery of Gaudesheim, in the latter half of the tenth century, the glory of female monachism, were specially centres of intellectual activity. In the latter dwelt the poetess Hrotsvitha, herself not the first authoress of her convent, whose Latin plays seem to have especial attraction for Mr. Ludlow, for his panegyric is couched in these words, "Hrotsvitha, at least, was no hooded Pharisee" (pp. 119, 111).

During the Crusades and European wars, the communities of the Tertiarian hospitaller nuns, under various names, excite his admiration, though he thinks "the worship of these nuns may not be the highest and best, but it is surely genuine" (p. 142). Thanks even for that admission, Mr. Ludlow. The Béguines, of whom we have already spoken, and the educational nuns spring up at the hour of need, and for the present day "the institute of 'Rosines' of Turin presents an interesting feature." These latter have no vows, no seclusion. They are a genuine working association of women, only with a strong religious element infused in their work. They were founded by Rosa Governo, who had been a servant. There Mrs. Jameson found (see Communion of Labor) "nearly four hundred women, from fifteen years of age upwards, gathered together in an assemblage of buildings, where they carry on tailoring, embroidery, especially of military accoutrements for the army, weaving, spinning, shirt-making, lace-making, every trade, in short, in which female ingenuity is available. They have a well-kept garden, a school for the poor children of the neighborhood, an in-

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firmary, including a ward for the aged. a capital dispensary, with a small medical library. They are ruled by a superior, elected from among themselves; the work-rooms are divided into classes and groups, each under a monitress. The rules of admission and the interior regulations are strict; any inmate may leave at once, but cannot be readmitted. Finally, they are entirely self-supporting, and have a yearly income of between 70,000f. to 80,000f., that is, about from £2,800 to £3,200. No female organization is more pregnant with hope than this" (p. 181). With this we conclude our notice of Mr. Ludlow's book, although he has also accounts of some few Protestant associations, imitated and modified from the foregoing.

We cannot but rejoice at so much welcome testimony, from an outsider, to the benefits flowing from the female religious institutions of the church of Christ. and feel encouraged to believe that whatever may be the necessities of the times, bands of holy women will rise up to administer thereunto.

It is refreshing, too, as an evidence that the gratitude which woman owes to the church, she is willing to repay in self-devotedness to the *wants* of the members of that church. No woman who has ever reflected for one brief hour on the emancipation from slavery that has been wrought for her by the ministry of the church, can fail to recognize that in the Church alone is her *real* protection, her true safety. The pagan woman—what was she? You may see her type in the Eastern harem, the Hindoo suttee, the Indian burden-bearer. The few women of antiquity who broke their chains did so at a fearful cost. The Aspasias, the Diotemes, the Semiramises, the Zenobias, the Cleopatras—alas! a cloud obscures their greatness; and even heathenism condemns while it admires them. Respectable women were *slaves;* if not nominally so, yet slaves in intellect, slaves by inferior position, slaves through *ignorance;* slaves because their *souls* could find no scope for exertion. And now what are the tendencies of the age? I fear we must confess that they are purely materialistic, that they point rather to the reign of physical power than that of moral force; and if so, what must woman expect save a return in some shape, modified by existing machinery, to the old idea of enslavement under another name? The laws of the church are already annulled by society in respect of marriage. The power of easy divorce exists in the Eastern states, and polygamy flourishes in Utah. These are matters calculated to make Catholic women reflect ere they march too readily with the tendencies of the age. The church, and the church only, raised the standard of woman, and that incidentally, by proclaiming that she had a *soul* to save, and that the powers of the soul were will, memory, and understanding. Christian men were obliged to concede to her the exercise of these powers, by the same authority through which they claimed the right to exercise them for themselves. But now, the world is for the most part not Christian, and we must look well to the principles that it puts forth; its associations or co-operations, if founded on a merely selfish principle, must end in disorder. It requires the strong religious element spoken of by Mrs. Jameson as existing among the Rosines, and the "pure intention" which induced Madame de Miramon to obey her director and make the year's retreat he prescribed, in order that her future acts might be begun, continued, and ended in God, to insure that a community life or association shall produce good. That joint-stock companies may for a while flourish and contribute to the wealth of the shareholders is doubtless true; but if the wealth thus obtained is made merely to contribute to material enjoyment, it will rather injure than profit the possessor, whether that possessor be man or woman. Strong moral power is produced by exercise, by endurance, by renunciation, rather than by gratifica-

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tion. Strong intellectual power is produced by deep thought, hard study, unremitting exertion, as strong physical power is produced by labor, continuous activity, hard fare, and unluxurious habits. We must not lose sight of these facts when we seek to improve the condition of either man or woman; and desirable as are associations for mutual benefit, we must not forget that if they are to be permanent, they must aim at something higher than improving in temporalities. The union of the *natural* law with the supernatural law should form the especial study of every thinking member of the church; and to women's associations it seems a study peculiarly desirable, as woman owes her present improved condition entirely to the effects produced by that supernatural action on her previous condition. If we might be allowed to suggest a subject of thought to such Catholic women as see the evils depicted by Misses Parkes and Davis, and wish to assist in their removal, it would be that they should meditate and study the practical bearing of the ancient associations of the church to mitigate the then existing evils, and having caught the spirit of devotedness from the many sublime examples therein presented, should proceed to consider what form of devotedness is demanded by the present needs—and in the spirit of the church assemble to promote the needful work.

That there is much to be done, all must confess; but in what way it is to be done is not altogether so evident. Only tracing from all history "that "woman's work in the church" is to see the difficulties of the times, to enter with warm sympathy into its distresses, and having purified the human tenderness with which she is gifted by casting it into the furnace of divine love, to direct that tenderness, enlightened by intellectual culture and strengthened by ascetic practice, into the channels needing assistance. We can but feel confident that Catholic women will now as heretofore ponder over the position of their sex with regard to labor and intellectual culture, and that to meet its requirements such institutions will be formed as will push forward "progress" in the most approved system compatible with the solemn duties of *Catholicity:* that is, uniting the human privilege to the far higher and loftier privilege involved in being a member of the church of Christ.

ORIGINAL.

MY TWO MITES.

"This poor widow hath cast in more than they all."

WIDOWED of the world, that once did me betroth,
Unto the treasury of God brought I,
In after days,
A heart and mind—my all—two mites in worth,
And cast them in. What wealth, if they should buy
Such priceless praise!

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MISCELLANY.

A Most Important Discovery in Photography.—That photographic productions cannot be relied upon as permanent appears a fact only too well established. The public have been convinced of it by seeing folios of choice productions and scores of treasured portraits pass gradually into "the sere and yellow leaf" of their age, and finally disappear. A few years, more or less, generally works the change. Photographers, too, have lost all faith in the absolute permanence of their productions, and have long been looking for this desirable quality in some ideal process for which their experimentalists were industriously striving and working, and for which they were most anxiously looking, rather than to any modification of the old silver process, which they have now wrought up to such a pitch of perfection. This fading has been pretty clearly shown to be, at least mainly, due to the action of the hyposulphites. The print lasts a longer or shorter time in proportion to the degrees in which the fixing agent—hyposulphite of soda—has been removed from the paper; but the slightest trace of it will assuredly bring about the destruction of the photograph. The only chance of absolute permanence appears to be in its complete elimination, although even then there are other elements of evil which may be suspiciously regarded. We have hitherto relied for this purpose upon the mechanical action of water, and some able men have run counter to the general experience by affirming that absolute permanence could be obtained by proper and sufficient washing. Mr. Carey Lea, for instance, asserted, about a year since, that he had tested properly-washed prints with a very delicate and certain test for the hyposulphites without discovering their trace, and in prints which he considered had been proper'y washed. This test was that of placing a few drops of an alcoholic solution of iodine in several ounces of water, and applying the same with a camel's-hair brush to photographs on starch-sized paper. The presence of the starch, if freed from the hyposulphite by sufficient washing, was indicated by a violet or purple stain where the solution was applied; but in prints not thus washed the presence of the hyposulphite was indicated by the absence of such stain, which could be at once removed from the well-washed print by plunging it into a solution of alkaline hyposulphite. On the other hand, Mr. Dawson, of King's College, in a recent number of The British Journal of Photography, denies the power of mere washing to give permanence, "unless the prints have been soaked for some time in hot water so as to remove *all* the size—even then, supposing the paper non-albumenized, the elimination of the whole of the hyposulphite is problematical." He adds—"Some photographers, we are aware, do treat their prints with a final wash in hot water; but this, of course, although unquestionably conducive to the permanence of the proof, does not remove the whole of the size in which the hyposulphite is locked up; and if it did, the paper would be as little cohesive as blotting-paper, and the prints would lose much in vigor and brilliancy. In the case of prints on albumen, or albumenized paper, hot water, we may reasonably suppose, has no more powerful effect in removing hyposulphite from albumen than cold water, if, indeed, it has so much; and it can only be by acting on the texture of the paper itself, and removing the size therefrom, that it can exercise a beneficial influence at all." To demonstrate the truthfulness of his ideas on this subject, some prints which had been washed in cold running water, and with the utmost care and attention, for over twenty hours—and the final drippings from which, when subjected to the tincture of iodine test, displayed no trace of the hyposulphite—were experimented with, and still gave up to boiling water, in which they were steeped, at least one-fortieth part of a grain of the destructive element to the half sheet of paper, clearly showing that the cold water had not really removed it all, although it had eliminated all that it could reach or had influence over. Now, whether Mr. Dawson and his supporters or Mr. Lea and his supporters be right,

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whether photographs fade so universally because they are rarely or never sufficiently washed after the process of fixing, or because it is impossible to remove all trace of the hyposulphites from the paper by washing, it is certain that they do fade, and few dispute the final cause of such a fading. Therefore, a discovery which destroys these mischievous agents altogether cannot but be regarded as most important, and such a discovery it is our pleasing duty to announce as having been recently published by Dr. Angus Smith, F.R.S., in the pages of The British Journal of Photography, from which we quote: "Considering that the cause of the destruction of photographs, apparently by the action of time only, was in reality caused by the amount of hyposulphite remaining in the paper, D. Reissig, of Darmstadt, contrived a mode of washing it out by centrifugal force. For indicating the presence of sulphur acids, he used a small galvanic arrangement with one cell, and decomposing the acid, had the sulphur thrown on a piece of polished silver, which became readily blackened in the solution. Dr. Theodore Reissig, my assistant, examined several faded photographs for me by his brother's method, which, however, appeared unnecessarily delicate, as it was found that the amount of sulphur was very large, and roughly, we thought, in proportion to the amount of decay. I did not determine how much was hyposulphite and how much sulphate. As I had been interesting myself in bringing into use some of the remarkable properties of peroxide of hydrogen in oxidizing metals and organic bodies in fluids, it seemed to me that we might readily use it for oxidizing the hyposulphites. I am supposing that the sulphate alone will not be injurious." Dr. Smith then shows how this powerful oxidizing agent may be used to convert the mischievous hyposulphites into the innocuous sulphate, and Mr. Dawson, in the same number of the journal, gives the following experimental illustration: "Dissolve in a wine-glass any quantity of sulphate of soda, and add to the solution a few drops of tincture of iodine. The solution will remain permanently discolored, showing that sulphate of soda does not dissolve iodine. In another wine-glass, half filled with plain water, drop sufficient tincture of iodine to strike a permanent dark sherry color throughout the liquid; then add, drop by drop, a weak solution of hyposulphite of soda till the color is discharged, taking care to add as little excess of hyposulphite as possible. So far this experiment shows that iodine is soluble in hyposulphite of soda. Now, fill up the glass with an aqueous solution of peroxide of hydrogen, and observe the effects. After a few minutes the iodine is no longer held in solution, and the liquid will resume the dark sherry color it had before adding the hyposulphite of soda." Every chemist will readily explain this. To apply this new chemical agent to this new use, take the print, after fixing and washing, and soak it for a short time in a solution of the peroxide of hydrogen of the strength of say one ounce of a ten-volume solution in forty ounces of water.—*Popular Science Review.*

ORIGINAL.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE. The Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, in Plenary Council Assembled, to the Clergy and Laity of their charge. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 8vo pamphlet. For sale by L. Kehoe, New York.

This is the first official utterance of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States in Plenary Council assembled, to the clergy and laity of their charge. As such it will be listened to with an attention due to the importance of the subjects on which it speaks, and to the character and motives of the august assembly from which it proceeds. It is the warning voice of the shepherds of the people, raised after long and matured deliberation to remind the flock of its duties, pointing out the dangers which threaten, the quarters from which they spring, and the means by which they are to be avoided. It is the herald of that full legislation which in a few months will be promulgated for the Catholics of the United States. The outlines of that

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legislation are traced with rapid pen in this document; the details, which have been already filled in, will, after having received the approval of Rome, be presented to the public stamped with the seal of the Fisherman. The great object of this Pastoral Address is to impress upon the minds and hearts of Catholics those cardinal principles and duties of cheerful obedience to the divinely constituted authority of the "bishops placed to rule the Church of God;" in order that when the decrees of the Council are published, all—bishops, priests, and the laity—may co-operate in heart and hand in giving them practical effect. *All* are members of the same mystical body of Christ, the Church; and therefore *all* should in their respective positions and functions unite in harmonious action for the well-being of the whole, according to the order established by the divine head and founder. "For there are diversities of ministries, but the same Lord; and diversities of operations, but the same God, who worketh in all; and hath set the members every one of them in the body as it hath pleased him" (Cor. xii. 1).

Such being the object of the Pastoral Letter, it very naturally commences (Sec. I.) with the "Authority of Plenary Councils;" and (Sec. II.) with "Ecclesiastical Authority" in its general relations, and with the correlative obedience thereto binding on the Christian conscience. As human policy and human action have, even in secular matters, their religious as well as their civil aspects, the principles are laid down which mark out the boundary line between the civil and ecclesiastical powers (Sec. III.); a boundary line which notwithstanding the experience and lessons of past centuries, is often obliterated or lost sight of. After having, in brief and emphatic language, called attention to these general truths relating to authority and consequent obedience founded on the natural and divine laws, the episcopal legislators devote several sections to the more prominent questions and wants which affect the Catholic Church in the United States. Sec. IV. calls attention to the afflicted condition of the Pope and to the obligation incumbent on his spiritual subjects, for whom he daily prays and works, of relieving him. Sec. V. to the "Sacrament of Matrimony," that great and sacred link by which society is in its nearest and dearest associations held together, but which is so much exposed to be severed, if not wholly destroyed, in our days. Sec. VI. to the press, that giant engine for good or for evil, wielded, alas! with such fatal efficacy against the faith and morals of the "little ones and the weak ones" of the fold, and yet which, properly directed, might be made the instrument most powerful for truth and for good. Sec. VII. deals with the "education" of youth, on which indeed the future of society and religion depends. Sec. VIII. with the subject of "Catholic Protectories and Industrial Schools." Sec. IX. with the necessity of cultivating "vocations" in the ministry. Secs. X. and XI. are addressed, respectively, to the "Laity" and the "Clergy." Sec. XII. points to the condition of the emancipated slaves, and to the means to be used by the Church in ameliorating it. Sec. XIII. glances at those most favored spots in the bosom of the Church, where the sun shines most brightly, and the fairest lilies spring to be woven as a garland in her triumphant crown—to "Religious Communities." The "conclusion" epitomizes the whole by saying:

"We have taken advantage of the opportunity of the assembling of so large a number of bishops from every part of our vast country, to enact such decrees as will tend to promote uniformity of discipline and practice among us, and to do away with such imperfect observance of the rites and approved ceremonies of the church as may have been made necessary by the circumstances of past times, but which no length or prescription can ever consecrate, and thus to give the services of our religion that beauty and dignity which belong to them, and for which we should all be so zealous.

"For the furtherance of these important objects, we have caused to be drawn up a clear and compendious series of statements upon the most essential points of faith and morals, with which we have embodied the decrees of the seven Provincial Councils of Baltimore, and of the first Plenary Council, together with the decrees enacted by us in the present Council, which, when they have been examined and approved of by the Holy See, will form a compendium of ecclesiastical law for the guidance of our clergy in the exercise of their holy ministry.

"The result of our labors, when thus returned to us, will be promulgated more fully in our Provincial Councils and Diocesan Synods, and we will then take advantage of the opportunity to bring more fully under the notice of the clergy, and the people committed to our pastoral charge, the details of what we have done, and the exact nature of the means

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by which we hope to give increased efficiency to the whole practical system of the church in this country.

"We have also recommended to the Holy See the erection of several additional episcopal sees and vicariates apostolic, which are made necessary by our rapidly increasing Catholic population and the great territorial extent of many of our present dioceses."

It does not become us to review, but only to direct attention to this most remarkable and important document. Abstracting from the authority of those from whom it emanates, and viewed merely as the pronouncement of so many men distinguished for learning, experience, and piety, it will be read with respectful consideration by the educated portion of our community, whether Catholic or Protestant. On the former, however, it has a higher and holier claim —as the legislative exponent of those appointed to keep garrison on the watch-towers of Israel, to give timely warning of danger, from whatever part of the horizon it approaches, to lead and guide them in their journey through this earthly desert to the promised land of heaven. In some of the plenary councils (for instance, of Africa about the time of St. Cyprian or of St. Augustine, or of Asia before that of St. John Chrysostom) a greater number of bishops were assembled. In plenary councils, too, weightier matters may have come under consideration; as, for example, doctrinal questions at the Council of Orange, not, however, to be finally settled without the after-sanction of the Infallible Church. But never, we may venture to say, has any provincial council in other parts of the church been called to legislate for so vast a territory, or on questions of discipline and practice affecting the present and future prospects of a population so widespread and so varied in its origin, its habits, and its pursuits. Some of the bishops travelled by sea and land over thousands of miles, and were heard to facetiously say that "as they had come so far it were a little thing to step across and see the Pope at Rome." They were all, as we have said, picked men, "chosen among hundreds" of learned and pious priests; actuated solely by the motive of doing the best their collective prudence suggested for their people. Hence their opinions on questions with which they were all practically acquainted in their respective dioceses, merit to be heard by all classes with the deepest respect. Doctrinal matters were not discussed at Baltimore; these are reserved for the supreme authority of general councils and of the Holy See. But practical remedies are suggested for social and moral evils in a quiet, calm, and steady tone, which sounds upon the ears of Catholics like the voice of the Holy Spirit, and wakens in the hearts of the well-minded children of the church an echo such as we may imagine the gentle voice of the divine Master to have awakened in those who listened to his sermon on the mount. The council does not confine itself to the enunciation of general principles, but enters into minute, practical details on each subject. Had we space we would wish to quote much; but we confine ourselves to what it says on the section on the press:

"We cheerfully acknowledge the services the Catholic press has rendered to religion, as also the disinterestedness with which, in most instances, it has been conducted, although yielding to publishers and editors a very insufficient return for their labors. We exhort the Catholic community to extend to these publications a more liberal support, in order that they may be enabled to become more worthy the great cause they advocate.

"We remind them that the power of the press is one of the most striking features of modern society; and that it is our duty to avail ourselves of this mode of making known the truths of our religion, and removing the misapprehensions which so generally prevail in regard to them.

"In connection with this matter we earnestly recommend to the faithful of our charge the Catholic Publication Society, lately established in the city of New York by a zealous and devoted clergyman. Besides the issuing of short tracts, with which this society has begun, and which may be so usefully employed to arrest the attention of many whom neither inclination nor leisure will allow to read larger works, this society contemplates the publication of Catholic books, according as circumstances may permit and the interests of religion appear to require. From the judgment and good taste evinced in the composition and selection of such tracts and books as have already been issued by this society, we are encouraged to hope that it will be eminently effective in making known the truths of our holy religion, and dispelling the prejudices which are mainly owing to want of information on the part of so many of our fellow-citizens. For this it is necessary that a generous co-operation be given, both by clergy and laity, to the undertaking, which is second to none in importance among the

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subsidiary aids which the inventions of modern times supply to our ministry for the diffusion of Catholic truth."

CURIOUS QUESTIONS. By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 272. Newark, N. J.: J. J. O'Connor & Co., 59 and 61 New street. 1866.

This attractive-looking, well-printed volume reflects great credit on the enterprise and taste of the publishers, who, we hope, will be rewarded and encouraged by an extensive sale. We may remark, by the way, that some of our publishers would do well to imitate the Messrs. O'Connor in their style of binding and lettering, which is neat and tasteful but perfectly plain. The flashy style of late adopted in some cases is in most wretched taste, especially when the book treats of grave and serious topics; and it is especially displeasing to all scholars. The only fault in the mechanical execution of the book before us is, that the margin of the page is somewhat too large.

The book itself treats of much more weighty and important topics than the title would suggest. It is an analysis and résumé of some of the principal topics treated of in our philosophical text-books. The author has studied attentively and with understanding, and has presented us with an abstract of his studies, expressed in a clear, terse, and methodical style. There are, nevertheless, occasional infelicities of diction, which could easily be corrected, and which are pardonable in a young and unpractised author. The use of the word "conscience" for consciousness appears to us decidedly objectionable, and likely to mislead the English reader not familiar with the Latin word "conscientia," of which it is too verbal a translation. Such an expression as "secundum quid beings" is awkward and quite unnecessary. The same word sometimes recurs too frequently for euphony, and some sentences are carelessly constructed or unfinished. These faults are, however, comparatively slight and infrequent, and do not enter into the texture of the style and diction itself, which is of good and serviceable fabric.

The author follows the school of Plato, St. Augustine, Gerdil, Leibnitz, Gioberti, and the modern ontologists, taking the Abbé Branchereau as his more immediate guide. The general principles and drift of the system of philosophy contained in the prelections of the last-named author we regard as sound, and we are therefore well pleased to see this system in part reproduced by one who has mastered it, and has also illustrated it from his studies in other authors. There is a certain confusion and incompleteness, however, in the statements and explanations of M. Branchereau upon one or two important points, and the same reappears in the work before us. One of these points relates to the activity of the intellect in its intuition of being. M. Branchereau does not speak distinctly upon the point, but Dr. Brann expresses the opinion that the intellect is active, in contradiction to Gioberti. If by this is meant that the intellect has an active power to originate the intuition of infinite, eternal, necessary being, we apprehend that consequences might be deduced from this statement not in accordance with the Catholic doctrine. Another point relates to the universals, or genera and species. On this point the language both of M. Branchereau and of our author seems not to be sufficiently precise and accurate to guard against the appearance of maintaining the untenable proposition that genera and species are contained in God.

There is one more point of very great importance, where our author has either misapprehended the doctrine of the great writers of whose system he is the expositor, or has intentionally deviated from it, and, as we think, without due consideration. He maintains (p. 255) that material substance is radically spiritual and intelligent. Leibnitz, who is followed by a great number of the ablest philosophers of our day, taught that the ultimate components of matter are simple and indivisible, and so far similar in essence to spiritual substances. Branchereau has very ably sustained this doctrine in his philosophy, and we regard this portion of his treatise as one of the most valuable of his contributions to science. He draws the line, however, in common with all other Catholic writers with whom we are acquainted, sharply and distinctly between material and spiritual substances, as, we think, sound philosophy requires. The theory of our author opens the way to the Darwinian theory of the evolution of all the enti-

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ties of the universe from identical ultimate elements. We think he would have shown more judgment by abstaining from the expression of an immature speculation of his own on such an extremely difficult and abstruse question. A little less of positive assertion, and a little more diffidence of manner, and deference toward others, throughout the whole volume, would be more graceful in an author just at the outset of his career; especially as he is treating of those profound and momentous questions which task and often baffle the mightiest and most veteran leaders in the intellectual warfare.

Having finished the ungracious part of our critical task, we take pleasure in giving our judgment, that the design of the author in the work before us is one that is praiseworthy, and the manner of its execution such as to make it really valuable to the class of readers he has in view. It is worthy of their attentive perusal, and could not fail to benefit them if they would read and consider it with care. It is an exposition of principles and doctrines in philosophy far deeper, sounder, and more satisfactory to the intellect than is usually found in the English language; and makes accessible to those who are unacquainted with our best Catholic authors a portion of that treasure of thought which is locked up in them out of the reach of the majority of even educated men. We should like to have this book read by our students and literary men generally, and even by our professors of metaphysics in the colleges of the United States. It presents the outlines of a system far superior to that jejune psychologism of the Scottish school which is usually taught, and ought to be welcome to those who are in search of something more solid. It will also be valuable to students of philosophy in our own colleges as a companion to their text-books, as well as to English readers generally who have taste and capacity for relishing books written on philosophical subjects. We wish it success and a large circulation, and we trust the author will continue his contributions to literature and science.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. By Nathaniel Holmes. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 601. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

Mr. Holmes attempts, in this finely printed volume from the Riverside Press, to prove that the works of Shakespeare are not Shakespeare's, but Francis Bacon's. His argument is: Shakespeare did not write them because he could not; Francis Bacon, my lord Verulam, did write them because he could. To which it may be replied: Shakespeare could write them, because he did; Bacon did not, because he could not. That Bacon could not, is evident from the character of the man and what we know of his acknowledged writings; that Shakespeare did is the uniform tradition from their first appearance down to the present, and must be presumed until the contrary appears.

Mr. Holmes has proved, what all competent judges have always held, that the author of the works received as Shakespeare's must have had more learning and greater scientific and linguistic attainments than his biographers supposed Shakespeare to have had, but has not proved that he must have had more than Shakespeare might have had. Few persons capable of appreciating the wonderful productions attributed to Shakespeare can doubt that he was up to the scientific lore of his age; knew enough of Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and perhaps Spanish, to read and understand works written in those languages; had some general knowledge of medicine; was familiar with many of the technicalities of English law; was a profound philosopher, with more than an ordinary knowledge of Christian theology and morals. But who can say that Shakespeare might not have had all the learning and science here supposed?

We in reality know next to nothing of the facts of Shakespeare's life. We know the place and date of his birth and death, the age at which he was withdrawn from the grammar-school, and of his marriage; we know that he was in London about the age of thirty, where he chiefly resided till within two or three years of his death, as an actor, playwright, manager, and a large stockholder in a London theatre. These, and some few business transactions and his retirement, after having accumulated a handsome property, to his native place, where his family appear to have resided, constitute nearly all that we know of William Shakespeare outside of his works; and in these facts there is nothing that proves it impossible or even difficult,

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with the genius, ability, and quickness the author of Shakespeare's works must have had, for him to acquire all the learning and science those works indicate in their author.

Ben Jonson says Shakespeare had "little Latin and less Greek," but Jonson was a pedant, and his assertion meant simply no more than that he was not profoundly or critically learned either as a Greek or Latin scholar; and there is no necessity of supposing that he was. Latin and Greek were taught in the grammar-schools of his time, and as it is said he was fourteen when called home from school, it is no violent supposition to suppose that he learned enough while at school to read and understand Latin and Greek books, at least sufficiently for his purposes as a poet. We know not how or where he spent the sixteen years between leaving school, or the twelve years between his marriage and his appearance in London, but he might, for aught we know, have easily acquired during those years all the learning and knowledge of modern languages indicated by his earliest plays. It could not take a man of his genius and ability many weeks' study to master as much of law and medicine as his works indicate; and as to his theology and metaphysics, we must remember that he lived before Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke had enfeebled theology and philosophy in the English mind, and obliterated from the memory of Englishmen all traces of Catholic tradition. Shakespeare, if not a Catholic himself, had been trained to a greater or less extent in Catholic principles, and he rarely, if ever, deviates in his philosophy, his theology, or theoretic morals from Catholic tradition, still in his time retained to a great extent in spite of Protestantism by the main body of the English people.

Bearing in mind that Shakespeare wrote his plays for the stage, to be acted, and that he used without scruple any materials from whatever quarter gathered that he could lay his hands on, there is nothing wonderful in their production, except the unrivalled genius of their author. There are many self-educated men, even in our own country, who in the learning and science acquired from the study of books equal Shakespeare, but in that which comes from within no one self-educated or university-educated has ever equalled him; and not unlikely the fact that his genius had never been cramped by the pedantic rules of the university, nor his time frittered away in learning minutiæ that never come into play in practical life, and which the student forgets as soon as he goes forth into the world, was in his case a great advantage—at least no disadvantage.

But we cannot forgive the author for his sacrilegious attempt to transfer the glory of Shakespeare to Francis Bacon, a different and altogether an inferior man. Shakespeare was infinitely superior to Bacon. Even if Bacon had been great enough to write Shakespeare's plays—of which there is no evidence—he was not philosopher enough to do it. Shakespeare is always in accord with the best philosophical tradition which comes down from the ancients through the fathers and doctors of the church, as well as with the dictates of experience and common sense; Bacon begins a rupture with tradition, and places philosophy on the declivity to sensism and materialism, whose logical terminus is universal nullity. Shakespeare's philosophy is Catholic, Bacon's is Protestant, and has produced the same anarchy in science that Protestantism has in religion and morals. There is nothing like in the spirit and tone of the two men. Their *morale* is quite different; neither may have been blameless in life, but Shakespeare, if he sinned, did so from high spirits, joviality, heedlessness; while Bacon sinned, we know, from sordidness, and left his name stamped with the infamy that belongs to a judge that takes bribes. Bacon, intentionally or not, has favored modern doubt and unbelief, while Shakespeare crushes the incipient doubt of his age in Hamlet and in several other of his plays, and he could never have said with Bacon, atheism is better, socially and politically, than superstition. But enough. Mr. Holmes deserves no thanks for what he has done, and we do not think that he has proved his theory is not a "crazy theory."

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS. By Sir John Herschel. London and New York: Alexander Strahan.

This volume contains, among others, essays on the Sun, Earthquakes and Volcanoes, Comets, Celestial Measurement, Light, Force, and Atoms. The author, although upward of seventy years of

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age, still writes with the enthusiasm, vigor, and sprightliness of a young votary of science, and of course with the profundity, range of thought, weight of judgment, and vastness of learning belonging only to one who has grown gray in scientific studies. The topics he discusses are among the most important and interesting in science. To their absorbing intrinsic interest is added the charm of Sir John Herschel's method and style of exposition. In literary merit and beauty of style this series of lectures exceeds any of the próductions of the professors of physical science with which we are acquainted, and is equal to our best English classics. There is a pleasant playfulness also about the ancient astronomer, which must have made his lectures, as he delivered them, most delightful to listen to. The religious and moral tone of the lectures is elevated and wholesome. Without any set and formal attempts at moralizing or preaching, the illustrious author naturally and forcibly presents, on fitting occasions, the irresistible evidence afforded by the stupendous order of the universe of the infinite wisdom and goodness of God. Some few disparaging remarks about Catholic superstition occur in his pages; but not so many as we frequently meet with in similar works by English Protestants, who seem to be incapable of abstaining for a very long time from their favorite amusement—one which has as much popularity with the English public as the national game of "Aunt Sally."

Notwithstanding these little specimens of religious squibbery, which can do no harm to any intelligent Catholic, whether child or adult, we recommend this book most cordially to all our readers. It is a great advantage and pleasure to those intelligent and educated readers who have not had time or opportunity to study scientific text-books, to have the grand results of science placed before them in an intelligible and readable form. We cannot think of anything more desirable for the interests of general education, than a complete series of lectures, like those of the volume before us, on all the principal topics of the several grand divisions of physical science. The field of knowledge is now so vast, and includes so many distinct, richly cultivated enclosures, that even students must confine themselves to the thorough study of a few specialties. Yet, education ought to include a general survey of the universal domain of knowledge. Therefore, it becomes important to have generalizations, compendiums, the condensed cream of science, prepared by the hands of masters in the several branches of knowledge. We are grateful to Sir John Herschel for devoting his old age to the task of making the sublime discoveries of astronomical science intelligible to ordinary readers. His charming volume should be in every library, and read by every one who takes pleasure in solid knowledge communicated in the clearest and most agreeable manner.

THE RISE AND THE FALL; OR, THE ORIGIN OF MORAL EVIL. In three parts. Part I. The Suggestion of Reason. II. The Disclosure of Revelation. III. The Confirmation of Theology. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

A very thoughtful, sensible, calmly written book, pervaded by a high tone of moral and religious sentiment. The modest, anonymous author may be called an orthodox Protestant semi-rationalist. He takes Scripture as furnishing certain revealed data on which the individual reason must construct a rational theorem of religion. Revelation, as apprehended by the individual reason, being a variable quantity, of course dogmas are reduced to mere hypothesis more or less probable, according to the force of the argument which sustains them. We have, accordingly, about as ingenious and plausible an hypothesis of original sin as any one can well make who does not begin with the true conception as given him by the Catholic dogma. The author's hypothesis is, that Adam, having been created in the intellectual, but not in the moral order, was elevated to the moral order through his own act, thereby contracting a liability to sin as incidental to moral liberty, which he transmitted together with the moral nature to his posterity. In this way sin entered into the world through Adam, not by an imputation or infusion of his sin into his descendants, but as an incidental consequence of the transfer of human nature into the sphere of moral obligation. The transgression of Adam and Eve the author considers not to have been a sin at all, but an act with-

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out any moral character, like that of a young child climbing to the roof of a house; a bold experiment which the inexperience of infant man led him to hazard without regard to the unknown consequences.

We consider the effort to determine the questions discussed by the author, from the data admitted by him, to be as impossible a task as to calculate the distance of a fixed star which makes no parallax. The oscillation of the ground, of the building, and of the instrument used by the astronomer, and the apparent or proper motions of the stars, may deceive him by an apparent parallax, from which he will make a plausible but illusory calculation. The application suggests itself. We have already discussed the same questions, from the data furnished by revealed Catholic dogmas, and are now engaged in discussing them in the series of articles entitled "Problems of the Age;" and it is, therefore, superfluous to enter here into a new discussion of the same topics.

We are glad to see these questions discussed, and always read with interest what is written by a candid, earnest, well-informed, and able writer like the author of this book. With many of his views we cordially agree, and recognize the justice, force, and beauty of many of his observations. We like him particularly for his clear views of the goodness and justice of God, the freedom of man, the negative character of evil, the worth and excellence of moral virtue; and for his denial of physical depravity, of a dark, inevitable doom preceding all personal existence or accountability, and similar fatalistic doctrines of the old Protestant theological systems. While, however, the moderate rationalism of the author avails so far as to refute certain systems or doctrines which are contrary to reason, and to furnish certain fragmentary portions of a better system, it is not sufficient to make a complete synthesis between reason and revelation. Catholic philosophy alone is competent to achieve this mighty and, indeed, superhuman task.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CONDITIONED, comprising some remarks on Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy and on Mr. J. S. Mill's Examination of that Philosophy. By H. L. Mansel, B.D., Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in the University of Oxford. London and New-York: Alexander Strahan. 1866.

The philosophy of Sir William Hamilton has been the subject of an animated controversy for some time in England and Scotland. It has been attacked from two opposite sides—some of the principal critics upon it having been themselves pupils of the distinguished Scottish baronet, whose system they have undertaken to combat. On the one side, Mr. Calderwood has assailed it, as deficient in affirming the principle of certitude respecting ideal truth, and on the other, Mr. Mill, as affirming too dogmatically the same principle. These assaults have called out other champions in defence of their great master, among whom Mr. Mansel is one of the most conspicuous. Those who desire to know what can be said in favor of the Hamiltonian system will find this volume worthy of their perusal. The author brings learning, no mean ability, and very good temper to his task. We are no admirers of the system he undertakes to defend, but still less of that of his antagonist. The first we regard as inadequate to the need which exists of a true Christian philosophy, the second as subverting the very basis of all philosophy and all religion. In this controversy our sympathy and respect are given to the Oxford pro essor, as one who is striving to uphold the belief in God and the Christian revelation, albeit with insufficient weapons. We find, also, very much that is admirable in particular portions of his essay.

It is needless to say any thing in praise of Mr. Strahan's publications, so far as the beauty of their mechanical execution is concerned. The volume before us is a perfect specimen of British typographical art, just such a book as delights the eye of the literary amateur.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From the Author: "The Life of Simon Bolivar, Liberator of Colombia and Peru, Father and Founder of Bolivia; carefully written from authentic and unpublished documents." By Doctor Felipe Larrazabal. Vol. 1, 8vo., pp. 410.

Anniversary Address and Poem, delivered before the Society of the Alumni of the Detroit High School, August 30th, 1866. Address by H. E. Bust; Poem by Miss M. F. Buchanan.

From the American News Company: 'Utterly Wrecked." A Novel, by Henry Morford; paper.

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THE

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ORIGINAL.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

A CAROL of joy, a carol of joy,
For the glorious Christmas time;
While the heavens rejoice and the earth is glad,
Let the merry bells sweetly chime.
Let us seek the crib where our Saviour lies—
See, the shepherds are kneeling there;
Let us offer, with Mary and Joseph,
Our worship of love and prayer.

A carol of praise, a carol of praise,
With the angels let us sing;
Let us welcome with notes of rapturous joy
Our Saviour, our God and King.
Oh! would we could offer him worthy gifts,
Oh! would that our hearts could love,
With some equal return, the Holy Child,
Who for us left his throne above!

A carol of joy, a carol of joy,
Let the whole earth gladly shout;
She has waited long for this promised day,
Let the glorious song flow out.
A carol of praise, a carol of joy,
Let us sing for the Christmas time,
While the heavens rejoice and the earth is glad,
And the merry bells sweetly chime.

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ORIGINAL.

CHARITY AND PHILANTHROPY.

THERE is no denying that our age, in its dormant tendency, places philanthropy above charity, and holds it higher praise to call a man philanthropic than to call him charitable. In its eyes charity is to philanthropy as a part to the whole, and consists, chiefly, in giving the beggar a penny or sending him to the poor-house, and in treating error and sin with even more consideration than truth and virtue. Could anything better indicate the distance it has fallen below the Christian thought, or its failure to grasp the principle of Christian morals?

Philanthropy, according to the etymology of the word, is simply the love of man; charity, according to Christian theology, is the love of God, and of man in God. Philanthropy is simply a natural human sentiment; charity is a virtue, a supernatural virtue, not possible without the assistance of grace —the highest virtue, the sum and perfection of all the virtues, the fulfilment of the whole law, the bond of perfectness which likens and unites us to God; for God is charity, *Deus est caritas*. It does not exclude but includes the love of man, our neighbor or our brother; "for if any man say, I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For if he loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not?" Whoever loves God must necessarily love his brother, for his brother is included in God, as the effect in the cause, and he who loveth not his brother proves clearly thereby that he doth not love God. But charity, though it includes philanthropy, is as much superior to it as God is to man.

The natural sentiments are all good in their origin and design, as much so since as before the fall; and man would be worthless without them; would be a monster, not a man. But in themselves they are blind. Each one tends, when left to itself, to become exclusive and excessive, and hence comes that internal disorder, anarchy, or war of conflicting sentiments of which we are all more or less conscious, and in which originate all life's tragedies. Even when developed, restrained, and directed by the understanding, as they all need to be, they are not even then moral virtues, meriting praise. Moral virtue is a rational act, an act of free will, done for the sake of the end prescribed by the law of God; but in the sentiments there is no free will, except in restraining and directing them, and man acts in them only as the sun shines, the rain falls, the winds blow, or the lightnings flash. There may be beauty and goodness in them, as in the objects of nature, but there is no virtue, because the spring of all sentimental action is the indulgence or gratification of the sentiment itself, not the will to do our duty, or to obey the law by which we are morally bound.

Indeed, what most offends this age—perhaps all ages—and for which it has the greatest horror, is duty or obedience; for duty implies that we are not our own, and, therefore, are not free to dispose of ourselves as we please; and obedience implies a superior, a lord and master, who has the right to order us. It, therefore, sets its wits to work and racks its brains to invent a morality that excludes duty, and exacts no such hateful thing as obedience. It has found out that it is far nobler to act from love than from duty, and to do a thing because we are prompted to do it by our hearts, than because God, in his law, commands it.

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In other words, it is nobler, more moral, to act to please ourselves, than it is to act to please God. This passes for excellent philosophy, and you may hear it in conversation of many young misses just from boarding-school, read it in most popular novels and magazines, and be edified by it from the pulpit of more than one professedly Christian denomination.

This philosophy sets the so-called heart above the head, that is, it distinguishes the heart from the understanding and will, and places it, as so distinguished, above them. Hence we find the tendency is to treat faith, considered as an intellectual act, and consequently the Christian dogmas, with great indifference; and to say, if the heart is right, it is no matter what one believes, and, it may be added, no matter what one does. What one does is of little consequence, if one only has fine sentiments, warm and gushing feelings. Jack Scapegrace is a hard drinker, a gambler, a liar, a rake, and seldom goes near a church; but for all that he is a right down good fellow—has a warm heart. He gives liberally to the missionary society, and makes large purchases at charity fairs. Hence a good heart, which at best means only quick sensibilities, and which is perfectly compatible with the grossest self-indulgence, and the most degrading and ruinous vices, constitutes the sum and substance of religion and morality, atones for the violation of every precept of the Decalogue, and supplies the absence of faith and Christian virtue.

All errors are half truths. Certainly, love is the fulfilling of the law, and the heart is all that God requires. "My son, give me thy heart." But the "heart" in the scriptural sense is reason, the intellect, and the will; and the love that fulfils the law is not a sentiment, but a free act of the rational soul, and, therefore, a love which it is within our power to give or withhold. It is a free, voluntary love, yielded by intelligence and will. In this sense, love cannot be contrasted with duty; for it is duty, or its fulfilment, and indistinguishable from it; the heart cannot be contrasted with the head, in the scriptural or Christian sense of the word; for in that sense it includes the head, and stands for the whole rational soul—the mistress of her own acts. To act from the promptings of one's own heart, in this sense, is all right, for it is to act from a sense of duty, from reason and will, or intelligence and free volition. In souls well constituted and trained, or long exercised in the practice of virtue, no long process of reasoning or deliberation ever takes place, and the decision and execution are simultaneous, and apparently instantaneous, but the act is none the less an act of deliberate reason or free will.

Plato speaks of a love which is not an affection of the sensibility, and which is one of the wings of the soul on which she soars to the Empyreum; but I can understand no love that contrasts with duty, except it be an affection of the sensitive nature, what the Scriptures call "the flesh," which is averted by the fall from God, and, as the Council of Trent defines, "inclines to sin"—"the carnal mind," which, St. Paul tells us, is at enmity with God, is not subject to the law of God, nor indeed can be. Christianity recognizes an antagonism between the flesh and the spirit, between the law in our members and the law of the mind, but none between the love she approves and the duty she enjoins, or between the heart which God demands and the head or the understanding. Love by the Christian law is demanded as a duty, as that which is due from us to God. We are required to love God with our whole heart, mind, soul, and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves. This is our duty, and therefore the love must be an act of free will—a love which we are free to yield or to withhold, for our duty can never exceed our liberty. The Christian loves duty, loves self-denial and sacrifice, loves the law, and delights in it after

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the inner man; but in loving the law he acts freely from his own reason and will, and he obeys it not for the sake of the delight he takes in it, but because it is God's law; otherwise he would act to please himself, not to please God, and his act would be simply an act of self-indulgence.

The age, in its efforts to construct a morality which excludes duty and obedience, tends to resolve the love which Christianity demands into an affection of the sensibility, and thence very logically opposes love to duty, and holds it nobler to act from inclination than from duty, to follow the law in our members than the law of the mind. It may then substitute, with perfect consistency, the transcendentalist maxim, Obey thyself, for the Christian maxim, Deny thyself!

But this is not all. The age, or what is usually called the age, not only resolves virtue, which old-fashioned ethics held to be an act or free will done in obedience to the Divine law, into a sentiment, or interior affection, of the sensibility, but it goes further and resolves God into man, and maintains that the real sense of the mystery of the Incarnation, of the Word made flesh, is that man is the only actual and living God, and that beyond humanity there is only infinite possibility, which humanity in its infinite progress and evolution and absorption of individual life is continually actualizing, or filling up. So virtually teaches Hegel, inconsiderately followed by Cousin, in teaching that *das reine Seyn*, or simply possible being, arrives at self-consciousness first in man. So teach the Saint Simonians, Enfantin, Bazard, Carnot, and Pierre Leroux; and so hold the school or sect of the Positivists, followers of Auguste Comte, who have actually instituted *un culte* or service in honor of humanity. The Positivists are too modest to claim to be themselves each individually God, but they make no bones of calling humanity, or the great collective man, God, and offering him, as such, a suitable worship. This is taught and done in France, the most lettered nation in Europe; and the principle that justifies it pervades not a little of the popular literature of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States.

If man or humanity is God, of course the highest virtue is and must be philanthropy, the love of all men in general, and of no one in particular. Resolve now God into man, and philanthropy or the love of man into an affection of the sensibility or sensitive nature, and you have in a nutshell the theology, religion, and morality to which the age tends, which the bulk of our popular literature favors, which our sons and daughters inhale with the very atmosphere they breathe, and which explains the effeminacy and sentimentalism of modern society. It is but a logical sequence that the age, since women are ordinarily more sentimental than men, places woman at the head of the race, and holds woman—if young, beautiful, amiable, sentimental, and rich—to be the most perfect and adorable embodiment of the divinity. The highest form of philanthropy is the love of woman. I would say, philogyny, only that might be taken to imply that the highest virtue is the love of one's wife, or wifehood, which is too old-fashioned, unless by wife is meant the wife of one's neighbor. But, my dear young lady, be not too vain of the homage you receive; it will be withheld with the first appearance of the first wrinkle or the first gray hair. It is better to be honored as a true woman than to be worshipped as a goddess or even as an angel.

The sentimental worship of humanity, or the reduction of the virtue of charity to the sentiment of philanthropy, necessarily weakens and debases the character; and whatever we may say under various aspects in praise of our age, and however strong our confidence that God in his providence will turn even its evil tendencies to good, we cannot deny its moral weakness; and it is doubtful if

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the debasement of individual character was greater, even in the Lower Empire, or that men were more dishonest or fraudulent, more sordid or venal. Other ages have been marked, perhaps, by less refinement of manners, more violent crimes, and great criminals, but few are found less capable either of great virtues or great expiations. This need not surprise us, for it is only the natural effect of substituting sentiment for virtue, and sentimental for moral culture, which we are constantly doing.

Many, perhaps, will be disposed to deny that we have substituted sentimental for moral culture, and it must be conceded that the didactic lessons given in our schools throughout Christendom, for the most part, remain very much as they have been ever since there was a Christendom, and in general accord with pure Christian ethics. There are few, if any, schools for children and youth, in which the sentimental and humanitarian morality, or rather immorality, is formally taught. But we should remember that the didactic lessons of the schoolroom do very little toward forming the character of our youth, and that the culture that really forms it is given by the home circle, associations, the spirit and tone of the community in which they are brought up. There is a subtile influence, what the Germans call *der Welt-Geist*, which pervades the whole community, and affects the faith, the morals, and character of all who grow up in that community without any formal instruction or conscious effort of any one. So far as formal lessons and words go, the culture of our children and youth is, for the most part, Christian; but these lessons and words receive a practical interpretation by *der Welt-Geist*, what I call the spirit of the age, and should, perhaps, call "the prince of this world," which deprives them of their Christian sense, takes from them all meaning, or gives them an anti-Christian meaning. It is one of the striking peculiarities of the age that it inculcates the baldest infidelity, the grossest immorality in the language of Christian faith and virtue. It is this fact which deceives so many, and that makes the assertion of sentimental for moral culture appear to be a total misstatement, or, at least, a gross exaggeration of the fact.

It will, no doubt, also be said that a decided reaction in our popular literature against sentimentalism has already commenced. The realism of Dickens and the Trollopes is opposed to it, Bulwer Lytton, in his late novels at least, is decidedly hostile to it, and Thackeray unmercifully ridicules it. These and other popular writers have undoubtedly reacted against one form of sentimentalism, the dark and suicidal form placed in vogue by Goethe in his Sorrows of Werter, and now nearly forgotten; but they have not ridiculed or reacted against the form of sentimentalism which substitutes the sentiment of philanthropy for the virtue of charity. They encourage humanitarianism, and make the love of man for woman or woman for man the great agent in developing, enlarging, and strengthening the intellect, the spring of the purest and sublimest morality. The hero of popular literature is now rarely an avowed unbeliever or open scoffer, and in all well-bred novels the heroine says her prayers night and morning, and the author decidedly patronizes Christianity, and says many beautiful and even true things in its favor; but, after all, his religion is based on humanity, is only a charming sentimentalism, embraced for its loveliness, not as duty or the law which it would be sin to neglect; or it is introduced as a foreign and incongruous element, never as the soul or informing spirit of the novel.

The fact is undeniable, whether people are generally conscious of it or not, and we see its malign influence not only on individual character, but on domestic and social life. It has nearly broken up and rendered impossible the Christian family in the easy and edu-

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cated classes. Marriage is, it is said, where and only where there is mutual love, and hence the marriage is in the mutual love, is lawful between any parties who mutually love, unlawful between any who do not. Love is an interior affection of the sensibility, a feeling, and like all the feelings independent of reason and will. All popular literature makes love fatal, something undergone, not given. We love where we must; not where we would nor where we should, but where we are fated to love. It needs not here to speak of infidelity to the marriage vows, which this doctrine justifies to any extent, for those vows are broken when broken from unreasoning passion or lust, not from a theory which justifies it. I speak rather of the misery which it carries into married life, the destruction of domestic peace and happiness it causes. Trained in the sentimentalism of the age, and to regard love as a feeling dependent on causes beyond our control, our young people marry, expecting from marriage what it has not, and cannot give. They expect the feeling which they call love, and which gives a roseate hue to everything they look upon, will continue as fresh, as vivid, and as charming after marriage as before it; but the honeymoon is hardly over, and they begin to settle down in the regular routine of life, before they discover their mistake, the roseate hue has gone, their feelings have undergone a notable change, and they are disappointed in each other, and feel that the happiness they counted on is no longer to be expected. The stronger and more intense the mutual feeling the greater the disappointment, and hence the common saying: Love matches are seldom happy matches. Each party is disappointed in the other, frets against the chain that binds them together, and wishes it broken.

This is only what might have been expected. Nothing is more variable or transitory than our feelings, and nothing that depends on them can be unchanging or lasting. When the feelings of the married couple change toward each other, the marriage bond becomes a galling chain, and is felt to be a serious evil, and divorce is desired and resorted to as a remedy. It is usually no remedy at all, or a remedy worse even than the disease; but it is the only remedy practicable where feeling is substituted for rational affection. Hence, in nearly all modern states, the legislature, in direct conflict with the Christian law, which makes marriage a sacrament and indissoluble, permits divorce, and in some states for causes as frivolous as incompatibility of temper. It is easy to censure the legislature, but it must follow and express the morals, manners, sentiments, and demands of the people, and when these are repugnant to the divine law, it cannot in its enactments conform to that law; and if did, its enactments would be resisted as tyrannical and oppressive, or remain on the statute book a dead letter, as did so much wise and just legislation inspired by the church in the middle ages. The evil lies further back, in the humanitarianism of the age, which reverses the real order, puts the flesh in the place of the spirit, philanthopy in the place of charity, and man in the place of God, and which promotes an excessive culture of the sentiments, at the expense of rational conviction and affection. There is no remedy but in returning to the order we have reversed, to the higher culture of reason and free will, not possible without faith in God and the Christian mysteries.

But passing over the effect of sentimental morality on individual character, the private virtues, and domestic happiness, we find it no less hostile to social ameliorations and reforms in the state. The age is philanthropic, and wages war with every form of vice, poverty, and suffering, and is greatly shocked at the evils it finds past ages tolerated without ever making an effort to remove them, hardly even to mitigate them. This

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is well as far as it goes; but in an age when the sensitive nature is chiefly cultivated, when physical pain is counted the chief evil, and sensible pleasures held to be the chief good, practically, if not theoretically, many things will be regarded as evils which, in a more robust and manly age, were unheeded, or not counted as evils at all. Many things in our day need changing, simply because other things having been changed, they have become anomalous and are out of place. What in one state of society is simple poverty, is really distress in another; and poverty, which in itself is no evil, becomes a great evil in a community where wealth is regarded as the supreme good, and the poor have wants, habits, and tastes which only wealth can satisfy. The poorer classes of today in civilized nations would suffer intensely if thrown back into the condition they were in under the feudal régime, but it may be doubted if they do not really suffer as much now as they did then. Perhaps such wants as they then had were more readily met and supplied than are those which they now have. In point of fact, Christian charity did infinitely more for the poor and to solace suffering in all its forms, even in the feudal ages, than philanthopy does now; and we find the greatest amount of squalid wretchedness now precisely in those nations in which philanthopy has been most successful in supplanting charity.

Philanthopy effects nothing except in so far as it copies or imitates Christian charity, and its attempted imitations are rarely successful. It has for years been very active and hard at work in imitation of charity; but what has it effected? what suffering has it solaced? what crime has it diminished? what vice has it corrected? what social evil has it removed? It has tried its hand against licentiousness, and licentiousness is more rife and shameless than ever. It has made repeated onslaughts on the ruinous vice of intemperance, and yet drunkenness increases instead of diminishing, and has become the disgrace of the country. It has professed great regard for the poor, but does more to remove them out of sight than to relieve them. It treats poverty as a vice or a crime, looks on it as a disgrace, a thing to be fled from with all speed possible, and makes the poor feel that wealth is virtue, honor, nobility, the greatest good, and thus destroys their self-respect, aggravates their discontent, and indirectly provokes the crimes against property become so general and so appalling. What a moral New York reads us in the fact that she makes her commissioners of "Public Charities" also commissioners of "Public Corrections!" Philanthropy rarely fails to aggravate the evil she attempts to cure, or to cure one evil by introducing another and a greater evil. Her remedies are usually worse than the disease.

Owen, Fourier, Cabet, and other philanthropists have made serious efforts to reorganize society so as to remove the inequalities or the evils of the inequalities of wealth and social position; but have all failed, because they needed, in order to succeed, the habits, character, and virtues which, on their own theories, can be obtained only from success. As a rule, philanthropy must succeed in order to be able to succeed.

Philanthropy — humanitarianism — has been shocked at slavery, and in our country as well as in some others it formed associations for its abolition. In the West India Islands, belonging to Great Britain, it succeeded in abolishing it, to the ruin of the planters and very little benefit to the slave. In this country, if slavery is abolished, it has not been done by philanthropy, which served only to set the North and the South by the ears, but by the military authority as a war measure, necessary, or judged to be necessary, to save the Union and to guard against future attempts to dissolve it. Philanthropy is hard at work to make abolition a blessing to the freedmen. It talks, sputters,

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clamors, legislates, but it can effect nothing; and unless Christian charity takes the matter in hand, it is very evident that, however much emancipation may benefit the white race, it can prove of little benefit to the emancipated, who will be emancipated in name, but not in reality.

The great difficulty with philanthropy is, that she acts from feeling and not reason, and uses reason only as the slave or instrument of feeling. Wherever she sees an evil she rushes headlong to its removal, blind to the injury she may do to rights, principles, and institutions essential to liberty and the very existence of society. Hence she usually in going to her end tramples down more good by the way than she can obtain in gaining it. She has no respect for vested rights, regards no geographical lines, and laughs at the constitutions of states, if they stand in her way. Liberty with us was more interested in maintaining inviolate the constitution of the Union and the local rights of the several states, than it was even in abolishing negro slavery, and hence many wise and good men, who had no interest in retaining slavery, and who detested it as an outrage upon humanity, did not and could not act or sympathize with the abolitionists. They yield in nothing to them in the earnest desire to abolish slavery, but they would abolish it by legal and peaceful means—means that would not weaken the hold of the constitution and civil law on conscience, and destroy the safeguards of liberty. The abolitionists did not err in being opposed to slavery, but in the principles on which they sought its abolition. Adam did not sin in aspiring to be God; for that, in a certain sense, he was destined, through the incarnation, one day to become. His sin was in aspiring to be God without the incarnation, in his own personal right and might, and in violation of the divine command, or by other means than those prescribed by his Creator and Lawgiver, the only possible means of attaining the end sought.

Philanthropy commits the same error whatever the good work she attempts, and especially in all her attempts at political reforms. She finds herself "cabined, cribbed, confined" by old political institutions, and cries out, Down with them. She demands for the people a liberty which she sees they have not and cannot have under the existing political order, and so proceeds at once to conspire against it, to revolutionize the state, deluges the land in blood, and gets anarchy, the Reign of Terror, or military despotism for its pains. Never were there more sincere or earnest philanthropists than the authors of the old French revolution. The violent revolutions attempted in modern Europe in the name of humanity, have done more harm to society by unsettling the bases of society and effacing in men's minds and hearts the traditional respect for law and order, than any good they could have done by sweeping away the social and political abuses they warred against. The French are not politically or individually freer to-day than they were under Louis Quatorze.

There are, no doubt, times when an old political order, as in Rome after Marius and Sulla, has become effete, and can no longer fulfil the duties or discharge the offices of a government, in which a revolution, like that effected under the lead of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, may be desirable and advantageous, for it establishes a practicable and a real government in the place of a government that can no longer discharge the functions of government, and is virtually no government at all. The empire was a great advance on the republic, which was incapable of being restored. But revolutions properly so-called, undertaken for the subversion of an existing order and the introduction of another held to be theoretically more perfect, have never, so far as history records, been productive of good. No doubt England is to-day in advance of what she was under the Stuarts, but who dares say that she is in advance of

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what she would have been had she not expelled them, or that she has become greater under the Whig nobility than she might have been under the Tory squirarchy?

There has been, I readily concede, a real progress in modern society, at least dating from the fifth century of our era; but, as I read history, the progress has been interrupted or retarded by modern socialistic or political revolutions, and has in no case been accelerated by philanthropy as distinguished from Christian charity. Moreover, in no state of Christendom has charity ever been wholly wanting. Nations have cast off the authority of the church, and have greatly suffered in consequence; but in none has divine charity been totally wanting, and the influence of Christianity on civilization, even in heretical and schismatic nations, is not to be counted as nothing. I am far from believing that the nations that broke away from the church are not better than they would have been if they had not had the benefit of the habits formed under her teaching and discipline. I know that *extra ecclesiam nulla sit salus;* but I know also that the church is as a city set on a hill, and that rays from the light within her may and do extend beyond her walls, and relieve in some degree the darkness of those who are outside of them. How much the church continues to influence nations once within her communion, but now severed from it, nobody is competent to determine, nor can any one but God himself say how many, in all these nations, though not formally united to the body of the church, are yet not wholly severed from her soul. The Russian Church retains the orthodox faith and the sacraments, and is officially under no sentence of excommunication from the body of Christ, and only those who are individually and voluntarily schismatic, are guilty of the sin of schism; and in other communions, though undoubtedly heretical, there may be large numbers of baptized persons who do really act on Christian principles, and from purely Christian motives. All I mean to deny is, that society or humanity ever gains anything from violent or sentimental revolutions.

The impotence of philanthropy without charity, or pure humanism, is demonstrable *à priori*, and should have been foreseen. It is opposed to the nature of things, and implies the absurdity that nothing is something, and that what is not can act. It is an attempt to found religion, morals, society, and the state without God; when without God there is and can be nothing, and consequently nothing for them to stand on. It assumes that man is an independent being, and suffices for himself; which, whether we mean by man the individual or humanity, "the universal man," "the one man" of the Transcendentalists, or "the grand collective Being" of the Positivists, we all feel and know to be not the fact. Man in either sense is a creature, and depends absolutely on the creative act of God for his existence; and let God suspend that act, and he sinks into the nothing he was before he was created. Therefore it is in God *mediante* his creative act he lives and moves and has his being. Hence it is, whether we know it or not, that we assert the existence of God as our creator in every act we perform, every thought we think, every resolution we take, every sentiment we experience, and every breath we draw, for no human operation—physical, intellectual, or moral—is possible without the divine creative act and concurrence.

Philanthropy, or the love of man, separated from charity, or the love of God and of man in God, is therefore simply nothing, a mere negation, for it supposes man separated from God is something, and separated from God he is nothing. Hence St. Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, says: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And if I have prophecy, and know all mysteries, and have

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all knowledge, and have all faith, so I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and should give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." This is so not by virtue of any arbitrary decree or appointment of the Almighty, even if such decree or appointment is possible, but in the very nature of things, and God himself cannot make it otherwise. God is free to create or not to create, and free to create such existences as he pleases; but he cannot create an independent self-sufficing being, for he cannot create anything between which and himself there should not be the relation of creator and creature. The creature depends wholly, in all respects whatever, on the creator, and without him is and can be nothing. The creature depends absolutely on the creator in relation to all his acts, thoughts, and affections, as well as for mere existence itself. God could not, even if it were possible that he would, dispense with charity and count the love of man as independent of God, as something, because he is truth, and it is impossible for him to lie, and lie he would were he to count such supposed love something, for independent of him there is no man to love or to be loved. Man can love or be loved only where he exists; and as he exists in God, so only in God can we possibly love him, that is, we can love our neighbor only in loving God. The humanitarian love or morality is, therefore, a pure negation, simply nothing.

Man is, indeed, a free moral agent, and he would not be capable of virtue or a *moral* action, if he were not; but he can act, notwithstanding his moral freedom, only according to the conditions of his existence. He exists and can exist only by virtue of a supernatural principle, medium, and end. He exists only by the direct, immediate creative act of God, and God in himself and in his direct immediate acts, always and everywhere, is supernatural, above nature, because its creator, and, as its creator, its proprietor. The maker has a sovereign right to the thing made. The creature can no more be its own end than its own principle or cause. Man cannot take himself as his own end, because he is not his own, but is his creator's, and because independent of God he is nothing. So God is both his principle and end. But the end is not possible without a medium that places it in relation with the principle, as theologians demonstrate in their dissertations on the mystery of the ever blessed Trinity, and as common sense itself teaches. As the principle and end are supernatural, so the medium must be supernatural, for the medium must be on the plane of the principle and end between which it is the medium. The medium, in the moral or spiritual order, the gospel teaches us, is the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, which infused by the Holy Ghost into the soul elevates her to the plane of her supernatural destiny, and strengthens her to gain or fulfil it. Hence, as says the apostle, *Ex ipso, et per ipsum, et in ipso sunt omnia*—all things are from him, and by him, and to or in him. These are the essential conditions of all life, alike in the natural or physical order, and in the moral or spiritual. In all orders God is the principle, medium, and end of all existence, of all action.

In the moral or spiritual order, not in the natural or physical order, man is a free agent, and acts from free will, as Pope sings:

> "God, binding nature fast in fate,
> Leaves free the human will."

Grace assisting, man can conform to the essential conditions of his existence—conditions determined and unalterably fixed by his relation to God as his creator—by the free act of his own will; and by doing so he lives morally, or has moral life. He can also, by virtue of his liberty or freedom, refuse to conform, or in theological language, to obey God, but he cannot so refuse and live in the moral order. This refusal is not a living act, it is simply

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the negation of moral life, and therefore is moral death, as the Scriptures call it. He does not necessarily cease to exist in the natural or physical order, for in that order he cannot sever himself from God, even if he would; he may kill his body, but not the physical life of the soul, immortal, except by the will of its creator. But he can extinguish his moral life, or refuse to live a moral life, which is moral or spiritual death; and death is not a positive existence, but the negation of existence, and therefore, nothing. Hence life and death in the moral order are set before us, and we are free to choose which we will. To choose, grace assisting, life, and freely of our own will to conform to the conditions of life, to God as our principle, medium, and end, is precisely what is meant by Christian charity, a virtue that fulfils all the conditions imposed by our relation to God as his creatures, the whole law of our existence, and unites our will with the will of God, and by so doing makes us morally or spiritually one with God. He who refuses charity, or has it not, voluntarily renounces God, separates himself morally, and so far as his own will goes even physically, from God; and as severed from God he exists not at all; and therefore says the apostle, "Without charity I am nothing." He only declares what is real, what is true in the nature of things, and which God himself cannot alter.

Philanthropy is, therefore, necessarily impotent, for it tends to death, not life; and as there is no action, physical or moral, that does not tend to a real end, it is not action, but a negation of action, and is therefore in itself nothing positive. All the sentiments for this reason are negative, simple wants of the soul. The soul may exert her powers to satisfy them, or to fill up the void in her being, which they all indicate, but they are in themselves nothing. They indicate not what the soul has, but what she wants or needs to complete herself; and that can never be obtained from the creature save in God, for the creature out of God, separated or turned away from God, is nothing; it is something only in God. Any morality, then, built on the sentiments is as unsubstantial as castles in the air, and as unreal as "the baseless fabric of a vision." The sentiments being wants, negative, with nothing positive in themselves, are necessarily impotent. They are unsatisfied wants, and incapable of attaining to anything that can satisfy them. They are a hungering and thirsting of the soul for what it is not and has not. Here is the explanation of the misery and wretchedness of a sentimental age, why it is so ill-at-ease, so restless, so discontented in the midst of material progress, and the accumulations of sensible goods. It explains, too, why the damned, or those who fail in their destiny, must suffer for ever. Death and hell are not positive existences or positive creations of God, but are the want of spiritual life, are the unsatisfied wants, the endless cravings of the soul for what can be had only in God, and the lost have turned their backs on God.

Charity is not negative, not a want, but a power; and it is easy, therefore, to understand that while philanthropy is impotent it is effective. Charity grasps, as do all the rational affections, her object, and is effective because she is positive not negative, living not dead; and living, because she conforms to the real conditions of life, and participates, through his creative act, in the life of him who is life himself. She is less pretentious and more modest in her proceedings and promises than philanthropy, but makes up for it in the richness and magnificence of the results she obtains. She works slowly and with patience, for she works for eternity, not time—without pomp or parade, in obscurity and silence, for she seeks the praise of God, not the praise of men. To the onlooker she seems not to move, any more than the sun in the heavens; but after a while we find that she has moved, and has transformed the world.

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Broad in her love and expansive as the universe, and embracing all ages and nations in her affections, she yet wastes not her strength in vague generalities, nor in manifold projects of reform or progress of the race in general, from which no one in particular has anything to expect; but takes men in the concrete as she finds them, does the work nearest at hand and most pressing to be done, and proceeding quietly from the individual to the family, from the family to society and the state, she works out the regeneration of all in working out the regeneration of each. She works as God works, without straining or effort, for her power is great and never fails. Power needs make no effort; it speaks and it is done, commands and it stands fast. Let there be light, and there is light. It is weakness that must strain and tug, as we see in the feeble literature of the day, and philanthropy seems to the observer to be always more in earnest and far harder at work than charity, and attracts far more attention; but while she fills the world with her hollow sounds, charity, unheeded and unheard, fills it with her deeds.

History is at hand to confirm the conclusions of reason, though the full history of charity has never been written, and the greater part of her deeds are known only to him whose eye seeth all things, and will be revealed only at the last day. But something has been recorded and is known. We in our day think we are doing much to relieve the poor and oppressed, to console the suffering, and to bind up the broken-hearted; but the best of us would be put to shame were we to study what charity did during the decline and fall of the Roman empire and the barbarous ages that immediately followed. We have boasted, and perhaps justly, of the services rendered to humanity during our late civil war by our Christian Commissions and Sanitary Commissions; but what was done by them during four years is nothing in comparison with what was done daily by Christian charity to relieve suffering and distress far greater than were experienced by those even who suffered most from the ravages of our civil war, and that not for four years only, but for four centuries. I have here no room for details, or even for the barest outline of what charity did during the long agony of the old world and the birth of the new; but this much must be said, that it was everywhere present and energetic, and seemed everywhere to renew the miracle of the five loaves and two fishes; and when that old world had passed away, it was found that a new world on a far broader and more durable foundation had taken its place. Charity had to deal with poverty and want, with sickness and sorrow, and she relieved them; with captives and prisoners of war, and she ransomed them even with the plate from the altar; with barbarians whose highest vision of heaven was to sit in the halls of Valhalla, and quaff from human skulls the blood of their enemies—and she tamed, humanized, and civilized them, and made them the foremost nations of the world; with slaves, for Europe was covered over with them—and she mitigated their lot, lightened their oppression, secured for them the moral rights of Christians, and finally broke their chains and made them, not freedmen only, but freemen, Christian freemen, and brothers of the noblest and proudest.

What if it took centuries to abolish slavery? It did not take her centuries to christen the slaves, to bring them spiritual freedom, and provide for their souls. She did not wait till she had abolished the slavery of the body before abolishing the far more grievous slavery of the soul, teaching the slaves the truth that liberates, incorporating them into the church of God, and making them free and equal citizens of the commonwealth of Christ. With this spiritual freedom, of which philanthropy knows nothing, but which is the basis of all real freedom, and with ample provisions for the wants of the soul,

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the slave could wait in patience for the day of deliverance from bodily servitude. That day might be long in coming, but come it surely would; and it did come, and peaceably, without civil war, social convulsion, industrial or economical disturbance. But, unhappily, with us only a feeble portion of the slaves were really Christianized, and by their moral and spiritual training as free and equal members of the church, which makes no distinction between the bond and the free, the white and the black, fitted to take their position and play their part as free and equal members of civil society. Moreover, we have not been able to emancipate them peaceably; we have done it only by a terrible civil war, in the midst of the clash of arms, as a means of saving the life of the nation, or of perpetuating the union of the states; and the most difficult problem remains to be solved, which the humanitarians flatter themselves will be solved without trouble by political economy, or the general law of demand and supply; but which they will find it will need more Christian charity than the nation has hitherto possessed to solve, without the gradual extinction in this country of the negro race. The last thing to be relied on for adjusting any social question, elevating any class to social or civil equality, or making freedmen really freemen, is political economy, which treats man not as a free moral agent, or as a social being, but simply as a producing, distributing, and consuming machine, placed in the same category with the steam-plough, patent reaper, spinning-jenny, and the power-loom. If the question, What shall be done with our freedmen? be left to politics, political economy, or philanthropy, without the intervention of Christian charity, emancipation will only have changed the form of their slavery, or given them all the cares and burdens of freedom with none of its blessings.

It is the same in all human affairs. No measures of reform or progress, individual or social, domestic or political, ever succeed or succeed without an overbalance of evil, unless inspired and directed by charity. They may and do succeed without perfect charity, but never without the principle of charity. Philanthropy is man's method, and leads to nothing; charity is God's method, and conducts to its end. But we must not confound charity with weakness or effeminacy of character, for that would be to confound it with sentimentalism. Charity is not credulity or mental imbecility; it is always robust and manly, the rational soul raised above itself by divine grace, and endowed in the spiritual order with superhuman power.

Charity loves peace, but follows after the things which make for peace, and shrinks not from following after them, when need is, even through war. Modern peace-societies are founded by philanthropy, not by charity, and though they have been in existence for half a century, and proudly boasted that there would be no more war, yet there have been more wars and bloodshed during the last twenty years than during any period of equal duration since modern history began. Charity founds no anti-hangman societies for the abolition of capital punishment in all cases whatsoever, or prisoners' friends societies to convert our prisons into palaces; yet recoils from all cruelty or undue severity, and seeks to prevent punishment by preventing crime. She never forgets justice, nor sacrifices in her love for individuals the protection of society or the safety of the state. Her great care is to save the soul of the criminal, and to this end she visits the most loathsome cells, takes her stand on the scaffold by the side of the condemned, and will not give him up till she has made his peace with God. She fills the soul with love for enemies and forgiveness of injuries, but they are *my* enemies she bids me love, and my personal injuries she bids me forgive. I cannot forgive injuries, done to my neighbor, to society, or to my country, for they are not mine; and she herself bids me, when summoned by the proper authority, to shoulder

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my musket and march to the battle-field to defend public right and repress public wrong. Charity is never weak, sentimental, lackadaisical, or cowardly. It is the principle of all true greatness and manliness, and the most charitable are the strongest, bravest, the most heroic, wherever duty calls them to act as well as to suffer.

From the London Society.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE BARON.

A RATHER REMARKABLE FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time—fairy tales always begin with once upon a time, you know—once upon a time there lived in a fine old castle on the Rhine, a certain Baron von Schrochslofslesch-shoffinger. You won't find it an easy name to pronounce; in fact, the baron never tried it himself but once, and then he was laid up for two days' afterward; so in future we'll merely call him "the baron," for shortness, particularly as he was rather a dumpy man. After having heard his name, you won't be surprised when I tell you that he was an exceedingly bad character. For a German baron, he was considered enormously rich; a hundred and fifty pounds a year wouldn't be thought much over here; but still it will buy a good deal of sausage, which, with wine grown on the estate, formed the chief sustenance of the baron and his family. Now, you'll hardly believe that, notwithstanding he was the possessor of his princely revenue, the baron was not satisfied, but oppressed and ground down his unfortunate tenants to the very last penny he could possible squeeze out of them. In all his exactions he was seconded and encouraged by his steward, Klootz, an old rascal who took a malicious pleasure in his master's cruelty, and who chuckled and rubbed his hands with the greatest apparent enjoyment when any of the poor landholders couldn't pay their rent, or afforded him any opportunity for oppression. Not content with making the poor tenants pay double value for the land they rented, the baron was in the habit of going round every now and then to their houses, and ordering anything he took a fancy to, from a fat pig to a pretty daughter, to be sent up to the castle. The pretty daughter was made parlor-maid, but as she had nothing a year, and to find herself, it wasn't what would be considered by careful mothers an eligible situation. The fat pig became sausage, of course. Things went on from bad to worse, till at the time of our story, between the alternate squeezings of the baron and his steward, the poor tenants had very little left to squeeze out of them. The fat pigs and the pretty daughters had nearly all found their way up to the castle, and there was little else to take. The only help the poor fellows had was the baron's only daughter, Lady Bertha, who always had a kind word, and frequently something more substantial, for them, when her father was not in the way. Now, I'm not going to describe Bertha, for the simple reason that if I did, you would imagine that she was the fairy I'm going to tell you about, and she isn't. However, I don't mind giving you a few outlines. In the first place, she was exceedingly tiny—the nicest girls, the real lovable little pets, always are tiny—and she had long silken black hair, and a dear, dimpled little face, full of love and mischief. Now then, fill up the out-

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line with the details of the nicest and prettiest girl you know, and you'll have a slight idea of her. On second thoughts, I don't believe you will, for your portrait wouldn't be half good enough; however, it'll be near enough for you. Well, the baron's daughter, being all your fancy painted her, and a trifle more, was naturally much distressed at the goings on of her unamiable parent, and tried her best to make amends for her father's harshness. She generally managed that a good many pounds of the sausage should find their way back to the owners of the original pig; and when the baron tried to squeeze the hand of the pretty parlor-maid, which he occasionally did after dinner, Bertha had only to say, in a tone of mild remonstrance, "Pa!" and pa dropped the hand like a hot potato, and stared very hard the other way, instantly. Bad as the disreputable old baron was, he had a respect for the goodness and purity of his child. Like the lion, tamed by the charm of Una's innocence, the rough old rascal seemed to lose in her presence half his rudeness; and though he used awful language to her sometimes (I dare say even Una's lion roared occasionally) he was more tractable with her than with any other living being. Her presence operated as a moral restraint upon him, which possibly was the reason that he never stayed down stairs after dinner, but always retired to a favorite turret, where he could get comfortably tipsy, which, I regret to say, he had got so in the way of doing every afternoon, that I believe he would have felt unwell without.

The hour of the baron's afternoon symposium was the time selected by Bertha for her errands of charity. Once he was fairly settled down to his second bottle, off went Bertha, with her maid beside her carrying a basket to bestow a meal on some of the poor tenants, among whom she was always received with blessings. At first these excursions had been undertaken solely from charitable motives, and Bertha thought herself plentifully repaid in the love and thanks of her grateful pensioners. Of late, however, another cause had led her to take even stronger interest in her walks, and occasionally to come in with brighter eyes and a rosier cheek than the gratitude of the poor tenants had been wont to produce. The fact is, some months before the time of our story, Bertha had noticed in her walks a young artist, who seemed to be fated to be invariably sketching points of interest in the road she had to take. There was one particular tree, exactly in the path which led from the castle gate, which he had sketched from at least four points of view, and Bertha began to wonder what there could be so very particular about it. At last, just as Carl von Sempach had begun to consider where on earth he could sketch the tree from next, and to ponder seriously upon the feasibility of climbing up into it, and taking it from *that* point of view, a trifling accident occurred, which gave him the opportunity of making Bertha's acquaintance. which, I don't mind stating confidentially, was the very thing he had been waiting for. It so chanced, that on one particular afternoon the maid, either through awkwardness, or possibly through looking more at the handsome painter than the ground she was walking on, stumbled and fell. Of course the basket fell too, and equally of course, Carl, as a gentleman, couldn't do less than offer his assistance in picking up the damsel and the dinner.

The acquaintance thus commenced was not suffered to drop; and handsome Carl and our good little Bertha were fairly over head and ears in love, and had begun to have serious thoughts of a cottage in a wood, et cætera, when their felicity was disturbed by their being accidentally met, in one of their walks, by the baron. Of course the baron, being himself so thorough an aristocrat, had higher views for his daughter than marrying her to a "beggarly artist," and accordingly he stamped and swore, and threatened Carl

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with summary punishment with all sorts of weapons, from heavy boots to blunderbusses, if ever he ventured near the premises again. This was unpleasant; but I fear it didn't *quite* put a stop to the young people's interviews, though it made them less frequent and more secret than before.

Now, I'm quite aware this wasn't at all proper, and that no properly regulated young lady would ever have had meetings with a young man her papa didn't approve of. But then it's just possible Bertha mightn't have been a properly regulated young lady; I only know she was a dear little pet, worth twenty model young ladies, and that she loved Carl very dearly. And then consider what a dreadful old tyrant of a papa she had! My dear girl, it's not the slightest use your looking so provokingly correct; it's my deliberate belief that if you had been in her shoes (they'd have been at least three sizes too small for you, but that doesn't matter) you would have done precisely the same.

Such was the state of things on Christmas Eve in the year —— stay! fairy tales never have a year to them; so on second thoughts I wouldn't tell the date if I knew—but I don't. Such was the state of things, however, on the particular 24th of December to which our story refers—only, if anything, rather more so. The baron had got up in the morning in an exceedingly bad temper; and those about him had felt its effects all through the day. His two favorite wolf-hounds, Lutzow and Teufel, had received so many kicks from the baron's heavy boots that they hardly knew at which end their tails were; and even Klootz himself scarcely dared to approach his master. In the middle of the day two of the principal tenants came to say that they were unprepared with their rent, and to beg for a little delay. The poor fellows represented that their families were starving, and entreated for mercy; but the baron was only too glad that he had at last found so fair an excuse for venting his ill-humor. He loaded the unhappy defaulters with every abusive epithet he could devise (and being called names in German is no joke, I can tell you); and, lastly, he swore by everything he could think of that if their rent was not paid on the morrow, themselves and their families should be turned out of doors to sleep on the snow, which was then many inches deep on the ground. They still continued to beg for mercy, till the baron became so exasperated that he determined to kick them out of the castle himself. He pursued them for that purpose as far as the outer door, when fresh fuel was added to his anger. Carl, who, as I have hinted, still managed, notwithstanding the paternal prohibition, to see fair Bertha occasionally, and had come to wish her a merry Christmas, chanced at this identical moment to be saying good-by at the door, above which, in accordance with immemorial usage, a huge bush of mistletoe was suspended. What they were doing under it at the moment of the baron's appearance, I never knew exactly; but his wrath was tremendous! I regret to say that his language was unparliamentary in the extreme. He swore till he was mauve in the face; and if he had not providentially been seized with a fit of coughing, and sat down in the coal-scuttle—mistaking it for a three-legged stool—it is impossible to say to what lengths his feelings might have carried him. Carl and Bertha picked him up, rather black behind, but otherwise not much the worse for his accident. In fact, the diversion of his thoughts seemed to have done him good; for, having sworn a little more, and Carl having left the castle, he appeared rather better. After having endured so many and various emotions, it is hardly to be wondered at that the baron required some consolation; so, after having changed his tr—s-rs, he took himself off to his favorite turret, to allay by copious potations the irritation of his mind. Bottle after bottle was emptied, and pipe after pipe was

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filled and smoked. The fine old Burgundy was gradually getting into the baron's head; and altogether he was beginning to feel more comfortable. The shades of the winter afternoon had deepened into the evening twilight, made dimmer still by the aromatic clouds that came, with dignified deliberation, from the baron's lips, and curled and floated up to the carved ceiling of the turret, where they spread themselves into a dim canopy, which every successive cloud brought lower and lower. The fire, which had been piled up mountain-high earlier in the afternoon, and had flamed and roared to its heart's content ever since, had now got to that state—the perfection of a fire to a lazy man—when it requires no poking or attention of any kind, but just burns itself hollow, and then tumbles in, and blazes jovially for a little time, and then settles down to a genial glow, and gets hollow and tumbles in again. The baron's fire was just in this delightful "da capo" condition, most favorable of all to the enjoyment of the "dolce far niente." For a little while it would glow and kindle quietly, making strange faces to itself, and building fantastic castles in the depths of its red recesses, and then the castles would come down with a crash, and the faces disappear, and a bright flame spring up and lick lovingly the sides of the old chimney; and the carved heads of improbable men and impossible women, hewn so deftly round the panels of the old oak wardrobe opposite, in which the baron's choicest vintages were deposited, were lit up by the flickering light, and seemed to nod and wink at the fire in return, with the familiarity of old acquaintances.

Some such fancy as this was disporting itself in the baron's brain; and he was gazing at the old oak carving accordingly, and emitting huge volumes of smoke with reflective slowness, when a clatter among the bottles on the table caused him to turn his head to ascertain the cause. The baron was by no means a nervous man; however, the sight that met his eyes when he turned round did take away his presence of mind a little; and he was obliged to take four distinct puffs before he had sufficiently regained his equilibrium to inquire, "Who the—Pickwick—are you?" (The baron said "Dickens," but as that is a naughty word we will substitute "Pickwick," which is equally expressive, and not so wrong.) Let me see; where was I? Oh! yes. "Who the Pickwick are you?"

Now, before I allow the baron's visitor to answer the question, perhaps I had better give a slight description of his personal appearance. If this wasn't a true story, I should have liked to have made him a model of manly beauty; but a regard for veracity compels me to confess that he was not what would be generally considered handsome; that is, not in figure, for his face was by no means unpleasing. His body was in size and shape not very unlike a huge plum-pudding, and was clothed in a bright-green tightly fitting doublet, with red holly berries for buttons. His limbs were long and slender in proportion to his stature, which was not more than three feet or so. His head was encircled by a crown of holly and mistletoe. The round red berries sparkled amid his hair, which was silver-white, and shone out in cheerful harmony with his rosy jovial face. And that face! it would have done one good to look at it. In spite of the silver hair, and an occasional wrinkle beneath the merry laughing eyes, it seemed brimming over with perpetual youth. The mouth, well garnished with teeth, white and sound, which seemed as if they could do ample justice to holiday cheer, was ever open with a beaming genial smile, expanding now and then into hearty jovial laughter. Fun and good-fellowship were in every feature. The owner of the face was, at the moment when the baron first perceived him, comfortably seated upon the top of the large tobacco-jar on the table, nursing his left leg. The baron's

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somewhat abrupt inquiry did not appear to irritate him; on the contrary, he seemed rather amused than otherwise.

"You don't ask prettily, old gentleman," he replied; "but I don't mind telling you, for all that. I'm King Christmas."

"Eh?" said the baron.

"Ah!" said the goblin. Of course you've guessed he was a goblin.

"And pray what's your business here?" said the baron.

"Don't be crusty with a fellow," replied the goblin. "I merely looked in to wish you the compliments of the season. Talking of crust, by the way, what sort of a tap is it you're drinking?" So saying, he took up a flask of the baron's very best and poured out about half a glass. Having held the glass first to one side and then the other, winked at it twice, sniffed it, and gone through the remainder of the pantomime in which connoisseurs indulge, he drank it with great deliberation, and smacked his lips scientifically. "Hum! Johannisberg! and not so *very* bad—for you. But I tell you what it is, baron, you'll have to bring out better stuff than this when *I* put my legs on your mahogany."

"Well, you are a cool fish," said the baron. "However, you're rather a joke, so now you're here we may as well enjoy ourselves. Smoke?"

"Not anything you're likely to offer me!"

"Confound your impudence!" roared the baron, with a horribly complicated oath. "That tobacco's as good as any in all Rhineland."

"That's a nasty cough you've got, baron. Don't excite yourself, my dear boy; I dare say you speak according to your lights. I don't mean Vesuvians, you know, but your opportunities for knowing anything about it. Try a weed out of my case, and I expect you'll alter your opinion."

The baron took the proffered case, and selected a cigar. Not a word was spoken till it was half consumed, when the baron took it for the first time from his lips, and said gently, with the air of a man communicating an important discovery in the strictest confidence, "Das ist gut!"

"Thought you'd say so," said the visitor. "And now, as you like the cigar, I should like you to try a thimbleful of what *I* call wine. I must warn you, though, that it is rather potent, and may produce effects you are not accustomed to."

"Bother that, if it's as good as the weed," said the baron; "I haven't taken my usual quantity by four bottles yet."

"Well, don't say I didn't warn you, that's all. I don't think you'll find it unpleasant, though it is rather strong when you're not accustomed to it." So saying, the goblin produced from some mysterious pocket a black, big-bellied bottle, crusted apparently with the dust of ages. It did strike the baron as peculiar, that the bottle, when once produced, appeared nearly as big round as the goblin himself; but he was not the sort of man to stick at trifles, and he pushed forward his glass to be filled just as composedly as if the potion had been shipped by Sandeman, and paid duty in the most commonplace way.

The glass was filled and emptied, but the baron uttered not his opinion. Not in words, at least, but he pushed forward his glass to be filled again in a manner that sufficiently bespoke his approval.

"Aha, you smile!" said the goblin. And it was a positive fact; the baron was smiling; a thing he hadn't been known to do in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. "That's the stuff to make your hair curl, isn't it?"

"I believe you, my b-o-o-oy!" The baron brought out this earnest expression of implicit confidence with true Paul Bedford unction. "It warms one—*here!*"

Knowing the character of the man, one would have expected him to put his hand upon his stomach. But he didn't; he laid it upon his *heart*.

"The spell begins to operate, I

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see," said the goblin. "Have another glass."

The baron had another glass, and another after that. The smile on his face expanded into an expression of such geniality that the whole character of his countenance was changed, and his own mother wouldn't have known him. I doubt myself—inasmuch as she died when he was exactly a year and three months old—whether she would have recognized him under any circumstances; but I merely wish to express that he was changed almost beyond recognition.

"Upon my word," said the baron, at length, "I feel so light I almost think I could dance a hornpipe. I used to once, I know. Shall I try?"

"Well, if you ask my advice," replied the goblin, "I should say, decidedly, don't. 'Barkis is willing,' I dare say, but trousers are weak, and you might split 'em."

"Hang it all," said the baron, "so I might; I didn't think of that. But still I feel as if I must do something juvenile!"

"Ah! that's the effect of your change of nature," said the goblin. "Never mind, I'll give you plenty to do presently."

"Change of nature! what do you mean, you old conundrum?" said the baron.

"You're another," said the goblin. "But never mind. What I mean is just this. What you are now feeling is the natural consequence of my magic wine, which has changed you into a fairy. That's what's the matter, sir."

"A fairy! me!" exclaimed the baron. "Get out; I'm too fat."

"Fat! oh! that's nothing. We shall put you in regular training, and you'll soon be slim enough to creep into a lady's stocking. Not that you'll be called upon to do anything of the sort; but I'm merely giving you an idea of your future figure."

"No, no," said the baron; "me thin! that's too ridiculous. Why, that's worse than being a fairy. You don't mean it, though, do you? I do feel rather peculiar."

"I do, indeed," said the visitor. "You don't dislike it, do you?"

"Well, no, I can't say I do, entirely. It's queer, though, I feel so uncommon friendly. I feel as if I should like to shake hands, or pat somebody on the back."

"Ah!" said the goblin, "I know how it is. Rum feeling, when you're not accustomed to it. But come; finish that glass, for we must be off. We've got a precious deal to do before morning, I can tell you. Are you ready?"

"All right," said the baron. "I'm just in the humor to make a night of it."

"Come along, then," said the goblin.

They proceeded for a short time in silence along the corridors of the old castle. They carried no candle, but the baron noticed that everything seemed perfectly light wherever they stood, but relapsed into darkness as soon as they had passed by. The goblin spoke first.

"I say, baron, you've been an uncommon old brute in your time, now haven't you?"

"H'm," said the baron, reflectively, "I don't know. Well, yes, I rather think I have."

"How jolly miserable you've been making those two young people, you old sinner! You know who I mean."

"Eh, what? You know that, too?" said the baron.

"Know it; of course I do. Why, bless your heart, I know everything, my dear boy. But you *have* made yourself an old pig in that quarter, considerably. Ar'n't you blushing, you hard-hearted old monster?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," said the baron, scratching his nose, as if that was where he expected to feel it. I believe I have treated them badly, though, now I come to think of it."

At this moment they reached the door of Bertha's chamber. The door opened of itself at their approach.

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"Come along," said the goblin, "you won't wake her. Now, old flinty-heart, look there."

The sight that met the baron's view was one that few fathers could have beheld without affectionate emotion. Under ordinary circumstances, however, the baron would not have felt at all sentimental on the subject, but to-night something made him view things in quite a different light to that he was accustomed to. I shouldn't like to make affidavit of the fact, but it's my positive impression that he sighed.

Now, my dear reader—particularly if a gentleman—don't imagine I'm going to indulge your impertinent curiosity with an elaborate description of the sacred details of a lady's sleeping apartment. *You're* not a fairy, you know, and I don't see that it can possibly matter to you whether fair Bertha's dainty little bottines were tidily placed on the chair by her bedside, or thrown carelessly, as they had been taken off, upon the hearth-rug, where her favorite spaniel reposed, warming his nose in his sleep before the last smouldering embers of the decaying fire; or whether her crinoline—but if she did wear a crinoline, what can that possibly matter, sir, to you? All I shall tell you is, that everything looked snug and comfortable; but somehow, any place got that look when Bertha was in it. And now a word about the jewel in the casket—pet Bertha herself. Really, I'm at a loss to describe her. How do you look when your'e asleep?—Well, it wasn't like *that;* not a bit! Fancy a sweet girl's face, the cheek faintly flushed with a soft warm tint, like the blush in the heart of the opening rose, and made brighter by the contrast of the snowy pillow on which it rested; dark silken hair, curling and clustering lovingly over the tiniest of tiny ears, and the softest, whitest neck that ever mortal maiden was blessed with; long silken eyelashes, fringing lids only less beautiful than the dear earnest eyes they cover. Fancy all this, and fancy, too, if you can, the expression of perfect goodness and purity that lit up the sweet features of the slumbering maiden with a beauty almost angelic, and you will see what the baron saw that night. Not quite all, however, for the baron's vision paused not at the bedside before him, but had passed on from the face of the sleeping maiden to another face as lovely, that of the young wife, Bertha's mother, who had, years before, taken her angel beauty to the angels.

The goblin spoke to the baron's thought. "Wonderfully like her, is she not, baron?" The baron slowly inclined his head.

"You made her very happy, didn't you?" The tone in which the goblin spoke was harsh and mocking. "A faithful husband, tender and true! She must have been a happy wife, eh, baron?"

The baron's head had sunk upon his bosom. Old recollections were thronging into his awakened memory. Solemn vows to love and cherish, somewhat strangely kept. Memories of bitter words, and savage oaths, showered at a quiet uncomplaining figure, without one word in reply. And last, the memory of a fit of drunken passion, and a hasty blow struck with a heavy hand; and then of three months fading away; and last, of her last prayer—for her baby and him.

"A good husband makes a good father, baron. No wonder you are somewhat chary of rashly entrusting to a suitor the happiness of a sweet flower like this. Poor child! it is hard, though, that she must think no more of him she loves so dearly. See! she is weeping even in her dreams. But you have good reasons, no doubt. Young Carl is wild, perhaps, or drinks, or gambles, eh? What! none of these? Perhaps he is wayward and uncertain, and you fear that the honied words of court-

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ship might turn to bitter sayings in matrimony. They do, sometimes, eh, baron? By all means guard her from such a fate as that. Poor tender flower! Or who knows, worse than that, baron! Hard words break no bones, they say, but angry men are quick, and a blow is soon struck, eh?"

The goblin had drawn nearer and nearer, and laid his hand upon the baron's arm, and the last words were literally hissed into his ear. The baron's frame swayed to and fro under the violence of his emotions. At last, with a cry of agony, he dashed his hands upon his forehead. The veins were swollen up like thick cords, and his voice was almost inarticulate in its unnatural hoarseness.

"Torturer, release me! Let me go, let me go and do something to forget the past; or I shall go mad and die!"

He rushed out of the room and paced wildly down the corridor, the goblin following him. At last, as they came near the outer door of the castle, which opened of itself as they reached it, the spirit spoke:

"This way, baron, this way; I told you there was work for us to do before morning, you know."

"Work!" exclaimed the baron, absently, passing his fingers through his tangled hair; "oh! yes, work! the harder and the rougher the better; anything to make me forget."

The two stepped out into the courtyard, and the baron shivered, though, as it seemed, unconsciously, at the breath of the frosty midnight air. The snow lay deep on the ground, and the baron's heavy boots sank into it with a crisp, crushing sound at every tread. He was bareheaded, but seemed unconscious of the fact, and tramped on, as if utterly indifferent to anything but his own thoughts. At last, as a blast of the night wind, keener than ordinary, swept over him, he seemed for the first time to feel the chill. His teeth chattered, and he muttered, "Cold, very cold."

"Ay, baron," said the goblin, "it is cold, even to us, who are healthy and strong, and warmed with wine. Colder still, though, to those who are hungry and half-naked, and have to sleep on the snow."

"Sleep? snow?" said the baron. "Who sleeps on the snow? why, I wouldn't let my dogs be out on such a night as this."

"Your dogs, no!" said the goblin; "I spoke of meaner animals—your wretched tenants. Did you not order yesterday, that Wilhelm and Friedrich, if they did not pay their rent tomorrow, should be turned out to sleep on the snow? a snug bed for the little ones, and a nice white coverlet, eh? Ha! ha! twenty florins or so is no great matter, is it? I'm afraid their chance is small, nevertheless. Come and see."

The baron hung his head. A few minutes brought them to the first of the poor dwellings, which they entered noiselessly. The fireless grate, the carpetless floor, the broken window-panes, all gave sufficient testimony to the want and misery of the occupants. In one corner lay sleeping a man, a woman, and three children, and nestling to each other for the warmth which their ragged coverlet could not afford. In the man, the baron recognized his tenant, Wilhelm, one of those who had been with him to beg for indulgence on the previous day. The keen features, and bones almost starting through the pallid skin, showed how heavily the hand of hunger had been laid upon all. The cold night wind moaned and whistled through the many flaws in the ill-glazed, ill-thatched tenement, and rustled over the sleepers, who shivered even in their sleep.

"Ha, baron," said the goblin, "death is breathing in their faces even now, you see; it is hardly worth while to lay them to sleep in the snow, is it? They would sleep a little sounder, that's all."

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The baron shuddered, and then, hastily pulling the warm coat from his own shoulders, he spread it over the sleepers.

"Oho!" said the goblin, "bravely done, baron! By all means keep them warm to-night, they'll enjoy the snow more to-morrow, you know."

Strange to say, the baron, instead of feeling chilled when he had removed his coat, felt a strange glow of warmth spread from the region of the heart over his entire frame. The goblin's continual allusions to his former intention, which he had by this time totally relinquished, hurt him, and he said, rather pathetically, "Don't talk of that again, good goblin, I'd rather sleep on the snow myself.

"Eh! what?" said the goblin, "you don't mean to say you're sorry? Then what do you say to making these poor people comfortable?"

"With all my heart," said the baron, "if we had only anything to do it with."

"You leave that to me," said the goblin, "your brother fairies are not far off, you may be sure."

As he spoke he clapped his hands thrice, and before the third clap had died away the poor cottage was swarming with tiny figures, whom the baron rightly conjectured to be the fairies themselves.

Now, you may not be aware (the baron wasn't until that night) that there are among the fairies trades and professions, just as with ordinary mortals. However, there they were, each with the accompaniments of his or her particular business, and to it they went manfully. A fairy glazier put in new panes to the shattered windows, fairy carpenters replaced the doors upon their hinges, and fairy painters, with inconceivable celerity, made cupboards and closets as fresh as paint could make them; one fairy housemaid laid and lit a roaring fire, while another dusted and rubbed chairs and tables to a miraculous degree of brightness; a fairy butler uncorked bottles of fairy wine, and a fairy cook laid out a repast of most tempting appearance. The baron hearing a tapping above him, cast his eyes upward and beheld a fairy slater rapidly repairing a hole in the roof; and when he bent them down again, they fell on a fairy doctor mixing a cordial for the sleepers. Nay, there was even a fairy parson, who, not having any present employment, contented himself with rubbing his hands and looking pleasant, probably waiting till somebody might want to be christened or married. Every trade, every profession or occupation, appeared, without exception, to be represented; nay, we beg pardon, with one exception only, for the baron used to say, when afterward relating his experiences to bachelor friends, "You may believe me or not, sir, there was every mortal business under the sun, *but devil a bit of a lawyer.*"

The baron could not long remain inactive. He was rapidly seized with a violent desire to do something to help, which manifested itself in insane attempts to assist everybody at once. At last, after having taken all the skin off his knuckles in attempting to hammer in nails in aid of the carpenters, and then nearly tumbling over a fairy housemaid, whose broom he was offering to carry, he gave it up as a bad job, and stood aside with his friend the goblin. He was just about to inquire how it was that the poor occupants of the house were not awakened by so much din, when a fairy Sam Slick who had been examining the cottager's old clock, with a view to a thorough repair, touched some spring within it, and it made the usual purr preparatory to striking. When lo and behold, at the very first stroke, cottage, goblin, fairies, and all disappeared into utter darkness, and the baron found himself in his turret-chamber, rubbing his toe, which he had just hit with considerable force against the fender. As he was only in his slippers the concussion was unpleasant, and the baron rubbed his toe for a good while.

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After he had finished with his toe he rubbed his nose, and finally, with a countenance of deep reflection, scratched the bump of something or other at the top of his head. The old clock on the stairs was striking three, and the fire had gone out. The baron reflected for a short time longer, and finally decided that he had better go to bed, which he did accordingly.

The morning dawned upon the very ideal, as far as weather was concerned, of a Christmas day. A bright winter sun shone out just vividly enough to make everything look genial and pleasant, and yet not with sufficient warmth to mar the pure unbroken surface of the crisp white snow, which lay like a never-ending white lawn upon the ground, and glittered in myriad silver flakes upon the leaves of the sturdy evergreens. I'm afraid the baron had not had a very good night; at any rate, I know that he was wide-awake at an hour long before his usual time of rising. He lay first on one side, and then on the other, and then, by way of variety, turned on his back, with his magenta nose pointing perpendicularly toward the ceiling; but it was all of no use. Do what he would, he couldn't get to sleep, and at last, not long after daybreak, he tumbled out of bed, and proceeded to dress. Even after he was out of bed his fidgetiness continued. It did not strike him, until after he had got one boot on, that it would be a more natural proceeding to put his stockings on first; after which he caught himself in the act of trying to put his trousers on over his head (which, I may mention for the information of lady readers, who, of course, cannot be expected to know anything about such matters, is not the mode generally adopted). In a word, the baron's mind was evidently preoccupied; his whole air was that of a man who felt a strong impulse to do something or other, but could not quite make up his mind to it. At last, however, the good impulse conquered, and this wicked old baron, in the stillness of the calm bright Christmas morning, went down upon his knees and prayed. Stiff were his knees and slow his tongue, for neither had done such work for many a long day past; but I have read in the Book of the joy of the angels over a repenting sinner. There needs not much eloquence to pray the publican's prayer, and who shall say but there was gladness in heaven that Christmas morning?

The baron's appearance down-stairs at such an early hour occasioned quite a commotion. Nor were the domestics reassured when the baron ordered a bullock to be killed and jointed instantly, and all the available provisions in the larder, including sausage, to be packed up in baskets, with a good store of his own peculiar wine. One ancient retainer was heard to declare, with much pathos, that he feared master had gone "off his head." However, "off his head" or not, they knew the baron must be obeyed, and in an exceedingly short space of time he sallied forth, accompanied by three servants carrying the baskets, and wondering what in the name of fortune their master would do next. He stopped at the cottage of Wilhelm, which he had visited with the goblin on the previous night. The labors of the fairies did not seem to have produced much lasting benefit, for the appearance of everything around was as wretched as could be. The poor family thought that the baron had come himself to turn them out of house and home; and the poor children huddled up timidly to their mother for protection, while the father attempted some words of entreaty for mercy. The pale, pinched features of the group, and their looks of dread and wretchedness, were too much for the baron. "Eh! what! what do you mean, confound you? Turn you out! Of course not: I've brought you some breakfast. Here! Fritz—Carl; where are the knaves? Now then, unpack, and don't be a week about it. Can't you see the people are hungry, ye villains? Here, lend me the corkscrew." This last

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being a tool the baron was tolerably accustomed to, he had better success than with those of the fairy carpenters; and it was not long before the poor tenants were seated before a roaring fire, and doing justice, with the appetite of starvation, to a substantial breakfast. The baron felt a queer sensation in his throat at the sight of the poor people's enjoyment, and had passed the back of his hand twice across his eyes when he thought no one was looking; but his emotion fairly rose to boiling point when the poor father, Wilhelm, with tears in his eyes, and about a quarter of a pound of beef in his mouth, sprang up from the table and flung himself at the baron's knees, invoking blessings on him for his goodness. "Get up, you audacious scoundrel!" roared the baron. "What the deuce do you mean by such conduct, eh! confound you?" At this moment the door opened, and in walked Mynheer Klootz, who had heard nothing of the baron's change of intentions, and who, seeing Wilhelm at the baron's feet, and hearing the latter speaking, as he thought, in an angry tone, at once jumped to the conclusion that Wilhelm was entreating for longer indulgence. He rushed at the unfortunate man, and collared him. "Not if *we* know it," exclaimed he; "you'll have the wolves for bedfellows to-night, I reckon. Come along, my fine fellow." As he spoke he turned his back toward the baron, with the intention of dragging his victim to the door. The baron's little gray eyes twinkled, and his whole frame quivered with suppressed emotion, which, after the lapse of a moment, vented itself in a kick, and *such* a kick! Not one of your Varsoviana flourishes, but a kick that employed every muscle from hip to toe, and drove the worthy steward up against the door, like a ball from a catapult. 'Misfortunes never come singly, and so Mynheer Klootz found with regard to the kick, for it was followed, without loss of time, by several dozen others, as like it as possible, from the baron's heavy boots. Wounded lions proverbially come badly off, and Fritz and Carl, who had suffered from many an act of petty tyranny on the part of the steward, thought they could not do better than follow their master's example, which they did to such good purpose, that when the unfortunate Klootz did escape from the cottage at last, I don't believe he could have had any *os sacrum* left.

After having executed this little act of poetical justice, the baron and his servants visited the other cottages, in all of which they were received with dread, and dismissed with blessings. Having completed his tour of charity, the baron returned home to breakfast, feeling more really contented than he had done for many a long year. He found Bertha, who had not risen when he started, in a considerable state of anxiety as to what he could possibly have been doing. In answer to her inquiries he told her, with a roughness he was far from feeling, to "mind her own business." The gentle eyes filled with tears at the harshness of the reply; perceiving which, the baron was beyond measure distressed, and chucked her under the chin in what was meant to be a very conciliatory manner. "Eh! what, my pretty? tears? No, surely. Bertha must forgive her old father. I didn't mean it, you know, my pet; and yet, on second thoughts, yes I did, too." Bertha's face was overcast again. "My little girl thinks she has no business anywhere, eh! Is that it? Well, then, my pet, suppose you make it your business to write a note to young Carl von Sempach, and say I'm afraid I was rather rude to him yesterday, but if he'll look over it, and come and take a snug family dinner and a slice of the pudding with us to-day—" "Why, pa, you don't mean—yes, I do really believe you do—" The baron's eyes were winking nineteen to the dozen. "Why, you dear, dear, dear old pa!" And at the imminent risk of upsetting the breakfast table, Bertha rushed at the baron, and flinging two soft white arms about

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his neck, kissed him—oh! how she *did* kiss him! I shouldn't have thought, myself, she could possibly have had any left for Carl; but I dare say Bertha attended to his interests in that respect somehow.

* * * * *

Well, Carl came to dinner, and the baron was, not very many years after, promoted to the dignity of a grandpapa, and a very jolly old grandpapa he made. Is that all you wanted to know?

About Klootz? Well, Klootz got over the kicking, but he was dismissed from the baron's service; and on examination of his accounts, it was discovered that he had been in the habit of robbing the baron of nearly a third of his yearly income, which he had to refund; and with the money he was thus compelled to disgorge, the baron built new cottages for his tenants, and new-stocked their farms. Nor was he the poorer in the end, for his tenants worked with the energy of gratitude, and he was soon many times richer than when the goblin visited him on that Christmas-eve.

And was the goblin ever explained? Certainly not. How dare you have the impertinence to suppose such a thing? An empty bottle, covered with cobwebs, was found the next morning in the turret chamber, which the baron at first imagined must be the bottle from which the goblin produced his magic wine; but as it was found, on examination, to be labelled "Old Jamaica Rum," of course that could not have had anything to do with it. However it was, the baron never thoroughly enjoyed any other wine after it; and as he did not thenceforth get drunk, on an average, more than two nights a week, or swear more than eight oaths a day, I think King Christmas may be considered to have thoroughly reformed him. And he always maintained, to the day of his death, that he was changed into a fairy, and became exceedingly angry if contradicted.

Who doesn't believe in fairies after this? I only hope King Christmas may make a few more good fairies this year, to brighten the homes of the poor with the light of Christmas charity. Truly we need not look far for almsmen. Cold and hunger, disease and death, are around us at all times; but at no time do they press more heavily on the poor than at this jovial Christmas season. Shall we shut out, in our mirth and jollity, the cry of the hungry poor? or shall we not rather remember, in the midst of our happy family circles, round our well-filled tables, and before our blazing fires, that our brothers are starving out in the cold, and that the Christmas song of the angels was, "Good-will to men?"

ORIGINAL.

EPIGRAM.

"Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

DEAR heart! and is it thus thou didst lament
His absence for a day? How different
Thy grief from mine! Absent from Him for years,
I sorrowed not: and only found my tears
In finding Him. Then, to my bitter cost,
I knew the priceless treasure I had lost!

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ORIGINAL.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year;
'Tis come at last, O glorious day!
Let every cross that mortals bear
Be for the moment flung away.

"Yes," says the cricket from his hole
Beside the flame-lit kitchen hearth,
"It is a time for every soul
To give himself to joy and mirth."

"Christmas comes but once a year,"
Returns the timid pantry mouse.
"The cat has told me not to fear;
To-night I'll scamper through the house."

So, blow ye winds, and you, Jack Frost,
Come in the dark and do your worst;
How wild soe'er the night may be,
It shall not stir my Christmas Tree.

Then let us dance and laugh and sing,
And form in all one happy ring;
The Yule log never burned so bright.
Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis Christmas night.

It is a time to seek the poor,
And bid them welcome round our door;
The alms we give, to Christ are given,
And hung on Christmas Trees in heaven.

The Christmas Tree is evergreen:
The hand of time may change the scene,
The child a gray-haired man may be,
But memory keeps the Christmas Tree.

W. S., Jr.

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ORIGINAL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONVERSION.*

It is a fact, to which the Catholic heart cannot recur without emotions of the deepest gratitude, that Christ's holy church is ever gathering some of the elect out of the mad waves of heresy and schism around us into the safety of her maternal bosom. It is a fact, too, which every conscientious and thoughtful Protestant must view with feelings of disquietude and insecurity, that men of unimpeachable piety and learning are thus ever leaving the external wilderness where they have walked with him, and seek and find true refuge in the Catholic ark of God.

The number of these converts it seems almost impossible to estimate. There can be but little doubt, however, that it far exceeds the reckonings of the denominations out of which they come, and equally surpasses our own most sanguine calculations. Reliable statistics show us that within the last fifty years no less than forty-one clergymen of the American Episcopal Church alone have laid down the honors and emoluments they there enjoyed, and have espoused poverty and insignificance with the Catholic faith.† Many of these were men of eminence in their former sphere of action, and one, at least, had held the highest and most responsible position which his co-religionists could bestow upon him. Some of them have risen since their conversion to posts of ecclesiastical dignity and power. Others have died and rest with God. All of them, with but few exceptions, have remained faithful. and have endorsed, in life and in death, the wisdom and sincerity of that step which brought them, after many wanderings, into the apostolic fold.

How far the clerical ranks of other sects of Protestants in the United States have been invaded by God's converting grace, no data that we can command are able to determine. Our personal recollections of their various ministers, who at one time and another have laid down their own will for the will of Christ, lead us to the belief that the number from each will fall little short of that contributed by the denomination to which we first referred. And as for laymen, they have come to us from every known religious name and creed, and full as often from no name and creed at all, until the throng has swelled from hundreds into tens of thousands, and gone beyond the possibility of our enumeration or discovery.*

Moreover, this work is on the increase. Year by year, almost, the church is doubling on herself in these triumphs of her toil. Where individuals once tremblingly isolated themselves from old associations, and cut the vital cord of earthly friendships and familiarities by submitting to her guidance, now families and communities fly together to her arms for safety; while those upon whose personal decisions her labors and the grace of God seemed to make no impression, have ceased to persecute and almost ceased to ban those who have followed

* Trials of a Mind in its Progress to Catholicism, etc. By L. Silliman Ives, LL.D. Boston. 1865.
The Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church. By Peter H. Burnett. New-York and Cincinnati: Benziger Brothers. 1866.
The Convert; or, Leaves from my Experience. By O. A. Brownson. New-York. 1857.
Apologia pro Vita Sua: being a Reply, etc. By John Henry Newman, D.D. New-York. 1865.

† See Church Review, July, 1860, p. 254. There have been several conversions from the Episcopal clergy since that date.

* Judging from the statistics of the past few years in the dioceses of New York, the number of converts in the United States must exceed 30,000. —Ed. C. W.

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her, and recognize conversion from Protestantism to Catholicity as a change equally legitimate and rational with conversion from idolatry to God. Nay, more: the very brain of Protestant America itself is sloughing off the narrow coils of illogical and degrading error which three hundred years of folly and of falsehood had woven round it under the name of Christian doctrine; and, in spite of its self-conceived antagonism between "*Rome or Reason*," is drinking in long draughts of Catholic theology, and pouring out broadcast over this great hemisphere the fundamental tenets of the Roman faith as the indisputable truths of human reason and divine philosophy.

The tide of popular prejudice thus turning, and the way thus opened to the American intellect by the instrumentality of those who claim to be her adversaries, it is no arrogation of prophetic foresight to predict that the progress of the church in this country must, in the future, be rapid beyond all precedent, and that the age may not be far distant when this vast "*Continent of Mary*" shall, with one heart and under one name, obey the Holy Spouse of Mary's Son.

When such realities are around us and such possibilities before us, the study of those mental and moral changes in the individual by which all has been done that is done, and by which also all that shall be done must be accomplished, cannot be uninteresting or unprofitable. No religious subject of so much practical importance to non-Catholics is, probably, so little understood among them; and of none have more false definitions been given or more inaccurate theories been entertained. Even Catholics themselves have generally failed in their attempts to realize the logical processes through which the Protestant mind must, consciously or unconsciously, find its way before it can receive Catholic truth with the clear, living faith of a Catholic heart. It is to correct these errors and to scatter these difficulties, as well as to justify seeming inconsistencies, and above all, to assist, if possible, the wavering minds of some who long for a light which they know not how or where to find, that we devote these pages to a discussion of those changes in the human soul which make up the actual conversion from Protestantism to the Catholic Church.

The materials for this discussion are both abundant and satisfactory. The first of the four works upon our list is from the pen of Dr. Ives, who was for more than twenty years the Protestant Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of North-Carolina, and one of the acknowledged leaders of the High church party in the United States. It is a concise and luminous rehearsal of the reasons which led him to abandon his exalted ecclesiastical station for that of a mere layman in the Catholic church, and presents a vivid picture of the "trials" and perplexities which extreme Tractarians must inevitably undergo, when the incompatibility of their position with their principles is once fully apprehended. The second is a voluminous and formal treatise on the rules of evidence as applicable to revelation, and on those fundamental axioms which underlie all legislation, human or divine. It is, obviously, what the title-page professes, the work of a legal mind which views the whole question of religion as open to, and able to abide the most thorough tests of reason and philosophy, and brings the great issues which it raises, in every case, to actual demonstration or denial. The writer, now a Catholic, was formerly a member of the so-called "*Disciples*;" a sect which lies upon the outskirts of Christianity, and from which to Catholicity the path must have been almost as long and devious as that from infidelity itself. The author of the third is Dr. Brownson, one of the most *positive* of modern men; whose range of doctrinal experience has reached from Deism to an ultramontane Catholicism, and who, in every phase of his religious life, has

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been a living power, dealing with realities, and stripping all imaginations and delusions from the realities with which he dealt. The last is Dr. Newman's, than whom no one knows better, none can describe so well, that *Via Dolorosa* which all converts tread? To these, if we would, the works of Manning, Wilberforce, and others might be added, each a reflection of the changes which the inner lives of their writers underwent in the great struggle after ultimate, unquestionable truth; while, beyond even these, the inexhaustible volume of experience remains; a volume in which the dark things of these books find an infallible interpreter, and on whose hidden leaves the hand of God has written the same history of which these human pages are the reflection and the shade.

It is not an unreasonable hope, that, out of such materials, we may be able to construct an accurate definition of that work of grace which, in the convert's memory, has overshadowed and embraces all other gifts of God.

Before proceeding, however, with our examination of that change, by which alone the word "*conversion*" can be properly defined, it will be necessary to consider and refute those definitions of it which are false. Conversion is a transformation in itself so simple, yet involving so many and such vast collateral changes in the inner and exterior man—it is at once so definite in its own nature, and yet so widely and, in point of time, so intimately knit together with its antecedents and its consequences, that a clear view of it apart from these is almost impossible, until, by a process of negation, it is separated from its surroundings, and stands out alone, defined as well by what it is *not* as by what it *is*. And this is, above all, important, when we desire to present this subject to the understandings of non-Catholics. The lines between their religious bodies are so faintly drawn, and depend so much upon the social and political circumstances by which the members of those bodies are controlled, that conversion from one denomination to another is not regarded as reaching to the very marrow of the spiritual being, or compassing the salvation or destruction of the soul. Such changes are often matters of taste or policy or friendship; sometimes of personal pride and pique, and sometimes, but more rarely, of actual principle; though even this principle never rests upon higher ground than individual points of faith or systems of ecclesiastical organization. It thus seems almost impossible that, left to their own definitions of that to which we give the technical name "*conversion*," persons outside the church could ever arrive at an appreciation of its extent and power. And this is especially true in *this* country, where the Catholic Church externally occupies the position of a sect among sects; the most numerous, perhaps, certainly the most prosperous and aggressive of them all, but in their view ranking as but one of many forms of Christianity, and but one of many branches of Christ's earthly fold. No care that we can take can be superfluous, no precision we can use can be in vain when we attempt to define the position of the church on any question which interests our age, or to delineate the relations which she occupies to that great chaos of religions in the midst of which she dwells. At the risk, therefore, of consuming time unnecessarily for some, we feel it none the less our duty to leave upon the minds of others no doubt upon this subject which we can remove, and no obscurity around it which it is in our power to thrust away.

(1.) First, then, the adoption of the articles of the Catholic faith into the individual's creed is not conversion.

The idea of conversion entertained by nine-tenths of Protestants is precisely that which we have here denied. It has hardly ever been our lot to meet one, either in print or conversation, whose arguments and reasonings with

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us did not presuppose this definition to be true. It is very natural, for the reasons before mentioned, that this should be so. From Unitarian to Methodist, from Methodist to Anglican, is but a journey from one set of doctrines to another. The same grand underlying features of Christianity remain. The organic existence is an accident arising from substantial doctrinal affinity. And, judging by their own experience and observations, Protestants almost invariably conclude that we became converts to Catholicity as a logical result of our faith in individual Catholic doctrines; and that a so-called Protestant, who holds any or all of these distinctive dogmas, is not a Protestant in reality, and has no right or title to the name. Of how much petty persecution this mistake has been the cause, and how many parishes and pastors it has kept in perpetual commotion during the past thirty years, hundreds of the unfortunate victims can remember.

Yet no definition of conversion could be more totally erroneous. Belief in Catholic doctrines is often chronologically precedent to a real conversion; but it is not always so. It certainly operates as a powerful antagonist of prejudice, and determines the interest and sympathies of the believer toward the church. Candor, humility, and earnestness being equal, such a believer is far more likely to become a Catholic than another who does not believe. But, for all that, such faith does not result in conversion as its necessary, scarcely as its probable, consequence. We have in our memory, just now, a clergyman who has for years openly professed his firm belief in transubstantiation, purgatory, and other equally extreme Catholic articles of faith. He goes into our churches, and adores the holy eucharist upon our altars. He venerates the Mother of our Lord, and supplicates God's mercy on the faithful dead. In all these he is perfectly sincere, and of the truth of what he believes, and of the piety of what he does, he is as well convinced as any Protestant can ever be. Still he is not a Catholic, and we are almost satisfied he never will become one. Years have found him and left him as we find him now, and other years will probably work no change upon him in the nature of conversion. Nearly the same may be said of Dr. Pusey. His symbolism in many, if not in most, particulars is Catholic. His tastes and sympathies are Catholic. Those who have been his nearest and dearest friends are Catholics. If similarity of doctrine were all that constitutes conversion, the venerable father of Tractarianism would long ere this have found the rest we tremble now lest he should never find. But his life rolls away, and years and honors multiply upon his head; yet who can say that he is nearer than in the distant and more hopeful days, when his, now our, "*beloved*" struggled and prayed with him for the light of God? The reasons for this are perfectly apparent to us, and will be reached and dealt with by-and-bye. At present it suffices, by these statesments and illustrations, to have made it clear that belief in Catholic doctrine is not conversion to the Catholic Church. No, not if a man can tell over on his fingers, one by one, the definitions of the councils and the traditions of the fathers, and pronounce a *credo* over every one of them, is he necessarily a Catholic, nor must he have passed through that vital transformation without which there never has been and never can be a true conversion.

(2.) Second: the adoption of our extreme ritualism in worship is not conversion.

There is but one denomination of Protestants among whom this false definition is likely to obtain. That one is the Episcopal; and by large numbers of its members (if we may judge their opinions from their words), it is actually believed that a fondness for rites and ceremonies is evidence of Catholicity. Some years ago the church of the Holy Innocents, and the

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Madison Street mission chapel of New York, and the church of St. James the Less, Philadelphia, were, by this class of persons, uniformly regarded and denounced as Romanizing; as the church of St. Albans in this city and some others are to-day. Candles and flowers upon the altar, crosses and paintings on the walls, the bowed head at the name of Jesus, the cassock-skirted coat, and other innumerable minutiæ, are to these people indubitable evidence of Popery, and have often served, as they do now, for a sufficient cause of congregational disunion and parochial decline. It would seem foolish, in a discussion like the present, to notice an error so shallow and so reasonless as this, were it not for the magnitude of its results, and were it not, also, that so many of these very ritualists themselves imagine that, in mimicking Catholic forms and ceremonies, they have secured in Anglicanism all that the Catholic Church herself can give.

But ritualism is not Catholicism: nor is Catholicism so vitally connected with ritualism that it may not exist in the entire fulness of its powers and graces independent of external magnificence and show. St. Antony in his desert, St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar, were as true Catholics as St. Ambrose in his basilica, or St. Leo on his throne. Even the public worship of the church, when stripped to its essentials, is almost devoid of any outward sign or sound that can properly be characterized as ceremonial. And the same priest who stands to-day before the gorgeous altar of a metropolitan cathedral amid clouds of incense, will start to-morrow on a year's missionary journey through the wilderness, with all the "*pomp and circumstance of Romanism*" contained within the narrow limits of his carpet-bag. Ritualism is a means used by the church to accomplish certain ends; and so used, because the example of the divinely instituted Jewish church, and her own ages of experience, have convinced her that by it those ends can most surely be attained. But it is no more an essential element of her being than royal robes are of the being of a king; and the weak caricature of her stately ceremonial, in which some Protestant experimentalists indulge, converts them into Catholics as little as the tinsel crown and sceptre of the stage gives royal birth and power to the actor in a play.

(3.) Third: union with the visible body of the Catholic Church is not conversion.

This is the definition which most of those who are born Catholics would give. Unconscious, as they happily are, of the religious state of mind in which pure Protestantism rears its children, it is difficult for them to imagine that a man can be, or can become, nominally Catholic for any other reason than the simple one that binds them to their faith; and this habitude of thought leads them inevitably to confound the outward consequence of an internal change with that internal change itself.

They also are in error. External union with the church is the best possible *primâ facie* evidence of conversion, but it alone is not conversion. That men have came into the body of the Catholic Church from motives of business, or of politics, or of family sympathy there can be no doubt. But in these cases there was no real conversion. The deep, radical changes which so thoroughly unmake and then remake the spiritual man, never could have taken place in such souls as these. Their outward act was perfect, their visible communion with us was all we could demand; but in their inmost heart they were as much Protestants as ever; and, when they went, acted on the same principles as when they came. Such examples are not numerous, it is true; but still they are sufficient to demonstrate that "*joining the church*" is not conversion, and to deny the minor premise of those who argue the church's incapacity to satisfy our nature from the fact that these have tried her and found her wanting.

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When one man can be cited who, in his soul of souls, has undergone the work of grace which we now pass on to consider, and who, in calmness and in piety, and not in rashness *or in mortal sin*, has voluntarily apostatized, and who, in life and in death, has adhered to his apostasy, and has died in the confident and humble hope of heaven; then, and not till then, can such an argument be worth our while to meet.

The change we call "*conversion*," thus residing neither in the transfer of ecclesiastical relations to the church, nor in the growth of ritualism into the external conduct, nor yet even in the adoption of Catholic doctrine as the individual's creed, must have its sphere of action in regions deeper and more fundamental than we have yet explored. The church of God looks with the eyes of God upon the souls of men. "*Give me thine heart*," is her, is his demand, confident that if this be given all else is also gained. The change she seeks in those whom God would make her children is a change, not of opinion, not of tastes, not of behavior, but of *heart and will*; a change which reaches to the citadel of life, and thoroughly and permanently converts the man. With nothing less than this can she be satisfied. On nothing less than this can she securely build.

And this change is conversion.

Protestantism, so far forth as it is a religious system, is based upon two principles, from which have been developed all its influence and power, and to which may be traced the numerous and immeasurable evils whereof for many ages it has been a fruitful source. The first of these is: That the church, founded by our Lord, is an *invisible* church, to which every man who believes he is saved by Christ is *by that sole belief* united, whatever else his creed and religious observance may be. The second is: That every man, by his own reason working on the text of Scripture, is able to, and must determine for himself what his religious faith and moral code shall be. The inevitable consequence of the first principle is—that the doctrine and moral law of one man, so long as they embrace the Saviourship of Christ in any sense whatever, are matters in which his brother Christian can have no concern. The inevitable consequence of the second is—that the self-eliminated creed and rule of observance of each Christian are as correct and reliable as those of any or even of all others, and will be the only standard of his judgment at the bar of God.

This first principle and its logical deductions have resulted in simple religious individualism. "*The communion of saints*," in that sense in which St. Paul describes it, as a Christian society, whose members mutually depend upon each other, think the same things, believe the same things, speak the same things, preserving the unity of the Spirit as well as the bond of peace, has been rendered practically impossible; while for it has been substituted an ideal "*Christian union*" which consists either in the abnegation of all distinctive doctrines as mere human opinions, or in the toleration of them all as different methods of expressing the same religious truth. And even this "*union*," which might be possible if pride and self-will were eradicated from the heart of man, has become so far from a reality, that the very theories on which it is based have sected and bisected the original divisions of Protestant Christianity, until from five they have become five hundred, with every prospect of a similar multisection to the end of time.

This principle has done more. It has entered the bodies of the sects themselves, and repelled member from member, minister from flock. It has destroyed, in the collective sect, all sense of responsibility for the faith and conduct of its members; and, in the members, all sense of responsibility for their personal belief and morals to the sect at large. It has overturn-

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ed every tribunal established for the preservation of Christian discipline, and has abrogated "*church authority*" as wholly incompatible with purity of conscience and religious freedom. It has reduced the conditions of admission to ecclesiastical fellowship to "*the minimum of Christianity*," and has abolished "*terms of communion*" and "*professions of faith*" as utterly subversive of denominational integrity.* In this way it has made each man not only *de jure*, but *de facto* a spiritual autocrat, and has erected him into an isolated, independent religious body, depriving the sect of all real organic life, and degrading it from a church with head and members to a mere aggregation of discordant particles.

The individual, being thus debarred of all external aid, is thrown upon his own resources for religious guidance. There is no living man upon the earth from whom he can receive an authoritative enunciation of eternal truths. There is no set of men upon whose teachings he can rely as more perfect or more ultimately certain than his own. The common mouth of Christendom utters no voice that puts to rest the questions of his soul. All stand, like him, upon one level plain of human fallibility; a fallibility which no diffusion, however universal, can ever make infallible. All, whether singly or collectively interrogated, can answer his appeal for light only by giving their own human judgments in exchange for his.

And hence arises the necessity for that second principle on which, as well as on the first, the foundations of Protestant Christianity were laid; a principle which recognizes the intrinsic individualism that the first produces, and perfects it by removing from man every hope but one. That one hope is the Bible; a dead and speechless book; a body whose spirit hides itself in the interminable labyrinth of languages long since unspoken; a star which gathers its reflected rays through paraphrases and translations as chromatic as the intellects that framed them or the pens that wrote them down.

"*The Bible, and the Bible only,*" has been the banner-cry of Protestantism from the dawn of its existence. The first work of Luther, after his apostasy, was the publication of such parts of the New Testament as he considered best suited to his purposes; and the great aim of his successors, in all countries and in all ages, has been to flood the world with copies of the Scriptures, in such guise and such proportions as should soonest and most surely undermine the principles of church authority, and establish their version of the Bible as the sole acknowledged teacher of the truth of God. From the beginning, also, as a part of the same work, they have denied that God has furnished to mankind other interpreters of his revelation than the unaided intellect of man, and have declared the private judgment of the individual to be his all-sufficient and his only guide to the true meaning of the written law. It will not, therefore, nay, it *cannot* be disputed, that every man to whom the name of Protestant belongs, depends entirely for his knowledge of the truth which God commands him to believe, and of the laws which God commands him to obey, upon what he can learn, unled by note or comment, from that collective translation of ancient books to which he gives the name "Ὁ Βιβλος," or "*The Bible.*"

Now, were it certain that the Bible contained the entire canon of holy scripture, with every book and paragraph complete; were it certain that that Scripture was in every syllable the utterance of God; were it certain that no error in translation had modulated the clear voice which spoke from heaven; were it certain that no pride of self-opinion, no prejudice of early education, no ignorance of the true meaning and construction of the language, were able to distort the

* *Vide* New Englander for July, 1866, pages 477 to 487 *et seq.*

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spiritual vision; then might this principle, to some extent, subserve the purposes which Protestants allege it to fulfil. But, while no evidence, by them admissible, can determine beyond cavil the completeness of their canon, while divine inspiration remains a fact beyond the power of human testimony to establish; while that confusion of tongues which the centuries of barbarian incursion wrought has rendered more or less questionable all translations from ancient Greek or Hebrew to a modern dialect; while human pride and prejudice have lost none of their hold upon the heart of man; it is not in our nature to believe that God has left us to such a guidance as this principle asserts, and still holds us responsible for the truth of our opinions and the purity of our conduct at the peril of our eternal damnation. And thus each of these principles practically affirms and corroborates the other, and both unite to overthrow all definite revealed religion, and to prostrate at the feet of human reason the *dicta* of the everlasting God.

The state of heart and will which these principles engender no lengthened paragraphs are needed to describe. Previous to the age of discretion, the Protestant child, in spite of these principles, is compelled to recognize, in religion, an authority external to himself. His parents, his masters, his catechisms are, in his sight, equally with the Bible, the teachers of divine truth; and, by their aid and influence, he arrives at maturity with certain more or less distinctly formed notions of Christian doctrine, and with certain rules of life grained into his character by the long course of years. At this period he is emancipated, in theory, from all external direction, and placed under the sole guidance of his reason and the Bible. That sacred book he opens. It has no voice to him of its own. Its pages offer to him the same words as to all men before him; but those words contain no meaning independent of the meaning that he gives them. It places before him the formal statement of all doctrine; but teaches him, as absolutely and infallibly true, no one specific dogma which, whether consistent with his present views or not, he must receive. That which interprets, not that which is interpreted, is ever the real teacher; and, in his case, his private judgment, trained and biassed by the prejudices and conclusions of a lifetime, utters the only voice and defines the only doctrine which it is possible for him to hear or to receive. The Scripture does not teach him new and otherwise undiscoverable truth. It rather confirms and expresses the truth, which is already accepted and declared. The oracle, whose utterance is the indisputable law, speaks from the depths of his interior being. The Bible is a mere "*phrase-book*" in which it finds the words and symbols fitted to convey its thought. The divine authority dwells in the *man*, not in the *volume*. He holds the sacred book before the mirror of his reason. The image it presents, however imperfect or deformed, becomes to him the truth of the Eternal Word. He casts the pure wheat of God between the millstones of his human judgments and his human loves. The grist they grind is all the bread he has whereon to feed his soul. It is not difficult to see that, by this process of investigation, every man must become the worshipper of a God who is as truly his own handiwork as is the brazen idol of the Hindoo or the living Buddha of Sha-Ssa.

Some of the better class of Protestant minds have perceived this. A few of the most fearless have declared it, and received, in consequence, the name of "*infidels*" from their less logical and less consistent brethren. "*Belief*," says Mr. Emerson, "*consists in the acceptance of the affirmations of the soul; unbelief, in their denial.*" The English language might be exhausted and no better definition given of Protestant belief than this. When once the soul—that is, the rea-

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son, the affections, and the will—when once the *soul* affirms; when once those affirmations are *expressed in Scripture phraseology*, no Protestant can venture to pronounce them ultimately untrue without destroying the whole principle on which his own faith has been built. That many have done so is only evidence that the grace of God within them rebels against this degradation of a Gospel which the Eternal Son died in order to inaugurate, and which his church has battled earth and hell for fifty generations in order to preserve.

The office which the heart and will perform in this religious work is simply one of *choice*. The element of submission to divine authority is only so far exercised as consists in the acceptance of Scripture phrases as the vehicle of individual conclusions. To no extent is the *formal, detailed idea* indebted for existence to other than the intellect, the affections, the will of the believer. He *chooses* his dogma or his precept according to the dictates of his reason; receiving this, denying that, on the sole ground of their consistency with preconceived ideas; and, anon, discarding old faiths and adopting new as time and circumstances operate upon his heart and mind. And it is nothing singular to see him wandering from Tractarianism down to Unitarianism—from Calvinism to Universalism—and back again, stopping perchance at Methodism or Congregationalism on the way; clinging to his Bible all the while, triumphantly pointing to this paragraph as proving that he is right at last, and as triumphantly declaring the reverse when a few steps forward have landed him upon the other side. All this and more—unless, indeed, his inner life lays at the door of his professions the charge of conscious falsehood, and underneath his soul is bent the arm of an authority whose very existence his theory has totally denied.

No truer definition, no better example of *heresy* than such a spectacle affords, has any age of Christianity presented. "Αἵρεσις" means "*choice*." The grand distinction between the heretic and the Christian resides in this: that the one chooses doctrine to suit himself, the other receives doctrine on the authority of God. That Protestantism is choice—nay, that it logically *compels* choice to every individual in it, cannot admit a question. It is, therefore, heresy; not, perhaps, in the most odious sense of the word, but still in that strict etymological signification which is the best clue to the appropriate application of the name. Like all other heretics, of whatever sect, the Protestant relies upon himself. He is his own Bible-maker, his own doctrine-monger, his own lawgiver. Faith and theology and moral law are only the result of his own private judgment and divine command, moulded and digested into one confused and contradicting mass of good and evil.

It is to his deliverance from this spiritual state that the name *conversion* alone properly belongs.

Catholicity, on the other hand, is also based upon two principles, which are the logical postulates of its existence, and whose necessary developments will account for the immeasurable contrast which its severe and holy tranquillity presents to the seething and tumultuous incoherency around it. The first of these is this: that the truths with which alone revealed religion deals, are in their nature *above* human reason, and though never *contradicting* it, cannot by it be estimated, comprehended, or discerned, but rest upon the sole veracity of a revealing God. The second is: that God has chosen and appointed, as the medium of this unerring revelation, a visible, organized society, founded by Jesus Christ, presided over by the Holy Ghost, perpetuated through all ages by his own impregnable decree; and that this society is the Catholic Church. The inevitable consequence of the first principle is: that revealed truth, as such, is ultimately and infallibly true, and whether or not consistent

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with private judgment, prejudice, and present conviction, must be received and heartily believed. The inevitable consequence of the second is: that whatever the church teaches as revealed truth, is so revealed, is therefore ultimately true, and must be rested on implicitly as the infallible utterance of God.

The result of this first principle has been that the wonderful, and often ludicrous, admixture of divine and human truth, which may be found in the religion of many Protestants, is utterly impossible to Catholics. With all the questions of natural religion, as distinguished from revealed; with all the theorems of science and of art; with the dark mysteries of nature and the still darker mysteries of man; nay, even with those inferences from divine truth which make up systems of theology, reason is competent to deal. It may pierce the glittering nebulæ of the Milky Way; it may fathom the recesses of the ocean and cleave the crystal bowels of the world; it may climb the dizzy heights of intellectual philosophy; it may conquer the vast problems of political and social happiness. But here its journey ends. When it stands beside that boundless sea which rolls between the finite and the infinite, it finds no bark to bear it outward. Of all that lies beyond, its eye, its ear, its touch remains insensible. It can but sit down on the hither shore and wait for light—the light of revelation.*

Reason is limited from above. Revelation is limited from below. In the mysteries of God, in the supernatural, and in questions of *faith*, her voice is law: and where it *is* law, it is absolute, unconditional, indisputable. Free as the thought of God is man's thought everywhere but there. There he must put his shoes from off his feet and listen and obey. The ground he treads is holy. The voice he hears is that which spoke of old out of the burning bush. He cannot gainsay God.

And thus it is that, practically, Catholics are so free in all matters except those pertaining to religion. The line is drawn so clearly and so definitely between what *is* and what *is not* of faith, that not in one mind in ten thousand is there ever the slightest doubt as to what must be received and what may be disputed. The consolation given by this simple maxim: "*If God has not revealed it, I need not believe it; but if God has declared it, whether or not I understand it, it is surely true*"—when once incorporated into the guiding principles of the heart, as in the case of every true Catholic it entirely is, repays the soul for those dark hours of Protestant doubting and perplexity, by contrast with which it can alone be truly valued.

The result of the second of these principles has been the perfect unity of Catholics in doctrine and in morals. The voice of the church is the voice of God. She is a *living* teacher. She does not hide her truths in languages whose meaning sages only can unfold. She speaks to every man *in his own vernacular*, and proposes to him not only the *formularies*, but *the exact ideas* which make up the Christian faith. She is not confined to general statements, under whose vague phraseology notions the most opposite may be concealed. She enters into all the infinite details which every proposition of divine truth embraces, and prints it in the same unvarying form upon the souls of men. With the millions who are gone before she has thus labored. With the millions who are yet alive she is thus laboring to-day. And all, in their submission to her teaching, have found that perfect concord of doctrine which the gospel promised to the faithful flock of Christ, and testify to the eternal wisdom of that God who placed his church upon the earth to set at naught the foolishness of man.

* The able writer of this article certainly does not intend to deny the competence of reason to judge of the evidence of revelation, or to judge that any proposition evidently contradictory to reason cannot be a revealed truth.—Ed. CATHOLIC WORLD.

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In a religion such as this there can be no room for *choice*. To the church heresy is evermore a name of execration and of horror. The heart and will of her disciples have but one exercise, and that is submission. Unconditionally, unquestioningly, unprotestingly. they bow before her voice and echo its decrees. Reason is quiescent. Where it cannot comprehend, it passes by. Faith grasps the mystery and lays it on the heart to be its law for ever. The soul has but one inquiry for every dogma, for every precept: "*Teacher of God, what hast thou spoken?*" The teacher answers and the soul obeys.

Such is Catholicity. It is the *antithesis* of Protestantism. Whatever similarity may exist in certain of their doctrines, in their ultimate, essential natures they are simple opposites. The void between them is as vast as that through which the First-born of the morning fell; the dividing lines as sharp and as precipitate as the high cliffs which bound the tides of Acheron. That "*via media*," along which the easy traveller may walk secure, rejoicing in the sunlight of both earth and heaven, is a fond, foolish dream. The church knows but two modes of existence in reference to herself, submission and rebellion; and even reason teaches that her judgment, on this point, is unimpeachable.

Through all that weary journey which lies between these nether worlds of spiritual being the convert's feet must tread. When God's grace finds him, he is a Protestant—perhaps so pure and logical as to be standing on the shores of rationalism and looking at his own soul as his source of light—perhaps so inconsistent and so self-deceived as to acknowledge an authority which his fundamental Protestantism denies. But whether from the external Saharas of Christian scepticism, or whether from beneath the shadow of the truth itself, the path he follows leads him to one goal, the goal of unconditional submission. Conversion may come to him through the successive adoption of Catholic dogmas, through fondness for external rites and forms, through personal friendship and familiarity, through any of those myriad ways by which God leads the steps of his elect toward heaven; but, when it comes, it is the same change for each, for every one—the abnegation of all choice and self-affirmation, and the complete subjection of the heart and will to the obedience of faith. Then, and then only, is the work ended and conversion made complete. What the church teaches is, from that hour, the faith of that Christian heart. What the church commands is the law of that Christian will. Doubt and hesitation and self-following are of the days gone by, and his devotion to the church, as God's teacher, is only rivalled by his love for her as the home of God's elect. The waters of the deluge roar and dash around his mighty ark of safety, and men and women, as they clamber up the rugged mountains of their own devices, laugh at him for his ignorance and folly; but he abides in peace, when the dark waves have overtopped them and engulfed them, and will live to offer sacrifice on Ararat when the days of divine searching have passed by.

The utter falsehood of those definitions of conversion which we have denied, becomes apparent from this description of what conversion is. There is no inherent impossibility that a pure Protestant, exercising to the fullest extent the right of private judgment, should arrive at doctrines identical with those which the church teaches, and should, as a result of this identity, accept even her formularies as expressive of his faith. The mystery of the Trinity, than which no mystery is greater, is thus received by the majority of Protestants; and there is nothing in the doctrines of Transubstantiation, Purgatory, and the like, which is unreachable by the same process of scriptural investigation, unaided by the conscious teachings of the

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church. There can be no doubt that men have, by this method, approximated closely to Catholic doctrine, who yet were wholly actuated by Protestant principles, and never dreamed of submitting heart and will and reason to the dictation of any authority whatever.

These men apparently hang over the church, ready to drop like ripe fruit into her open bosom. Nevertheless, whatever of her symbolism they may cherish, they cherish, not because it is *hers*, but because it is *their own*. It is not truth which *she* has taught them; *they* have discovered it themselves. It brings them no nearer to her in heart. It does not subject their *will* to hers. On the contrary, it often begets in them an arrogance of her divine security, as if their similarity to her constituted them her equals in the authority of God. Such men are not with the church, whatever proximity they seem to have. Their boast of Catholicity deceives many, and most frequently themselves, but can delude none who realize to what humility her true children must descend, and how unquestioningly, when God speaks, man must hear. The prayers of the faithful are more needed for such souls than for any others, that God would send them the disposition, as well as the light of faith.

Of the various corollaries which might be drawn from this demonstration of the real nature of conversion, there is but one which time and space allow us to notice. That one is this: That the whole question between Catholics and Protestants is one of *fact* and not primarily of *doctrine;* and can, like any other fact, be investigated and proved by human evidence. On one side, it is asserted that faith and morals are of comparative indifference to salvation, and that no source of divine light exists on earth higher than that of scripture, interpreted and judged by reason. On the other side, it is claimed that whatever God has revealed must be received without question or contradiction, and that the organized society known as the Catholic Church is the mouthpiece and medium of that revelation. This covers the whole point in issue. If, as a matter of fact, the first assertion is correct, Protestants are secure in their acceptance or denial of any or of all articles of specific Christian doctrine. If the second is true, the teachings of the Catholic Church must be received implicitly, under peril of disobedience to God. The question of the truth of particular dogmas, or of the obligation of certain codes of law, is entirely foreign to this issue. If the church is right, transubstantiation, the immaculate conception, the seven sacraments, are matters not to be *discussed* or *proven*, but to be *believed*. If she is wrong, they are simply of no consequence whatever. Any investigation which escapes this only real point in controversy will be in vain. Inquiry must begin here and end here, or else result in making men either bad Catholics or stronger Protestants than ever.

This "question of questions" is to be answered by logical demonstration based on certain facts. As a historical work, the Bible is a sufficient witness of the visible and audible facts which it records; and the miracles of Christ therein related establish his personal divine commission and the entire reliability of the declarations which he made. As historical works also, the writings of his immediate disciples are a sufficient witness of their understanding of his teachings, and of the actions which, in pursuance of that understanding, they performed. If Christ stated that doctrines and precepts are *not* conditions of salvation, and placed in the hands of man the book known as the Bible, with the assurance that he could safely follow whatever interpretation thereof his human judgment might give, and if, as so directed, his disciples did *not* insist on specific creeds and laws, and *did* receive and circulate the Bible as the only organ of revealed truth, then that fact can be ascertained. If, on

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the other hand, Christ revealed a certain system of doctrine, and established certain laws of conduct; if he founded a church and conferred on her the authority to teach and the right to be obeyed; and if his followers recognized such an institution, and uniformly submitted to its authority as divine, then this, as a fact, can, in its turn, be proved.

To a fair, candid, and complete investigation of this question, in the light of history, the Catholic Church invites all Protestants throughout the world; confident that, by the good help of God's grace, this simple examination, properly conducted, would lead the many hundred jarring sects of Christendom into a Catholic unity of spirit and into the bond of a true gospel peace.

From Once a Week.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

In broken notes of sound,
The voice of distant bells
Falls fitfully around,
Borne o'er the rimy dells.
Anon in wailing tones
It breaks against the breeze,
Or in sad accents moans
Amidst the shivering trees.
In fragments o'er the glades
It falls, or floats aloft;
Then trumulously fades
In echoes low and soft.
But other, nearer chimes,
In laughing octaves run,
In memory of old times,
And what the days have done.
Then changing, clang and wail
Up in their prison high,
And sob and groan and rail
At their captivity.

Ringing:—flinging wild notes everywhere!
Clanging:—hanging discord in the air!
Chiming:—rhyming words from brazen throat!
Pealing:—stealing o'er the meadows and the moat!
Dying:—sighing gently as a child!
Floating:—gloating o'er their tumult wild!
Swinging:—springing suddenly to life!
Surging:—urging nature into strife!
Laughing:—quaffing the sweet and eager air!
Groaning:—moaning in a weird note of despair!

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Yes, how they sigh,
And seem to die:
But like expiring ember,
At slightest breath
They leap from death,
And wrestle with December!

Oh, 'tis strange
How they change,
In rhythmus and in measure,
Now tolling sad,
Now almost mad,
With throbbing pulse of pleasure.

But not long thus,—the ringers soon
Will catch the proper metre,
Staccato first; then rippling tune
Grows every moment sweeter.

Away, away, the music flies,
O'er mead and wold and river,
Arpeggio movement shakes the skies,
And makes the belfry quiver.

Away, away, the cheerful sound
Flies with its Christmas greeting,
And laughs along the icy ground,
Where snow-drops pale are peeping.

The crocus, hearing chimes of mirth,
Puts on her brightest yellow,
What cares she for the frosty earth,
When peals ring out so mellow?

The blackbird, in a love-lorn mood,
Is pecking at red berries,
But hark! those joy-bells make her food
As sweet as summer cherries.

In truth all nature hears the strains,
With heart of honest gladness;
They ring surcease of human pains,
And ring—a death to sadness.

They ring of friendship, and the grasp
Of hands in manly greeting;
They ring the softer tender clasp
Of Love and Psyche meeting.

They ring oblivion of the years
Whose sunset was in sorrow;
They drown in waves of sound, the fears
That cloud the dawn to-morrow.

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They ring the affluent table spread,
They ring of that sweet maiden
Who comes, with modest silent tread,
With gifts for poor folk laden.

They ring in tones more sweet than all
Of hopes the Cross has given,
And then their glad notes rise and fall,
Like Christmas bells in Heaven.

ORIGINAL.

THE GODFREY FAMILY; OR, QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER XIII.

HESTER GODFREY IN SEARCH OF PERFECTION.

"PAPA," said Hester one morning, as she passed from the lawn into the library, and threw her arms round her father's neck, "papa, I am thoroughly resolved never to be married."

"Time enough, my darling, to think of that; but why this sudden resolve?"

"Because married women are so unhappy. Adelaide and Annie were as merry as crickets when they were single, and now how serious and unhappy they appear."

"Seriousness is not unhappiness. Age makes one sedate."

"Nay, but I am sure they are miserable, and I tell you I will not marry; so do not promise my hand to any one." And she put a very lovely one into her father's hand as she spoke.

"I will not, my dear Hetty; but you may live to alter your mind."

"I shall not, and I will tell you why. I have considered this matter very closely, and I have discovered that a married woman is but a slave to a man. She must have no will of her own, no purse of her own, and though she has all the trouble and anxiety with the children, they are his—not hers—as soon as they begin to reason. I love freedom, papa; I will be no mere tool to any man. No art, no science, no refinement, no practical improvement can flourish in slavery; and the reason women have shown less aptitude for intellectual cultivation than men is, that they are mere slaves—domestic drudges, for the most part—with no higher interest than to procure food and clothing."

"Where did my Hester pick up Mary Wolstonecroft's writings?"

"Mary Wolstonecroft—who is she, papa?"

"A lady who advocates woman's rights, my love. I thought you had been reading her book."

"There is no need if all she says is that which I feel, namely, that all women are slaves. I learned this from simple observation. I wonder all women do not feel it so."

"Women are supposed to live in their affections; and those whom we love we serve willingly."

"Yes, but you know that soon becomes a mere supposition, even if it be not so at first. How snappish wives usually are! I notice it in the cot-

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tagers, in the tradesfolks; everywhere, where manners are not taught to enable one to *sham* before company. And the husbands are surly, unmanageable bears; there must be something wrong in marriage to produce these effects so frequently."

"And what remedy do you propose?" asked Mr. Godfrey, greatly amazed.

"Nay, that I have not considered. I only know that something is wrong now, and that I will not marry 'till it is set right."

"Wait 'till you fall in love, my dear."

"Fall in love, indeed! What a ridiculous thing to do! No, papa, I intend no fall; that is just why I will not marry. I might admire and respect a man as my equal; I might even venerate him as my superior, if he were my superior in mind; but bind myself to him as a slave I would not. No Grecian hero in all antiquity could inspire me with love enough to commit a moral suicide."

"The Grecian women claimed no equal rights," said Mr. Godfrey.

"No; I marked that well, papa. History is a treatise on men—on their deeds, their daring, their wisdom, their improvement or retrogression. Now and then, as if by accident, a woman's deeds were recorded, but very rarely. Why this has been, I cannot divine. Woman ought, could, should, and must rebel. This is the age of freedom. Does freedom concern only half of the human race?"

"No; it concerned the horde of women who forced their way into the royal apartments at Versailles. My Hester should have headed the procession?"

"Now, papa, that is not fair. You know well I do not wish to countenance rude and vulgar proceedings. Only I do not see why woman should not cultivate her intellectual and moral powers, and march onward in the career of perfectibility as well as man."

"What is that long word you used, Hester?"

"Now, papa, how provoking you are! Have you not yourself taught me to cultivate every faculty to perfection, as a duty? Have you not often said that the world has yet to learn the results of an equipoised, many-sided development? That hitherto too strong a bias has been given, and that a one-sided training has made a one-sided character?"

"I have said this, Hester, but what is this to the purpose?"

"Why, perfectibility must mean the tendency toward perfection produced by this equipoised, by this many-sided development; and woman must be the chief operator in effecting this equipoised development, because woman is the exclusive educator of the young of either sex; and it is when young, when very young, that the germs are laid of ideas which perish not. Physiologists say that though character is modified afterward, the form is, for the most part, given ere the seventh year has been attained."

"It may be so, but what of that?" asked the father.

"Why, I think, then, that woman's especial vocation is to the study of this perfectibility: that is, how to procure a due development — how to teach the race to aspire. It seems to me that, generally speaking, the aims of the world are very grovelling and sensual. If we could once fire the race with the desire of reaching the utmost perfection of which their nature is capable, methinks a glorious work would be begun, and after ages might be brought almost to doubt of the misery that now exists, their own position would be so different."

"It is a glorious project," said the father turning to the animated girl, "but a difficult one; the world is large, and every one thinks his own ideas the right ones."

"I know it; but I know, too, that that thought must not check an inspiration. Individuals have changed the face of nations before now. Had they suffered their enthusiasm to be checked by dwelling on how little one

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person can do, nothing would ever have been done. An individual who feels an intense interest in any subject, and a full conviction that such a subject is likely to benefit his co-patriots, is bound to carry forward his views to the utmost of his power."

"You may be right—nay, the principle is right; but what can my little Hester do?"

"She can study and think and experimentalize and observe and have the benefit of her father's advice through all, if only he will give it her, if only he will put it out of his head that every girl is born to be married, and that a girl cannot think and act for herself, and cherish ideas of philanthropy and work for the public good."

"Lycurgus would not sanction this, my little Spartan girl."

"Perhaps not, papa; but times have altered. Legislators used to seek for a numerous population. Now, Dr. Malthus says the world is overpeopled."

"Why, Hester, I did not think these were subjects that you cared for at all."

"But I do care for them, papa—more, much more than you think; and what I ask of you is to forget that I am a girl, and let me think and study everything—political economy, social economy, natural philosophy, ethics, and æsthetics. I want to know how each of these bears upon the condition of the race, to see what man might be. I want to know why man is created—to what he tends."

"Man is created to enjoy life, my child."

"Then why are so many miserable? Why have we disease, plague, famine, war, and bloodshed?"

"These are partly the result of man's ignorance."

"And yet man has existed nearly six thousand years, and every kind of experience and teaching has been his; and philosophers, sages, religionists, lawgivers have been trying to instruct him, and he is ignorant still."

"You forget, Hester, that every individual that is born into the world is born ignorant and helpless; and yet every individual must realize instruction ere ignorance can be banished. Where you have an educated people to work upon, you may propound improvements and be understood, and then you will find instruments who will co-operate with you; but now look at the population. Occupied in daily toil, as the price of life, how can they comprehend high theories, or study experimental philosophy. If they go into it at all, it must be to take upon trust a few ideas, and they are as likely to take the wrong ideas as the right ones, by that means."

"And is there no remedy for this? Is all this toil necessary? It seems to me as if a great deal of unnecessary work is always being performed. Spartan frugality would disapprove of much of modern luxury; and is not half the toil for luxury merely?"

"Some of it is; but Spartan pride refused all toil, even for necessaries. The laborers of the present day do the work of the helots in Sparta. To work was beneath the dignity of a Spartan."

"And we have no helots in England now," said Hester.

"Would you wish to have?" asked Mr. Godfrey.

"No! Why should one part of mankind be sacrificed to the happiness of the other? I would have no men slaves, no women slaves. Let all be free and equal. If there is work to be done, let all do a portion, and let all have a portion of rest, or rather of leisure, for the improvement of the mental faculties."

"No man will work, unless compelled, at hard, daily labor. Those who have property are not compelled. How will you compel them? For instance, my neighbor, the blacksmith, has a wife and six children to support. He works from twelve to fourteen hours daily. His wife keeps no servant; she scrubs, washes, cooks, and attends to all herself. Now, you

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and I, being people of leisure, should do half their work for them. Suppose you go and help the wife, and I go and help the blacksmith half of every day; they might then study perfectibility the other half."

Hester laughed. "We might do worse than that," she said; "but that would only be helping two individuals, whereas I wish to place society on a right principle. I no longer wonder at the French revolution. Had I to toil hard and to live hard, seeing all the while some few privileged beings do nothing at all but revel in luxury, I should be a revolutionist too; only I should not know how to set the matter right. One thing is clear from all history, luxury is an injury to the individual who uses it, and all states have been weakened when luxury has become common; therefore, father, I will make myself hardy, that I may not be corrupted in my own proper person."

And true to her resolution, Hester, regardless of public opinion, became simple in her habits. A hard bed, plain diet, an uncarpeted room, with singular plainness of dress, distinguished this young aspirant after perfectibility. Her mother would willingly have seen her dress in a manner becoming her station; but Hester "did not choose to make herself a peg on which to hang dressmakers' fancies. Clothes were for two purposes," she said, "for warmth and decency; when these two objects were attained it was enough." Her mother's remonstrances availed nothing, and her father laughed: the eccentricities of the spoiled child amused him, and daily he became more accustomed to gratify every wish that she expressed.

Hester was in earnest. She founded schools, she formed societies in which adult laborers might receive instruction in the evenings; she established libraries and promoted the scientific associations afterward more fully developed under the name of "Mechanics' Institutes." Hester visited the lowly that she might form an estimate of their real position, observe their improveable points, and cultivate these latter to good purposes; but the intricacies thickened upon her. She heard complaints that the poor were improvident and wasteful.

"How can that be," said she, "when a man pays rent, and provides fuel, clothing, and food for himself, his wife, and four children, out of wages at twelve shillings a week? How much does our mere board cost? twenty times that sum at least, and mamma is called economical. Oh! it must be a miserable life they lead on such a poor pittance as that! Papa, a man must have food; he gets it from the ground: he must have shelter; a few trees chopped down will give him that: he must have clothes; these also he can grow: why not place men on land where they can get these, rather than let them half starve at home?"

"It is being done in our colonies; but an emigrant's life, my Hester, would scarcely assist your perfectible theories. Every moment is employed in drudgery of some kind. A large proportion of the emigrants die of hardship."

Hester turned round impatiently, "Ever, ever an obstacle! Yet I will not give up. There must be a way of improving mankind, and I will find it yet."

These discussions were frequently renewed, but with little better success. On one occasion Eugene was present, and he said with a smile, "So you, too, are seeking the philosopher's stone, sister? I doubt you will not find it in exterior relationships or in material circumstance; evil is in the world—evil to a larger amount than you have any conception of, and no exterior arrangement will suffice to banish it. Set man free, as you term it, from the restraint of overlabor, without awakening the interior impulse to realize a higher life, and the chances are that the ale-house or gin-shop will be his school."

"But will not education effect this awakening?"

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"Education on a right basis would undoubtedly do much, but not education on a selfish basis; not if the highest aim is to improve in temporalities, not if virtue is proposed as the best policy to forward earthly views. This would be merely teaching a system of selfish calculation that would make man neither wiser nor better, and consequently not happier."

"And what other motive would you suggest, brother?"

Eugene glanced at his father and hesitated. After a moment's pause, he said: "Some philosophers, and among them the divine Plato, have thought that within man dwelt an essence called a soul, and that its culture furnished motives superior to all others in enlightening man. There are other theories respecting the soul worth studying too, I think. That which has influenced Europe during eighteen hundred years has been the religion of Christ. Have you ever studied that, Hester?"

"No! I thought it was a superstition akin to, though distinct from, the ancient pagan mythology."

"You will not find it so," rejoined her brother, "or rather you will find it the opposite. Paganism is the worship of self, of sensuality, of self-aggrandizement, and of physical power. Christianity is the worship of spirituality; it triumphs over selfishness by divine love, and elevates the soul by the same influence above the paltry views emanating from an exclusive adhesion to man's lower nature."

Mr. Godfrey's lowering brow betokened a rising storm. Eugene made his escape, and Hester laid her hand on her father's shoulder, and said coaxingly, "Did you not say I might study every influence, papa, that has affected humanity? Why not study this of which Eugene speaks?"

"Hester, there is a serpent in the East which has the power of fixing his eye on the bird he marks for his prey, and his fascination is such that by merely continuing to gaze he draws his victim straight into his mouth."

"What of this, father?"

"It is so of superstition also; it strikes a chord in the human heart, which, once awakened, becomes restless evermore. Let it but once attract your notice, it fascinates, monopolizes every faculty, and the strongest minds have fallen victims to its baneful power of concentrating the attention. Let it alone, my child."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE DUKE OF DURIMOND.

THE illness of the Duke of Durimond became more and more serious. Adelaide's friends offered to join her, but she said the duke's mind required peculiar treatment, and that more company in the house might annoy him. From the time of his leaving England the duke's associates had observed a great alteration in his manners and habits. Whereas he was formerly the gayest of the gay, he now shunned society. Soon after his arrival at Vienna he had engaged an Italian servant of seemingly unusual education and seriousness, and him he admitted into his confidence; to him he entrusted the direction of his private affairs. When he returned home, at those different intervals we have mentioned, this servant accompanied him, and was treated by the duke less as a valuable friend. The man held aloof from the other inmates of the castle, and was waited on in his own apartment by the duke's express order. Now, when the duke returned home, he was accompanied not only by this Italian gentleman or servant, whichever he might be, but by two other Italian valets, very serious for their state in life, who waited on the duke and on his friend to the exclusion of the English menials who had formerly access to the ducal apartments.

The duke was a prisoner in his own room, rarely could he ever leave his bed. Adelaide came at stated intervals

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to inquire after the state of his health, and in all formality took her seat at his side. Madame de Meglior often accompanied her, and to the surprise of both ladies a request was urgently preferred that Euphrasie might be induced to pay daily morning visits to the sick chamber, at a time when none were usually admitted.

The duchess looked her astonishment, but the duke took her hand with more kindness and less of ceremony than usual, and said:

"Nay, do not be surprised, your grace; I am a poor man, now about to appear before my Maker. I need all the assistance I can get, and I have faith in the prayers of Euphrasie. The hour named for her is the hour of prayer: if you will come also, believe me you will be welcome."

"Prayer, what prayer?"

"The most solemn prayer that can be offered, that which accompanies the most holy sacrifice of the new law."

As the duke spoke, M. Martigni, the man of business we have spoken of, pulled aside a curtain which had been hung before an alcove opposite to which the duke's bed had been placed, and there a beautiful little marble altar, appropriately adorned, became visible. Adelaide gazed in mute surprise.

"What am I to infer from this, your grace?"

"That at the last hour, I, a miserable sinner, dare to hope pardon from an outraged God, because he sent his Son to die on the cross for me! O Adelaide! the gods of this world, as your father so justly calls them—the gods of this world, pride, lust, sensuality, love of power, and ambition, but rise to reproach us when we draw near to our end. Long, too long did I resist my sweet Ellen's lessons! I felt, indeed, that something within me said we could not utterly die; but I was leading a life for self—I could not see the truth; but at last, late, too late I knew my duty. Adelaide, for two years past I have been reconciled to the Catholic church!"

"It is to attend Mass, then, I presume, that your grace desires Euphrasie's company?" said Adelaide.

"It is," replied the duke; "if any will accompany her, they will be welcome."

But this the duchess took especial care to prevent. She whispered to Madame de Meglior, as they quitted the apartment:

"The malady has touched his brain; say nothing of what has happened."

This was the cause of Adelaide's reluctance to have more company in the house. On this account she declined alike the visits of the duke's relatives and of her own. She wished the matter to be kept a profound secret from all; and though she permitted Euphrasie to comply with the duke's request, it was on the express condition of her keeping the fact unknown. But such precautions as these, though feasible for a time, are useless in the end. The duke's disorder was of a painful, lingering, and variable nature. Sometimes he would be confined to his room, and even to his bed for weeks together, then he would rally a little, go into the adjoining sitting-room, and once or twice even took an airing in his carriage. No excuse could be framed, then, for excluding relations so rigorously. Mr. Godfrey became annoyed at the attempt, and at length, suspecting some latent motive, sent Eugene to the castle to find out the secret, if there were one.

Eugene, on his entrance, met and recognized Martigni, and by him was introduced into the duke's apartment, before Adelaide knew he was in the house. He found the duke propped up by pillows and seated near the window. He greeted the young man cordially, though with a half reproach that he did not come before.

"I have been very ill, Eugene," he said; "sometimes I hardly thought to be alive till morning, and I wished to say a few words to your father about my wife, but none of you came near me!"

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Eugene looked, as he felt, surprised. "We were given to understand that a visit from us would not be agreeable to your grace," he said; "and being hurt at the intimation, especially as the exclusion lasted so long, I came to-day to ascertain the cause."

"I gave no such intimation, I wished for no such exclusion, rather the contrary; but perhaps Adelaide—I think I divine the cause; you must excuse your sister, Eugene. Perhaps she is more annoyed than she showed to me. To me she is ever polite, but doubtless she is annoyed; perhaps it is natural that she should be so," and the duke hesitated.

"Annoyed! At what, may it please your grace? You cannot think that 'annoyed' is a term applicable to my sister's feeling at your illness?"

"No! no! not at my illness, no! But, Eugene, I have spent a long life of vanity before the world, and ere I die I should like the world to know what perhaps the duchess would fain conceal, that I repent of my iniquities, that I bow thankfully before the chastening hand that has laid me low, that I prize my sufferings as the greatest blessing, as a token that God has not forsaken me, though for so many years I forsook him. Eugene, I am a Catholic!"

"God be thanked!" involuntarily escaped from the young man's lips, as his hand was clasped in that of the duke, and tears started to his eyes. "God be thanked!"

The door opened and the duchess entered. At one glance she understood all, and that her surmises of Eugene had also been correct.

"The duke is better to-day," she coldly said. "We have had a long time of anxiety, but perhaps even yet he may rally and be himself again."

"I dare not flatter you, sister," answered Eugene. "His grace's looks are not those of a convalescent."

"No! no!" said the duke. "No health for me again. Suffering, perhaps, for a long time yet, but no health; but I know not why my illness should induce your grace to lead so lonely a life as you have lately chosen. Let me beg of you to surround yourself with your family; Eugene says they wait but your bidding."

Adelaide colored. "I fear the disturbance will be too much for your grace's repose."

"Not at all, not at all; the house is large, many might be in it and I not hear a sound. I should be gratified by knowing that you had friends with you when I depart. Send for your friends, I beg of you. Eugene, perhaps you will write to Mr. Godfrey in my behalf, to inform him of my wishes?"

"I will, your grace."

And the family came; and still Adelaide tried to conceal from her father a secret which was already known to Eugene. She scarcely hoped to be able to do so long; but the annoyance to her was so excessive that she could not bring herself to speak of it, and she hoped others would decide, as she tried to decide in her own mind, that the duke's intellect was affected. But then Eugene! he was smitten with the same mania! She felt sure of that, though no words had ever passed on the subject.

. . . . .

"Mr. Godfrey," said the duke, when at length there was an interview between the two—"Mr. Godfrey, tell me what you wish me to do more for your daughter. A handsome jointure is secured to her; the estates are entailed; but tell me anything else I can do to promote her happiness, and it shall be done."

This was the spirit in which the invalid conversed, and in which he executed all that was proposed to him for Adelaide. She had no cause of complaint, and his manifest care of her softened that haughty heart a little. Had he not been a Catholic she could have been grateful to him; but she was the more irritated at this fact, that now she dared not set up the plea of imbecility to account for it, for that

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plea would have invalidated the newly drawn up documents in her favor; all her hope consisted in concealment.

Eugene was often with the duke, who at length ventured to speak to him on a subject which caused him great mental anguish. He had never been able to trace Ellen, nor to transmit to her any pecuniary aid. He suspected, indeed, that the Catholic bishop could have afforded him information, but he was inflexible in refusing to do so. A considerable sum of money had been set apart for Ellen's use, and a fortune provided for the boy. "Perhaps," said the duke, "after my death the bishop might enable you, Eugene, to trace the mother and child, and induce them to accept the provision. Will you undertake the commission?"

"Most willingly," said Eugene.

"When I am dead, let it be," said the duke. "Ellen will take nothing from me living—when I am dead she will be more easily persuaded. I know she must wish a high education for her son. She will not, I hope, refuse assistance for that. But even if she does, I have settled his money separately. that he may be sure of getting it. Tell Ellen, too, that I died a Catholic; I know she has long prayed for this; and tell her that I rejoice now that I have no child save hers, my only son. Let strangers take the estate that had so nearly wrecked my soul. O Eugene! none but Catholics can understand the benediction pronounced by our Lord on poverty! The possession of power, of wealth, of glory, fan our egotistical feelings, and lead us more and more astray. I think I should not dare to trust myself with them again, had I still power to use them. And I thank God I have not the power, lest the temptation should again prove too strong for my virtue."

The duke lingered on for months, long months. How tediously did those months pass to the Godfrey family—to the duchess in particular—to all, save Eugene. In the sick-chamber he passed most of his time. To Adelaide's joy, her father had not yet discovered the fatal secret. He was so busy, acting for the duke, transacting business, arranging tenantry, etc.; and then he spent long hours in the glorious pagan temple, the gods of which he had taken care to secure as Adelaide's personal possession, and for the reception of which he was building a large hall at the jointure-house, that when the castle they now inhabited should pass to the heir-at-law, he might be able to take possession of these trophies of art at once.

Such was the friendship and delicacy of the man of the world! The summer passed, the winter came, and a wintry change came over the invalid. One evening he called his wife, his friends, his domestics, every inmate of the house, into his presence, and, one by one, begged their forgiveness for every uneasiness he had caused them, for every bad example he had set them, and begged of them to pray for him as for one who was about to appear before God, to give account of a misspent life. To Adelaide, and to her father, mother, and sister, this appeared like a well-acted scene; but the domestics, nay, even Madame de Meglior retired in tears.

Night came. An oppression was over the household. None cared to retire to rest, and yet none dared again approach the duke's apartment. Mrs. Godfrey sat in Adelaide's room that night, while Hester was with Madame de Meglior. Euphrasie was missing, but, as usual, was forgotten. Even Mr. Godfrey partook in some measure of the excitement. He had asked the physician that evening more anxiously than usual, how the patient was; and though the response had been, "Somewhat better," he, with the household, did not give it credence.

He paced his chamber, lay down on a sofa, rose, and paced it again; looked at his watch—one, two, three, four o'clock; how long the hours were that night! He opened his door, walked out, and paused at the door of his daughter's room. He heard speaking, gen-

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tly he tapped, his wife opened the door to him; neither she nor the daughter had been in bed.

"Any news?" whispered he.

"No! All is quiet in the duke's chamber."

"I will go and see," he said.

He passed through the whole retinue of domestics in the galleries. Not one had gone to bed, yet all were hushed; not one had ventured to make inquiries at the sick-room door.

Mr. Godfrey passed silently on, his foot-fall was scarcely heard. A dull sound as of low continuous speaking came from the duke's apartment. The door was not locked; he turned the handle gently and went in without rapping. What a scene met his view! Candles were lighted on the altar. Beside it, rapt in prayer, knelt Euphrasie. The stranger, Martigni, robed in the sacred vestments, was in the act of placing the Holy of Holies upon the tongue of the dying man, whom Eugene was tenderly supporting in his arms. The sick man sank back on the pillow as the priest left him, and the prayers continued; Mr. Godfrey paused. A sensation of wondering anger stole over him, yet he waited for the benediction of the priest. Eugene was on his knees by the bedside. The ceremony over, Mr. Godfrey approached him, shook him, and in a harsh whisper said:

"Boy, what mummery is this?"

Eugene rose. The sick man opened his eyes. A bright smile broke over his features. "No mummery," he faintly said.

Then again there was a pause, and a gasping for breath, and the eyes closed. They opened again: "Jesus have mercy; Mary help," were the last words he uttered, and he died.

It was no time for explanation. Mr. Godfrey retired. On leaving the chamber he became aware that imprudently the door he had left half open had partially revealed to the domestics, now assembled without the chamber, that something unusual was taking place within. To their questions, Mr. Godfrey replied: "He is dead." And instantly the chamber was filled with weeping mourners. Good, kind, and liberal had been the master they had lost, and he was much beloved. To their wonder they beheld the altar on which stood the unextinguished candles. Before it knelt the priest, chaunting, in a very low voice, the office for the dead, which was responded to by the Italian valets kneeling beside the bed. Euphrasie had disappeared, but on the bed lay the corpse, one hand grasping the crucifix. They stood rooted to the spot at the strangeness of the scene. They had not yet satisfied their wonder when the duchess entered. She cast one look on the bed; then approaching the priest, said:

"You will please to quit this chamber as soon as convenient, and disencumber the room of these useless toys."

Eugene sprang to her side. "Sister," said he, "in the name of Heaven, do nothing rashly. Leave these things to me; to me give your orders; on my honor they shall be obeyed."

The duchess bethought herself one moment. "Clear the room of these, then," she said, pointing to the wondering domestics.

Eugene obeyed.

"Now," said the duchess, "let there be an end of this foolery. In an hour I will send those hither whose duty it is to tend the dead. By that time let no vestige remain of this offensive foreign trumpery; and let these strangers quit the house."

The tone was too decided to be disputed; the commands were obeyed; and so successfully did Mr. Godfrey assist his daughter in giving the lie to the reports that were spread through the neighborhood, that it came at last to be considered as an established fact that the whole scene of the death-bed was got up by a concerted plan of the Italian valets, who hoped in this way to convert their master at his dying hour, and the duke himself being insensible made no opposition! Thus can the "great ones" of the earth oft condescend to lie, though they would

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challenge a man to a duel who dared to question the nicety of their honor.

For many days the duke lay in state in his ancestral hall; from far and near crowds came to gaze on the gorgeously fitted up apartment, hung with emblazoned hatchments, encircled round with all the trappings of woe. Eugene had quitted the house at the time of the duke's decease, in company with the foreigners his sister had commanded to depart. He reappeared on the day of the funeral, and requested to speak with his mother. To his surprise he found her haggard and worn, and traces of excessive weeping were on her countenance. She greeted him kindly, made him sit down beside her, took his hand in hers and held it, but wept instead of speaking. Eugene was puzzled and alarmed, for all agitation was unusual with his mother. They were alone together, yet the silence was not broken. After awhile a servant came to say that the procession was forming for the funeral, he supposing that Eugene came expressly to attend it.

"Shall I go, mother?" said Eugene, but his mother held him fast, and shook her head.

"It would be better not," she said; "they might be bitter even on a day like this. No, Eugene, do not see your father yet. Go home, I will be there in a few days. We will talk matters over, and all will be right again. Your father and Hester will remain a short time with Adelaide. But you and I will go home. Do not stay here now, but meet me to-morrow at the post-house ten miles from this. I will be there at ten o'clock. I will stop the carriage for you to ride home with me."

Eugene wonderingly assented; and as she seemed anxious to get him out of the house, he left as soon as the vast *cortége* had disappeared.

Crowds of nobility, crowds of gentry, crowds of tenantry accompanied the corpse as it was borne to the family vault. A collation was afterward spread for the guests; they partook of it, went home, and in less than a month were eager in paying court to a new duke, and the late one was to them as though he had never been.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MOTHER AND SON

It was a strange and certainly not a very pleasant feeling to Eugene to find himself thus secretly, as it were, in his mother's company. Her agitation, however, had subsided. During the journey she was even cheerful at times, and she made not the slightest allusion to the subject which had disturbed her. On their arrival at home she busied herself more than had ever been her wont in domestic and tenantry affairs, and kept Eugene occupied in many ways. There was, he fancied, a tenderness in her intercourse with him that he had rarely observed before, though she had ever been to him a most loving mother. Some weeks passed, and then a letter came which made Mrs. Godfrey turn pale as she read it. Eugene, alarmed, rose and placed himself beside her. "Is anything the matter, dearest mother?" he asked.

"Yes, no, yes! that is, they are coming home."

"And who are they who cause you this alarm?"

"Your father and Hester."

"My father! he has ever loved you dearly! Mother, my dear mother, do explain yourself!"

The poor lady laid her head on Eugene's shoulder, and wept. Eugene tried in vain to soothe her. At length he said, "May I see the letter, mother?"

"No, no; you will know its contents but too soon. Now, Eugene, answer me: have I not loved you well? have I not been a good mother to you?"

"The best of mothers," said Eugene, caressingly.

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"Then you love me somewhat—you would do something for me!"

"Anything in my power, dear mother. I would lay down my life for you."

"It is not your life I want you to relinquish, foolish boy, but your *fancies*. Your father has taken most serious offence at your religious demonstrations, and swears he will disinherit you unless you recant. Unfortunately, although some of the estate is entailed, much of it is not, and you will lose a princely fortune if you deny his wish."

"What does he wish?"

"That you renounce *in toto*, all Catholic friends and all Catholic opinions."

Eugene made no reply.

"Eugene, my only son, my best hope, my greatest joy, did it depend on me I would not shackle your freedom of action; Christianity, Mohammedanism, or any other *ism*, might be at your option. Your happiness is my desire, and whatever I might think of your creed, I would not let it stand between me and my love for you. But it is not thus with your father. He will not suffer a Catholic in his house."

She paused; still Eugene replied not. She went on: "Eugene, you would not be the cause of my death! I feel you would not!" and she threw her arms about him. "Yet these divisions will surely kill me; I dare not tell you how I have suffered during the last few weeks."

"I have seen it, dear mother, and though I only partly guessed the cause, I deeply sympathize with your unhappiness."

"Then you will remedy it?"

"I do not see how just yet. Thought must be free. I dare not bind myself to think at another's pleasure."

"But you need not declare your thoughts."

"Nay, mother, I must be free: free to think, free to act according to the dictates of my conscience. I learned this necessity from yourself, dear mother; do not now belie your own teachings. You told me ever to seek the truth, and to act upon it when found. I will not bind myself to follow another course, were a kingdom to be the purchase of the compromise."

"Or your mother's love, Eugene?"

"My mother will but love me better for practising the lessons that she taught me. I know my mother's principles, and I do not fear the loss of her love."

"Flatterer! but were it even so, your father is serious, Eugene. He will not see you again, unless you accede to his demand."

"When is he coming home?"

"On the day after to-morrow."

"Then I depart to-morrow; I will not encounter him in his present humor. Besides, I promised the late duke to execute a commission for him; it is time I set about it."

"And how will you live, rash boy?"

"Will he not continue my allowance to me?"

"I do not know, at least I do not want the question mooted just now. To prevent the necessity of it, I had a deed drawn up the other day which will supply you with necessaries till you return to reason." And Mrs. Godfrey took from her bureau a very business-like document, which proved to be a deed of gift of the principal part of the property settled upon herself and her heirs. "Use this," she said, "until right reason returns to you."

"My mother!"

"No words now; I did it to relieve my own mind, for I must consent to your departure. We will hope for better times, for I see I cannot change you at present."

The property thus settled on our young hero was but a modest portion for one educated as Eugene had been; yet to those numerous middle people who struggle daily with economy it would have seemed a fortune.

Eugene departed with a gloom upon his feelings certainly, yet not with

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hopelessness. He proceeded at once to call on the bishop, from whom he hoped to obtain tidings of Ellen; but the bishop was gone to Rome, and M. Bertolot with him, and they were not expected back till the spring. It was dull work spending that winter alone, for to return to Cambridge was not to be thought of. At last the spring advanced, and the buoyancy of youth restored hope to his spirit; he resolved to take a pedestrian tour through Wales while waiting the bishop's return. Several months had passed since he left his home. His mother often wrote to him, but no invitation to return came with her letters. Young, and desirous of knowledge, his projected expedition would have been acceptable to him but for this circumstance of domestic estrangement. However, he wandered on, with what courage he might, and found himself already on foot, with knapsack on his back, pursuing his travels. The rage for making tours was not at that time what it has since become. The scenes were comparatively untrodden and undescribed, so that the pleasure and the charms of novelty at least were Eugene's. He wandered on for some days, delighted with the picturesque scenery, and gathering health and vigor from his primitive mode of travelling.

One fine morning he rose particularly early, and had gone some miles, when he began to feel the need of some refreshment He had negected to inquire where this could be obtained, and began to wonder where he was likely to obtain any breakfast. Feeling somewhat impatient at the length of the road, he climbed a high bank on the right hand side, to gain a view of the country, and gladly perceived that immediately below lay a scattered village. It was the first of May, and children were carrying garlands from house to house. The morning was lovely, and every thing wore the aspect of happiness. Our traveller sprang down the bank, and made his way over fences into the village. He stopped at the first cottage he came to; it was the picture of neatness; the honey-suckle and sweet-brier climbed over the porch, and the little garden-plot in front was the very embodiment of beauty. All the early flowers were grouped in beds, most elegantly arranged. A dark-eyed boy stood in the porch, watching the garlands which the children were displaying. He caught sight of Eugene standing at the gate, and came forward. His open-heartedness was painted on his countenance.

"Can I serve you, sir?" said the boy. "You appear to be a stranger here."

"I am a stranger," replied Eugene, "that is, I am a traveller. Can you tell me where I may find rest and a breakfast?"

The boy opened the gate, and conducted Eugene into the porch. He then went to call his mother.

A middle-aged woman of superior manners came forward, and bade him welcome:

"You will find no inn, sir, nearer this than a mile or two; pray walk in and partake of such fare as our cottage affords."

Good tea, eggs, bread and butter were produced, and Eugene did them ample justice; but during the meal and after it was over, he could not help being struck with the air of both mother and son, and the appearance of the place altogether. The walls were only whitewashed, and the floor uncarpeted, but on the said walls hung paintings of a high order, and in a small recess stood a beautiful marble statuette of our Blessed Lady. The features of the boy, too, seemed those of a face familiar to him. A thought glanced through his mind as he gazed on the finely formed face. "Thank you warmly for your hospitality, young sir," said he, taking the boy's hand, and drawing him nearer to him. "Now, please to tell me by what name I am to remember you?"

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"My name is Henry Daubrey," said the boy.

"Daubrey," thought Eugene; "can that be her maiden name? I almost forget. Ellwood was the name he gave her." He hesitated; then, turning to the lady, remarked, in a somewhat embarrassed manner: "Judging by these paintings, madam, I should imagine you, like myself, are almost a stranger here. These are no country daubs."

"Mamma did these herself," exclaimed the boy. The lady signed to the boy to be silent. "She had not lived there always;" she said.

"Pardon my impertinence, madam," said Eugene, "but this young lad's features so strikingly resemble those of a friend I have lately lost, that I can but fancy he must be in some way related to him."

"What was your friend's name?"

"The Duke of Durimond."

The lady turned alarmingly pale, as she faltered forth, "And is the Duke of Durimond dead?"

"He died in my arms, about four months ago."

There was a long pause, which no one seemed inclined to break. At length Eugene resumed: "The duke's life, latterly, puzzled many. He married, left his wife suddenly, went abroad, fell ill, for upward of two years suffered greatly, even tortures occasionally, which tortures he endured with the patience of a martyr, being even thankful for his sufferings. He died in the sentiments of the most perfect contrition, immediately after receiving the Holy Viaticum."

"The Viaticum! Was the duke a Catholic?"

"He became so latterly, though this is not made public; the family carefully conceal it."

A look of thanksgiving, with clasped hands, upraised, as it were, involuntarily, confirmed Eugene's presentiment. After awhile he continued: "When the duke was on his deathbed, he charged me to seek out a lady, for whom he entertained a high esteem. I have a letter for her in my knapsack. I will show it to you."

The letter produced was directed, "To Ellen, from Colonel Ellwood on his death-bed." The lady's hand closed on the lines. Eugene made no resistance. The lady retired to an inner apartment. The boy followed her. An hour elapsed; stifled sobs were heard, but the lady came not back. At length the boy returned with an open note. It contained these words:

"You have guessed rightly: return in a few days; I cannot see you now. When you return, ask for

"Ellen Daubrey."

"I will return on this day week, tell your mother so!" was the verbal message Eugene delivered to the boy.

"I will," said the boy; and Eugene departed.

. . . . . .

Ellen's account of herself when Eugene did return, was, that she had made a very comfortable subsistence by the sale of her paintings, which she had disposed of to a London dealer, to whom she was introduced by the Comte de Villeneuve, who had watched over her interests with a zeal truly fraternal. She and her boy had dwelt together in seclusion, he giving her what help he could in the garden and in her domestic affairs, she, in return, instructing him to the best of her power.

"He loves learning, Mr. Eugene," she said, "and will soon be beyond my teaching; besides, he wishes to become a priest, but how to get him the necessary instruction in this most prejudiced country is a real enigma."

"The Abbé Martigni, who was the duke's private chaplain, and who is cognizant of all the facts connected with his position, would, I doubt not, take charge of his education, if you were willing," replied Eugene; "but how would you be able to bear the separation necessary in that case?"

"I should fix my abode near, and find some occupation for myself," said the mother. "God forbid my selfish

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affection should stand between my child and his vocation."

Ellen might have said that her occupation was already found, for wherever there was an act of kindness to do, there Ellen found work. Had she admitted Eugene to the inner room of her own cottage, he might have found an old paralytic woman, who, deserted by all her friends, was taken care of by this good Samaritan and tended with the affection of a daughter. The duke's legacy to her was now employed entirely in acts of mercy and of charity, offered up for the repose of his soul. Not one penny was appropriated to her own use, for she still lived on the product of her pencil. On the return of the bishop the Abbé Martigni was appointed to a mission, and Henry Daubrey resided with him as his pupil, preparatory to his being sent to the seminary, aiding his tutor in that semi-concealed fulfilment of his high duties which was then the characteristic mode of English Catholicity, induced by English semi-toleration of Catholic religious rites. The mother lived close by, and it was not long ere her house was known as a house of mercy, a refuge for the poor, a hospital for the sick, a haven of spiritual consolation to any who needed the kind offices practised beneath its roof. Penitents, lovingly attracted by her angelic sweetness, often came, as it were, by stealth to inquire of her the way to God, and by her were led back into the fold whence they had strayed while inquirers, touched by her life of self-denial, found the prejudices in which they had been brought up melt away, and many were led to embrace the saving truths which bind the children of the church together in the one fold of Christ, at the feet of one Lord, who gave us one faith, one baptism.

CHAPTER XVI.

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE AND LIBERTY OF ACTION.

When Eugene had fulfilled the commission of the late duke, and had made the arrangement for Henry Daubrey with the Abbé Martigni, spoken of in the last chapter, he bethought him of his own position. Whither should he bend his own steps? As long as he had been busied in Ellen's affairs, the excitement had in some measure kept him up, and prevented his realizing what it is to be homeless, to have relatives who wish your absence, loved ones to whom your presence causes annoyance, positive annoyance. To be alone in this wide world of sin, without the sanction of family ties; to be disowned, voted an encumbrance, or, worse, an absolute incubus, crushing vitality and joyousness in the home circle! what a feeling it produces! It requires a strong courage, a courage that is the child of faith, that is sustained by grace, to enable one to bear it bravely, working hard the while. Eugene did bear it bravely, though he felt it most acutely. He determined to seek M. Bertolot, to take counsel respecting the future. His way lay past his sister Adelaide's present residence. The duchess was now settled in the jointure-house. Decidedly, had Eugene thought she was alone, or with those who to him were strangers, he would have passed quietly on his way; but Euphrasie, did not Euphrasie live with the duchess? At least he supposed so; and though with an effort, he conquered his reluctance and announced himself at his sister's mansion.

The duchess received him coldly, almost haughtily. Still the young man waited, in the hope of seeing her for whom the visit was intended. A long two hours passed in painful and constrained conversation. Still neither Madame de Meglior nor her daughter appeared.

Eugene rose to take his leave; then, as if by a sudden impulse, exclaimed: "But, my aunt, Adelaide, and Mademoiselle de Meglior, I must not go without paying my respects to them. Will you not let one of your people

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tell them that I am here and wish to see them?"

"Neither the countess nor Mademoiselle Euphrasie are with me," replied the duchess.

"No! where are they, then? at Estcourt Hall?"

"I think not; they left me at Durimond Castle, before I came here at all. They went to Annie then; where they are now I do not know."

"Have they, then, left Annie?"

"Yes! Sir Philip took some exceptions to Euphrasie's Jesuitical principles, and the ladies disappeared one day."

"Disappeared! where did they go to?"

"No one knows; truth to say, brother, this is a very disagreeable subject; these quarrels about religion are terrible, and have brought much unhappiness to all of us; the less we say about it the better."

"But my aunt and Euphrasie?"

"I have already told you I do not know anything about them, and I must add, I do not wish to know."

"Sister!"

But Adelaide replied no more. Her stateliness and dignity, if they did not awe Eugene, repelled him. He left the house in disgust.

His next visit was to his sister Annie; but it would be more in order were we to relate the occurrences which had taken place with regard to Euphrasie and her mother since the duke's death. Immediately after that event, the two ladies experienced a great change of demeanor toward themselves in the persons of all by whom they were surrounded; even the menials caught the infection, and behaved with supercilious insolence toward the abetter of popery and the female Jesuit, as they termed the emigrant ladies. Madame de Meglior, mindful of Annie's former invitation, wrote to express her willingness to accept it now, if Annie still desired their company. The answer was most favorable, and within a week of the duke's funeral Madame and Euphrasie had quitted his haughty and to them now unfriendly widow."

They had not been long at their new abode ere another source of uneasiness arose. Alfred Brookbank had always vehemently disliked Euphrasie, and observing the real pleasure that her company afforded the now too often desolate Lady Conway, he resolved to do his utmost to destroy that pleasure. The reason of the ladies' departure from the protection of the duchess was not indeed guessed; so secret had all transactions connected with the late duke's death been kept, the very word Catholic was suppressed where possible; it was not supposed, nor to be supposed, that they had been driven from so lofty a mansion. Still, Alfred Brookbank knew the religion of Euphrasie, and he deemed he could so use that knowledge as to spite Annie.

Sir Philip had at first been pleased with the new-comers: their history interested him, and native good feeling prompted him to show them kindness and hospitality as his wife's relatives; but Alfred soon worked on his horror of popery. Of all things, the worthy baronet detested a Catholic the most, and Euphrasie was, suggested the lawyer, a Jesuit in petticoats; an insinuating adventuress, one who would risk the downfall of a noble house to make a convert, even of a cook-maid.

Annie found great relief in the society of her guests. She sympathized with her aunt, and entertained her fondly; Euphrasie she had always liked, despite her taciturnity. She would gladly have induced them to prolong their visit to an indefinite period, and was greatly disappointed when she first became aware of Sir Philip's revulsion of feeling in their regard. This revulsion, indeed, soon mastered him so completely that he could scarcely bring himself to be civil to them in his outward demeanor.

Annie remonstrated that as her relatives, and as the relatives of the Godfrey family, they were at least entitled to respect.

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"A respect that will place them at liberty to proselytize all the parish? No, no, my lady; private feeling must be sacrificed to public duty;" and the baronet drew himself up in a very Brutus-like fashion.

"But my aunt is not a Catholic that I am aware of," pleaded Annie; "and as for Euphrasie, she scarcely speaks, so how can she convert any one?"

"'Twere hard to tell, yet we know these silent people are the very ones to be dreaded. One thing I am determined on, she shall not remain here."

"But how can we turn them out of the house?"

"That is your business, my lady; you invited them, now get rid of them."

The speech was a cruel one, for although Sir Philip did not know they had already been ejected from the other part of the family, he knew that Mr. Godfrey and Hester were so taken up just now in establishing the duchess in her jointure-house and in removing thither the divinities of the far-famed pagan temple, that they could think of nothing else. Mrs. Godfrey was at home, but was said to be in delicate health, and Eugene was absent; none seemed to know where or why. A moment's reflection might have told Sir Philip that just then the unfortunate emigrant ladies had no home save the one in which they now found themselves; but he consulted only his own dogged temper, and tormented his wife at every private interview to get rid of them.

But Annie knew not how, and her obstinacy in not complying with his commands enraged him; Sir Philip had a high idea of his marital authority, though he knew not whence he derived it, nor, indeed, how to enforce it. In this latter particular, however, he sought counsel from his friend Brookbank, as he termed his lawyer, and this latter was not slow in using every advantage he could obtain over Annie.

"Prudence and patience, Sir Philip, will accomplish all things," said the lawyer; "it would be unwise, as you perceive, to incur the odium of turning those ladies out of doors, until the grounds of complaint become ostensible; wait awhile, they will become so. From my knowledge of the amiable character of the lady, your wife, Sir Philip, I should be perfectly surprised at this resistance to your legitimate authority, did I not fear that my lady herself is somewhat infected with the opinions of the young French refugee. You, Sir Philip, are well aware, attachment to that baneful creed overcomes every other sense of duty."

"My lady Conway a Catholic!" ejaculated the now bewildered Sir Philip.

"Nay, I say not that—I think not that; only a favorer of her cousin's views. No open profession of Catholicity, only a secret inclination thereunto."

"They shall be separated this very day," thundered the baronet.

"Pardon me, Sir Philip; I have the utmost confidence in your judgment; your just antipathy to popish superstition fortifies my own. But if you will allow me one word which appears to differ, but in fact agrees with your opinion; may I be permitted to say, that it would be hardly prudent just now to give any air of martyrdom to this business. Weak women are flattered thereby. Your object is, of course, to detach Lady Conway from every Catholic idea. Your strong good sense and powers of reasoning will effect this, provided that you do not rouse the strong obstinacy of female nature. Wait till the visit ends in a natural manner, and then take measures to restore your lady wife to her senses."

Alfred knew well that in giving this advice he ran no risk of seeing it acted upon. The character of the man he addressed was too ungovernable for that; he had but roused into fiercer play the half-dormant passion, the half-latent suspicion. Sir Philip appeared

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to acquiesce, but, as Alfred intended, all his faculties were now aroused to put an unfavorable construction on his wife's actions. His tone became more churlish, and even more authoritative than was its wont. Politeness and forbearance were at an end. To his two guests he scarcely behaved with decency.

Annie was too deeply hurt to feel all the indignation that this course would naturally have led her to manifest. She used all her endeavors to shield from actual insult the bereaved emigrants, and to compensate by her own assiduous attentions for the rudeness of her husband. She even mastered herself so as calmly to remonstrate with him on the subject. "Sir Philip," said she, "have you considered that the revolution of France cannot, from the very nature of things, be permanent; that these ladies are of the haute noblesse, and one day their estates will be restored to them?"

"I think not; nay, I hope not," said Sir Philip. "As the French people have had the good sense to banish priests, I hope they will also have wisdom enough to keep all Jesuits, male and female, at a distance. Your cousin is a female Jesuist, depend upon it. It would not surprise me to discover that she is in actual correspondence with the Pope, or connected with a second Guy Fawkes for the blowing up of this household. Get rid of her, my lady."

"But how? Just now they can go neither to Estcourt Hall nor to Adelaide. Where am I to send them to?"

In a towering passion, and in a thundering voice, the baronet replied: "I don't care a d——n where they go to; but I can't bear the sight of them here."

Annie's heart sank. The window was open, and as her husband spoke she became aware that the ladies in question were seated in an alcove near, partially screened from view by the green boughs of the shrubs that surrounded it. They must have heard the conversation. At this moment they rose, passed the window, bowing as they passed to Annie. There was something of melancholy compassion in that salute; at least Annie thought so. She longed to run after them, to throw herself into her aunt's arms, and weep out the bitterness of her soul; but her husband's eye was upon her, and he was watching her emotions with no friendly feelings. She turned back into the library with him and endeavored to master her oppression. The time passed drearily away as she awaited their return from their walk; but in vain she waited, they came not; one hour, two hours, three hours; dinner was served and they came not. The meal was taken silently; each one was too much absorbed in thought to speak. A long evening was gone through, and at length when Sir Philip went out to speak to his farm bailiff, Annie wandered in sadness on to the lawn. It was a fitful night, the clouds were chasing each other through the atmosphere, here and there revealing a star, now and then disclosing the moon. A feeling of desolation came over her, her grief was too great for tears; but when she approached the deep haw-haw that bounded the garden to the south, she felt as if she could willingly lie down therein and die. "Was the water there deep enough to destroy life? What is life? Is it something we hold in common with cows, horses, dogs? That is easily destroyed! Is man only an animal? If so, I at least had better die, for what happiness can I expect with such a mate as I have? But animal life cannot be all! What is it makes us so sure of this? O Euphrasie! where are you? You could answer this; why are you so happy, why am I so wretched? If it is not poverty that makes unhappiness, what does make it? What has Euphrasie more than I have? She is a wanderer, homeless, penniless, yet I feel satisfied she is to be envied even now."

Strange that in her vexation and utter mortification, Annie felt no in-

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tense anxiety respecting the fate of her guests. She had a sort of belief that Euphrasie bore a charmed life, and that under any circumstances she was ever the happiest person in the circle in which she might be placed. She thought her aunt privileged in having such a companion.

The deep night came, and Sir Philip, uneasy at Annie's prolonged absence, went to seek her. She was still leaning over a rail close to the water's edge. "What are you doing there?" he said, but his tone was softer than usual, for his wife was trembling with emotion; and her eyes were filled with tears. He took one hand in his, and passed one arm round her waist, to support her and draw her from her position. "Are you ill, Annie?" he asked.

Instead of replying, Annie asked in a faltering voice: "What has become of them?"

"It matters not; it was a providence that made them hear they were not welcome. It saved us both some uneasiness. They will be taken care of, never fear. There is a sort of freemasonry among such people. Only don't let me see my wife, Lady Conway, make herself miserable about a couple of papists: it would be too absurd."

Two days after, toward the evening, a stranger came, a poor Irishman, with a cart; he brought a note to Annie. It was from Madame: she thanked Annie cordially and affectionately for her good wishes and kind attentions; pleaded that a sudden emergency had arisen which prevented her profiting longer from them; excused her informal leave-taking by the same necessity, and begged Annie would forward to her whatever she had left behind. Annie fairly cried with vexation; she questioned the man as to where the ladies were, but the man had seen no ladies. A gentleman, whose name he had forgotten, had given him the note and two keys, which he said would unlock two trunks, which were to be packed and sent back. That was all he knew. The gentleman would meet him at the same place, and receive the trunks from him. But he was sure the gentleman did not live there; he was going further on. Annie could make out nothing more. She packed the trunks herself, and enclosed a fifty pound Bank of England note, with a deprecating letter in one of the boxes. It was all the money she had at that moment in hand.

A week elapsed, and a letter came by a private hand; the bearer leaving the premises immediately on delivering it. The letter contained no address, but it returned the fifty pound note, "with thanks—it was not needed." Sir Philip was present when the letter was opened; his eyes were fixed on Annie, and he sternly demanded, "From whom?" There was no alternative but to hand the letter to him, and he exclaimed in a fury, "And is it thus you would waste my substance, madam? To nourish vipers, Jesuits, beasts! I will take care from henceforth your means of doing this shall be lessened," and he stalked indignantly from the room, bearing the money and the letter with him. This was a manifest injustice, as the money was Annie's private property, by right of her marriage settlements; but when was prejudice ever just?

. . . . . .

It was several weeks after this that Eugene made his appearance to inquire after the refugees. Annie would have greeted him warmly, but Sir Philip's haughty and distant manner plainly told him he was not welcome. Eugene waited till the baronet had quitted the apartment ere he inquired for his aunt and her step-daughter. He heard the tale relative to their withdrawal with undisguised indignation, and said:

"And you do not know what has become of them?"

"No!"

"And you say my father does not know?"

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"No!"

"Will he let his own sister and the orphan daughter of his friend suffer for want?"

"They cannot be suffering, they refused the fifty pound note."

"That says nothing; or rather it says they preferred suffering to insult. O Annie! Annie! I had not dreamed you would lend yourself to persecution like this."

"Young man," said Sir Philip, who now reëntered the room, "I am master in my own house; I have heard your conversation with Lady Conway in regard to your *protégé*. I will have no papists here, nor any encouragement given to them; and the day that Lady Conway holds communication again with papists, or with suspected papists, without my sanction, that day she ceases to abide under one roof with me."

Annie looked as if she wished that day were already come, but she said nothing. Eugene was watching her and he whispered: "Wives must obey their husbands, Annie, in all that is not sin. Adieu, I blame you no longer; I see where the fault lies. Adieu once more." And Eugene hastened from the house without trusting himself to reply to the haughty speech of its master.

The whisper had been observed; a frown darkened Sir Philip's brow. "Your brother has forgotten the forms of good breeding," he said, "to enter a gentleman's house and treat him with contempt. Is that what the Catholic religion enjoins?"

"The Catholic religion! What do I know of the Catholic religion? How should that influence our actions?"

"You do not favor Catholics in your heart, I suppose, my lady?"

"Not as Catholics. My regard for Euphrasie had no reference to religion at all."

"A nice distinction, learnt of the Jesuits, I suppose."

"I never saw a Jesuit that I am aware of," said Annie.

And thus the pair parted, to meet again and jar, and live in jarring discord every day.

Had Annie been able to make Mr. Godfrey understand how unjustly she was treated, she would have applied for a separation; but Mr. Godfrey would not hear of such a thing. "He was glad, for his part," he said, "that Sir Philip took so sensible a view of Catholic influence. It had raised his son-in-law in his esteem, and if Annie showed any disposition to break through the salutary regulations laid down for her, it would be advisable rather to put her under restraint as a lunatic, than to emancipate her from marital control. Sir Philip had the legal power of locking her up in his own house; and if he did so for such a cause as that, Mr. Godfrey would hold him justified."

Mrs. Godfrey was in dismay. Her health visibly declined. A melancholy seemed to overspread her intellect, and at times to overpower her. All was changed at Estcourt Hall now. The once fond, indulgent husband, seemed to take but little notice of the ailments of his faithful partner. He dreaded her taking part with Eugene and Annie, if the subject were introduced, and he avoided all intimate conversation. Hester was too much wrapt up in her own ideas to watch her mother closely. She saw that the servants attended to her, that there was no fear of her suffering for want of care or nourishment; but unheedful of the power of affection and of sympathy, she gave her little personal attendance. Annie's case she thought a hard one, and once ventured to remonstrate with her father on the subject; but Mr. Godfrey justified his proceedings by painting to her the horrors of popery in glowing colors. He demonstrated to her that all sincere Catholics were fools, the wise ones hypocrites, of whom it might be predicted as it was of the soothsayers by Cicero, that it was a wonder how one priest could look another in the face without laughing together at their success in gulling the public mind. "Now,"

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said Mr. Godfrey, "the object of these priests and rulers being to subjugate the human will, and to level the human reason to their standard, in order that themselves may rule supreme, it becomes the duty of every thinking mind to war with the system on principle. You, my dear daughter," continued the fond father, for fond even to doting was Mr. Godfrey of this one child, "you, my dear daughter, would idolize the hero who fought and achieved his country's freedom—external freedom merely; should you not unite with those who would save the world from mental bondage of the most degrading order?"

"Yes, if papistry be really this," said Hester; "but that it is difficult to conceive it to be. But, grant that it is so, Annie does not seem to be in any way implicated in it. She disclaims all connection with it, and certainly she never used to manifest any religious propensities whatever."

"Even so, surely no harm can come of keeping her apart from papists for awhile. If this is all she has to complain of, her grievances are not great."

"I think the real grievance, father, is the shackling her liberty, denying her freedom of intercourse. Trampling on her freedom is no light matter."

"Hester, dear, listen: when two people are yoked together, and their interests differ, one must give way; law and custom say this one must be the wife. Now, if Sir Philip were thought to encourage Catholics, his political interests would suffer; therefore he must not encourage them; but if his wife encourage them, it would appear that the encouragement had his sanction; therefore his wife must not encourage them: and if reasonable means fail in teaching her this lesson, others may be resorted to. A wife is a wife, after all."

"I will never be a wife," said Hester.

"As you please," said her father; "but Annie is one, and must therefore submit. She has the less excuse for resistance, in that she had her own choice. No one was more surprised than myself when Sir Philip applied to me for her hand."

Meantime the cause of all these disagreements was altogether supposititious. Up to that time Annie had no acquaintance with the first principles of religion. Probably but for this annoyance she would ever have remained equally ignorant; but, driven from friendship, shut out from sympathy, her attention was naturally fixed on the subject; she began to meditate on Euphrasie's practices, to put together the ideas she had allowed to escape her. A copy of the Imitation of Christ had accidentally been left behind by Euphrasie; it was found under the pillow on which she had slept. It was a book of mystery to Annie, wonderfully enigmatical; yet this book and the New Testament were her constant companions for months, and she learned to cherish them as friends.

CHATER XVII.

EXPERIMENTS OF MORE KINDS THAN ONE.

"PAPA," said Hester, "did I not hear you say those pretty farms in Yorkshire are about to change tenants?"

"You did, my dear."

"Have you any tenants in view for them?"

"No! Has any one applied to you for one, or all of them?"

"I want to be the tenant myself."

"You?"

"Yes, indeed; there are good coals beneath the surface; the district is well watered; I want to try these new steam engines on a large scale. I will set up factories and form industrial associations, governing them myself. I will establish them on the principle of mutual assistance in forming and promoting a wide-spread intelligence: my factories shall contain schools, reading-rooms, museums, observatories, everything that can assist the onward progression of the race."

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"You will at least spend money, Hester?"

"Not more than if I kept race horses for Ascot, or frequented Crockford's, which you could well afford to let me do if I were a man. Not more than I might cost you if I insisted on taking a house in town, and on becoming the belle of the season; this would be neither extravagant nor wonderful; and if I wanted diamonds and emeralds and sapphires and glittering toys, you would get them all for me, I know you would, for when did you refuse your Hester anything, dear father?" said Hester, throwing her white arms round her father's neck. "But now I want none of these babyish fancies, I want to do good in my generation, and my father must help me. We do not spend half our income in our present mode of living, and money is like manure you know, it wants spreading. Think of the glory of aiding 'progress.' Think of reigning over a population emancipated from ignorance by your efforts. Think of forming a nucleus whence freedom and happiness shall spring, handing down your name as a benefactor throughout all time; it is a project well fitted to my father's noble mind."

Mr. Godfrey gazed on his darling, and felt that he could refuse her nothing; still he paused. "Supposing the necessary expenses incurred, my Hester, your buildings erected, your villages formed, you have forgotten one thing; your schemes might be suddenly interrupted, when you least expected it: those farms are all entailed."

"I forgot that," mused Hester. After awhile she said: "Could not some arrangement be made with my brother on this subject?"

"I do not know. Is he a likely one, think you, to consent to the cutting off the entail?"

"He might be," said Hester; "he must be badly off now, though I suppose my mother helps him. Offer him a handsome allowance for life, from this time out, on condition that the entail be cut off: he might be induced to accept it."

"He would be a fool if he did," said Mr. Godfrey.

"Nay, father, that is not so certain, if you take into consideration his present position. He is likely to suffer poverty for many years. I think I would accept the alternative were I in his place."

Mr. Godfrey could deny nothing to Hester, so he replied:

"Well, I will think of it."

. . . . . .

But what had Eugene been doing all this time? Eugene, after his interview with his sister, went straight to M. Bertolot to inquire after his aunt and Euphrasie. He was not mistaken in supposing that he knew where they were, but he would tell nothing more than that they were in good health and spirits. "I have no authority," he said, "to divulge their place of abode; in fact, I promised secrecy."

"But how do they live? They have no means!" said Eugene.

"How, but by their labor!"

"Labor! my aunt labor?"

"No, I was wrong in saying their labor; it is Euphrasie who does the work. Euphrasie gives lessons in French, music, and drawing, and waits on her mother. De Villeneuve has hopes of recovering their estates for them. He is now in France negotiating with the emperor to that effect. He took care of them when they left your sister's and procured Euphrasie the situation she required, as both she and Madame refused to live at his expense."

"And did he offer to support them?"

"Well, yes; it appears that he and Euphrasie's father were sworn brothers in friendship, and de Villeneuve made a solemn promise to the Comte de Meglior to watch over Euphrasie's well-being. This promise keeps him in Europe to this day, for he had always a misgiving that she would not be permanently happy among those not of her faith. We are expecting de Villeneuve very shortly."

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"And if he succeeds, my aunt will go back to France?"

"Probably; but I am not so sanguine about their success as de Villeneuve is. Madame is an Englishwoman, and that will not help her cause with the emperor just now."

"And meantime Euphrasie works for her daily bread?"

"She does, and is happy in doing so Euphrasie, my friend, is a practical Catholic; one whose delight it is to *realize*, to make her own, the life led by the holy family at Nazareth. I venture to say she is far happier in sweeping her mother's room and in cooking her mother's dinner than she would be in a glittering ball-room lit up with its brilliant chandeliers."

"And does she really descend to these menial offices?" asked Eugene, in a sort of stupefied amazement.

"Descend! Is it to descend when we aspire to imitate Jesus and Mary? You are a Catholic, my young friend. You must not look at these things with the eyes of the world: its false maxims are not the ones which may guide your ideas. Labor, actual manual labor, was imposed on man in penalty for sin; its acceptance is part of man's atonement for that undervaluing of grace which led to the commission of that sin: which still leads to the commission of daily sins. The avoidance of labor is a child of pride, one which has occasioned multitudinous disorders among mankind. But Jesus accepted labor—real, genuine labor: he worked many years at his father's trade, and Mary kept no servant in her house at Nazareth; she labored, for she felt that in lowly labor there is a sanctifying influence, and it is this thought that makes Euphrasie happy now."

"But she is so unused to actual toil!" said Eugene.

"Not so much as you may suppose," replied his friend. "The good nuns taught her much that was useful, and even when she was at Estcourt Hall and Durimond Castle she did much work that was unsuspected. The produce of her needle clothed the poor, fed the hungry, and many times defrayed the expense of a mission, when accident brought her in contact with poor Catholics to whom such ministrations were acceptable and profitable. All this was done so quietly that I suppose your family knew nothing about it."

"At least I never heard of it," said Eugene.

Our hero was much depressed by this interview, not merely because he could gain no clue to the abode of his friends, but also because he was as yet too new to the practice of Catholic principles to acquiesce cheerfully in the idea of the refined, elegant, accomplished daughter of a French nobleman toiling for her daily bread, and performing all the menial services required in the household.

It was with right good-will that he greeted the Comte de Villeneuve on his return, in the hope through him of seeing something accomplished that would alter these circumstances. But the comte's embassy had been unsuccessful; all he had been able to effect was to leave the case with such other friends as should introduce it at a more favorable period. But he was not so reserved respecting his friends as M. Bertolot had been. He deemed that Eugene's position in his own family should plead exemption for him from the ban of exclusion, and willingly mediated to obtain an interview for him with Madame. Euphrasie was not at home when he called; and Madame greeted him cordially, though she could not refrain from blaming him for running counter to his friends about religion.

"What a fuss about a matter of opinion," she said. "But perhaps in France, before the revolution, a Protestant might have been as little acceptable to the aristocracy. They say, too, that this new man, this emperor, patronizes the Catholic religion also, so I shall not ask Euphrasie to become a proselyte to English notions; her faith is that of her country and of her kindred, and my brother ought to

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have understood this; but why you, Eugene, should wish to adopt the French religion, I cannot divine."

"Perhaps religion is neither exclusively French nor English, aunt. There may be a faith necessary to every nation alike, if it be true that every man has a soul to save."

"Perhaps so; I do not meddle with these matters," replied the lady. "I think everybody had better let everybody alone: it must be bad to quarrel about religion: and as to saving the soul, we know so little about it that it is quite presumptuous for one person to dictate to another on that subject. I hope we shall all meet in heaven at last, though we go there by different roads; for my part, I keep nobody out."

The entrance of Euphrasie prevented the necessity of a reply. Euphrasie's greeting was that of one who appreciates high principle. There were respect and kindness in her manner, but no familiarity, no approach to intimacy. Eugene felt disappointed, though certainly there was nothing of which he felt he had a right to complain.

Eugene's visits to his aunt were now frequent, but never could he see Euphrasie alone: whether from design or accident she avoided receiving him, save in her mother's presence. Yet daily did his reverence for her increase. To see the young French girl now, the supporter of the household, the caterer for its wants, the tender minister to her mother's manifold demands, none would have dreamed that heretofore contemplation had absorbed her faculties, and that she was making to duty the greatest sacrifice she could make in thus exchanging the cherished practices of devotion for the active employments of life. She was so cheerful, so almost gay, so unusually animated when the state of her mother's spirits required it; a stranger might have concluded that all her life she had been accustomed to this manner of living.

Suddenly Eugene received a missive which had traced him to many places, requesting him to meet his father in London.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGINAL.

ON ST. PETER'S DENIAL.

"And the Lord, turning, looked on Peter."

LORD! wilt thou that I also should deny
That I am thine?
Behold, my longing soul cries upward to the sky
For sight divine!
All through the silent night and livelong day—
O grievous lot!—
I seek to know thee more, and yet am forced to say,
"I know thee not."
With Peter let these bitter tears confess
My treachery:
Yet, Lord, to know thee as thou art I need no less
A look from thee!

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Translated from the German of Hans Wachenhusen.

CHRIST IS BORN.

"REALLY I take it unkindly of our pastor that he is continually speaking ill of us thorns, in the church yonder," said the thorn-bush, standing by a crumbling stable wall among the castle-ruins near the village church. "It is very unfair in him. How can he know, for instance, how the subject may affect me? On the bloody field of Golgotha, nearly two thousand years ago, there stood my ancestor, a buckthorn, of whose branches they wove our Saviour's crown. But the pastor yonder little thinks that I come of that same buckthorn;* or that all its lineal descendants bear red blossoms and weep tears of blood on Christmas night; or that we thorns are ever renewed like Christ's teachings, being woven in with them?"

So spake the thorn-bush; and the wind blew through its branches, and shook them until the snow dropped off.

"Positively, this connection ought to be known!" sighed the thorn-bush.

But it was just then Christmas eve, and midnight was drawing near. Therefore did the thorn-bush make these pious reflections, which should have been cherished on other days too, if the lineage were really so wonderful as it fancied. Meantime the church-bells were ringing for the midnight mass, and the good priest passed by, going to the service of God.

"See, now, how indifferently he goes past me," said the thorn-bush. "And no wonder, since he knows nothing of my connections! And all the rest brush by me into the church; and if the Lord God could not see the things that are hidden, yet would he know his faithful by the footprints that lead from the houses to the church. But he knows them all, for he guides their steps. I know, though, two in the village who have not been to church to-day nor yet this whole year, for they are right godless men: the gloomy lord of our castle, and Wild Stephen, whom he turned out of his cottage yesterday because the rent was not paid. Here lie the poor wife and her half-naked children now in this ruined stable before which I stand guard. Really I must take a peep and see how the poor woman and her sick child are getting on," said the thorn-bush, and stretched up its boughs to look in at the broken window.

But it was dark within, and the night-wind moaned through the damp walls and the open window. "O God! the creature is so good and so wretched. Here in this stable are tears and chattering teeth on this day of Christmas gifts. Now, that is too grievous," sighed the thorn-bush.

And over the way the church-organ poured out its solemn tones. "Christ is born," sang the people from the choir and benches. "Christ is born," cried the watchman from the tower. And our thorn-bush was right. In that old, deserted stable a poor woman knelt and prayed. Hot tears ran down her cheeks, her hands were convulsively clasped, and her eyes rested fixedly on the straw in the old stone manger; for in that manger lay her youngest born, a half-year old child, sick, and trembling with ague and cold. The moon shone through the window-opening upon this group. Her rays fell sympathizingly on the sick child, but they could not warm him; nor could the mother's breast do it either, she was herself so icy cold.

* Kreuzdorn—Cross-thorn, literally.

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And through the chinks of the rotting roof, whose gaps were covered with snow, fell by hundred thousands the little glittering snow-stars and played in the moon-beams, but they gave no light or warmth either.

"Saviour of the world, thou who wert born this night, who didst live and die for us all, who didst lie to-day in a manger, like this poor helpless creature, save, oh! save my sick child!" So prayed this poor woman, and the baby stretched out his little cold hands to his mother and wept. But her strength was all gone. She let her weary head sink on the icy edge of the stone manger; her eyes closed, and a heavy sigh burst from her breast. Days and nights had she watched; days and nights of bitter misery had she endured; but now she broke down, and sleep took pity on her wretchedness.

"Poor wife, where is thy husband? Poor baby, where is thy father?" whispered the thorn-bush pityingly, looking in at the window.

Yes, where was the husband, where was the father? Wild Stephen, for so the villagers called him, had been turned out of his cottage with his wife and children the evening before, as we have already said. He sought a refuge among the neighbors, but they would have nothing to do with him, for they were afraid of godless Stephen, who never had done a good thing, so they said. And so he and his had come to this deserted stable. Then he had rushed away breathless, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, who dreaded some misfortune. Where, then, was Wild Stephen? The bells rang out, the organ sounded, the people sang pious songs in the church, and the good priest stood before the altar and chanted: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good-will."

Up in the old castle, in a comfortless room, a man of dark, forbidding aspect sat near the long-extinguished fire. He was the lord of the castle, a hard-hearted man, feared by every one within the limits of his estate. The light before him on the table burnt low; his face looked stiff and motionless, his eyes were closed. It seemed like sleep, only he looked so very pale. Now, while in the outbuildings of the court-yard servants hurried to and fro, a man was stealing up the stairs and through the gloomy corridor. He softly opened the door of the great room, crept lightly in, and up to the arm-chair where the landlord slept. The stranger's eyes gleamed with passion, a sneering smile disfigured his weather-beaten face. He cast one look stealthily round the room. A knife glistened in one hand, the other grasped that of the sleeping landlord. The blade quivered—

"Christ is born," sang the people in the church below.

Wild Stephen shrank back, for the hand was icy cold. He had touched a corpse.

"Christ is born," cried the warder from the tower; for mass was over, and the people were hastening home.

Stephen's knife fell from his hand. He looked again at the dead man, and it seemed as if the cold eyes were opening to blast him. Covering his face with both hands, he fled from the room. No one had seen him glide into the house; no one saw him now pause before the old stable and look in at the window—no one but the thorn-bush. Ashy pale, Stephen gazed into the stable. There he saw his wife kneeling, motionless as the dead man in the castle yonder, but more lovely; and gentle and pure as innocence, the child in the manger. Then Stephen, running forward, not knowing whither, rushed through the open church-door, and sank senseless on the steps of the altar.

Now the pastor was just going home. He came to the thorn-bush and saw two little boys sitting beneath it in the snow. They were shivering, and hiding their little red hands in their rags.

"Take them with thee," said the thorn-bush to the pastor. "They are Wild Stephen's children; they dare not

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go in-doors for fear their father may beat them because they have come home empty-handed. Take them with thee. I cannot warm them; I am so poor and naked."

We know not whether it was the pastor's heart or the thorn-bush that spoke; but he took the children home with him.

"So, now have I one care the less!" said the thorn-bush to itself. "Now they are beginning to light up the Christmas tree there—and there—and again over yonder. What a pity that I'm not stationed under the windows, for here in this dreary stable there will be nothing to see."

But the thorn-bush was wrong, for just then the interior of the stable grew bright with a piercing light. Still knelt the poor woman with closed eyes, but the sick child waked up and stretched out its little arms laughing; for the roof opened, and down fluttered, surrounded by a light cloud, two lovely angels, one of them bearing a little Christmas tree gleaming with countless lights, the other bringing costly gifts. And it grew warm in the stable, and the light threw such a gleam into the street that the thorn-bush wondered within itself.

"There is no hut so poor but Christ is there to-night," it said.

The angels fluttered down, and while one offered the Christmas tree, the other went to the sick child and laid his hand healingly upon its breast. Then they flew upward again and vanished; but the light remained in the stable. In the mean time Wild Stephen lay upon the cold altar-steps. At last his consciousness returned, and he raised his head from the stone. A wonderful vision had appeared to him in a dream, for he had seen two beautiful spirits who, blessing him, walked by his side: and now, on awaking, he saw them standing by him, and felt each angel lay a little warm hand in his and lead him from the church.

It seemed to Stephen as if he still dreamed; as if it were in sleep that the two little angels led him from the church to the stable where he knew his poor wife and sorrowing children were. Willingly he let himself be guided; but when they reached the wretched dwelling, and everything within looked so warm and bright and pleasant; when he saw the Christmas presents, he rubbed his eyes, and looked down at the angels who had brought him there and were still standing by his side. Then Stephen recognized his two elder boys, grandly and beautifully dressed as he had never seen them before.

Still it seemed like a vision. He raised both children in his arms; he held them close and kissed them—no, it could not be a dream.

"Christ is born," cried the watchman from the tower. "Ay, born is he, and within my own soul too!" exclaimed Stephen, and, still holding the two children, sprang to his wife. He drew her toward him and held her to his breast. "Jenny," he said, "wake up, Christ is indeed born!"

And she lifted her eyes and looked around in amazement, saying: "What has happened? Is it really thou, Stephen?—and all this light here! Is my dream true? I saw two angels bringing a Christmas tree and beautiful presents, and one of them went to the manger and laid his hand healingly upon my baby's breast. Yes, yes, it is true, for he is alive," she exclaimed, taking the smiling child from the manger and clasping it to her bosom. "It is true, Stephen," she said, and laid the baby in his arms. "Our Saviour is born, and he will not let my child die."

And while they were all looking at the Christmas presents the pastor stepped from behind the tree, for he it was who had sent the gifts through two good children of his parish; he it was who had seen Wild Stephen sink down upon the altar-steps; he it was who had dressed the little boys so beautifully, and led them to their father in the church.

"Christ is born," said the pastor, "and it is his will that even the poorest dwelling should not be without him

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to-day; but where he lodges for the first time, Stephen, is in your heart; cherish him tenderly, for you know that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine just persons."

And all this time the thorn-bush was looking in at the window, its branches rustled with joy, and, like the cross-thorn on Christmas night, its boughs put forth violet-red eyes, and wept tears of blood upon the snow.

The next morning Stephen went to church with his wife and children. In the meantime something must have passed between them and the pastor, producing a change in material as well as spiritual matters; for they were seen clad in modest and suitable attire, going to the Lord's table with deepest devotion. The villagers passed by the thorn-bush in their holiday dress, and when they saw the snow underneath it bedewed as if with ruddy pearls, they cried: "See, now, the buckthorn has borne red blossoms during the night!"

"Yes," answered the cross-thorn, "for Christ is born indeed. These thorns know it, for we crowned him in death; and you men should know it also, for he was crucified for you."

From Chambers's Journal.

THE DYING YEAR.

Scant leaves upon the aspen
Shake golden in the sun;
Old Year, thy sins are many,
Thy sand is almost run.
The beech-tree, brazen-orange,
Burns like a sunset down;
Old Year, thy grave is ready;
Doff sceptre, robe, and crown.

The elm, a yellow mountain,
Is shedding leaf by leaf;
The rains, in gusts of passion,
Pour forth their quenchless grief;
The winds, like banshees mourning,
Wail in the struggling wood;
Old Year, put off thy splendor,
And don thy funeral hood.

Lay down thy golden glories;
The bare boughs bar the sky—
Skeletons wild and warning,
Quaking to see thee die.
Thou hast lived thy life, remember;
Now lay thee down and rest;
The grass shall grow above thy head,
And the flower above thy breast.

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From The Dublin University Magazine.

THE HOLY LAND.

THERE can be no doubt that the Mount Moriah where Abraham would have sacrificed his son is the same spot as the Moriah upon which Solomon built the temple. "Then Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem in Mount Moriah" (2 Chron. iii. 1).* It is also probable that it is the same place as the Salem mentioned in Genesis xiv. 18, of which Melchisedek was king; for in Psalm lxxvi. 2 we read, "In Salem also is his tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Sion." Josephus calls Melchisedek King of Solyma, a name afterward altered to Hierosolyma. But the first mention of the name Jerusalem occurs in Joshua x. 1, where Adoni-zedec is spoken of as "King of Jerusalem." There are to be gathered from sacred and secular annals the records of twenty-one invasions of this ancient city by hostile armies. The first attack was made upon her by the children of Judah, shortly after the death of Joshua. They fought against Jerusalem, took it, put it to the fire and sword (Judges i. 1–8); but they were unable to expel the Jebusites, nor were the children of Benjamin any more successful, but they both dwelt with the Jebusites in the city; the Jebusites being probably driven from the lower part to Mount Sion, where they remained until the time of David, who marched against Jerusalem, drove them from Mount Sion, and called it the City of David.

The Ark of the Covenant was conveyed there, an altar built, and Jerusalem became the imperial residence, the centre of the political and religious history of the Israelites. Its glory was enhanced by the labors of Solomon, but under his son Rehoboam ten tribes revolted, so that Jerusalem became only the capital of Judah, with whom the tribe of Benjamin alone remained faithful. During the reign of this king, Shishak, the Egyptian monarch, invaded the holy city and ransacked the temple. Then about a hundred years rolled by, when Amaziah was king of Judah, and Joash of Israel; the latter marched against Jerusalem, threw down the wall, and the temple was once more rifled of its treasures. In the next century Manasseh the king was taken captive by the Assyrians to Babylon, but ultimately restored. In consequence of the strange intermeddling of Josiah, a few years later, when Pharao-necho, king of Egypt, was on his march, he was killed in battle, and the latter directed his army toward Jerusalem, and placed Eliakim on the throne by the name of Jehoiakim. The advance of this Egyptian king is confirmed by Herodotus.* Against Jehoiakim, however, came Nebuchadnezzar, who ravaged the city more than once, and after a siege of two years, in the reign of Zedekiah, burned it down, took all the sacred vessels to Babylon with the two remaining tribes (the other ten were already in captivity); and now that the temple was destroyed, the city in ruins, and

* Also confirmed by Josephus, Antiq. i. 13-2.

* Herodotus, Euterpe, 159. He also mentions a victory gained by him at Magdola, then says that he took the city of Cadytis *και Συροισι πεξῃ ο Νεκὼς συμβαλὼν ἐν Μαγδόλῳ ἐνικησε· μετὰ δε τὴν μαχην Καδυτιν πολιν τῆς Συριης ἑουσαν μεγαλην ἑιλε.* This city Cadytis is generally accepted as Jerusalem, which was called "holy," "*Hakkodesh.*" The shekel was marked "Jerusalem *Kedusha*," a Syriac corruption of the Hebrew "Kodesh." Then the word Jerusalem was omitted, and "*Kedusha*" only used, which, being translated into Greek, became "*Καδυτις*" as quoted by Herodotus.

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the people all in bondage, it appeared as if the prediction of her prophets had already been accomplished. But a time of rejoicing was yet to come, and though the chosen people did writhe under Babylonish tyranny, and did hang their harps on the willows, there was still a prophet of hope among them in the person of Daniel. This was the time alluded to in that beautiful psalm composed after their return, in allusion to an occasion when their persecutors had asked them tauntingly to sing one of their national songs for their amusement, the Hebrew words of which, if we may be allowed the expression, glitter with tears:

"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down,
Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.
For there, they that carried us away captive required of us a song;
And they that wasted us required of us mirth,
Saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song
In a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning;
If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

In the time of Cyrus their deliverance came; they were released from captivity, and there was a mighty "going up" to Jerusalem when the temple was rebuilt and the sacred vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had taken away were restored; money, too, was given them, and the works, after being interrupted for a time by difficulties, were resumed under Darius Hystaspes and completed. Some time afterward another large body of Jews came up to the holy city with Ezra, and the capital was once more active with busy life and once more became glorious.

Alexander the Great marched against the Jews, but was prevented from entering the city by the intercession of the high priest—a scene which found its parallel in after-times, when the aged Leo went to the camp of Attila, and by his entreaties diverted that semi-Christian barbarian from Rome. After the death of Alexander, Ptolemy, king of Egypt, surprised the Jews on their Sabbath day, when he knew they would not fight; he made an easy conquest, and carried off thousands of Jews into Egypt.

For a hundred years of comparative peace this fated city remained under the Ptolemies, when it fell into the hands of the Syrians. Antiochus Epiphanes, their king, after his Egyptian campaigns, finding his treasure-chest nearly empty, bethought him of sacking the temple of Jerusalem, marched his army upon the city, pillaged it, slew about forty thousand people, and sold as many more into slavery. He then endeavored to exterminate the ceremonial; a pagan altar was set up and sacrifice made to Jupiter. The Maccabæan revolution broke out, and the city was ultimately recovered by the hero, Judas Maccabæus, when a new phase of priesthood was established, which we shall notice elsewhere. Things went on thus until about the year 60 B.C., when Pompey seized the city and massacred twelve thousand Jews in the temple courts. Thus it fell into the hands of the Romans, against whom it rebelled, and by whom ultimately, after the most terrible siege recorded in history, it was taken and subjected to violations over which the mind even now shudders; its temple was ransacked, violated, and burned, its priests butchered, pagan rites were celebrated in its holy place, its maidens were ravished; its palaces burned down, an unrestrained carnage was carried on, Jews were crucified on crosses as long as trees could be found to make them, and when the woods were exhausted they were slain in cold blood. Nearly a million of Jews are said to have fallen in this terrible conflict. For fifty years after there is no mention of Jerusalem in history. They kept themselves quiet, watching eagerly and stealthily for an opportunity of throwing off the hated Roman yoke. About the year 131 A.D., Adrian, to prevent any outbreak, ordered the city to be fortified. The Jews rebelled at once, but were so completely crushed by the

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year 135 that this date has always been accepted as that of their final dispersion. The holy city was then made a Roman colony, the Jews were forbidden to enter into its walls under pain of immediate death, the very name was altered to the pagan one of Ælia Capitolina, a temple was erected on Mount Moriah to Jupiter Capitolinus, and Jerusalem was henceforth spoken of by this pagan name until the days of Constantine, when pilgrimages were rife, and the Christians began to turn their steps toward the city whose streets had been hallowed by the footsteps of Christ. Helena, the emperor's mother, wandered there in penitence, built a church on the site of the nativity, and agitated Christendom to its foundations by the announcement of the discovery of the true cross. Constantine then built a church on the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and at last the Jews were admitted once a year into the city of their glory to sing penitential psalms over their degradation. The sorrows of the place were not yet ended, for in the year 614 the Persians fell upon Jerusalem, and this time the Christians suffered, ninety thousand of whom were killed. Then it was retaken by the Romans, when the Emperor Heraclius marched in triumph through its streets with the real cross on his shoulders. In 637, however, it fell into the hands of Arabic Saracens, from whom the Turks took it in 1079. Then came that marvellous agitation of Europe, when she poured out her millions of devotees to drive the Saracen from the holy land; and in 1099 Godfrey de Bouillon was proclaimed King of Jerusalem by the victorious Crusaders. The Christians held it for eighty-eight years, when Saladin, the sultan of Egypt, wrested it from them in 1187, and they held it until the year 1517, when the Ottoman Turks seizing upon Jerusalem, made the twenty-first and last invasion which this devoted city has undergone, and in their hands it still remains.

In the very earliest ages of Christianity people began to bend their steps toward Jerusalem and to write their travels. Some of these narrations are extant, and the earliest is called "Itinerarium a Burdigala Hierusalem usque:" it was written by a Christian of Bordeaux, who went to the Holy Land in the year 333, about two years before the church of the Holy Sepulchre was consecrated by Constantine and his mother Helena. It is to be gleaned also from the works of the Greek fathers that pilgrimages to Jerusalem were becoming so frequent as to lead to many abuses. St. Porphyry, after living as a recluse in Egypt, went to the Holy Land, visited Jerusalem, and finally settled in the country as Bishop of Gaza. Toward the end of the fourth century (385), St. Eusebius of Cremona and St. Jerome went there and founded a monastery at Bethlehem. St. Paula also visited it about the same time. In the seventh century we have St. Antonius going there and telling us admired the beauty of the Jewish women who lived at Nazareth. In the year 637, the taking of Jerusalem by the Saracens interrupted the flow of visitors, but Arculf, a French bishop, went there toward the end of the century. In the early part of the eighth century the Anglo-Saxons began to go there. Willibald, a relative of Boniface, paid a visit to Jerusalem in 724. Then the war with the Greeks interposed, and we do not hear much about the Holy Land until the end of the eighth century, when, through the friendship of Charlemagne with Haroun al Raschid, the Christians were once more allowed to go to the Holy Sepulchre. A monk, called Bernard Sapiens, went in 870, and wrote an account of it. Then the celebrated Gerbert, who was afterward pope, under the title of Sylvester II., went to Jerusalem in 986, came back and wrote a work, in which he made the holy city mourn her misfortunes and woes, her wasted temples and violated sacred places; then he appealed to the whole Christian world to go and help her. France

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and Italy began to move. The Saracens heard of this agitation, and interdicted the Christians in their dominions from worshipping, turned their temples into stables, and threw down the church of the Holy Sepulchre and others in the year 1008. At the tidings of this devastation Europe was aroused, and in fact we may fairly say that Gerbert's book of travel was the first spark that fired the conflagration of the Crusades. The first narrative we have of any pilgrim who followed the Crusades is by Sæwulf, a Saxon, and a very interesting narration he has left; he went in the year 1102, was a monk of Malmesbury Monastery, and is mentioned by the renowned William of that abbey in his Gesta Pontificum. There are accounts also in the twelfth century by Benjamin of Tudela; in the fourteenth by Sir John Mandeville; in the fifteenth by Bertrandon de la Brocquière; and in the sixteenth by Henry Maundrell.*

Modern times have multiplied books on the Holy Land, but those mentioned above are nearly all that are extant of early periods. In our own day there is a tendency to revive the subject; we have had many books lately, good, bad, and indifferent, upon the Holy Land—Wanderings in Bible Lands and Scenes, Horeb and Jerusalem, Sinai and Palestine, Giant Cities of Bashan, Jerusalem as It Is, and many others, of which we cannot stop to say more than that they are generally interesting and readable. It would take a wretched writer, indeed, to make a dull book upon the Holy Land; the subject itself and the scenes enlist the attention at once. But the last pilgrim who has returned from that sacred city and emptied his wallet for our inspection has produced a book not only valuable as an interesting account of travel, but useful as an excellent commentary upon the incidents of the Bible and the life and work of our Lord. There have been many reviews of this book as a book of travel, but it is in this higher light more particularly that we wish to examine Mr. Hepworth Dixon's two volumes on the Holy Land. From the very earliest times down to the present, Jaffa or Joppa seems to be the portal of Palestine to western travellers, who are, it appears, compelled to make their *début* in Palestine in no very dignified manner. The water-gate of Jaffa, Mr. Dixon tells us, faces the sea, and is "no more than a slit or window in the wall about six feet square." Through this narrow opening all importations from the west must be hoisted from the canoes; "such articles as pashas, bitter beer, cotton cloth, negroes, antiquaries, dervishes, spurious coins and stones, monks, Muscovite bells, French clocks, English damsels and their hoops, Circassian slaves, converted Jews, and Bashi Bazouks." Once safe through this slit in the wall, the stranger is ushered into a town whose scenes recall to his imagination the Arabian Nights of his childhood, so little has the Holy Land changed; the dress of the people and their customs being so little altered that Haroun, if he were allowed to take another midnight trip with his vizier, would be quite at home. Marvellous it is, too, that civilization has left another peculiarity untouched in Palestine. Mr. Dixon tells us that after "three months of Syrian travel you will learn to treat a skeleton in the road with as much indifference as a gentleman in a turban and a lady in a veil." Whatever dies in the plain lies there — asses, camels, or men. The travelling baggage of an Arab includes a winding-sheet, in which he may be rolled by his companion, if he has one, and covered with sand; bodies are found, too, who, in the last gasp, had striven to cover their faces with the loose sand. There is no exaggeration in this statement—the Saxon Sæwulf, who went there in the year 1102, nearly eight centuries ago, draws the same picture. He says:

* See Early Travels in Palestine, an interesting collection of itineraries and ancient visits to the Holy Land, by Mr. Thomas Wright.

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"Went from Joppa to Jerusalem, two days' journey, by a mountainous road, very rough and dangerous on account of the Saracens, who lie in wait for the Christians to rob and spoil them. Numbers of human bodies lie by the wayside, torn to pieces by wild beasts, many of whom have been cut off by Saracens; some, too, have perished from heat, and thirst for want of water, and others from too much drinking."

Travelling in the Holy Land is not mere sport; there are a myriad of dangers to be avoided and watched for, armed Bedaween are prowling about, bands of horsemen scour across the plain like clouds over the sky.

"Horsemen!" cries Yakoub, reining in. "Hushing the still night, and with hands on our revolvers, bending forward toward the dim fields on our left hand, we can hear the footfall of horses crushing their way through stubble and stones. In a moment, while they sounded afar off, they are among us; fine dark figures, on brisk little mares, and poising above them their bamboo spears. A word or two of parley, in which Ishmael has his share, and we are asking each other for the news. . . . . Perhaps they consider us too strong to be robbed, for a Bedaween rarely thinks it right to attack under an advantage of five to one."

At dawn of day they arrive at the spot where once stood Modin, the birthplace of the Maccabees, now a den of robbers, called Latrun. This spot is a most interesting one, and Mr. Dixon rapidly sketches the results of the events which were transacted here, showing how from the Maccabæan revolt sprang the Great Separation, a new kind of priesthood, and also, for which the influence of the captivity had already prepared them, the ignoring of the written law of Moses, and the introduction and veneration of the oral law or tradition of the elders. The peculiar aspects of the Jews at the time of the Roman domination and the advent of Christ, their hopes and opinions, may be traced back to the drama which was played out on this spot. We propose, then, to pause for a moment to sketch the history of that period, as it is the keystone to the whole fabric of Jewish degeneracy.

About half a century before the birth of Christ the Jews had fallen into the hands of the Romans, and in the writings of Tacitus we have a description of them, an attempt at investigation into their history, and a version of Roman opinion upon them, which is the more interesting as it affords an admirable corroboration of what is recorded in the Scriptures. Tacitus endeavors very ingeniously to make them come originally from Crete, on account of their name, Idæos or Judæos, from Mount Ida, in Crete. We must bear in mind that it is scarcely probable that Tacitus could have read Genesis. Then he mentions other theories which were in vogue as to the origin of this strange people, who were beginning to be very troublesome to the Romans. In the first theory we get a slight trace of the sacred tradition; certain people, he says, declare that a great multitude in the reign of Isis overflowed Egypt and discharged themselves into the lands of Judea and the surrounding neighborhood, some call them a race of Æthiops, others Assyrians; and we are told there were some even who claimed for them a far more renowned descent from the Σολυμοι mentioned by Homer, whence they called their great city Hiero-Solyma. These theories are very ingenious, but they only serve to prove that the eye of the philosophical historian of the Romans had never rested on the Jewish records. Still the character he gives of them is the one they have universally borne in the world; he speaks also of "Moyses," who gave them a distinct legislation; he mentions "circumcision" and their abstinence from certain kinds of meat; he records their national exclusiveness, their immovable obstinacy, their notion of one God, so strange to a pagan mind, and the temple, *without images*, equally absurd.

Though the Romans treated the Jews, as indeed they did all the people they conquered, with great forbearance, still they had a sort of secret dislike for them, and in the

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end they served them as they served no other race of people subject to their power. And this feeling was reciprocated by the Jews, who now more than ever longed for the advent of the great Deliverer, whom they also more than ever felt must come in the shape of a warrior, with power and majesty to sweep these Romans out of the country, and restore Jerusalem to her former position of splendor and renown. There can be no question that the political circumstances in which the Jews were placed at the time of the coming of Christ helped to unfit them for his reception, by fostering that idea of a great temporal sovereign which had been implanted in their bosoms. But this idea was of much older origin than their troubles with the Romans. It is an interesting fact that the Maccabæan revolution, which restored the priesthood, may be looked upon as the event which first taught the Jews that fatal error. Before that time they had a more spiritual conception of the Messiah, but the events which followed in the wake of the heroism of Judas Maccabæus changed the whole character of their hopes. Let us review those circumstances, for it is only by doing so we can properly understand how the Jews came to be so persistent in their expectations of a great omnipotent temporal sovereign. Antiochus Epiphanes, upon the death of his brother, Seleucus Philopator, king of Syria, seized upon the vacant throne, although Demetrius, the son of Seleucus, was alive at Rome, where he had been sent as a hostage. In Daniel xi. 21, we glean that he obtained the kingdom by flattery, which receives some support from what Livy says about his extravagant rewards (Livy xli. c. 20). He had undertaken several campaigns against Egypt, and was on his return from one of these, with wasted army and exhausted treasury, when it occurred to him that if he could only plunder the temple of the Jews, it would go far to recruit his finances. He turned his army at once toward Jerusalem, marched upon it, and sacked it. An altar was raised and sacrifice made to Jupiter in the holy place. Then he endeavored to abolish the ceremonial, and to introduce pagan worship. when the Jews, exasperated beyond endurance, were ripe all over the country for revolt, but dared not rise. At this time, however, there dwelt in a little village called Modin, not far from Emmaus, a family who were called the Maccabees, for what reason it is now impossible to ascertain; but this family, who had lived there in the peaceable obscurity of village life, were destined to become heroic. It consisted of an aged father, Mattathias, and five sons. Antiochus Epiphanes had sent his officers to this village to erect an altar in the Jewish place of worship for sacrifice to the gods, when Mattathias boldly declared that he would resist it. The altar was set up, and one miserable renegade Jew was advancing toward it to make the pagan offering, when he was slain on the spot by Mattathias. The family then fled to the wilderness, and concealed themselves; they were soon joined by others; a band was formed, which gradually increased, until it became numerous enough to attack towns. Then Mattathias died, and his son, even more memorable in the history of patriotism, came forward, and took the command of the gathering confederation, now a disciplined army. Apollonius was sent against him, whom Judas met boldly on the field of battle, and slew. The same success attended him in his encounter with the Syrian general, Seron. Antiochus now saw the necessity of vigorous measures to prevent the Jews from recovering their independence; he went to Persia to recruit his treasures, while Lysias, the regent, sent an army to Judea of 40,000 foot and 7,000 cavalry, which was reinforced by auxiliaries from the provinces, and even by Jews who were already becoming jealous of the fame of Judas. The Jewish hero pointed out to his

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followers the desperate odds against which they would have to contend, and resolved upon employing a stratagem. By a forced march he reached a portion of the enemy encamped at Emmaus, and surprised them, with complete success: several portions of the army were put to flight, and a great booty secured. Another and more numerous army was sent against him, but with no success. At the head of 10,000 followers, fired by fanaticism, Judas put to flight the army of Lysias, 60,000 strong, and marched on Jerusalem to purify the temple and restore it to its glory. The festival of Purification was then inaugurated. Day by day the successes of Judas increased, when Antiochus Eupator, who had succeeded Antiochus Epiphanes, invaded Judea, and only made peace with Judas in consequence of dissensions at home. He was murdered by his uncle, Demetrius, who seized the kingdom and confirmed the peace with Judas, but took possession of the citadel of Jerusalem, placing his general, Nicanor, there with troops. Suspicions were then entertained that treachery was being plotted between Judas and this general; the matter was pressed, when Nicanor cleared himself, and Judas was obliged to flee. A battle took place, which he won, and another victory followed at Beth-horon, in which Nicanor fell. Re-enforcements strengthened the enemy, and Judas was compelled to retire to Laish with 3,000 followers, where he was attacked at a disadvantage. Only 800 of his men remained faithful to him, but with these he boldly encountered the avenging hosts of Demetrius, and found a hero's death on the field. Though Judas was dead, yet the Maccabæan spirit was not extinct. Simon and Jonathan, his brothers, rallied their companions, and took the lead, fortifying themselves in a strong position in the neighborhood of Tekoa. Jonathan bid fair to equal Judas; he avoided an open engagement with the Syrians, but kept his position, and harassed the enemy for the space of two years, when events brought about what perhaps the slender force of his army would have never accomplished. A pretender to the throne of Syria sprang up in the person of Alexander Balas, the reputed natural son of Antiochus Epiphanes, and a party was soon found to promote his claim against Demetrius. By this time Jonathan's little body of troops had been augmented by continued re-enforcements, and his position was such that to the contending parties in Syria it became clear that if either could win over this obstinate Jew to his cause it would decide the matter. Demetrius took the first step, by making him at once general of the forces in Judea and governor of Jerusalem; but Jonathan was in no hurry, he suspected the wily Demetrius, and having received overtures from Alexander Balas, that if he would espouse his cause he would make him high priest when he was on the throne of Syria, he yielded. These overtures were accompanied by the present of a purple robe, and Jonathan, who, doubtless, saw in the dissensions of his enemies the opportunity for Jerusalem, accepted the proposition, joined Alexander, who slew Demetrius in battle, and ascended the throne of Syria. True to his engagement, he made Jonathan high priest, with the rank of prince, and did all he could to insure his fidelity. Jonathan afterward attended the marriage of Alexander with a daughter of the King of Egypt, at Ptolemais, where he received many marks of consideration from the Syrian and Egyptian monarchs. He ultimately fell, however, a victim to treachery, and was succeeded by his brother Simon, who confirmed the Jews in their independence in return, for which, in 131 B. C., they passed a decree, by which the dignity of high priest and prince of the Jews was made hereditary in the family of Simon. Thus was founded the long line of Asmonean priests, which remained unbroken down to about thirty-four years before Christ. The Mosaic principle was set aside, and

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from this time the changes came over the Jews and their institutions which are admirably sketched by Mr. Dixon in the two chapters on the Great Separation and the Oral Law, which we recommend to the careful perusal of any one who wishes to form a clear idea of the origin of the state of Judaism at the time of our Lord. He thus sums up in a sentence the results of the Maccabæan insurrection:

"The main issues, then, as regards the faith and policy in Israel of that glorious revolt of Modin, was the elevation of a fighting sect to power; the general adoption of separative principles; the substitution of an explanatory law for the Covenant; a change in the divine succession of high priests, and a lawless union of the spiritual and secular forces."

The Idyls of Bethlehem form a most interesting chapter: the death of Rachel, the idyl of Ruth, the episode of Saul, the house of Chimham, the idyl of Jeremiah, and the birth of our Saviour, are all sketched in a manner which tends to impress these well-known scenes upon the mind indelibly. A chapter on Syrian Khans, which throws much light upon the incident of the birth of Christ, we would like to extract did not the exigencies of space forbid. The reader will find in the chapters, The Inn of Bethlehem, The Province of Galilee, Herod the Great, John the Baptist, and Jewish Parties, an admirable introduction to those scenes of the life and wanderings of our blessed Lord which are contained in the second part of the book, and to which we wish to devote the remainder of this paper.

When speaking of the early life of Jesus, Mr. Dixon takes up the question of the obscurity of his origin, that favorite point with the sceptics of all ages, from the "Is not this the carpenter's son?" of the Jews, down to the puerile objections of the German Strauss. He has shown that it was the custom to teach the youth of all classes some useful art; and the best born and greatest men in Jewish history had been instructed in such trades as weaving, tent-making, etc. Besides, certain trades were held in honor. We cannot understand this if we think of carpentering by the contemptuous estimate of modern life. That contempt for hand-labor was unknown in the early ages of Scripture history. Adam dressed the garden, Abel was a keeper of sheep, Cain a tiller of the ground, Tubal Cain a smith; and so, among the Jews, it was a reproach to any man if he had not been taught one of the useful mechanical arts. It was dignified by the Almighty himself, who, we are told—

"Called by name Bezaleel, . . . and he hath filled him with the spirit of God in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, and to devise curious works, to work in gold and in silver and in brass, and in the cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of wood to make any manner of cunning work. And he hath put it in his heart that he may teach." Exod. xxxv. 30–34.

This reverence was cherished by the Jews; carpentering was always looked upon as a noble occupation; the fact that the carpenter might have to go into the temple to labor would have rescued that occupation from contempt. This is a striking peculiarity of eastern life; and elsewhere the objection of the sceptic to the humble origin of Jesus has been well answered:

"The princes of Turkey in Egypt are still instructed in the mechanical arts, one being made a brazier, another a carpenter, a third a good weaver, and so on. Said Pasha was a good mechanic, Ishmael Pasha is not inferior to his brother. Much of the domestic life of Israel has been lost to us, but still we know something of the crafts in which many of the most famous rabbis and doctors had been taught to excel. We know that Hillel practised a trade. St. Paul was a tent-maker, Rabbi Ishmael was a needle-maker, Rabbi Jonathan a cobbler, Rabbi Jose was a tanner, Rabbi Simon was a weaver. Among the Talmudists there was a celebrated Rabbi Joseph who was a carpenter. What then becomes of Strauss's inference that Joseph must have been a man of low birth—not of the stock of David—because he followed a mechanical trade?"*

* Athenæum, 27th Jan., 1866.

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We may conclude this point by adding that among the Jews the only trades which could prevent a man from attaining to the dignity of high priest were weavers, barbers, fullers, perfumers, cuppers, and tanners.

But to return to the life and work of Jesus. His fame was gradually spreading, and he went about the small towns and hamlets:

"Capernaum, Chorazin Magdala, Bethsaida, Dalmanutha Gerasa, preaching in the synagogues, visiting the fishing-boats and threshing-floors, healing the sick, and comforting the poor; gentle in his aspect and in his life; wise as a sage and simple as a child; winning people to his views by the charm of his manner and the beauty of his sayings."

His first aim was to win the Jews from the Oral Law, to convince them of its emptiness; it is the key to the following scenes graphically depicted by Mr. Dixon. Christ had gone to Jerusalem for the feast of Purim, and was walking by the Pool of Bethesda in the sheep market, a spot he had to pass daily. On the banks of this pool were crowds of sick, the halt, aged, and blind, a spectacle sure to attract the eye of Jesus:

"It was the Sabbath day.

"In the temple hard by, these wretches could hear the groaning of bulls under the mace, the bleating of lambs under the sacrificial knife, the shouting of dealers as they sold doves and shekels. Bakers were hurrying through with bread. The captain of the temple was on duty with his guards. Priests were marching in procession, and crowds of worshippers standing about the holy place. Tongues of flame leaped faintly from the altars on which the priests were sprinkling blood . . . but the wretches who lay around (the pool) on their quilts and rugs, the blind, the leprous, and the aged poor, drew no compassion from the busy priests. One man, the weakest of the weak, had been helpless no less than thirty-eight years. Over this man Jesus paused and said:

"'Wilt thou be made whole?'

"'Rabbi, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.'"

The Compassionate answered him:

"'Rise, take up thy bed and walk.'

"At once the life leaped quickly into the poor man's limbs. Rising from the ground, he folded up his quilt, taking it on his arm to go away; but some of the Pharisees seeing him get up and roll his bed into a coil, run toward him crying: 'It is the Sabbath day; it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed.' It was certainly an offence against the Oral Law."

The Jews had turned the blessing of the Sabbath into a curse.

"From the moment of hearing the ram's horn, a sacred trumpet, called the shofa, blown from the temple wall, announcing that the Sabbath had commenced, he was not allowed to light a fire or make a bed, to boil a pot; he could not pull his ass from a ditch, nor raise an arm in defence of his life . . . A Jew could not quit his camp, his village, or his city on the day of rest. He might not begin a journey; if going along a road, he must rest from sundown till the same event of the coming day. He might not carry a pencil, a kerchief, a shekel in his belt; if he required a handkerchief for use, he had to tie it round his leg. If he offended against one of these rules, he was held to deserve the doom awarded to the vilest of sinners. Some rabbins held that a man ought not to change his position, but that, whether he was standing or sitting when the shofa sounded, *he should stand or sit immovable as a stone until the Sabbath had passed away.*"

Jesus broke the Oral Law that he might bring his followers to a sense of its degrading spirit, and announced the new truth that "*The Sabbath is made for man; not man for the Sabbath.*" After two very interesting chapters upon Antipas Herod and Herodias, we have one upon the Synagogue. Some writers have striven to claim the remotest antiquity for this institution, but in all probability it might be dated from the captivity. There would be a natural desire to meet together away from the pagans, by whom they were surrounded, to pray to their God, to sing their psalms, and to read the law. This gave rise to the synagogue, which means no more than a "meeting together;" but after the Maccabæan insurrection it became a popular institution, and every little village had its synagogue. Now, as much of the work of Christ was done in the synagogue, as he loved to go into them and to take part

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in their services, it is desirable that we should have a clear notion of what a synagogue was:

"A house of unhewn stones taken up from the hillside; squat and square of the ancient Hebrew style, having a level roof, but neither spire nor tower, neither dome nor minaret to enchant the eye; such was the simple synagogue of the Jews in which Jesus taught. . . Inside a Syrian synagogue is like one of our parish schools, with seats for the men, rough sofas of wood half covered with rushes and straw; a higher seat stands in the centre like that of a mosque, for the elders of the town, a desk for the reader of the day; at the south end a closet, concealed by a hanging veil, in which the torah, a written copy of the Pentateuch, is kept in the sacred ark. A silver lamp is always kept burning, a candlestick with eight arms, a pulpit, a reading-desk, are the chief articles of furniture in the room. . . . . In olden times women were allowed to enter with the men, though they were even then parted from father and son by a wooden screen. . . . Before entering a synagogue a man is expected to dip his hands into water. . . . Ten persons are necessary to form a meeting; every town or city having a synagogue appointed ten men called batlanim (men of leisure), who were bound to appear at the hour of prayer. . . Higher in office was the chazzan, who took charge of the house and scroll. . . The meturgeman was an interpreter of the law, whose duty it was to stand near the reader for the day, and translate the sacred verses, one by one, from the Hebrew into the vulgar tongue. Above him were the elders. . . . When the people came in they first bowed to the ark; the elders took their places on the raised platform; the rich went up to high seats near the ark; the poor sat on wooden sofas, matted with straw. . . . A prayer was said, one of the Psalms of David sung. The chazzan walked up to the veil, which he drew aside with reverence, lifted the ark from its niche, took out the torah, carried the roll round the benches, every one striving either to kiss or touch it with his palm; the sheliach read the lesson for the day; at its close the elder expounded the text in a sort of sermon, when the torah was carried back, and prayers began. . . . Every hearer had in those times a right to express his opinion of the sacred text, and of what it meant."

Our Lord availed himself of this right, which every Jew possessed, of speaking in the synagogue upon the text which had been read; and Mr. Dixon has worked up two scenes well known in the career of our Lord, with all the surrounding incidents and scenery, so graphically and so accurately that no one could read these descriptions without rising from them with a clearer and more complete understanding of the simple statement of the gospel. The gospels were not written as historical sketches, but as vehicles for the vital truth they contain; consequently anything that resuscitates the scene and reproduces the incidents as they took place, with all their peculiar surroundings, must be of great value in assisting us to comprehend more readily, and to retain in our minds more vividly the events of our Lord's career. We think this is more pre-eminently the characteristic aim and achievement of this work than of the many others we have read upon the subject, and we shall instance one, the scene in the synagogue of Capernaum. The first alluded to was the declaration of Jesus in the synagogue at Nazareth; but as many of the incidents are included in this of Capernaum, we content ourselves with giving it somewhat in detail, as an illustration of the peculiarity we have already mentioned. Let the reader first peruse the simple statement in the gospel of St. John, vi. ch., 25 v., to the end, and then the following; or better still the whole of chapter xvii. in the second volume of Mr. Dixon's work, called The Bread of Life, and he will rise from it with a much more vivid conception of one of the most trying scenes in our Lord's history. On the steps of the synagogue a motley crowd had collected, eager, excited, and curious, for it was just after the miraculous feeding of the 5,000, and they were full of it; they had heard of it in all its stupendous power; it was the miracle of all miracles most likely to overpower the Jewish mind; it recalled to them the words of Jehovah:

"At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread, and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God."

And this man, this son of Joseph the carpenter, had fed 5,000 people on

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five barley loaves and two small fishes. They saw the little boat on the beach in which Jesus had come; they had heard of his walking on the water that very night; and now the crowd was increasing, for the country was aroused, and people came flocking from all parts to see this man who did such marvellous things.

"Jesus sat in the synagogue in his usual place. The Jews poured in, each man and woman making lowly reverence toward the ark. . . . The service began with the prayer of sweet incense, after which the congregation, the batlanim leading, sang Psalms of David; when these were sung, the chazzan, going up to the ark, drew aside the veil and took out the sacred roll, which he carried round the aisles to the reader of the day, who raised it in his hands, so that all who were present could see the sacred text. Then the whole congregation rose. . . . . Opening the scroll, the reader read out the section or chapter for the day. . . . . When the lesson was finished, the chazzan took the scroll from the reader and carried it back to its place behind the veil. Then when the roll was restored to the ark, they sang other psalms, after which the elder delivered the midrash, an exposition of the text which had been read. The time now being come to question and be questioned, all eyes turned on the Teacher who had fed the 5,000 men. . . . . Their questions were sharp and loud:

"'Rabbi, when camest thou hither?'

"'Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye ask me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye ate of the loaves and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you, for him hath God the Father sealed."

"Then they asked him:

"'What must we do that we may work the works of God?'

"To which he answered, with a second public declaration, that he was Christ the Son of God:

"'This is the word of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.'

"'What sign showest thou that we may see and believe thee? What dost thou work?'

"Full of the great act which many witnesses declared that they had seen in the desert beyond the lake, they wished to have it repeated before their eyes; so they said to him:

"'Our fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, as it is written, he gave them bread from heaven to eat.'

"Jesus took up their thought.

"'Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not the bread from heaven, but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is that which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world.'

"'Rabbi, evermore give us this bread.'

"Jesus answered them:

"'I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst. . . . . For I am come down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day.' . . .

"The elders, the batlanim, the chazzan gazed into each other's faces, and began to murmur against him, just as the men of Nazareth had murmured against him.

"'Is not this Jesus the son of Joseph whose father and mother we know? How is it, then, that he saith, I am come down from heaven?'

"Jesus spoke to them again:

"'Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to me except the Father which sent me draw him; and I will raise him up the last day. . . . . I am the bread of life. . . . . I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever; yea, and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.'

"Strange doctrines for Jews to weigh. Then leapt hot words among them, and some of those who had meant to believe in him drew back. If he were the Christ, the Son of David, the King of Israel, why was he not marching on Jerusalem, why not driving out the Romans, why not assuming a kingly crown? 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?'

"The Lord spoke again, still more to their discontent and chagrin, seeing that they wanted an earthly Christ:

"'Except ye eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.'

"This was too much for many, even for some who had been brought to the door of belief. . . . . The service of the synagogue ended, the elders came down from the platform, the chazzan put away the sacred vessels, the congregation came out into the sun, angry in word and mocking in spirit. They wanted facts; he had given them truth. They hungered for miraculous bread, for a new shower of manna; he had offered them symbolically his flesh and blood. They had set their hearts on finding a captain who would march against the Romans, who would cause Judas of Gamala to be forgotten, who would put the glories of Herod the Great to shame. They had asked him for earth, and he had answered them with heaven."

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But the scene was drawing to a close; Jesus went on with his work after this tumult in the synagogue, opposing himself to the senseless rites of the Pharisees, defying the oral law, healing the sick, and preaching to the people. Passing through the country from Galilee a Syro-Phenecian woman who had heard of him, and perhaps seen him, ran after him in the road, and besought him to heal her daughter who was a lunatic. The disciples urged him to send her away, for his life would not have been safe if he had another conflict with the Jews in that quarter, and to heal this Gentile woman's child would be sure to bring them on his track. Turning to the woman, Jesus told her he was sent only to the lost sheep of Israel; but she persisted, crying, "Lord, help me!" an evidence of faith which was quite sufficient, and Jesus turned to her and said, "Great is thy faith, O woman, be it unto thee as thou wilt." This was a fatal blow to the Jewish exclusiveness, a Gentile had been called into the church, and the pride of the Jew humbled forever. On the last Sabbath day which Jesus spent on earth, he struck another blow at the ceremonial law, by taking his disciples to dine at the house of one Simon a leper. He had reached Bethany, and taken up his abode in the house of Martha and Mary, among the outcast and the poor, for that last seven days now called in the church the holy week. The scene was an impressive one. The city, as far as the eye could reach, was one vast encampment, caravans were arriving from every direction, bringing thousands of Jews to the feast, who, selecting their ground, drove four stakes into the earth, drew long reeds round them, and covered them with leaves, making a sort of bower; others brought small tents with them; the whole city, Mount Gibeon, the plain of Rephaim, the valley of Gihon, the hill of Olivet, were all studded with tents, and crowded with busy people hastening to finish their preparations before the shofa should sound at sunset, and the Sabbath begin, when no man could work. In the temple, the priests, the doctors, the money-changers, the bakers of shew-bread, were all at work, and the last panorama in the life of Christ commenced.

On the first day in Holy Week, now known as Palm *Sunday*, Jesus entered Jerusalem on an ass's colt, a prominent figure in the festivities, for the crowds rushed to see him, with their palms, and marched with him singing psalms; they had come out from Jerusalem to meet him, and they escorted him into the city. At night he returned to Bethany.

On the *Monday* and *Tuesday* he went early to the temple, mixing among the people, restoring sight to the blind, and preaching to the poor. As his life began with a series of temptations, so it was the will of his Father that he should be persecuted with them at its close—a lesson we may all do well to dwell upon. Up to the last days of his life Jesus was subjected to temptations. On the Tuesday some emissaries of the Sanhedrim came to the court where he was preaching to question him, and gather evidence against him. They found him amongst a crowd of Baptists, and demanded his authority for teaching. Christ retorted by putting them to the dilemma of stating whether John's baptism was of heaven or not; they were too much afraid of the people to say it was of men, and if they said of heaven, Jesus would have reproached them for their want of faith; they confessed their ignorance. Then each party tried to entrap him.

The *Pharisees* brought him a woman taken in adultery. By the Mosaic law this offence would have been punished with death. But the Roman government would have executed any Jew who would venture to carry out such a law, and therefore the question seemed to compel Jesus to speak either against Moses or the Romans. He quietly turned to the witnesses, and told the man who was in

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nocent among them to cast the first stone at her.

The *Herodians* tempted him on a point of tribute. They had two taxes, one to God and one to Cæsar, both were disputed, and they consulted him in order to involve him with God or Cæsar; but he foiled them by confirming both:

"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, 'and unto God the things that are God's."

They began to be astonished.

The *Sadducees* tempted him with their dogma of the non-resurrection. They told him sneeringly of a woman who had married seven husbands, and they wanted to know whose she would be in the life to come. Jesus replied calmly:

"In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven."

And the Sadducees with their philosophy, their learning, and their unbelief, retired in confusion.

On the *Wednesday* he remained in Bethany in seclusion, while Judas was arranging for his safe betrayal to Annas and the nobles.

Thursday Jesus sent Peter and John into Jerusalem to prepare the Passover, and at sunset that day he and the twelve sat down to the last supper; Judas left to see Annas, and after singing a hymn, the other disciples rose from the table, passed through the sheep-gate into the Cedron valley, and came to Gethsemane. Here Jesus withdrew, and while his disciples were sleeping, he watched and prayed until the betrayers came, and the kiss of Judas revealed him to them. The Sanhedrim was summoned in the dead of the night, and when the members arrived they found Annas examining witnesses, but with no avail, they could not substantiate any charge against him that the Roman government would allow them to punish with death. Annas told him to speak for himself, but he would not. The high priest then said, "Art thou the Christ?" he said, "I am." Then Annas asked him who were his disciples, and Jesus replied: "I spake openly to the world, I taught in the synagogue and in the temple, whither the Jews resort, in secret I have said nothing; ask them which heard me, they know what I have said." The officer of the temple smote him, and Annas ordered him to be bound with cords, and when it was day they went in a body to the palace of Caiaphas. Here Jesus was questioned again, and answering that he was the Christ, the high priest rent his clothes, in sign that it was blasphemy and worthy of death. The Sanhedrim pronounced him guilty, and the officers carried him to the Prætorian gates and delivered him a prisoner into the hands of Pilate's guards. The vacillation of Pilate and the last scene in our Lord's career are known to all. Mr. Dixon leaves them with the observation, "They form a divine episode in the history of man, and must be left to the writers who could not err."

A good book is its own best eulogy, and we may safely leave this of Mr. Dixon's to itself; but we cannot refrain from testifying our appreciation of such a valuable addition to the records of eastern travel. It is superfluous to say that it is excellently written, as it emanates from the pen, not of a tyro, but of a master-craftsman, whose style is too well known to need eulogy, a style graphic, pointed, and impressive, the result of clear vision and accurate delineation, strengthened by a sort of Frith-like power of grouping, as witness the description of the street life of Jaffa, which, as an exquisite piece of word-painting, is perfect.

The reader is led through the sacred scenes of the Holy Land by an artist as well as a scholar, who as he journeys on revives the life of the past; we see the patriarchal life, the tents, the flocks grazing on the hills, the ready-writer with his pen lingering at the city gate. We hear David's minstrelsy and the tramp of Maccabean soldierly; we peer into the depths of

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one of those ancient wells built by the patriarchs, and listen to the conversation of the Samaritan woman with that wonderful stranger; we linger at the wayside Khan, and see how natural is the tale of the gospel. As we near Jerusalem the grander figures of the panorama pass over the scene, the Herods in their luxury and pride, in their humiliation and their sins, the grim towers of Macherus and the dark deed done behind its walls when the head of the messenger of God fell to please a wanton woman, and terror was struck into the heart of the tyrant; the splendid ceremonial service of the temple, with its altars, its sacrifices, and its robed priests; the Sadducees luxuriating in their palaces, with servants, carriages, gardens, living their voluptuous, godless lives; the Pharisees with their demure aspect, broad and multiplied phylacteries; the helmets of Roman soldiery, the imperial eagles hovering over the scene as the Jews passed by scowling at the pagan rulers of the holy city; and then that marvellous god-like figure wandering about the streets followed by crowds of people, now entering the temple courts to preach to them, and now stopping on his way to heal some lame man or leper; his wanderings along the wearying roads of Galilee; his mingling with the people in the synagogues, the popular gathering-place; his taking part in the service and reading the Scriptures; his final coming up to the holy city, the betrayal, the scenes of his trial, the frantic eagerness of the Jews, the vacillation of Pilate, the terrible suspense and the ultimate triumph of his foes, all these and many more incidents of biblical and gospel history are revived and enacted, as it were, amid the very scenes and in the very places where they once took place. We repeat again, that this work is an excellent commentary and illustration of the gospel narrative; and though the pen of its author has been nobly wielded in the controversial defence of that gospel, yet perhaps even greater good may be done by this exhibition and illustration of the life and work of Christ. To hold him up to the eyes of men is the best antidote to scepticism; and whatever tends to do that, to plant the image of Christ in the hearts of men, is a good work; the illustration of his individuality, standing out as he did in his times, and as he does in every time, distinct from all men and things. We take up the great work of any age, its characteristic achievement, and we find the impress of the age stamped indelibly upon it; it smacks of the time and the scenes. Homer is pervaded with the valor of a mythic heroism, bloodshed and victory. Dante is the very best reflection of mediævalism—its deep, superstitious piety, its weird dreams, and its peculiar theology. Shakespeare, though he has written with spotless purity, yet bears traces of the tolerated licentiousness of the Elizabethan age. But Christ and his gospel stand out distinct, totally distinct from the times and the life when they appeared. That gospel could not have been produced by the age, for it was an antagonism to it; the age was a degenerate one, a mixture of formal ceremony, and licentious unbelief; paganism was waning; Rome becoming debased; the ancient traditions of the Jews were lost in human inventions and Rabbinical fantasies, when, rising up in the midst of all this debasement, this corruption, these anomalies, came Christ and his gospel, pure among rottenpess, gentle in the midst of violence, holy among flagrant infidelity and wanton vice, the Preacher and the preaching both sent from somewhere, but manifestly not from the world, not from oriental barbarism, not from western paganism, not from Jewish corruption; it could then have come from no other place than heaven, and had no other author than God. And when we reflect upon what was compressed in that three years' labor, and compare it with systems which have occupied men's lives to sketch out merely, and taken

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ages to perfect; when we see that this greatest system, which has spread over the whole civilized world by the force of its own truth, was in three short years laid down and consolidated, every principle defined, every rule established, every law delineated, and an impetus given to it by its great Master, which has always kept it advancing in the world against every opposing force, and in spite of every disadvantageous circumstance, all doubt about its individuality, its superhuman character, and its divine origin, must vanish from the mind. Therefore we think, in conclusion, that the best thing for Christians still to do in this world is, to lift up Christ before the eyes of men, no matter how, so that he be lifted up boldly and faithfully, be it by the voice, the pencil, or the pen (as in this instance before us), or, better still, by the more impressive exhibition of Christ in a Christian life. If we wish to save men, let us display him always and everywhere in the confidence that he will fulfil his own divine promise—"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

ORIGINAL.

ON THE APPARITION OF OUR LORD TO THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS.

"Whilst he was at table with them, he took bread, and blessed, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him."

DISCIPLE.

"Lord! grant to thy servant this singular grace,
To gaze but for once on thy beautiful face."

JESUS.

"Most easily may'st thou this blessing secure:
Who gives unto mine, unto me gives instead.
Of thy loaf give a part to my suffering poor,
And thy Lord thou shalt see at the breaking of bread.

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ORIGINAL.

LITTLE SUNBEAM'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

GOD bless you, kind gentlemen, for your merry Christmas, and thank you kindly for these nice things; but you must not be angry if I say I'm almost sorry it is Christmas day, for you see it makes me think about last Christmas and the Christmas before.

I am Mr. Willsup's little girl—Mr. Willsup that is dead, you know. I suppose you think I ought to wear black; and so I would, but mother says we are too poor, and we must only mourn in our hearts. I do mourn in my heart, oh! so much, I can't tell you. I don't like to acknowledge it, and it gives me an ugly pain and a dreadful sinking about my heart when I think of it, but it was on a Christmas night that we lost poor father, and I'm afraid he wasn't right, you understand, at the time.

There was a time when father was such a nice, good man, and when we weren't poor, as we are now. We didn't always live up in this cold, bare garret. We used to live in a fine, large house, all to ourselves; and we had a nice garden in front, full of pretty flowers, and a long back porch with a vine running over it; and we had a beautiful parlor where we talked to the visitors only—not to sleep in and cook in as we do here, when we have any fire; and I had the cosiest little bedroom you ever saw, with a little altar in the corner, and on it a statue of the Blessed Virgin, white as snow; and Chip, that's a canary-bird, hung in his cage in the window when it was fine weather, and eat sugar like a good fellow; and then we had silver forks and spoons; and Zephyr, that's the horse, and Dash, that's our dog, and Pussy, and oh! so many nice things, I never could tell you all in a long time. But we haven't got any of them now, for we are poor, and father's dead, and we must only mourn in our hearts.

I hardly know how to tell you all about it, for though I am little I've seen a good deal; so much bad and trouble that my mind goes quite round and round sometimes thinking over it. If you ever saw poor father after we got to be poor, that wouldn't tell you how he looked as I recollect him. Oh! he was so much changed! I used to be so proud of him, and delighted to go out to walk with him in the street or across the fields; and I used to love him so much—not that I didn't always love him just as much as ever, only I didn't get so much chance to love him, you understand, when he got to stay away from home and be—oh! my heart, how it aches!

Father was a handsome-looking man once, and so smart. Everybody bowed to him in the street. But he got rough and careless, I know, and it made me feel sorry to see him go out without brushing his hat, or asking me to do it for him, as he used to do. And then his face turned to such a different look from old times. It got puffed up and red, and his eyes that I remember were so bright and so deep, for I used to climb up on his knee often, and look 'way down into them, and then he would laugh and ask me if I could see his thoughts, and I almost fancied I could sometimes, and give me a sweet kiss, and call me his darling Susy; but when he changed, you know, his eyes seemed to be, how shall I say it? so flat and soft, and he never seemed to be looking anywhere in particular half the time.

You see it was business and ap-

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pointments that changed him. When I wished him to stay home and we would all enjoy ourselves—for we had the pleasantest times together, father, mother, and me, and baby, that's dead; and perhaps Dash and Pussy too sometimes, you know—then he would be obliged to excuse himself on account of business and appointments, which I fear were not always with the best of people, for when he said he was going out mother would sigh *so* deep and *so* long; and then when he came home late at night I often woke up and heard mother coaxing him and soothing him, and I am sure frequently crying and sobbing, and that would make me cry too, all alone by myself; and so the time went on, till father began to take less and less notice of either mother or of me. As for dear little baby, even when she sickened and died, I don't think he seemed to understand it, and he stood by the grave and looked at the little coffin being let down as if he were dreaming.

It was not long before father left off doing almost any business in the daytime, and only went out at night. I noticed then that we began to sell some of our nice furniture, and our silver forks and spoons. I suppose, as we scarcely ever had any visitors now, we did not need them; but the house began to look bare and desolate and strange, as if it wasn't our house; and the servant quarrelled with mother and left us, and we didn't get another, but mother did the work herself, and it made her sick, for she wasn't used to it. Sam, our man, went away, because after the horse and carriage was sold he had nothing to do. I recollect hearing him say to mother:

"I'd stand by you and Susy, miss, as I've always stood by you, and it's not wages, but times is changed, and I know you ain't able to have me." And then he pulled his hat down over his eyes so far that he had to lift it up again before he could see his way out of the front door; and then ran across the garden and down the street, as if he were running away from somebody. I cried a good deal when mother told me he was not going to come back, for I loved Sam very much, and I'm not ashamed of it either, though Pinkey Silver said I ought to be, for he was just like a brother to me, and a better brother than Pinkey Silver's brother ever was.

Once, on a Christmas eve, I was going to hang up my stocking, as I had always done, for good Santa Claus to put something in it, when mother burst out into such a violent fit of crying that I was afraid she would die. When she could speak to me she wanted me to let Santa Claus go to some other children this year; but I determined to give him a chance to leave me, say, a doll, if he happened to have one left over, and so I slipped down-stairs in my night-gown, after mother had gone to her room, and hung my stocking up in the old place. Just as I had done it, father came staggering in. He was very bad, and fell over several things. The noise brought mother down-stairs, and father, looking at me, said so savagely that it sent all the blood to my heart:

"What devilish nonsense is the girl about?"

"Oh! don't blame the child," said mother, turning pale and getting between him and me. "You know it is Christmas eve, John."

Then he swore many awful oaths, and said he didn't care for Christmas, and that he was not going to be taunted with his poverty by his own children, and went stamping around the room in a furious passion. Mother went up to him to coax him, and put her arms around his neck; but he threw her off and knocked her down, and, though you mayn't believe it, he actually lifted up his foot and stamped upon her face. That is why mother looks so bad now, with those great scars, but she was very beautiful before that, as everybody knows. When mother fell, Dash sprang up from the hearth where he lay curled up, and barked at father.

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"They've all turned against me," said he, "even the dog. But I'll brain *you*," says he to Dash.

When I saw mother trying to get up, with the blood all streaming down her dress from her face and mouth, I got faint, and don't recollect any more until I woke up, it must have been noon next day, with a dreadful headache. I crept out of bed and went into the hall, and there I heard people talking down in the parlor. It was mother, Mrs. Thrifty, our next-door neighbor, and the doctor. The doctor and Mrs. Thrifty were trying to persuade mother to do something, but she kept saying, "Never! I couldn't—poor John!" and words like that.

Such terrible things had taken place and put my mind so astray that I quite forgot I shouldn't listen; but I soon remembered it, and went away. I wondered where father was, and thought I would look in his room to see if he was there. In the old times, before father changed, I used to be let come in, bright and early, to his room, and climb up on a chair and kiss him before he got up; and he used to call me his "Little Sunbeam" that came creeping in to say it was day. There he was now, lying on the bed without taking off his clothes or muddy boots, in a deep, heavy sleep. Oh! I did so want to love him, but I was afraid to wake him up to tell him so, he looked so frightful, gnashing his teeth in his dreams. But I thought I might be "Little Sunbeam" once more, even if he didn't know it, and I got a chair and climbed up, and reached my arm over round his neck and gave him a kiss. It did not seem like father's face, but I suppose I had forgotten, it was so long since I kissed him before. Poor father! I began to mourn in my heart for him then, as mother says we must do now. I was afraid to stay there, but before I went away I knelt down beside the bed and prayed the Blessed Virgin to ask God to make him a good man again, and make him give up drinking, and make mother well, and let me be his "Little Sunbeam" as before. Then I slipped back to my room and dressed myself, and mother came up-stairs with her face all bandaged up, and she told me not to say anything to anybody about the last night.

That Christmas day wasn't like any Christmas day I can ever recollect. I didn't find any toys from Santa Claus in my stocking. We didn't go to mass, nor to see the little Jesus in the Crib, nor to hear the children sing around it. Nor we didn't have any plum pudding; and when I went out on the back porch—oh! dear, how my heart does ache—there lay poor old Dash, with his head split open, and quite dead.

You see I had so many things happen that I don't recollect how things turned out, except that mother and I left our house one day, because we got poor, mother said, and then we came here, and she says we are never to go back because our house is sold to strangers, to whom father was in debt. Pinkey Silver told me that the man who keeps the grog-shop where poor father was stabbed owns it now. And I must tell you about that.

It was the next Christmas day after the last one I told you about. We had nothing to eat all day. Toward evening mother told me to go to Mrs. Thrifty's and ask her to please lend us a loaf of bread. Mrs. Thrifty was gone to a party, and so I had to wait until near nine o'clock, when George Thrifty, that's Mrs. Thrifty's son, came in laughing and singing:

> "Hie for merry Christmas!
> Ho for merry Christmas!
> Hurrah! for Christmas day!"

As soon as I told him what I wanted he ran and got a loaf of bread and a pie and some cakes, and gave it all to me; and then he put his hand in his pocket and turned it inside out, but there wasn't anything in it, and says he:

"Oh! little one, I'm as sorry as if I'd lost my grandmother; but I wish I hadn't spent all my Christmas, for I'd like to give you some money."

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I thanked him very much and came away. As I was coming home I passed the grog-shop I spoke to you about. I heard loud, angry quarrelling and scuffling going on, and father's voice was among the rest. I was afraid to go away, for I did not like to leave father there to get hurt, and thought I had better go in and persuade him to come home with me. I had no sooner put my head in the door than the man who keeps the store told me to "be off, that he didn't want any beggars around his place."

"I don't want to beg," said I, "I want father," and just as I said that I saw a knife flash in the gaslight, and then—O my poor, mourning heart!—poor father staggered and reeled toward me, and as he saw me he cried out:

"Why, is it you, Little Sunbeam! O my God!" and then he fell down across the sill of the door, at my feet, dead.

You see, dear, good gentlemen, you must not be angry if I'm almost sorry it is Christmas. I know everybody ought to be happy when Christmas comes; and I saw a good many little boys and girls to-day as happy as I used to be, for I've been watching them through a little peep-hole I scratched on the frosty window-pane, and it didn't seem real that they should be down there so happy, wishing each other "Merry Christmas," and I up here all alone, mourning in my heart. But you see what has done it all.

Do you think, dear, good gentlemen, that there are any other "Little Sunbeams" like me? Do you think there are any fathers that are changing like mine? Oh! please do run and tell them quick to stop and change back again, or they will get poor like mother and me, and have to live up in a cold, bare garret, and Santa Claus won't come down the chimney on Christmas eve, because their children won't have any stockings to hang up, and they will feel so hungry and so cold in the night. Oh! I could tell them, and mother could tell them, as she tells me, that drink brings a black curse on a family, and that God is angry when he hears the drunkard's children crying for bread. I don't like to cry when I think of that, but I couldn't help it this morning because it is Christmas day.

It's all over now. I do so wish that mother was here to say thank ye for all those nice things, but she won't be home till night, for she's gone over to Mrs. Nabob's to work, where they are to have a great party. But when she comes back I'll tell her all about it, and when we say our prayers to-night we'll ask God to bless the good, kind gentlemen who thought about coming here to wish us a Merry Christmas.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

"As long as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

THERE is a secret chamber in my breast
Of which my Jesus hath sole custody
But if my neighbor willeth there to rest,
Then Jesus kindly lendeth him the key.

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ORIGINAL.

PROBLEMS OF THE AGE.

XI.

THE ORIGINAL STATE OF THE FIRST PARENTS OF MANKIND—THE RELATION OF ADAM TO HIS POSTERITY — THE FALL OF MAN—ORIGINAL SIN.

THE grand theatre of probation is this earth, and its chief subject the human race. The probation of the angels was completed almost instantaneously, and their transit to an immutable state followed almost immediately on their creation. The probation of the human race is long and complicated, diversified and extensive; and by it the most magnificent exhibition is made of the principle of merit. It has also this peculiarity that mankind were created, not merely as individuals, each with his distinct probation, but also as a race; and that the whole race had a probation at its origin, in the person of its progenitor. It is our present task to unfold the Catholic doctrine concerning the nature and results of this original probation of the collective human race in the first epoch of its creation.

The Catholic doctrine teaches, in the first place, that the entire human race, at present inhabiting the globe, is one; not merely in being conformed to one archetype, but also in being descended by generation from one common progenitor, that is, from Adam.

That this is distinctly affirmed in the book of Genesis, which the Catholic Church receives as a portion of the inspired Scripture, according to the obvious and literal sense of the words, is not questioned by any one. It is only necessary, therefore, to show that this obvious and literal sense is proposed by the authority of the Catholic Church as the true sense. That is, that it is an essential portion of Catholic doctrine, that God created at first one pair of human beings, Adam and Eve, from whom all mankind are descended.

It seems evident enough that the archaic records, in which the history of the creation of man is contained, were understood in this sense by those who transmitted them from the beginning of human history, and who first committed them to writing; and by Moses, who incorporated them into the book of Genesis. This was the traditional sense universally received among the Jews, as is manifest from all the monuments of tradition. It is also the sense which is reaffirmed in the other sacred and canonical books which follow those of Moses, wherever they allude to the subject. For instance: "Who knoweth if the spirit of the *children of Adam* ascend upward?"* "Seth and Sem obtained glory among men: and *above every soul Adam in the beginning.*"† The similar traditions of heathen nations are well known. The sacred writers of the New Testament use the same explicit language. The genealogy of Jesus in St. Luke's gospel closes thus: "Who was of Henos, who was of Seth, *who was of Adam, who was of God.*" St. Paul affirms repeatedly and emphatically: "By *one man* sin entered into this world, and by sin death:" "by *the offence of one* many have died:" "the judgment indeed was *by one* unto condemnation:" "by *one man's offence* death reigned through one:" "by the offence of *one*, unto *all men* to condemnation:" "for as *by the disobedience of one man, many were made sin-*

* Eccles. iii. 21. † Ecclus. xlix. 19.

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ners; so also, by the obedience of one, many shall be made just."* These passages are plainly dogmatic, and teach the relation of all men to Adam, as an essential portion of the dogma of original sin. The whole force of the parallel between Adam and Christ depends, also, on the individual personality of the former, and his relation to all mankind without exception, as their head and representative. The same parallel reappears in another epistle: "For by a man came death, and by a man the resurrection of the dead. And as in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be made alive." "*The first man Adam* was made a living soul; the last Adam a quickening spirit. But not first that which is spiritual, but that which is animal; afterward that which is spiritual. The first man was of the earth, earthly; the second man from heaven, heavenly. Such as is the earthly, such also are the earthly; and such as is the heavenly, such also are they that are heavenly. Therefore as we have borne the image of the earthly, let us bear also the image of the heavenly."†

These passages all present the fact of the original creation of mankind in one pair from whom all men are descended in an intimate and essential relation with Christian doctrine, especially with the dogma of original sin. It is, therefore, necessary to regard it as a dogmatic fact, or a fact pertaining to the essence of the revealed truth, which the sacred writers taught with infallibility under the influence of divine inspiration. So it has been always regarded in the church, and is now held by the unanimous consent of theologians. It is also incorporated into the solemn definitions of faith.

The canons of the second council of Milevis, and of the plenary council of Carthage, A.D. 418, against the Pelagians, contain the following definitions:

Can. 1. Placuit, ut quicunque dicit, *Adam primum hominem* mortalem factum, ita, ut sive peccaret, sive non peccaret, moreretur in corpore, hoc est de corpore exiret, non peccati merito, sed necessitate naturæ, anathema sit.

Can. 2. Item placuit, ut quicumque parvulos recentes ab uteris matrum baptizandos negat, aut dicit in remissionem quidem peccatorum eos baptizari, sed nihil ex Adam trahere originalis peccati, quod regenerationis lavacro expietur, unde sit consequens, ut in eis forma baptismatis in remissionem peccatorum non vera, sed falsa intelligatur, anathema sit: quoniam non aliter intelligendum est quod ait Apostolus: Per unum hominem peccatum intravit in mundum, et per peccatum mors, et ita in omnes homines pertransiit, in quo omnes peccaverunt: nisi quemadmodum ecclesia catholica ubique diffusa semper intellexit.

"*Can.* 1. It was decreed, that whosoever says that *Adam, the first man,* was made mortal, so that, whether he sinned or did not sin, he should die in the body, that is, depart from the body, not by the merit of sin, but by the necessity of nature, should be under the ban.

"*Can.* 2. It was also decreed, that whosoever denies that new-born infants are to be baptized, or says that they are to be indeed baptized for the remission of sins, but derive no original sin *from Adam,* which can be expiated in the laver of regeneration, whence it follows that in them the form of baptism is understood to be not true, but false, should be under the ban; since that is not otherwise to be understood which the apostle says: 'By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so it passed upon all men, in whom all have sinned;' *except as the Catholic Church everywhere diffused has always understood it.*"

These canons, although not enacted by ecumenical councils, were nevertheless approved by Popes Innocent I. and Zosimus, by them promulgated to the universal church and ratified by

* St. Luke iii. 38. Rom. v. 12-19.
† 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22, 45-49.

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the consent of the whole body of bishops; so that they are justly included among the final and irreversible decisions of the Catholic Church. The second of these canons was also re-enacted by the Council of Trent, which defined in the clearest terms the dogma of original sin as derived from the sin of Adam, the head of the human race.

1. Si quis non confitetur, *primum hominem Adam*, cum mandatum Dei in paradiso fuisset transgressus, statim sanctitatem, etc., amisisse: A. S.

2. Si quis Adæ prevaricationem sibi soli, et non ejus propagini, asserit nocuisse....aut inquinatum illum per inobedientiæ peccatum, mortem et pœnas corporis tantum in omne genus humanum transfudisse, non autem et peccatum, quod est mors animæ: A. S. cum contradicit Apostolo dicenti: Per unum hominem peccatum intravit in mundum, etc.

3. Si quis *hoc Adæ peccatum, quod origine unum est*, et propagatione, non imitatione, *transfusum omnibus*, inest cuique proprium....per aliud remedium asserit tolli, etc.: A. S.

"1. If any one does not confess that *the first man Adam*, when he had transgressed the commandment of God in paradise, immediately lost sanctity, etc., let him be under the ban.

"2. If any one asserts that the prevarication of Adam injured himself alone, and not his posterity....or that he, being defiled by the sin of disobedience, transmitted death and the pains of the body only to the whole human race, but not also sin, which is the death of the soul, let him be under the ban: since he contradicts the apostle, who says: By one man sin entered into the world, etc.

"3. If any one asserts that *this sin of Adam, which in origin is one*, and being *transferred into all* by propagation, not by imitation, exists in each one as his own....is taken away by any other remedy, etc., let him be under the ban."

All these decrees affirm positively that the whole human race without exception are involved in one common original sin, springing from one transgression committed by the first man Adam, and transmitted from him by generation. The dogma of original sin rests, therefore, on the fact that all mankind are descended from one first man Adam, and is subverted, if this fact is denied. An allegorical interpretation of the sacred history of Genesis, according to which Adam and Eve are taken to symbolize the progenitors of several distinct human species, cannot be admitted as tenable, in accordance with the Catholic faith. For, in this hypothesis, the different human races had each a distinct probation, a separate destiny, a separate fall, and are therefore not involved in one common original sin, but each one in the sin of its own progenitor. This doctrine of original sin, namely, that a number of Adams sinned, and that each one transmitted his sin to his own progeny, so that every man is born in an original sin derived from some one of the various primeval men, is essentially different from the Catholic doctrine as clearly taught by Scripture and tradition, and defined by the authority of the church. Moreover, the unity and individuality of Adam, as the sole progenitor of the human race, is distinctly affirmed in the decrees just cited, and in all the subsequent decrees concerning the primitive state of man which have emanated from the Holy See, and are received by the universal church. We must consider, therefore, the doctrine of the unity of the human race as pertaining to the faith. Perrone affirms this, in these words: "Prop. II. *Universum humanum genus ab Adam omnium protoparente propagatium est.* Hæc propositio spectat ad fidem; huic enim innititur dogma de propagatione peccati originalis." "*The entire human race has been propagated from Adam the first parent of all.* This proposition pertains to faith; for upon it rests the dogma of the propagation of original sin."*

* Perrone, Præl. Theol. De Hom. Creat.

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Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, who is not only one of the most learned of our theologians, but a man profoundly versed in the physical sciences, in a very able and interesting lecture recently delivered in New York, thus speaks on this matter:

"Some nowadays, disregarding all that Holy Scripture teaches us concerning the origin of man, or treating it as a myth and fable, referring at most only to the Caucasian race, pretend that America had her own special Adam and Eve, or, as they think more probable, quite a number of them contemporaneously or successively in different localities.

"I shall not here undertake to discuss this last opinion, *ventured certainly against the teachings of divine revelation*, and, as I conceive, no less against the soundest principles of philosophy, of comparative anatomy, of philology, and of natural history. I will assume it as an established and accepted truth, that God made all nations of one blood."*

The only point we have been endeavoring to make, that the doctrine of the unity of the race pertains to essential Catholic doctrine, is, we think, fairly made. The scientific refutation of the contrary hypothesis is a work most desirable, in our opinion, but one requiring a degree of scientific knowledge which the author does not possess. It is a work, also, which could be accomplished only by an extensive treatise. The judgment of the distinguished author just cited may be taken, however, as a summing up of the verdict of a great body of scientific men, given on scientific grounds, in favor of the doctrine of the unity of the race. The contrary doctrine is mere hypothesis, which no man can possibly pretend to demonstrate. It cannot, therefore, be brought out to oppose the revealed Catholic doctrine. Hypothesis, even when supported by a certain amount of scientific probability, is not science. Real science is indubitably certain. There cannot, therefore, ever arise a real contradiction between science and revelation. Science will never contradict revelation, and revelation does not contradict any part of science which is already known or ever will become known. We are not, however, to hold our belief in revealed truths in abeyance, until their perfect agreement with scientific truths is demonstrated. Nor are we to tolerate mere hypotheses and probable opinions in science when they are contrary to truths known by revelation, because they cannot be demonstrated to be false on purely scientific grounds.

There are only two real difficulties to be encountered in the solution of the scientific problem. One is, the difficulty of accounting for the variations in type, language, etc., between different families of the human race within the commonly received historic period. The other is the difficulty of explaining certain discoveries in the historical monuments of Egypt, and certain geological discoveries of the remains of man or human works, in accordance with the same period. It has been justly and acutely remarked by a recent British writer on this subject, that the objections made under this second head, if they are sufficient to establish the necessity of admitting a longer chronology, destroy the objections under the first head. Given a longer time for these changes, and the difficulty of supposing them to be real variations from a unique type vanishes. The chronological difficulties under the second head are of two classes. One class relates to the history of well-known post-diluvian nations, whose historical records have been discovered, indicating a longer period than the one commonly reckoned between the age of Noah and that of Moses. The other relates to tribes or individuals about whom nothing is known historically, but to whom geological evidence assigns a higher antiquity than that commonly allowed

* Lecture by the Rt. Rev. P. N. Lynch, D.D., on America before Columbus. Reported in the New York Tablet.

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to the epoch of the creation of man. Now, these difficulties in no way tend to impugn the doctrine of the unity of the race, but merely the chronology of the history of the race from the epoch of the creation of the first man, which has been commonly supposed to be established by the authority of Scripture. If this last supposition may be classed among theological opinions not pertaining to essential Catholic doctrine, and we may be permitted, *salvâ fide et auctoritate Ecclesiæ*, to admit a chronology long enough to satisfy these claims of a higher antiquity for man, all difficulty vanishes. One thing is certain, that if the inspired books of Moses did originally contain an exact chronology of human history from Adam to the Exodus of Israel, we cannot now ascertain within fifteen hundred years what it was, since there is that amount of variation between the Hebrew and Greek copies. The weight of probability is decidedly in favor of the Septuagint, which gives the longer chronology. Yet, it is impossible to explain how the variation between the Septuagint and the Hebrew, and the variation of the Samaritan version from both, arose. The great essential facts pertaining to religious doctrine have been handed down by Scripture and tradition in their unimpaired integrity. We are bound to believe that the providence of God watched over their transmission, and protected them from any designed or accidental alteration. Some general principles and data of chronology are included in this essential history, which is guaranteed to us by inspiration and the authority of the church. Nevertheless, these chronological data are manifestly so incomplete and imperfect, that a precise and accurate chronological system cannot be deduced from them. So far as it is possible to form a chronological system at all, it must be done by the help of all the collateral evidence we can find. This evidence, so far as we are aware, does not tend to establish, with a high degree of probability, an epoch of creation more than a few thousand years earlier than the common one of 4,000 years before Christ. This is certainly true of the historical records of Egypt, the principal source of new light on the ancient historical epochs. We are warranted by the Septuagint in adding fifteen hundred years to the common period. It is only, however, on critical and historical grounds that the Septuagint has greater authority on this point than the Hebrew, and not as having a higher sanction. For the Hebrew is the original and authentic Scripture, and the authorized Latin Version follows it, and not the Greek. If we can admit, then, a chronology longer by fifteen hundred years than the one contained in the received text, on historical grounds, why not one still longer, if sound historical evidence demands it? Supposing that the Scripture originally did contain a complete and infallible system of chronology, it is evident that the key to it was lost many ages ago; and we can just as easily suppose that the discrepancy between the Mosaic chronology as it now stands and the chronology of the Egyptian records has arisen by the same causes which produced the discrepancy of the Hebrew and Greek texts, as we can assign causes why so great a discrepancy should arise at all, and reconcile this with the reverence due to the sacred books.* This is a matter which needs to be more thoroughly discussed than it has been, by theologians who are fully acquainted with the subject, before we can lay down positively a principle upon which to solve the difficulty. We reject, however, as unprovable and untenable, all theories which throw the antiquity of man back to an epoch of vast remoteness, and assign hundreds or

* Archbishop Manning says: "No system of chronology is laid down in the sacred books. There are at least three chronologies, probable and admissible, apparently given by Holy Scripture. It cannot be said, therefore, that there are chronological faults in Holy Scripture, forasmuch as no ascertained chronology is there declared."—Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost, p. 171, American edition.

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thousands of centuries to a prehistoric period, of which no records remain. It is on geological discoveries solely that this hypothesis is based. At present it is only a conjecture, founded on the fact that human remains have been found of a greater antiquity than those formerly known, whence it is concluded that they may hereafter be discovered of a greater antiquity still. We may safely wait for geology itself to clear up the obscurity at present existing in regard to this matter, and to set right, as science invariably does, the early and hasty conjectures of its own votaries. Whichever way the matter may be settled, the fossil remains of human skeletons or human works will be assignable either to a period not too remote to be included in the historic period, or to one so remote that it must be excluded from it. In the first case, there is no difficulty. In the second, nothing is established from which the falsity of our thesis can be demonstrated. Our thesis is, that the present human race now inhabiting the earth is descended from one man, Adam. When there is any very probable evidence presented that another and distinct species, having a physical organization like that of the human race, once existed on the earth, from which it has become extinct, it will be time to examine that theory. For the present we are concerned with Adam only and his race; to which both our readers and ourselves have but too conclusive evidence that we all belong.*

* The Gentle Skeptic, by Rev. C. A. Walworth, now pastor of St. Mary's Church, Albany, treats of several [illegible] in a curious manner. The work is the result of several years' close and accurate study in the [illegible] It has, in fact, the [illegible] and appropriate finish of a work executed with care and diligence by one who is both a strong [illegible] and a ready writer. In style it is a model of [illegible] clearness and purity, and in every respect it deserves a place among the best works of [illegible] Catholic literature. The [illegible] has been employed in a [illegible] which it is impossible for Catholic readers to [illegible] The [illegible] has taken place in the minds of scientific men [illegible] a few years, and the [illegible] of science [illegible] the [illegible] was written on the subject, [illegible] and will be read, to a great degree, [illegible] The subject needs to be treated in a fresh and [illegible] manner adequate to the present [illegible] wants of the age.

We have now to consider what Catholic doctrine teaches of that state in which the first parents of the human race were constituted at their creation. Briefly, it is this: that this was a supernatural state of sanctity and justice, in which were contained, or with which were connected, the gift of integrity, or immunity from concupiscence, the gift of science, and the gift of corporeal immortality.

That man was created in sanctity and justice is affirmed as *de fide* by the decree of the Council of Trent, a part of which is cited above, in which Adam is declared "to have lost immediately the *sanctity and justice in which he had been constituted:*" "statim sanctitatem et justitiam in quo constitutus fuerat amisisse." That he possessed integrity is proved by the same decree, which declares that by the fall he was "changed *as to his body and soul into something worse:*" "secundum corpus et animam in deterius commutatum fuisse." That he possessed science is proved by the declaration of the book of Ecclesiasticus: "Disciplinâ intellectus replevit illos. Creavit illis scientiam spiritus:" "He filled them with the knowledge of understanding. He created in them the science of the spirit."* This is explained and corroborated by the traditional teaching of all the fathers and great theologians of the church. His immunity from death is proved by the decrees above cited and others familiar to all.

It is shown to be the Catholic doctrine that these gifts were supernatural, by the condemnation of the contrary doctrine by the Holy See. The following theses of Baius, one of the precursors of Jansenism, were condemned by Pius V. and Gregory XIII.:

"21. Humanæ naturæ sublimatio et exaltatio in consortium divinæ naturæ, debita fuit integritati primæ conditionis, et proinde naturalis dicenda est, et non supernaturalis; 26. Integritas primæ creationis non fuit indebita humanæ naturæ exaltatio, sed

* Eccles. xvii. 5, 6.

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naturalis ejus conditio; 55. Deus non potuisset ab initio talem creare hominem qualis nunc nascitur; 78. Immortalitas primi hominis non erat gratiæ beneficium, sed naturalis conditio; 79. Falsa est doctorum sententia primum hominem potuisse a Deo creari et institui sine justitiâ naturali." Clement XI., in the Bull *Unigenitus*, also condemned the following proposition, the 33d of Quesnel: "Gratia Adami est sequela creationis et erat debita naturæ sanæ et integræ."

"21. The elevation and exaltation of human nature into the fellowship of the divine nature was due to the integrity of its first condition, and is therefore to be called natural and not supernatural; 26. The integrity of the primal creation was not an exaltation of human nature which was not due to it, but its natural condition; 55. God could not have created man from the beginning such as he is now born; 78. The immortality of the first man was not a benefit of grace, but his natural condition; 79. The opinion of doctors is false, that the first man could have been created and instituted by God without natural justice (righteousness.") 33d of Quesnel: "The grace of Adam is a sequel of creation, and was due to sound and integral nature."

It is plain from the decisions which have been quoted, and from the consentient doctrine of all Catholic doctors, that the Catholic doctrine is: that the state of original sanctity and integrity did not flow from the intrinsic, essential principles of human nature, and was not due to it, but was a free gift of grace superadded to nature, that is, supernatural. We do not, however, censure the opinion held by some sound Catholic writers, that congruity, order, or the fitness of things, exacts that supernatural grace be always given to rational nature. It is our own opinion, already clearly enough insinuated, that, although the completion and perfection of the universe does exact that a supernatural order should be constituted, it does not exact the elevation of all rational species or individuals to this order. This opinion appears to be more in accordance with the obvious sense of the decrees just cited. It is also the opinion of St. Thomas, and, after him, of the more prevalent school of theology. St. Thomas thus expresses himself upon this point: "Poterat Deus, a principio quando hominem condidit, etiam alium hominem ex limo terræ formare, quem in conditione suæ naturæ relinqueret, ut scilicet mortalis et passibilis esset et pugnam concupiscentiæ ad rationem sentiens, in quo nihil humanæ naturæ derogaretur, quia hoc ex principiis naturæ consequitur; non tamen iste defectus in eo rationem culpæ et pœnæ habuisset, quia non per voluntatem iste defectus causatus esset." "God could have formed, from the beginning when he created man, also another man from the dust of the earth, whom he might have left in the condition of his own nature, that is, so that he would have been mortal and passible, and would have felt the conflict of concupiscence against reason, in which there would have been nothing derogatory to human nature, because this follows from the principles of nature; nevertheless this defect in him would not have had the quality of sin and punishment, because this defect would not have been caused by the will."*

The sanctifying grace conferred upon Adam is very clearly shown, according to this view, to have been a pure and perfectly gratuitous boon from God, to which human nature, as such, could have no claim whatever, even of congruity.

The nature of the probation of the father of mankind is now easily explained. He received a gratuitous gift on conditions, and these conditions were the matter of his probation. Our scope and limits do not admit of a minute discussion of the particular circumstances of the trial and fall of Adam in Paradise. The point to be considered is the relation in which

* 2 Sentent., Dist. 31, qu. 1, art. 2 ad 3.

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Adam stood to all mankind his posterity in his trial, transgression, and condemnation. The Catholic dogma of faith on this head is clearly defined and unmistakable. The whole human race was tried, fell, and was condemned, in the trial, fall, and condemnation of Adam. It is needless to cite again the passages of Holy Scripture and the decisions of the church which establish this fundamental doctrine of Christianity. The only question to be discussed is, What is the real sense and meaning of the doctrine? How did all mankind sin in Adam, and by his transgression incur the condemnation of death? What is the nature of that original sin in which we are born?

One theory is that the sin of Adam is arbitrarily imputed to his posterity. As a punishment for this imputed sin, they are born depraved, with an irresistible propensity to sin, and under the doom of eternal misery. The statement of this theory is its best refutation. Very few hold it now, and we may safely leave to Protestant writers the task of demonstrating its absurdity.

Another theory is, that all human wills were included in the will of Adam, so that they all concurred with his will in the original transgression.* We find some difficulty in comprehending this statement. Did we all have a distinct existence, and enjoy a deliberative and decisive vote when the important question of human destiny was decided? If so, the unanimity of the judgment, and the total oblivion which has fallen upon us all, respecting our share in it and our whole subsequent existence, until a very recent period, are very remarkable phenomena which we have never seen adequately accounted for. The only other alternative is that of indistinct existence or virtual existence. That is, that the power of generating souls was in Adam, and that all human souls are actually derived from his soul by generation. Suppose they are. A father who has lost an organ or a limb does not necessarily transmit this defect to his posterity. Even if he does transmit some defect which he has contracted by his own fault to his son, that son is not to blame for it. If the principle of all souls was in Adam, virtually, their personality, which is the principle of imputability, commences only with their distinct existence. Personality is incommunicable. An individual soul cannot communicate with another in the principle of identity, from which all imputability of acts, all accountability, all possibility of moral relations, proceeds. This notion of the derivation of souls, one from another, or from a common soul-reservoir, is, however, one perfectly inconceivable, and contrary to the plainest principles of philosophy. Substance is simple and indivisible. Spirit, which is the most perfect substance, contains, therefore, in its essence the most manifest contradiction to all notion of composition, resolution, division, or separation of parts. The substance of Adam's soul was completely in his own individual intelligence and will. The notion of any other souls deriving their substance from his soul is therefore wholly without meaning. There is no conceivable way in which spirit can produce spirit, except by creation, an act to which created spirit is incompetent.

There remains, therefore, only the doctrine, which is that of Catholic theology, that the human species is corporeally propagated by means of generation, and was therefore, in this respect only, virtually in Adam; but that each individual soul is immediately created by God, and comes into the generic and specific relations of humanity through its union in one integral personality with the body. How, then, can each individual soul become involved in original sin? Does God create it sinful? This cannot be; and if it could it would not be the sin of Adam, or the sin of the race, but its own personal sin. The soul as it comes from the hand of God cannot be sin-

* We refer the reader to the arguments of Candace in Mrs. Stowe's Minister's Wooing, for a humorous but unanswerable refutation of the ancient Calvinistic doctrine of original sin.

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ful in act. The only possible supposition remaining is, that the soul contracts sin from contact or union with the body. Here the Calvinist, the Jansenist, or any other who maintains that original sin consists in positive depravation of the soul's essence, or in habitual moral perversity, or determination of the will to sin, is in a position where he cannot move a step forward. How can *soul* be corrupted by body? How has the innocent soul deserved to be thrust into a body by which it must be polluted? These questions will never receive an answer. Nor will any credible or rational method of vindicating the doctrine that all men are born totally and positively depraved, or with a nature in any respect essentially evil, on account of Adam's sin, ever be discovered. The doctrine is utterly incredible and unthinkable, and will no doubt ere long have a place only in the history of past errors.

The way is now clear for the exposition of the Catholic doctrine respecting the mutual relations of Adam and his posterity in the original probation, trial, and fall of the human race immediately after its creation. That probation of Adam, in which the human race was included, must not be understood as including the entire personal probation either of himself or of his descendants. His own probation lasted during his lifetime, and so does that of each individual man. Had he been faithful in that particular trial which is related in the first chapter of Genesis, it is probable that, although the special privileges whose perpetuation depended on it would certainly have been secured to the race, he himself would have had a longer personal trial. So also, if the progeny of Adam had been confirmed in the perpetual possession of the privileges of the primeval state, each individual of the human race would have had a probation of his own, affecting his own personal destiny alone. Although each one of us would have been conceived and born in the state of original grace and integrity, as the Blessed Virgin was by a special privilege, as soon as the actual exercise of reason became completely developed, a period of probation would have commenced, in which we should have been liable to fail, as we are now after receiving grace through baptism.

The probation of the human race in Adam was, therefore, a special probation, on which the possession in perpetuity of certain supernatural privileges, freely and gratuitously conceded to the race, was alone dependent. The merely personal consequences of the sin of Adam and Eve affected themselves alone individually. That is, the guilt of an actual transgression with the necessary personal consequences following from it attached to them alone, and we have nothing to do with it, any more than with any other sins committed by our intermediate progenitors. The father of the human race did not act, however, in a merely individual capacity in this transaction. He was the federal head and representative of the race. A trust was committed to him in behalf of all mankind, and this trust was the great gift of original sanctity and justice, the high dignity of supernatural affiliation to God, the glorious title to the kingdom of heaven. By his sin he forfeited this gift in trust, both for himself as an individual, and also for his descendants who were to have inherited it from him. There is no ground for asking the question, why it followed that Adam, having fallen, should transmit a fallen nature by generation to his posterity. This question is only asked on the supposition that fallen nature is a nature essentially changed and depraved, whereas it is really a nature which has fallen from a supernatural height back to its own proper condition. With all due respect to the eminent writers who have attempted to answer this question, we must be allowed to say that we cannot attach any definite meaning to their answer. Adam, they say, having a fall-

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en nature, could only transmit the nature which he had. All humanity was in him when he sinned, and therefore humanity as generic having fallen into sin, each individual who participates by conception in generic humanity participates in its sin, or is conceived in original sin. This language may be used and understood in a true sense; but in its literal sense, and as it is very generally understood, it has no meaning. It is derived from the extravagant and unintelligible realism of William of Champeaux, and some other schoolmen, according to which humanity as a genus has a real and positive entity, like the great animal *in se* of Plato, from whom all particular animals receive their entity. These notions have long since become obsolete, and it is useless to refute them. The human genus or species was completely in Adam, but it was not distinct from his individuality; rather it was completely in his individuality constituting it in its own generic or specific grade of existence, as the individuality of a man. Humanity is also completely in every other human individual. This humanity, constituting the specific essence of Adam, as a man, was identical with his existence, for existence is only metaphysical essence reduced to act. It could not be essentially changed without destroying his human existence. Whatever is contained in *humanitas* must have remained in him after the fall, otherwise he would no longer have remained a man, or indeed have continued to exist at all. It is only this *humanitas*, or specific essence of humann ature, that Adam had any natural power to reproduce by generation. He could not have lost the power of transmitting it by the fall, except by losing altogether the power of reproducing his species. The immediate, physical effect of generation is merely the production of the life-germ, from which the body is developed under the formative action of a soul, created immediately by God. The only depravation or corruption of nature, therefore, which is physically possible, or which can be supposed to follow by a necessary law from the corruption of nature in Adam, is a corruption or degeneracy in this life-germ, through which a defective or degenerate body is produced. This opinion has been long ago condemned by the church. It is, moreover, contrary to science. The human animal is perfect as an animal, and although there is accidental degeneracy in individuals, there is no generic or specific degeneracy of the race from its essential type. But supposing that a defective body were the necessary consequence of Adam's sin, a defective soul could not be. The parent does not concur to the creation of the soul of his offspring, except as an occasional cause. God creates the soul, and he cannot create a human soul without creating it in conformity to the metaphysical archetype of soul in his own idea, and therefore having the essence of soul completely in itself. How, then, can the infusion of this soul into a body which is physically degenerate make it unworthy of that degree of the love of God and of that felicity, which it is worthy of intrinsically, and apart from its union with the body?

There is no law in nature by virtue of which Adam must or could transmit anything essentially more than human nature before the fall, or essentially less after the fall. The law by which he was entitled to transmit privileges or gifts additional to nature on condition of his fulfilling the terms of God's covenant with him was therefore a positive law; like those human laws which enable men to transmit with their blood property, titles of nobility, or the hereditary right to a crown. These privileges may be forfeited, by the crime of an individual in whom they are vested, for himself and for his posterity. They may be forfeited for posterity, because they are not natural rights. In the same manner, the supernatural gifts conferred on Adam were forfeited for the human race by his sin, because they were

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not natural rights, or *debita naturæ*, but gratuitous gifts to which Adam's posterity had no hereditary right, except that derived from the sovereign concession of God, and conceded only in a conditional manner. This conditional right could only be perfected by the obedience of Adam to the precept of the Almighty forbidding him to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. As he failed to obey this precept, his posterity never acquired a perfect right to the gifts of supernatural grace through him. By virtue, therefore, of our descent from him, we possess nothing but human nature and those things which naturally belong to it; we are born in the state in which Adam would have been placed at the beginning if God had created him in the state of pure nature.

We do not stand, therefore, before God, by virtue of our conception and birth from the first parents of mankind, in the attitude of personal offenders or voluntary transgressors of his law. Our essential relation to God as rational creatures is not broken. Our nature is essentially good, and capable of attaining all the good which can be evolved from its intrinsic principles; that is, all natural knowledge, virtue, and felicity. That which is immediately created by God must be essentially good. A spirit is essentially intelligence and will, and therefore good in respect to both, or capable of thinking the truth and willing the good. Moreover, it is a certain philosophical truth that when God creates a spirit he must create it in act, or that the activity of the spirit is coeval with its existence. The first act or state of a spirit, as it precedes all reflection, deliberation, or choice, and flows necessarily from the creative act of God himself, is determined by him, and must therefore be good. The acts which follow, either follow necessarily from the first, or are the product of free deliberation. In the first case, they are necessarily good; and in the second they may be good, otherwise they would be necessarily evil, which is contrary to the supposition that they are free. The human soul being in its essence spirit, and incapable of being corrupted by the body, must therefore be essentially good at the moment when it attains the full exercise of reason and of the faculty of free choice. If so, it is capable of apprehending by its intelligence and choosing by its will that which is good, and cannot, therefore, come into the state of actual sin or become a personal transgressor except by a free and deliberate purpose to violate the eternal law, with full power to the contrary. It may exercise this power to the contrary by a correct judgment, a right volition, and thus attain the felicity which is the necessary consequence of acting rationally and conscientiously. So far as this is possible to mere unassisted nature, it may continue to put forth a series of acts of this kind during the whole period of its earthly existence. That is to say, it is capable of attaining all the good which can be evolved from its intrinsic principles, or all natural knowledge, virtue, and felicity. This is equivalent to saying, that it can have a natural knowledge and love of God, as is affirmed by the best theologians with the sanction of the church. For Pius V. has condemned the following proposition, the 34th of Baius: "Distinctio illa duplicis amoris, naturalis videlicet quo Deus amatur ut auctor naturæ, et gratuiti quo Deus amatur ut beatificator, vana est et commentitia et ad illudendum sacris litteris et plurimis veterum testimoniis excogitata." "The distinction of a twofold love, namely, natural, by which God is loved as the author of nature, and gratuitous, by which God is loved as the beatifier, is vain and futile, and invented for the purpose of evading that which is taught by the Holy Scriptures and by many testimonies of the ancient writers."* It would be easy to multiply proofs that the doctrine of man's capability of moral virtue, from the intrin-

* Denziger's Enchirid., p. 305.

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sic principles of his nature, is the genuine Catholic doctrine.* This is not necessary, however, at present.

We proceed to another point, namely, How it is that mankind can be said to be born in original sin, when they are innocent of all personal and actual sin at the time of birth? The state in which Adam's posterity are born, and which is denominated the state of original sin, considered subjectively, is a state of privation of supernatural grace and integrity. If man had been created for a natural destiny, this state of inability to the supernatural would not have been a state of sin. If he had been created in the state in which he is now born, as a preparatory state to the state of grace, to be endowed at a subsequent period with supernatural gifts, it would not have been a state of sin. Entitively it would have been the same state as that in which he is now born. It would not have been a state of sin, because the state of sin receives its denomination from a voluntary transgression which produces it. The particular notion of sin is an aversion from God as the supreme good produced by the voluntary election of an inferior good in his place. The posterity of Adam are born in a state of habitual aversion from God as the supreme good in the supernatural order, which is the consequence of the original sin of Adam. Since they virtually possessed a right to be born in the state of grace and integrity, which was forfeited by his sin, the state of privation in which they are born, relatively to their original ideal condition and to the transgression by which they were degraded from it, is properly denominated a state of sin. This is incurred by each individual soul through its connection with the body which descends from our first parents by generation, because it is this infusion into a human body which constitutes it a member of the human race. As a member of the human race, and by virtue of his descent from Adam, each individual man participates in all the generic relations of the race. If Adam had not sinned, he would have received by inheritance from him a high dignity and great possessions, transmitted to him through the blood: as the case is, he is born disinherited. There is no injustice or unkindness in this; because the rights which have been forfeited were not rights involved in the concession of rational existence itself, but rights gratuitously conceded on certain conditions, and because no personal blame is imputed where none exists. The illustration so often employed by theologians of a nobleman who has suffered attainder is perfectly apt to the case. His posterity are born under an attainder, which in human law corresponds to original sin under the divine law, and are thus placed in a state of privation; relatively to that condition of nobility which was formerly hereditary in the family; but which in itself is an honest condition. In the eye of the law, their father's crime makes them incapable of the privileges of nobility, but it does not deprive them of the common rights of private subjects.

So the children of Adam, on account of his sin, inherit a disability to possess the nobility of the state of grace and to inherit the kingdom of heaven. This disability is inherent in the person of each one, and therefore "*inest cuique proprium.*" It is a separation from God incurred by the transgression of Adam, who represented the human race in his trial, and therefore is truly and properly sin. It is a privation of grace which is the supernatural life of the soul, and is therefore properly called death, or "*mors animæ.*" The "*reatus culpæ*" is the obligation of being born in a state of relative degradation, and the "*reatus pœnæ*" the obligation of undergoing the conflicts, sufferings, and death which belong to the state of despoiled nature, as well as submitting to the sentence of exclusion from the kingdom of God. By it, human nature has been changed into something worse as to soul and

* See Aspirations of Nature, by Rev. I. T. Hecker, passim.

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body, "*in deterius mutatur quoad corpus et animam*," because it is now deprived of integrity, immortality, and sanctifying grace. Nevertheless this state is essentially the same with that which would have been the state of man if he had been created in the state of pure nature. Man in the state of lapsed nature differs from man in the state of pure nature, as Perrone says, only as *nudatus* from *nudo*, one denuded from one always nude. This is original sin, which consists formally, as St. Thomas teaches, in the privation of sanctifying grace and the other gratuitous gifts perfecting nature which depended on it. Mankind, therefore, by the sin of Adam, have simply fallen back on the state of pure nature, and are born with those attributes and qualities only which are contained in human nature by virtue of its intrinsic principles. To understand, therefore, the condition, capabilities, and ultimate destiny of man, apart from the grace which comes through the Redeemer, we have simply to inquire into the essence of these intrinsic principles, and ascertain what man is, simply as man, what he can do, and what is the end he can attain by his earthly life.

Man, as to his rational nature, is in the lowest grade of rational creatures. Except under very favorable circumstances, his intelligence is very imperfectly developed, and so far as it is developed it is chiefly employed in perfecting his merely exterior and social life. Under the most favorable circumstances his progress is slow, his capacity of contemplating purely intellectual and spiritual objects weak and limited. As to his body, he is also frail and delicate, and naturally liable to death. Moreover, there is in his constitution, as a being composed of soul and body, a certain contrariety of natural impulses, one set of impulses inclining him to rational good, the other to sensible or animal good. Like the inferior animals, he is capable of an improvement of his species up to a certain point which cannot be fixed, and also liable to a degeneracy which brings him down to a state little above that of the brutes, and even to idiocy. There are indications enough in his soul of a latent capacity for a much higher and more exalted state, to make it certain that his present condition is one of merely inchoate existence, and that he is destined to a future life in which these latent capacities will be developed in a more perfect corporeal organization. The great difficulty of forming an ideal conception of the state in which he would have been constituted, had he been left to his merely natural development, consists in the fact that we have no human subject to study except man as he actually is, that is, under a supernatural providence from the beginning. The actual development of human nature has taken place under the influence of supernatural grace, and we cannot discriminate in human history the operation of natural causes from those which are supernatural. There are three principal hypotheses respecting the possible development of pure nature which may be sustained with more or less plausibility. The first is, that the human race, beginning in its perfection of type as a species, but without any revelation of language, or any instruction in natural theology, morals, or science, would have remained always in the same state in which it was created, without any intellectual or moral progress. According to this view, the present state of man on earth would have been a mere stage of existence, which could have no ulterior end, except the production of a species destined to begin its higher life in a future state. The second hypothesis is, that the human race, beginning from the same point of departure, might have progressed slowly, through very long periods of time, to a high limit of civilization, knowledge, virtue, and natural religion. The third is, that a kind of natural revelation, including a positive system of religion, morals, and science, would have been requisite; in a word, that human society must have been placed

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at first, by the immediate intervention of the Creator, in the state of civilization, and conducted in its course by a continuance of the same intervention. We have little room, however, for anything beyond conjecture in this matter. The only point we are anxious to establish is, that the state in which we are now born is not one intrinsically evil; that it is not one derogatory to human nature as such; that it is not one in which God might not create man in consistency with his sanctity and goodness.

This point is established on sound theological and philosophical principles; and from these principles it follows that all the phenomena of man which are referrible to his original fall are the natural consequence of his human constitution, and not evidences of a positive, innate depravity. He is a weak, frail, inconstant creature, easily led away by the senses and passions, liable to fall into many errors and sins, but he is not an object of loathing and abhorrence to his Creator, or an outcast from his love. He has in him all the primary elements of natural virtue, the germ from which a noble creature can be developed. Nevertheless, although his natural condition is one which is not derogatory to himself or his Creator, it seems to cry out for the supernatural. Its actual weakness and imperfection, coupled with its latent capacities for a high development, mark it as being, what it is, the most fitting subject for the grace of God; and indicate that it was created chiefly to exemplify in the most signal manner the gratuitous love and bounty of the Creator. It is only in the idea of the supernatural order that we can find the adequate explication and solution of all the problems relating to the destiny of man. For that order he was created by an absolute, not a conditional decree of God. The fulfilment of that decree was not risked on the issue of Adam's probation. According to our view, the creation of man was only the inchoation of the incarnation of the Eternal Word in human nature; and the decree of the incarnation being absolute, the elevation of human nature was necessary and must be efficaciously secured. The fall of man from original grace could not therefore hinder it. After the sin of Adam, the human race had still a supernatural destiny, and was under the supernatural order of Providence. The divine decree to confer grace on man was not abrogated, but only the form and mode under which the grace was to be conferred were changed. Moreover, by this change, the human race was, on the whole, a gainer, and came into a better and more favorable position for attaining its destiny. There was a reason both for the original constitution of man in the grace of Adam, and also for the change of that constitution which followed upon Adam's sin. By the original grant of grace, God showed to mankind his magnificent liberality and good-will. He gave them also an ideal which has remained imperishably in their memory of the state of perfection, and left a sweet odor of paradise to cheer them along their rugged road of labor and trial. By the withdrawal of that grace he brought them under a dispensation of mercy, in which their condition is more humble and painful, but safer and more advantageous for gaining the highest merit.

St. Francis de Sales says: "L'état de la redemption vaut cent fois plus que l'état de la justice originelle:" "The state of redemption is a hundred times preferable to the state of original justice."* The church herself, in her sublime hymn *Exultet*, breaks out into the exclamation: "O certé necessarium Adæ peccatum; O felix culpa! quæ tantum et talem habere meruit Redemptorem!" "O certainly necessary sin of Adam; O happy fault! which merited to know such and so great a Redeemer!" We have no reason to lament our lost paradise, or

* This thought has been beautifully developed by Mr. Simpson in some Essays on Original Sin, published in The Rambler.

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to mourn over the fall of our first parents. Our new birth in Christ is far better than that ancient inheritance forfeited in Eden. The consideration of the mystery o. redemption must be postponed, however, for a future number.

ORIGINAL.

MY CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE Christmas logs were blazing bright, the house was all aglow,
Five little stockings brimming full were hanging in a row;
The balls of golden, silver, red, upon the Christmas tree,
Like fire-flies glancing through the green, were shining merrily,
And gifts for May and Josey, and for Maggie, Kate, and Will,
From bending top to sturdy root, the swaying branches fill;
And I, my labors all complete, sat watching through the night,
For well I knew that busy feet, before the morning-light,
Would patter, patter down the stairs in merry Christmas glee,
And warm and bright as love could make, must their first welcome be.
The while I mused upon their joy, with eyes fixed on the door,
The fairest form I ere had seen glided the threshold o'er—
A sweet and gentle maiden "waxen little past the child,"
And close upon her steps a man of visage grave and mild.
As the fair maiden nearer drew, I saw her small hands prest
The loveliest new-born baby that e'er slept on mortal breast—
Albeit, five fair little buds had blossomed on mine own,
Such winning grace of perfectness mine heart had never known.
Adown, in sudden rapture caught, I fell on bended knee,
For Jesus and Saint Mary and Saint Joseph were with me!
The Maiden Mother gently bent, and in my trembling hands
Laid little baby-Jesus, wrapt up in his swaddling bands.
"Give rest and food and shelter unto him who for your sake
Hath reft himself of all things," thus the Maiden Mother spake;
"Each Christmas eve we, journeying, as once in Bethlehem,
At every Christian door-step ask for shelter, as of them
Who in my mother's maiden home had room for all save him
Before whose throne of living light bow down the seraphim.
And ofttimes now, as on that night, rejected, we depart,
As though they were Judean inns, from many a Christian heart.
With warmth and light and merry feasts ye hail his natal-day,
But who have place for Jesus Christ who in the manger lay?
Mosttimes the doors are closely barred, the fire-light is grown dim,
And few who watch as now you watch, keep watch or ward for *him*."

Her tones were tender, sweet, and low, but through the crust of years
They found the blessed, blessed fount of humble, contrite tears;
And as they overflowed mine eyes, and plashed upon his head,
The baby woke to life and warmth, who seemed so cold and dead;
And pointing where a little gift for "Christ's poor" lowly lay
Beneath the tree so richly bowed, he smiled, and passed away.
Ah! me, how little seemed the share that I had laid aside
To give to him who for our sake was born and crucified!
He held back naught, the last red drop flowed out for you and me:
Oh! surely he should have the best on every Christmas tree.

GENEVIEVE SALES.

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Translated from the German.

THE LITTLE BIRDS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

On holy Christmas morning there was a grand assemblage of little birds behind the elder-tree yonder which stands between the court-yard and the garden, flanked on one side by the barn and on the other by heaps of grain that had found no shelter in the granary—so rich had been the blessings of the Lord!

The sparrow with his house and generation was very fully represented in the meeting; and all who belonged to his family puffed out their feathers and sat looking as if something vexatious had befallen them.

The lark, sitting between the furrows in the field hard by, raised himself up a little way now and again, warbling a short kyrie or gloria as his thoughts came and went.

Finches and goldhammers were there in great spirits, as usual; and the blackbird perched now inside the court-wall, now on the outside; then he flew down to the brook, ducked down and up again, flew up into the tree with the other birds, and praised the cold-water-cure, which makes one feel right fresh and joyful as nothing else can.

Ravens and crows and the rest of the grab-alls, who are for ever finding what no one has lost, crowded close together on the grain-stacks in deep and loud discussion.

But the sparrow began to bewail his fate thus: "I have been sadly disturbed in my night's rest, for before daybreak all the bells in the steeples began to ring as if for fire. I flew out into the darkness; and all around the houses looked bright, as if they were on fire within. Many tiny candles were lighted, and the trees on which they burned were covered with all kinds of fruit, such as I never have seen together on one tree. But we enjoy nothing of all this. Our trees are bare enough, and have not even leaves to screen us from this winter's cold. We shall starve to death or freeze, when once food becomes scarcer and the cold more piercing."

But the lark in the field scratched up a few worms which a mole had tossed out with the earth; and the blackbird helped her to choose some little worms, and that was their breakfast.

The shepherd drove his flocks through the narrow path, while thornbushes on each side, and the blackberry briers and wild-rose bushes, who had heard the birds' complaint, stretched their branches across the way, so that the little sheep left locks of wool upon them, some more, some less, but never enough to do them any harm. But the birds were behind them, and gathered up the wool and carried it to their homes, in the knot-holes of trees or crevices of walls or hollows of the earth, and there they grew warmer and warmer. Then, as they picked at the wool, red hips, which the cold had made sweet and soft, peeped out, and they ate them with joyful hearts.

Again rang out the bells from tower and steeple; the house-door opened, and the family came forth; maid-servants first, then sons and daughters, and, to close up the procession, the housewife and the farmer.

"Father," said the eldest son, "it will fare ill with our corn-stacks in the field if, before going to church, we do not shoot in among the feathered gentry yonder, who have torn the outer coverings already, and will soon make their way in among the unthreshed grain. The magpies willingly reap where they have not sown. They clus-

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ter here from the whole neighborhood. Gladly would I give them a few leaden peas for food, and silence their chattering for ever."

"By no means," replied the farmer. "No shot shall be fired during this blessed Christmas season—on the gracious birthday of him who overthrew indeed the tables of the money-changers, and made a scourge of cords to drive out both buyer and seller from his temple, but only said to those who sold doves, 'Take them hence.' He did not blame the poor little doves; and never, on this day, when dumb beasts gave up to him their manger for a cradle because men found no room for him in the inn, never shall any creature find death in my fields for the sake of a few blades of grass or kernels of grain."

But the farmer's wife had already turned back, and one of the lads was, at her command, strewing a whole sheaf of grain before the house-front. So generously did he scatter the food to the doves and poultry, that there was enough and to spare for their neighbors on the elder-tree, and magpie and raven had a fair share without being envied by hens or disturbed by men. Thus in the court-yard was there also a little of that "peace on earth" of which angels sang one Christmas night upon the plains of Bethlehem. Nor did the farmer lack anything in hay-loft or granary because the little birds of heaven had been fed from his table that blessed Christmas morning.

Remember this: on Christmas feed the poor birds before thy door, and if thou seest neither lark nor blackbird, nor yet finches, gold-hammers, nor tomtits, then think of those who have no feathers, of poor human creatures. Forget not that the angel of the Lord said to the shepherds: "You will find the child wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger." Seek out the swaddling-clothes of poverty, and if thou walkest by that light which rose over Bethlehem, then shalt thou find in those swaddling-clothes and in works of mercy the little child Jesus!

Mark this: if thou wouldst be happy, then must thou make others happy!

Remember: because Jesus came to the poor, therefore shouldst thou go to the poor.

ORIGINAL.

BARABBAS AND I.

BARABBAS.

"Strange that the Jews should set me free,
And let this Jesus die for me!
I have their brethren robbed and slain:
He brought their dead to life again."

I.

"Strange, surely, that the ungrateful Jews
Should thee in place of Jesus choose:
Yet stranger far it is that he
Should choose to die to set *me* free."

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From the Popular Science Review.

AËROLITES.

BY TOWNSHEND M. HALL, F.G.S.

METEORIC stones, or aërolites, as they are generally called (from two Greek words, *aer* and *lithos*, signifying "air-stones"), may be defined as solid masses consisting principally of pure iron, nickel, and several other metals, sometimes containing also an admixture of augite, olivine, and hornblende, which, from time to time, at irregular intervals, have fallen upon the surface of the earth from above.

Other designations, such as "fire-balls and thunder-bolts," have been popularly applied to these celestial masses, the former denoting their usual fiery appearance, whilst the latter has reference to the extreme suddenness of their descent.

Shooting stars also, although they are not accompanied by the fall of any solid matter upon the earth, are generally placed in the same category, since they are supposed to be aërolites which pass (comparatively speaking) very near our earth, and are visible from it by night; at the same time their distance from us, varying as it does from four to two hundred and forty miles and upward, is in most instances too great to allow of their being drawn down by the attractive power possessed by the earth. Like comets and eclipses, these celestial phenomena in former times were universally regarded with feelings of the greatest awe and superstition; and in Eastern countries especially, where the fall of a meteoric stone was supposed to be the immediate precursor of some important public event, or national calamity, the precise date of each descent was carefully recorded. In China, for example, such reports reach back to the year 644 before our era; and M. Biot has found in the astronomical section of some of the most ancient annals of that empire sixteen falls of aërolites recorded as having taken place between the years 644 B.C. and 333 after Christ, whilst the Greek and Roman authors mention only four such occurrences during the same period. Even now, in this age of science and universal knowledge, aërolites can scarcely be regarded without a certain degree of dread. Indeed, four or five cases have occurred in which persons have been killed by them; in another instance, several villages in India were set on fire by the fall of a meteoric stone; and it is by no means a pleasant subject for reflection that such a catastrophe might happen anywhere and at any moment, especially when we remember that these stones, although not quite incandescent, are always, more or less, in a heated state; and sometimes so hot that even after the lapse of six hours they could not be touched with impunity.

The first fall of meteoric stones on record appears to have taken place about the year 654 B.C., when, according to a passage in Livy, a shower of stones fell on the Alban Hill, not far distant from Rome. The next in chronological order is mentioned by several writers, such as Diogenes of Apollonia, Plutarch, and Pliny, and described by them as a great stone, the size of two millstones, and equal in weight to a full wagon-load. It fell about the year 467 B.C., at Ægos Potamos, on the Hellespont, and even up to the days of Pliny, four centuries after its fall, it continued to be an object of curiosity and speculation. Af-

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ter the close of the first century we fail to obtain any account or notice of this stone; but although it has been lost sight of for upward of eighteen hundred years, the eminent Humboldt says, in one of his works, that notwithstanding all previous failures to rediscover it, he does not wholly relinquish the hope that even after such a considerable lapse of time, this Thracian meteoric mass, which it would be so difficult to destroy, may be found again, especially since the region in which it fell has now become so easy of access to European travellers.

The next descent of any particular importance took place at Ensisheim in Alsace, where an aërolite fell on November 7th, 1492, just at the time when the Emperor Maximilian, then king of the Romans, happened to be on the point of engaging with the French army. It was preserved as a relic in the cathedral at Ensisheim, until the beginning of the French revolution, when it was conveyed to the Public Library of Colmar, and it is still preserved there among the treasures.

In later years the shower of aërolites which fell in April, 1803, at L'Aigle, in Normandy, may well rank as the most extraordinary descent upon record. A large fire-ball had been observed a few moments previously, in the neighborhood of Caen and Alençon, where the sky was perfectly clear and cloudless. At L'Aigle no appearance of light was visible, and the fire-ball assumed instead the form of a small black cloud, consisting of vapor, which suddenly broke up with a violent explosion, followed several times by a peculiar rattling noise. The stones at the time of their descent were hot, but not red, and smoked visibly. The number which were afterward collected within an elliptical area measuring from six to seven miles in length by three in breadth, has been variously estimated at from two to three thousand. They ranged in weight from two drachms up to seventeen and a half pounds. The French government immediately deputed M. Biot, the celebrated naturalist and philosopher, to proceed to the spot, for the express purpose of collecting the authentic facts concerning a phenomenon which, until that time, had almost universally been treated as an instance of popular superstition and credulity. His conclusive report was the means of putting an end to all scepticism on the subject, and since that date the reality—not merely the possibility—of such occurrences has no longer been contested.

Leaving out, for the present, innumerable foreign instances which might be quoted, we must now glance rapidly at a few of the most noticeable examples of the fall of meteoric stones which have taken place in England. The earliest which appears on record descended in Devonshire, near Sir George Chudleigh's house at Stretchleigh, in the parish of Ermington, about twelve miles from Plymouth. The circumstance is thus related by Westcote, one of the quaint old Devonshire historians:

> "In some part of this manor (Stretchleigh), there fell from above—I cannot say from heaven—a stone of twenty-three pounds weight, with a great and fearful noise in falling; first it was heard like unto thunder, or rather to be thought the report of some great ordnance, cannon, or culverin; and as it descended, so did the noise lessen, at last when it came to the earth to the height of the report of a peternel, or pistol. It was for matter like unto a stone singed, or half-burned for lime, but being larger described by a richer wit, I will forbear to enlarge on it."

The "richer wit" here alluded to was in all probability the author of a pamphlet published at the time, which further describes this aërolite as having fallen on January 10th, 1623, in an orchard, near some men who were planting trees. It was buried in the ground three feet deep, and its dimensions were three and a half feet long, two and a half wide, and one and a half thick. The pamphlet also states that pieces broken from off it were in the possession of many of the neigh-

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boring gentry. We may here remark that no specimen of this stone is at present known to be in existence, and that although living in the county where it fell, we have hitherto failed in tracing any of the fragments here referred to. A few years later, in August, 1628, several meteoric stones, weighing from one to twenty-four pounds, fell at Hatford, in Berkshire; and in the month of May, 1680, several are said to have fallen in the neighborhood of London.

The total number of aërolitic descents which up to this present time have been observed to take place in Great Britain and Ireland is twenty, of which four occurred in Scotland, and four in Ireland. The largest and most noticeable of all these fell on December 13th, 1795, near Wold Cottage, in the parish of Thwing, East Riding of Yorkshire. Its descent was witnessed by two persons; and when the stone was dug up, it was found to have penetrated through no less than eighteen inches of soil and hard chalk. It originally weighed about fifty-six pounds, but that portion of it preserved in the British Museum is stated in the official catalogue to weigh forty-seven pounds nine ounces and fifty-three grains—just double the weight of the Devonshire aërolite.

When we come to inquire into the various opinions which have been held in different ages respecting the origin of aërolites, and the power which causes their descent, we must go back to the times of the ancient Greeks, and we find that those of their philosophers who had directed their attention to the subject had four theories to account for this singular phenomenon. Some thought that meteoric stones had a telluric origin, and resulted from exhalations ascending from the earth becoming condensed to such a degree as to render them solid. This theory was in after years revived by Kepler the astronomer, who excluded fire-balls and shooting stars from the domain of astronomy; because, according to his views, they were simply "meteors arising from the exhalations of the earth, and blending with the higher ether." Others, like Aristotle, considered that they were masses of metal raised either by hurricanes, or projected by some volcano beyond the limits of the earth's attraction, so becoming inflamed and converted, for a time, into starlike bodies. Thirdly, a solar origin; this, however, was freely derided by Pliny and several others, among whom we may mention Diogenes of Apollonia, already alluded to as one of the chroniclers of the aërolite of Ægos Potamos. He thus argues: "Stars that are invisible, and consequently have no name, move in space together with those that are visible. . . . . These invisible stars frequently fall to the earth and are extinguished, as the stony star which fell burning at Ægos Potamos." This last opinion, it will be seen, coincides, as far as it goes, almost exactly with the most modern views on the subject.

As some of the Greeks derived the origin of meteorites from the sun (probably from the fact of their sometimes falling during bright sunshine), so we find, at the end of the seventeenth century, it was believed by a great many that they fell from the moon. This conjecture appears to have been first hazarded by an Italian philosopher, named Paolo Maria Terzago, whose attention was specially directed to this subject on the occasion of a meteoric stone falling at Milan in 1660, and killing a Franciscan monk. Olbers, however, was the first to treat this theory in a scientific manner, and soon after the fall of an aërolite at Siena, in the year 1794, he began to examine the question by the aid of the most abstruse mathematics, and after several years' labor he succeeded in showing that, in order to reach our earth, a stone would require to start from the moon at an initial velocity of 8.292 feet per second; then proceeding downward with increasing speed, it would arrive on the earth with a

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velocity of 35,000 feet per second. But as frequent measurements have shown that the *actual* rate of aërolites averages 114,000 feet, or about twenty-one miles and a half per second, they were proved by these curious and most elaborate calculations to have come from a far greater distance than that of our satellite. It is but fair to add that the question of initial velocity, on which the whole value of this so-called "ballistic problem" depends, was investigated by three other eminent geometricians, Biot, Laplace, and Poisson, who during ten or twelve years were independently engaged upon this calculation. Biot's estimate was 8,282 feet in the second; Laplace, 7,862; and Poisson, 7,585—results all approximating very closely with those stated by Olbers.

We have already observed, at the beginning of this paper, that meteoric stones may fall at any moment, but observations, extending over many years, have sometimes been brought forward to show that, as far as locality is concerned, all countries are not equally liable to these visitations. In other words, the large number of aërolites which have been known to fall within a certain limited area has been contrasted with the apparent rarity of such occurrences beyond these limits. If it could be proved that the earth possessed more attractive power in some places than in others, this circumstance might be satisfactorily explained, but in default of any such evidence, the advocates of this theory must rely solely upon statistics, which from their very nature require to be taken with a certain amount of reserve. Professor Shepard, in Silliman's American Journal, has remarked that "the fall of aërolites is confined principally to two zones; the one belonging to America is bounded by 33° and 44° north latitude, and is about 25° in length. Its direction is more or less from north-east to south-west, following the general line of the Atlantic coast. Of all known occurrences of this phenomenon during the last fifty years, 92·8 per cent. have taken place within these limits, and mostly in the neighborhood of the sea. The zone of the eastern continent—with the exception that it extends ten degrees more to the north—lies between the same degrees of latitude, and follows a similar north-east direction, but is more than twice the length of the American zone. Of all the observed falls of aërolites, 90·9 per cent. have taken place within this area, and were also concentrated in that half of the zone which extends along the Atlantic."

On reference to a map, it will be seen that in the western continent the so-called zone is simply confined to the United States—the most densely inhabited portion of America. In like manner the eastern zone leaves out the whole of desert Africa, Lapland, Finland, the chief part of Russia, with an average of thirty-two inhabitants to each square mile; Sweden and Norway, with only seventeen per mile; whilst it embraces all the well-peopled districts of central Europe, most of which, like England, are able to count between three and four hundred persons to every mile of their territory. In fact, Professor Shepard's statement may almost be resolved into a plain question of population, for were an aërolite to fall in the midst of a desert, or in a thinly peopled district, it is needless to point out how few the chances are of its descent being ever noticed or recorded. That innumerable aërolites do fall without attracting any attention, is clearly proved by the number of discoveries continually taking place of metallic masses which, from their locality and peculiar chemical composition, could only be derived from some extra-terrestrial source. The great size also of many of these masses entirely precludes the possibility of their having been placed by human agency in the positions they have been found to occupy—sometimes on the surface of the earth, but just as frequently buried a few feet in the ground.

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Thus the traveller Pallas found, in 1749, at Abakansk, in Siberia, the mass of meteoric iron, weighing 1,680 lb., now in the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg. Another, lying on the plain of Tucuman, near Otumpa, in South America, has been estimated, by measurement, to weigh no less than 33,600 lb., or about fifteen tons; and one added last year to the splendid collection of meteorites in the British Museum weighs rather more than three and a half tons. It was found at Cranbourne, near Melbourne, and was purchased by a Mr. Bruce, with a view to his presenting it to the British Museum, when, through some misunderstanding, it was discovered that one half of it had been already promised to the museum at Melbourne. In order, therefore, to save it from any such mutilation, the trustees of our national museum acquired and transferred to the authorities of the Melbourne collection a smaller mass which had been sent in 1862 to the International Exhibition. It weighed about 3,000 lb., and had been found near Melbourne, in the immediate vicinity of the great meteorite. The latter was then forwarded entire to London. In the British Museum may also be seen a small fragment of an aërolite, originally weighing 191 lb., which from time immemorial had been lying at Elbogen, near Carlsbad, in Bohemia, and had always borne the legendary appellation of "*der verwünschte Burggraf*," or the enchanted Burgrave. The remainder of this mass is preserved in the Imperial collection at Vienna. In Great Britain only two meteoric masses (not seen to fall) have hitherto been discovered; one was found about forty years ago near Leadhills, in Scotland; the other in 1861, at Newstead, in Roxburghshire.

Several instances have at different times occurred in which stones like aërolites have been found, and prized accordingly, until their real nature was demonstrated by the aid of chemical analysis. One valuable specimen, found a few years ago, was shown to have derived its origin amongst the *scoriæ* of an iron foundry; another, picked up in the Isle of Wight, turned out to be a nodule of iron pyrites, similar in every respect to those which abound in the neighboring chalk cliffs; and lastly, some aërolites of a peculiarly glassy appearance were found shortly after, of which it may, perhaps, suffice to say that the scene of this discovery was—Birmingham.

When we come to examine the composition of meteoric stones, we find in various specimens a great diversity in their chemical structure. Iron is the metal most invariably present, usually accompanied by a considerable percentage of nickel and cobalt; also five other metals, chromium, copper, molybdenum, manganese, and tin; but of all these iron is that which largely preponderates, forming sometimes as much as ninety-six parts in the hundred. Rare instances have, however, been recorded where the proportion of iron has sunk so low as to form only two per cent., and the deficiency thus caused has been made up by a larger admixture of some earthy mineral, such as augite, hornblende, or olivine. Other ingredients, like carbon, sulphur, alumina, etc., are also found to enter, in different proportions, into the composition of aërolites; the total number of chemical elements observed in them up to this present date being nineteen or twenty. It has been well remarked by an able writer, that no *new* substance has hitherto come to us from without; and thus we find that all these nineteen or twenty elements are precisely similar to those which are distributed throughout the rocks and minerals of our earth; the essential difference between the two classes of compounds—celestial and terrestrial—being seen most clearly in the respective methods in which the component parts are admixed.

In the outward appearance of aërolites there is one characteristic so constant that, out of the many hundred examples that have been recorded, one only (as far as we can ascertain) has

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been wanting in it. We refer to the black fused crust or rind with which the surface of meteoric stones is covered. It usually extends not more than a few tenths of an inch into the substance of the stone, and is supposed to result from the extreme rapidity with which they descend into the oxygen of our atmosphere, causing them to undergo a slight and partial combustion, which, however, from the short time necessarily occupied in their descent, has not sufficient time to penetrate beyond the surface. On cutting and polishing the stones, if the smooth face is treated with nitric acid, it will in many cases be found to exhibit lines and angular markings, commonly known by the name of "widmannsted figures." These are tracings of imperfect crystals, while the broad intermediate spaces, preserving their polish, point out those portions of the stone which contain a larger proportion of nickel than the rest of the mass. We may here add that the noise said at times to accompany the fall of aërolites, does not appear to be a constant characteristic, nor does the cause or exact nature of it seem able to be definitely specified.

In conclusion, we cannot do better than advise those of our readers who desire further information on this subject to take the earliest opportunity —if they have not done so already— of paying a visit to the magnificent collection of meteoric stones, contained in several glass cases at the end of the mineral gallery at the British Museum. The catalogue for the year 1856 gave a list of between 70 and 80 specimens; in 1863 this number had increased to 216, mainly through the energy of the curator, Mr. Maskelyne; and since that date there have been several further additions. Chief among continental museums may be mentioned the Imperial collection at Vienna, as possessing a series of specimens remarkable alike for their size and importance.

From Good Words.

DELIVERANCE.

As some poor captive bird, too weak to fly,
Still lingers in its open cage, so I
My slavery own.
For evil makes a prison-house within;
The gloom of sin, and sorrow born of sin,
Doth weigh me down.
Ah! Christ, and wilt not thou regard my sighs,
Long wakeful hours, and lonely miseries,
And hopes forlorn?
Let not my fainting soul be thus subdued,
Nor leave thy child in darkened solitude,
All night to mourn!

He hears my prayer! the dreary night is done,
I feel the soft air and the blessed sun,
With heavenly beams.
He comes, my Lord! in raiment glistening white,
From pastures golden in the morning light
And crystal streams.
O let me come to thee!—from this dark place—
And see my gentle Shepherd face to face,
And hear his voice.
So shall these bitter tears no longer flow,
And thou shalt teach my secret heart to know
Thy sacred joys!

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ORIGINAL.

WHAT CAME OF A LAUGH ON A CHRISTMAS EVE.

"BEG your pardon, sir," said I, as soon as I could compose myself sufficiently to speak; "I couldn't help it."

"Glad to hear it. Just what I want. I was debating with myself whether it was sure for a laugh. I am looking for things that will make one laugh; in short, buying up causes for laughter on a Christmas day. There can be no doubt, you think, about this being funny?"

"Not a bit of it," said I.

"Well, I'll have one for every basket, then," said the old gentleman, his eyes twinkling with delight, as he danced the toy up and down. It was one of those jointed wooden monkeys that by means of a slide performs the most comical evolutions around the top of a pole.

"You see," continued he, "I cannot always trust my own judgment. There's no credit in my laughing, bless your heart. I'd be a monster, yes, a monster, my dear sir, if I didn't. I'm just like this monkey as you see him now in this position, ready to go over the other side with the slightest provocation. I have everything that heart can wish, sir, to laugh at and be happy; but they, poor dears, they are so far on the minus side of merriment, as well they may be, that it takes a little something extra, you see, to get a good hearty squeal out of them."

I became at once intensely interested in the "poor dears" alluded to. The sight of the old gentleman was enough to make one do unheard-of feats of heroism in favor of any person or thing of which he might take the least notice. I ventured to suppose that they had lost something or somebody lately, with the intention of offering my hand or purse as the case might be.

"Can't say that they have," he replied, rubbing his shiny bald head. "Being generally on the minus side of everything, including laughter, they haven't anything to lose which you or I might think worth keeping, except their lives, and somehow I think they've got used to losing even them pretty comfortably."

I was perplexed, and muttered, "Curious sort of people, those."

"But interesting, you'll allow?" said he.

I replied that I had no doubt of it; and I meant it, for so charming and open-hearted was this old gentleman, that I was ready to subscribe unhesitatingly to any asseveration he might be pleased to make; "but—" I added, about to express my ignorance of the individuals in question, when he interrupted me.

"Why—but? My Minnie, the Darling of the World and the Sunshine of my life" (expressing the titles of that person in the largest capitals), "and I held an ante-Christmas council this morning, and it was proposed by the president, that is myself, and seconded by the said Darling of the World and Sunshine of my life, and carried by an overwhelming majority, including Bob, who said he went in for anything good, that buts were unparliamentary when Christmas was concerned; and so we called the roll, twenty in all, and there being no buts, they all stood unchallenged, making twenty baskets, and now as many monkeys to go in them. What do you think of it? Capital, wasn't it?"

I was certain it was, and was prepared to go any odds in its favor.

"What's more," he added, "they are going privately."

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Being committed beyond all explanation, I said I was glad to hear that too, "if Miss Minnie approves." This last supposition I made with a deprecating cough, not being quite sure of the relation which the old gentleman bore to the Darling of the World and the Sunshine of his life.

"It was her own proposal," was his rejoinder, "and you can't imagine what an immense relief it was to me too. It is more than I can stand to get through with the "thank ye sir's," and the "much obliged's" and the "long life to your honor's." I'm a baby, sir, in their presence, and by the time the distribution is made I'm a spectacle of unmitigated woe, as if I'd been to as many funerals as there are baskets. I remember that as I was coming out from a widow and five children, last Christmas, that rascal Bob saw me wiping my eyes, and says he, 'Most of 'em dead, sir?' 'No, Bob,' says I, 'it's the smoke, I suppose; they've a precious smoky chimney.' But when we got to the next place—let me see—oh! yes, a man with a broken leg, the scoundrel says to me, as he handed out the basket, 'Now, let us bury another one, sir.' Not bad for Bob, was it? I had such a good laugh on each pair of stairs beforehand that I got through that one pretty comfortably. But it was a glorious proposal of my Minnie's, was it not, that these should go privately? for we'll sit at home, and check them off as they go in, for I've arranged that the messenger shall deliver them by the watch, sir, and we'll imagine their surprise and their happy faces, and the bringing out of the monkeys, and then we'll have a roar and be jolly, and get rid of the thank ye's and all the rest of it that chokes up a man's throat and turns him into a born baby." And here the good-hearted old gentleman, in the fulness of his delight, caused the monkey in his hand to perform a series of rapid gymnastics over the top of his pole, beyond the powers of any monkey that ever lived. He presented such a comical appearance in doing this that I burst into another hearty laugh in which he as heartily joined.

"It is irresistibly amusing," said I, meaning the monkey.

"I knew it would be," he returned, his mind running upon the happy scheme by which he might prevent his left hand knowing the deeds of the right; "we will have twenty merry Christmas laughs all rolled into one. There I'll be, as it were, on this side," here he took a position on the floor opposite me, "and my Darling over there, as it were you," a distinction I acknowledged by a profound bow, "and Bob standing behind her chair, as that rocking-horse stands behind you; and then, watch in hand, we'll check them off: Number One, Widow Burns, two small children; Number Two, Susy Bell, orphan girl, works in a carpet factory and supports her two orphan sisters; Number Three, old Granny Mullen, with consumptive son and three grandchildren, and so on; and there we'll have them all right before us, and they knowing nothing about it (there's the beauty of it, all due to that blessed Darling of the World and Sunshine of my life), and out will come the joint of meat, ready cooked, and the mince-pie, and the plum-pudding with a dozen of silver quarter dollars in each one, and the shoes and the stockings, and I don't know what else besides, packed away by my Darling's own sweet little hands, and last of all the monkey with a label around his neck, with an inscription, say, for instance, 'From Nobody in particular, with best wishes for a Merry Christmas.' There you have it," added he, waving the monkey triumphantly in the air, "and won't it be grand?"

"I'd give the world to see it," I exclaimed, quite carried away by the old gentleman's enthusiastic manner. Just then the keeper of the toy-shop handed me a package of marbles, tops, jewsharps, a pocket spy-glass, and a few other things of a like nature calculated to make glad the heart of

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boys, which I had purchased for my little nephew, Willie, in the country.

"This for you, Mr. Holiday; but if you wish, I'll send it around to the doctor's," said the toy-vender.

"Lord bless my heart and soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman, seizing me suddenly by both hands. "Not Alfred Holiday is it?"

"That is my name," said I.

"Nephew of Dr. Ben?"

"Nephew of Dr. Ben," I repeated.

"And how long have you been in the city?"

"About a week," said I. "I came up to spend Christmas with Uncle Ben and Aunt Mary."

"And to take a look in at the Owl's Retreat, No. 9 Harmony place, of course?"

I intimated my ignorance of the Retreat in question, and of my not having the pleasure, etc.

"My house, man, my house," said he, shaking my hands up and down. "Dr. Ben and I are old acquaintances; in fact, ever since my Minnie was—I beg your pardon," added he, suddenly recollecting himself, and producing a card from his vest pocket. "Name of Acres, Thomas Acres, who, with the compliments of his daughter Minnie to the same effect, *will* be—*most* happy—*to* see—*Mr.* Alfred—*Holiday*—on to-morrow *morning*—to *join* in—*the* grand—checking off—*of* the—twenty baskets—*and* their—contents—including—monkeys—and of course stay to dinner."

If the old gentleman's cordial manner had any weight in deciding my acceptance of the invitation, it must be confessed that the curiosity to see the "Darling of the World and the Sunshine of his life" added not a little to it. Promising to be on hand at No. 9 before eleven o'clock, at which hour the checking off was to begin, I bade my new-found friend good-morning and went home.

But it was very provoking not to know more of the "Darling and Sunshine" in question. Standing in such a light to such a father, she was, of course, a peerless being. Age—say, twenty. Height—medium, I am five feet ten. Blonde or brunette—difficult to determine. Sunshine would seem to indicate blonde, yet darling might be either. Good, amiable, witty, accomplished—not a doubt of it. Beautiful name too, said I, as I scribbled it in every style of the caligraphic art, thereby destroying no small amount of my uncle's property in fine gilt-edged note paper. Has she a suitor already. Hoity-toity, Mr. Alfred Holiday, you are castle-building on a small amount of material, it seems to me; and if she have, pray, what affair is that of yours? a question which that imaginative young gentleman finding himself unable to solve fell into a fit of despondency, and went to bed in a despairing state of mind.

Punctual to the appointed hour I walked into Harmony place, a quiet unpretentious street, and opened the gate of No. 9. There had been both a rain and heavy frost in the night, and the trees and shrubs, clothed in a complete armor of ice, sparkled and glittered in the bright sunshine. Unfortunately, the ground shared in this universal covering, and being under the impression that some one was looking from behind the curtains, who might possibly be the Darling of the World and the Sunshine of the life of Mr. Thomas Acres, I insanely endeavored to walk upon the glassy pavement with careless ease, as if it were the most ordinary ground in the world. I now advise my bitterest enemy to try it. In an unguarded moment my feet slipped, and I came down in the most unpleasant manner into a sitting posture upon the ground. I thought I heard the sound of a clear ringing laugh following immediately upon my ignominious fall. I hoped it was from No. 10 or No. 8; yet my heart misgave me as Mr. Acres, with a half dozen superfluous bows, divided between his daughter and myself, introduced me, and a pair of dark, deep eyes, in which I thought I detect-

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ed a merry twinkle, quietly but warmly acknowledged my presence.

"Mr. Alfred Holiday, my child, our old friend, Doctor Holiday's nephew; Mr. Holiday, my daughter Minnie, the Darling of the World and the Sunshine of my life, as I have already told you, and the Dove of this Owl's Retreat."

I was "most happy," of course, and wished them both, with a bow to Miss Minnie, a Merry Christmas.

"We were getting afraid, Mr. Holiday, lest we should be obliged to begin without you," said that bright-eyed and altogether beautiful young lady, in a tone of voice which I afterward characterized in a violently worded poem, written just before midnight, as 'rippling diamonds' and 'dropping pearls.'"

"Afraid!—without *me*?" I exclaimed, placing a most unjustifiable emphasis upon the personal pronoun. "I am highly flattered."

"Not at all; my father tells me he feels deeply indebted to you in assisting him in the choice of some toys designed for the children."

"For—for—laughing," stammered I. "Do you think, Miss Acres, that one might be indebted to another for a laugh?" I was thinking of my stupid fall upon the ice, and began to regret my having accredited to No. 8 or 10 those sounds of merriment which reached my ears.

"If one gives good cause," she replied, with the quietest and most provoking of smiles. The deep, dark eyes twinkled again, and Nos. 8 and 10 stood acquitted.

"Come, Mr. Holiday," said Mr. Acres, "let us take an inspection of the forces. Wagon is loaded, strange man hired, with a watch in his pocket, off he goes; whence he comes or whither he goes, nobody knows. Ha! ha! Minnie, my dear, put me down one, your ancient Owl has struck a poetic vein; no time to register it, however. Come along; while I am immortalizing myself, twenty hungry families are waiting for a Christmas dinner they don't expect to get, and their mouths watering for plum-puddings and mince pies that they have not the most distant expectation of"—and the good old soul led the way into the hall, and thence into the court yard, at the entrance of which stood a large covered furniture-cart, filled to overflowing with the wonderful twenty baskets destined to distribute happiness among as many poor and suffering families, and make their hearts merry on Christmas day. Each basket was labelled with its direction, number, and time of delivery.

"Now, John," said Mr. Acres to the driver as he mounted to his place on the cart, "remember, you are born deaf and dumb, can't hear a word nor even say 'Merry Christmas,' until you come back here and report."

"Lave me alone, sir," replied John with a broad grin, "the fun shan't be spiled for me."

"He enters into it, he enters into it, you see," said Mr. Acres, addressing Minnie and myself. "What's the time, John, by yours?"

"Near eleven, sir."

"Time's up, then.

> "One, two, three, and off you go,
> Twenty baskets piled in a row;
> Ask me no questions, for I don't know.

Positively, my darling, there's something inspiring in the air this morning."

John cracked his whip, and the cart moved out of the yard, turned down the street, and was soon out of sight. Mr. Acres was a perfect picture of happiness as he stood gazing at the departing vehicle, rubbing his hands with delight, and his full, round face beaming with intense satisfaction. As I glanced at Minnie I saw her eyes filled with tears of love and pride as she watched the movements of her father. Turning about suddenly he noticed her emotion, upon which he went up to her, and placing a hand on her either cheek said with mock gravity:

"Miss Minnie Acres, the Darling of the World and the Sunshine of my life, is hereby invited to attend the funeral of

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twenty baskets without further notice. Ha! ha! you recollect Bob, you know; and no time to lose either," he added, taking Minnie's hand in his right and mine in his left, and turning toward the parlor; "so let us get at it, my dears; excuse the liberty, Mr. Holiday, I'm in a glorious humor, and it's Christmas day, and here we are, and here's the list, so sit ye down; and Bob, Bob! you rascal, where are you?"

The rascal thus vociferously called for responded immediately by presenting at the door a form about four feet in height, of the rarest obesity, clothed in a dark-gray suit, evidently donned for the first time, and holding with both hands the stiffest and hardest of hats. There was no motion of his lips visible, but a sound was heard as if it proceeded from the inside of a cotton-bale, which was understood to mean—

"Here I am, sir; respects, gentlemen and ladies, and a Merry Christmas."

"Pretty time of day for that," said Mr. Acres, "as if a body were just out of bed, and hadn't heard Mass yet. Oh! I see," he continued, glancing at Bob's new clothes, which I have no doubt were the delivery of an order from T. Acres, Esq., made that very morning by Tibbits & Son, fashionable tailors. "Well, Merry Christmas, Bob; but don't stand bowing there all day"—which feat that individual seemed to be vainly attempting to execute, but could not get through with to his entire satisfaction—"come in, and stand there by Miss Minnie, and listen to the checking off, and we'll see if it's all right as a trivet, as it should be. Lord! I'd eat no dinner if there was one left out."

The "checking off" commenced immediately, the time being up for the delivery of the first basket. Nothing could exceed the delight of the old gentleman as Minnie read from the list the names of the parties who at that moment received the basket, their places of residence, and a detailed account of the articles sent. Each basket contained a sufficient supply for a hearty Christmas dinner for the family, jellies, wines, and other delicacies for the sick, some articles of clothing, and last of all the toy monkey.

"They've all got one," said Mr. Acres, chuckling with glee as monkey Number One was mentioned; "but we must do it regular and put them all down, or I should be afraid we overlooked one, which isn't likely, however, for they are all down at the bottom of each basket, and I put them there myself."

One by one the baskets were checked off, Mr. Acres with watch in hand calling "time," and Minnie reading thereupon the names of the parties and contents of the basket allotted to them. We very soon realized the old gentleman's promise that we would have a roar, for as the distribution went on the merriment increased, as all considered it their bounden duty to laugh louder and longer at the mention of the monkey of the basket then checked off than they did at the last one. Even Bob, whose risible powers seemed to be rather limited, and which were evidently under still greater restraint by reason of the additional dignity which became the new outfit, succeeded in increasing the hilarity of the occasion by the comical manner he performed his appointed duty in the checking off, which consisted in answering "right" when the number and names were announced, and submitting any information obtained of the parties in question through the intervention of a certain Mrs. McQuirey, whose "absence at the present delightful reunion," explained Mr. Acres, "was owing to the numerous duties with which that excellent lady had burdened herself." These duties, I afterward learned, consisted in making a daily morning visit to a number of sick poor people whom Mr. Acres had taken under his fostering care. Bob's information was remarkable for its brevity of expression as well as for its peculiarly ventrilo-

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quistic character, due to the extraordinary amount of adipose matter which enveloped his organs of speech. Of basket Number Five, for instance, he said, "Bad—husband goes it every Saturday night — children thin as broom-handles." Of Number Eight he reported: "Measles — shanty — rags scarce—allers hungry." Of Number Ten, "Wus—man broken leg—wife no work—ain't fit neither if there was millions." Of Number Twenty, the last, having by this time exhausted his stock of adjectives, he summed up his report thus: "Extremely wust o' the hull lot—widder—nine mortal bags o' hungry bones—and what will you do with 'em?"

"Do with them!" exclaimed Mr. Acres, "we'll have Mrs. McQuirey look them up, Bob, eh? Minnie, dear, take a note of Number Twenty, that basket is only a bite."

The baskets being all checked off, Bob was ordered to produce forthwith a bottle of wine and glasses. "Now that we've got through with it comfortably," said Mr. Acres, "we'll drink all their healths, and wish 'em a Merry Christmas," which was done, all standing. "Hoping," continued that Prince of Charity, glass in hand, and bowing toward the four points of the compass, as if the whole twenty families were arranged about him in a circle, "that you may all have many happy returns of the season, and never know a Christmas that is not a merry one."

Never was a toast drunk with purer enthusiasm or a heartier good-will. Believing it to be the part of some one to cheer the sentiment, and not seeing any of the parties present who might with great propriety perform that duty, Bob took it upon himself to act their proxy, which he accordingly did by waving his new hat in a circle and giving three muffled "Hoorays" from the cotton bale.

In a few minutes John the messenger returned. He was at once introduced to the parlor, where he gave a glowing account of his errand.

"The shammin' deaf an' dumb was thryin' to me sowl above all. It wint aginst me not to be able to say the top o' the mornin' to ye, or aven God save all here on a Christmas dhay to the crathers, an' the Lord forgive me for peepin' an' a listenin' whin they thought I was deaf as a post, but it was in a good cause. It tuk the tears out o' me two eyes, so it did, to hear thim wondherin and prayin'and a blessin' yez, and a cryin' for joy, and to see the childer dancin' the monkeys like mad. Och! but it's a glory to be a rich man like yer honor. Me mouth wathers whin I think o' the threasures ye're a hapin' up above."

"Bob," interrupted Mr. Acres, shifting uneasily in his seat, "you had better get out the crape hat-bands, for I see a funeral coming round the corner."

"A funeral is it?" said John. "May it be a thousand years afore it shtops forninst yer honor's doors."

"Thank ye, John; thank ye," said Mr. Acres, suddenly rising and going to the window, where he stood apparently deeply interested in the view of a blank wall and some smoky chimney-pots before him.

"Whin *his* day comes," continued John, loud enough to be overheard by Mr. Acres, "what a croonin' and a philaluin' thim poor crathers will be makin'. Sure, their tears will be droppin' like diamonds into his grave."

This was too much for Mr. Acres, who turned around, presenting a picture of inconsolable grief. It was only after two or three violent efforts to clear his throat of some unusually large obstacle which appeared to have stuck there that he succeeded in saying:

"Merry Christmas, John! Merry Christmas! You will find a plum-pudding, John, waiting down-stairs," and immediately began another survey of the blank wall and chimney-pots, making at the same time several abortive attempts to whistle.

John took the hint, and bowed himself out of the room. A dead silence

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ensued upon his departure, which no one appeared to find sufficient reason to break. In vain did I rack my brains to find an appropriate remark, but the words would not arrange themselves into a grammatical sentence. As I chanced to lift my eyes to the full-orbed face of Bob, standing bolt upright behind Minnie's chair, I became convicted at once of the fact that I had been intently and impudently staring at that Darling of the World for some time, whose beautiful downcast face, half shaded by a profuse cluster of raven curls I thought might engage the attention of any individual, say for an unlimited term of years. Embarrassed by this discovery, I took up the basket list and became at once deeply absorbed in its perusal. Unfortunately, the paper appeared to be possessed of some diabolical fascination which prevented my looking away from it or opening my mouth. How long this state of things might have continued it is difficult to say, had not Bob broken the silence by a question, addressed, as it seemed, rather to mankind in general than to any particular individual within hearing:

"This ain't Christmas, is it?"

"Yes, it is, you rascal," replied Mr. Acres; who, being either satisfied with his inspection of the blank wall and the chimney-pots, or had concluded to defer their more minute examination to another time, at that moment came forward to the table. "Go and order up lunch directly, Minnie, my darling; Mr. Holiday will give us the pleasure of his company, and also to dinner. Meanwhile, Mr. Holiday will be glad to hear you sing, my dear, and I will go and have 'Number Twenty looked after; that basket was only a bite, only a bite."

Mr. Alfred Holiday immediately led Miss Minnie Acres to the piano, where he listened with rapt attention to that young lady's singing of Miss Hemans's "O lovely voices of the sky;' upon which Mr. Alfred Holiday made the stupid remark that he had never heard any one of those "voices of the sky" before that day. Afterward Miss Minnie Acres and Mr. Alfred Holiday looked over a portfolio of prints together, when that young gentleman discovered that all his fingers were thumbs, and besought Miss Minnie Acres to hold one of the prints for him, when, looking at her and at the same time pretending to examine the picture with a critical eye, he declared he never saw anything so beautiful in his life, which irrelevant observation caused Miss Minnie Acres to say to Mr. Alfred Holiday, "Why! you're not looking at it!" whereupon that gentleman became speechless and blushed from the roots of his hair to the depths of his best necktie. Of the events of the rest of the day Mr. Alfred Holiday distinctly remembers the following facts. Lunch being announced, Mr. Alfred Holiday took Miss Minnie Acres to the table, acted in the most insane manner while there, and led Miss Minnie Acres back to the parlor; that he played backgammon with Miss Minnie Acres, and doubtless left an impression on the mind of that young lady that he was utterly ignorant of the game; that he accompanied Miss Minnie Acres to Vespers, and returned with her; that he took Miss Minnie Acres to dinner, during which a gentleman, who to the best of his belief was Mr. Thomas Acres, told him several times that he, Mr. Alfred Holiday, ate nothing, a fact of which that gentleman was not aware; that after the cloth was removed Mr. Alfred Holiday sat staring at an empty chair opposite him, for the possession of which he would cheerfully have impoverished himself and gone upon the wide, wide world; that certain musical sounds proceeding from the direction of the parlor, Mr. Alfred Holiday asseverated in the strongest terms to be "divine;" that upon his return to the parlor he was only restrained by the presence of a third person from throwing himself upon his knees and exclaiming: "Thou art the Darling of the World and the Sunshine of my life," but which he nevertheless re-

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peated in his mind an innumerable number of times; in a word, that Mr. Alfred Holiday fell head over ears in love with Miss Minnie Acres, and made a vow, which up to the present writing he has religiously kept, that if she would accept his hand and heart, which she did a few weeks after, he would send twenty baskets of provisions to as many poor families every Christmas Eve, as a thank-offering, and a grateful remembrance of the hour when he laughed, and thereby won the most beautiful and most faithful wife that man ever had.

From The London Society.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

A PILGRIM to the West returned, whose palm-branch, drenched in dew,
Shook off bright drops like childhood's tears when childhood's heart is new,
Stole up the hills at eventide, like mist in wintry weather,
Where locked in dream-like trance I lay, at rest among the heather.

The red ferns, answering to his tread, sent up a savor sweet;
The yellow gorse, like Magian gold, glowed bright about his feet:
The waving brooms, the winter blooms, each happy voice in air,
Grew great with life and melody, as if a Christ stood there.

Unlike to mortal man was he. His brow rose broad and high:
The peace of heaven was on his lip, the God-light in his eye;
And rayed with richer glory streamed, through night and darkness shed,
To crown that holy Pilgrim's brow, the one star overhead.

Long gazing on that staff he bore, beholding how it grew
With sprouts of green, with buds between, and young leaves ever new,
The marvels of the Eastern land I bade him all unfold,
And thus to my impassioned ears the wondrous tale he told:

"Each growth upon that sacred soil where one died not in vain,
Though crushed and shed, though seeming dead, in beauty lives again:
The branching bough the knife may cleave, the root the axe may sever,
But on the ground his presence lighted, nothing dies for ever.

"Where once amid the lowly stalls fell soft the Virgin's tear,
The littered straw 'neath children's feet turns to green wheat in ear.
The corn he pluck'd on Sabbath days, though ne'er it feels the sun,
Though millions since have trod the field, bears fruit for every one.

"The palms that on his way were strewn wave ever in the air;
From clouded earth to sun-bright heaven they form a leafy stair.
In Cana's bowers the love of man is touched by the divine;
And snows that fall on Galilee have still the taste of wine.

"Where thy lost locks, poor Magdalen! around his feet were rolled,
Still springs in woman's worship-ways the gracious Mary-gold:
Men know when o'er that bowed-down head they hear the angels weeping,
The purer spirit is not dead—not dead, but only sleeping.

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"Aloft on blackened Calvary no more the shadows lower:
Where fell the piercing crown of thorns, there blooms a thorn in flower.
Bright on the prickled holy-tree and mistletoe appear,
Reflecting rays of heavenly shine, the blod-drop and the tear.

"The sounding rocks that knew his tread wake up each dead abyss,
Where echoes caught from higher worlds ring gloriously in this;
And, leaning where his voice once filled the temple where he taught,
The listener's eyes grew spirit-full—full with a heavenly thought."

The Pilgrim ceased. My heart beat fast. I marked a change of hue;
As if those more than mortal eyes a soul from God looked through.
Then rising slow as angels rise, and soaring faint and far,
He passed my bound of vision, robed in glory, as a star.

Strange herald-voices filled the air: glad anthems swelled around:
The wakened winds rose eager-voiced, and lapsed in dreamy sound.
It seemed all birds that wintered far, drawn home by some blessed power,
Made music in the Christmas woods, mistaking of the hour.

A new glad spirit raptured me! I woke to breathe the morn
With heart fresh-strung to charity—as though a Christ were born.
Then knew I how each earth-born thought, though tombed in clay it seem,
It bursts the sod, it soars to God, transfigured in a dream.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

From the Month.

VICTIMS OF DOUBT.

IT is not the fashion at present to scoff at Christianity, or to make an open profession of infidelity. Ponderous treatises to prove that revealed religion is an impossibility, and coarse blasphemies against holy things, are equally out of date. Yet to men of earnest convictions, whether holding the whole or only some portions of revealed truth, the moral atmosphere is not reassuring. The pious Catholic, the Bible-loving Protestant, and the hybrid of the last phase of Tractarianism, are alike distrustful of the smooth aspect of controversy and the calm surface of the irreligious element. There is something worse than bigotry or misbelief, and that is scepticism. And, if we may judge from what we hear and read, it is this to which most schools of thought outside of the Catholic Church are rapidly drifting, if they have not already reached it, and into which restless and disloyal Catholics are in danger of being precipitated. An answer made to an old Oxford friend by one who was once with him in the van of the Tractarian movement, but did not accompany him into the true fold, "I agree with you, that if there is a divine revelation, the Roman Catholic Church is the ordained depository of it; but this is an uncertainty which I cannot solve," would probably express the habitual state of mind of a fearfully

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large number of the more thoughtful of our countrymen, and the occasional reflection of many more who do not often give themselves time to think. And to multitudes who are plunging or gliding into doubt, the Catholic system, which their unhappy training has made it one of their first principles to despise or detest, has not even presented itself as an alternative.

The current literature of the day, which is mostly framed to suit the taste of the market, and reacts again in developing that taste further in the same direction, is pre-eminently, not blasphemous, or anti-Catholic, or polemical, but sceptical. The following description of the periodical press by the Abbé Louis Baunard, in his recent publication,* might seem to have been written for London instead of Paris:

"With some rare exceptions, you will not find any rude scoffing, violent expressions, unfashionable cynicism, harsh systems, or exclusive intolerance. It is not controversy that is the business of these writers, but criticism. They deal in expositions and suppositions, but almost always without deciding anything. It is a principle with them that there are only shades of difference between the most contradictory propositions; and the reader becomes accustomed to see these shades in such questions as those which relate to the personality of God, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the supernatural generally. This does not hinder these men from calling themselves Christians, in the vague sense of a loose Christianity, which allows the names of ancient beliefs to remain, while it destroys their substance. They do not assault the old religion in front, but silently undermine the foundations on which it rests, and carry on ingenious parallels by the side of revealed truth, till some conclusion emerges which utterly subverts it, without having appeared to be intentionally directed against it. There is one review, the most widely circulated of all, in the same number of which an article clearly atheistical will be found by the side of another article breathing the most correct orthodoxy, and very much surprised to see itself in such company. Such concessions to truth, which are made only now and then, serve to give the publication that makes them a certain appearance of impartiality, and thus to accredit error, and to lay one more snare for the reader."

We may be inclined, on a cursory perusal of such periodicals as The Saturday Review, to indulge gleefully in the laughter excited by the ludicrous aspect in which some pompous prelate or fussy evangelical preacher is presented; or to admire the acute and seemingly candid dissection, at one time, of a Protestant scheme of evidences, at another, of an infidel philosophy; or to rejoice in the substitution of decorous calmness for rancor and raving in handling Catholic truth. But when we study a series of such publications, and notice how systematically all earnest convictions are made to show a weak or ridiculous side, and all proofs of Christianity to appear defective, and how, under a smooth surface of large-minded impartiality, there beats a steady tide of attack upon all supernatural virtue and all supernatural truth, our hearts must needs ache to think of the effects of such teaching on multitudes of imperfectly grounded minds. In the words of the author to whom we have referred: "Right and wrong, true and false, yes and no, meet and jostle each other, and are mistaken for each other in minds bewildered and off their guard, and mostly incapable of discrimination: till at length, lost in these cross-roads, tired of systems and of contradictions, and not knowing in what direction to find light, all but the most energetic sit down and rest in doubt, as in the best wisdom and the safest position." But to sit down in doubt is either to abdicate the highest powers of a reasonable being, or to admit an enemy that will use them as instruments of torture. Except for

* Le Doute et ses Victimes dans le Siècle présent, par M. l'Abbé Louis Baunard. Paris.

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souls of little intellectual activity, or wholly steeped in sense, this sitting down in doubt is like sitting down in a train that is moving out of the station with the steam up and no engine-driver, or in a boat that is drifting out of harbor into a stormy sea.

The Abbé Baunard has collected the experiences of some of these reckless and storm-tossed wanderers into a painfully interesting volume. He has selected from the chief sceptical philosophers and poets of the present century those who, in private journals or autobiographical sketches, have made the fullest disclosures of the working of their own minds, and has let them speak for themselves. He calls them "victims of doubt," and bids us listen with compassion to their bitter lamentations over the wreck of the past, and their gloomy anticipations of the future, and to the cries of pain and shame which seem forced out of them, even amidst their proudest boasts of independence and most resolute rejections of revealed truth. But, although an expression here or there may be unguarded, he distinguishes very clearly between pitying and excusing these victims. He reminds us that compassion for the sufferings entailed by doubt cannot absolve from the guilt of doubt. He protests against the claim made by sceptics to be regarded as warriors in conflicts in which only the noble engage, and as scarred with honorable wounds; and against the notion that to have suffered much in a wrong cause is a guarantee of sincerity and a title to salvation. He quotes with reprobation the plea of M. Octave Feuillet: "Ah! despise as much as you choose what is despicable. But when unbelief suffers, implores, and is respectful, do you respect it. There are blasphemies, be assured, which are as good as prayers, and unbelievers who are martyrs. Yes, I firmly believe that the sufferings of doubt are holy, and that to think of God, and to be always thinking of him, even with despair, is to honor him and to be pleasing to him." He would not admit the same plea in the more plausible form and more touching language in which it is urged by Mr. Froude: "You who look with cold eyes on such a one, and lift them up to heaven, and thank God you are not such as he, and call him hard names, and think of him as of one who is forsaking a cross, and pursuing unlawful indulgence, and deserving all good men's reproach! Ah! could you see down below his heart's surface, could you count the tears streaming down his cheeks, as out through some church-door into the street come pealing the old familiar notes, and the old psalms which he cannot sing, the chanted creed which is no longer his creed, and yet to part with which was worse agony than to lose his dearest friend; ah! you would deal him lighter measure. What! is not his cup bitter enough, but that all the good, whose kindness at least, whose sympathy and sorrow, whose prayers he might have hoped for, that these must turn away from him as from an offence, as from a thing forbid?—that he must tread the wine-press alone, calling no God-fearing man his friend; and this, too, with the sure knowledge that of coldness least of all he is deserving, for God knows it is no pleasant task which has been laid on him." The fallacies which are dextrously interwoven in this passage, that sympathy precludes condemnation, that intense suffering of any kind sanctifies the sufferer, and that the state of doubt is imposed as a burden and not wilfully incurred and retained, are refuted out of the mouth of those who resort to them. We see, indeed, in the records of these victims of doubt, various circumstances leading to their fall; such as the heathenish state of the colleges where some of them lost their faith, the antichristian theories of science and philosophy magisterially propounded to them, the personal influence of friends who were already committed to scepticism, the poisonous literature thrown in the way, and the excitement of political revolutions; and, of course, in the case of

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those who had not received a Catholic education, the far greater palliation of the absence of a coherent system of belief. But, at the same time, we see no less plainly the working of wilful negligence and presumption in their descent into the abyss, and of wilful pride and obstinacy in refusing to seek the means of extrication from it. They are victims of doubt as others are victims of a habit of opium-eating or gambling; and if we sympathize with them more deeply than with these latter, it is rather because their anguish is more intense and more refined than because it is less the harvest of their own sowing. By the side of those who fell, there were others of the same sensibility of mind, placed in the same circumstances, exposed to the same assaults, who stood firm by prayer and humility, and who found in their faith a provision for all their mental wants, and a fountain of peace under the heaviest trials. And by the side of those who, having once made shipwreck of their faith, plunged more and more deeply into despair of knowing anything with certainty, till they flung away the life that their own doubts had made an intolerable burden, there were others equally astray and equally burdened, who worked they way back to life and peace by the same path of earnest and humble prayer. Some of these contrasts are very effectively presented by our author, and others will suggest themselves to his readers.

The victims whose wanderings and sufferings are portrayed in this volume are Théodore Jouffroy, Maine de Biran, Santa Rosa, Georges, Farcy, and Edmond Schérer from among the philosophers of the century; and Lord Byron, Friedrich Schiller, Heinrich von Kleist, and Leopardi from among the poets; followed by a less detailed account of a group of French sceptical poets, Alfred de Musset, Henri Heine, Murger, Gérard de Nerval, and Hégésippe Moreau, whose writings are mostly too gross for quotation, although enough is given to show that their experience of the effects of doubt resembled that of the rest. All, with the exception of M. Schérer, who is the editor of the French paper Le Temps, have passed into a world where doubt is no longer possible—two of them by their own hand, and two more by violent deaths which they had gone to meet rather from weariness of life than from enthusiasm for the cause for which they fought.

There is only one of the whole number, Maine de Biran, whose death was thoroughly satisfactory; and he, though certainly to be reckoned among the victims of doubt, which clouded the best years of his life, and from which he only very slowly worked his way to freedom, is introduced rather in the way of contrast to the other philosophers and especially to Jouffroy. The great difference in his case lay in two things, that he paid more attention to the moral nature of man, and did not so wholly subordinate the desire of the good to the search after the true, and that he was on his guard against that pride of intellect which we see so rampant in his fellow-philosophers. While all the most celebrated men of Paris were paying court to him, and although, even before he had published anything beyond some short metaphysical treatises, M. Royer Collard cried, "He is the master of us all," and M. Cousin pronounced him to be the greatest French metaphysician since Malebranche, his own private reflection was: "Pride will be the ruin of my life, as long as I do not seek from on high a spirit to direct mine, or to take its place." Yet it was not till his fifty-second year, after many years' vain pursuit of truth in different systems of sensualistic and rationalistic philosophy, and of happiness first in pleasure and then in study and retirement, that he set himself resolutely to try surer means. "Not finding," he wrote in May, 1818, "anything satisfactory either in myself or out of myself, in the world of my ideas or in that of objects, I have been for some

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time past more determined to look for that fixed resting-place which has become the need of my mind and of my heart, in the notion of the Absolute, Infinite, and Unchangeable Being. The religious and moral beliefs which reason does not create, but which are its necessary basis and support, now present themselves to me as my only refuge. and I can find no true knowledge anywhere than just there, where before, with the philosophers, I found only dreams and chimeras. My point of view has altered with my disposition and moral character." From this time the progress upward was steady. We find notices in his journal of earnest prayer, of daily meditation, of study of the gospels and the Imitation of Christ. Four years of physical suffering and outward trials deepened the work of conversion, and were passed with Christian resignation. The last words that he wrote were words of certainty and peace: "The Christian walks in the presence of God and with God, by the Mediator whom he has taken as his guide for this life and the next." The Ami de la Religion of July 24th, 1824, contained the notice: "Maine de Biran fulfilled his Christian duties in an edifying manner, and received the sacraments at the hands of his pastor, the curé of St. Thomas d'Aquin."

Théodore de Jouffroy, if his life had not been suddenly cut short, would probably have had the same happiness. After having devoted his immense powers of mind to the study and dissemination of sceptical philosophy from 1814 to 1839, when bad health forced him to resign the professor's chair, he had begun to soften his tone, to speak respectfully of revealed religion, and to look wistfully and hopefully to it for the solution of the great problems which it had been the business and the torture of his life to investigate by the unaided light of his own intellect. He had conversed with Monseigneur Cart, the bishop of Nîmes, and had said to him, "I am not now one of those who think that modern societies can do without Christianity; I would not write in this sense to-day. You have a grand mission to fulfil, monseigneur. Ah! continue to teach the gospel well." He took pleasure in seeing his daughter preparing herself for her first communion; and speaking about a work of Lamennais to the clergyman who was instructing her, he said with a deep sigh, "Alas! M. le Curé, all these systems lead to nothing; better — a thousand times better — one good act of Christian faith." The curé left his room with good hopes of his conversion, and in the belief that the faith of his childhood had come to life again in his heart. But before he could see him again, and put these hopes to the test, Jouffroy expired suddenly and without previous warning on the 1st of March, 1842.

Two or three of the French poets had time to ask for a priest, or to admit one when, in the hopitals to which their excesses had brought them, a Sister of Charity proposed it. * Leopardi, outwardly at least sceptical and gloomy to the last, received a doubtful absolution from a priest, who came when the dying man was insensible.* To all the rest even as much as this was wanting.

We have not space to go into the details of these melancholy histories; but

* We have used this expression, although aware of the letter of Father Scarpa published first in the journal Scienza e Fede, and afterward in the eighth edition of Father Curci's Fatti ed Argomenti in risposta alle molte parole di V. Gioberti, in which he gives an account of Leopardi's recourse to his ministry and reconciliation by his means to the church in 1836; not, of course, because we agree with Gioberti that this simple and modest letter is "a tissue of lies and deliberate inventions, and a sheer romance from beginning to end;" but because Leopardi's letters in the beginning of 1837 and his continuance in the composition of his last poem, the Paralipomeni, the conclusion of which was dictated a few days before his death, seem to suggest the melancholy alternative either of a feigned conversion or of a relapse into scepticism. He told Father Scarpa when he offered himself to be prepared for confession that he had been banished from his Father's house; and that he was now penitent, and was about to publish papers which would show his alterated sentiments. It is amusing to notice that to the staid and decorous Quarterly Review, as well as to Gioberti, this was too great an opportunity to be lost of reviling the Jesuits. Accordingly, on no other ground than that Father Scarpa repeated *as told him by Leopardi* what his letters contradict, and that he was not quite correct in guessing at his age and describing his appearance ten years after his interview with him, the reviewer

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we must give a few extracts in illustration of the keen regret with which these victims of doubt look back to the religious convictions of their youth from the cheerlessness and misery of the state to which they have reduced themselves, and of the involuntary homage which, even while refusing to submit to the teaching of the church, they are forced to pay to it. Here is Jouffroy's reminiscence of the happy days of faith: "Born of pious parents and in a country where the Catholic faith was still full of life at the beginning of this century, I had been early wont to consider man's future and the care of my own soul the chief business of life, and all my subsequent education tended to confirm these serious dispositions. For a long time, the beliefs of Christianity had fully answered to all the wants and all the anxieties which such dispositions introduce into the soul. To these questions, which to me were the only questions that ought to occupy man, the religion of my fathers gave answers, and those answers I believed, and, thanks to my belief, my present life was clear, and beyond it I saw the future that was to follow it spread itself out without a cloud. At ease as to the path that I had to pursue in this world, at ease as to the goal to which it was to conduct me in the other, understanding the phases of life and death in which they are blended, understanding myself, understanding the designs of God for me, and loving him for the goodness of his designs, I was happy with the happiness that springs from a firm and ardent faith in a doctrine which solves all the great questions that can interest man." His faith, the liveliness of which had been somewhat shaken by an indiscriminate perusal of modern literature during the latter part of his classical studies at Dijon, gave way entirely before the lectures of M. Cousin in the Ecole Normale at Paris, to which he was transferred in 1814, and the combined influences of flattery and ridicule with which his sceptical fellow-students there assailed him. He describes the terrible struggle between "the eager curiosity which could not withdraw itself from the consideration of objections which were scattered like dust throughout the atmosphere that he breathed," and on the other hand the influences "of his childhood with its poetic impressions, his youth with its pious recollections, the majesty, antiquity, and authority of the faith which he had been taught, and the rising in revolt of the whole memory and imagination against the incursion of unbelief which wounded them so deeply." His faith was gone before he realized the loss: some time afterward he thus painted the horrors of the discovery: "Never shall I forget that evening in December when the veil that hid my unbelief from myself was rent. I still hear my footsteps in the bare narrow apartment, in which I continued walking long after the hour for sleep. I still see that moon half-veiled by clouds which at intervals lit up the cold window-panes. The hours of night glided by, and I took no note of them. I was anxiously following my train of thought, which descended from one stratum to another toward the depth of my consciousness, and scattering, one after another, all the illusions which had hitherto concealed it from me, made its outline every moment more visible. In vain did I try to cling to these residues of belief as a shipwrecked sailor to the fragments of his ship; in vain, alarmed at the unknown void in which I was about to be suspended, I threw myself back for the last time toward my childhood, my family, my country, all that was dear and sacred to me: the irresistible current of my thought was too strong. Parents, family, recollections, beliefs—it forced me to quit all. The analysis was continued with more obstinacy and more severity in proportion as it approached its term,

Indorses Gioberti's description, and calls the letter "an instance of audacity beyond all common efforts in that kind." The habitual mendacity in Leopardi's letters, and his offer, while an unbeliever, to be ordained in order to hold a benefice which he intended *after saying a few Masses* to have served by another, make it unfortunately not improbable that his conversion was only pretended.

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and it did not pause till it had reached it. Then I was aware that in my inmost self there was no longer anything left standing. It was an appalling moment, and when, toward morning, I threw myself exhausted on my bed, I seemed to see my former life, so smiling and so full, effaced, and another gloomy and desolate life opening behind me in which I was henceforth to live alone—alone with my fatal thought which had just banished me thither, and which I was tempted to curse."

A few years after this crisis in Jouffroy's life, the same sort of catastrophe was experienced in a distant country by anoth r highly gifted soul, and wonderfully similar is the victim's description of it. Leopardi, the rival, in the opinion of many of his countrymen, of Tasso in poetry and of Galileo in philosophy, in whom a prodigious industry was united in rare combination to a subtle intellect and a refined imagination, who was reading Greek by himself at eight years old, and before he was nineteen was versed in several oriental languages, was engaged in literary correspondence with Niebuhr, Boissonade, and Bunsen, and was the author of numerous translations from the classics, a valuable translation of Porphyry on Plotinus, and an erudite historical essay in which there are citations from four hundred ancient authors—had, like Jouffroy, prepared the way for his fall by an overweening confidence in his own great intellectual powers, and by a recklessly excessive devotion to study. To this was added the chafing of disappointed ambition, and irritation against his father for refusing to give him the means of leaving home. His ruin was completed by the conversation of Pietro Giordani, an apostate Benedictine monk, who soothed and condoled with him, flattered his vanity by telling him that "if Dante was the morning star of Italy's sky, Leopardi was the evening star," and succeeded in inoculating him with his own scepticism, which in himself was mere shallow impiety, but in the deeper mind of his pupil, led, if his writings can be trusted, to as hopelessly complete a disbelief of God, the soul, and immortality, as is possible for a human being to bring himself to endure. In a letter of March 6th, 1820, to his friend and seducer, he says: "My window being open one of these evenings, while I was gazing on a pure sky and a beautiful moonlight, and listening to the distant barking of dogs, I seemed to see images of former times before me, and I felt a shock in my heart. I cried out, like a convict, begging pardon of nature, whose voice I seemed to hear. At that instant, as I cast a glance back on my former state, I stood, frozen with terror, unable to imagine how it would be possible to support life without fancies and without affections, without imagination and without enthusiasm—in a word, without anything of all that, a year ago, filled up my existence and made me still happy, notwithstanding my trials. Now I am withered up like a reed; no emotion finds an entrance any longer into my poor soul, and even the eternal and supreme power of love is annihilated in me at my present age." He was but twenty-two then; and through the seventeen years that his shattered constitution lasted, he was ever speaking of life as an agony and a burden, sometimes proudly declaring that he would not bend under its weight, sometimes passionately asking for sympathy and love, but always recurring to this sad *refrain*: "The life of mortals, when youth has passed, is never tinged with any dawn. It is widowed to the end, and the grave is the only end to our night." "I comprehend, I know only one thing. Let others draw some profit from these vicissitudes and passing existences; it may be so, but for me life is an evil."

We have seen the account given by the French philosopher Jouffroy and the Italian poet Leopardi of their feelings on waking up to the knowledge that the faith of their childhood had passed away; let us compare one more such experience, that of the German

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Von Kleist. "For some time, my dear friend," he writes to the lady to whom he was affianced, "I have been employed in studying the philosophy of Kant, and I am bound to communicate to you a conclusion which I am sure will not affect you as deeply and as painfully as it has myself. It is this: we cannot be certain whether what we call truth is really the truth or only an appearance. In this last case, the truth that we sought after here below would be nothing at all after death; and it would be useless to try to acquire a treasure which it would be impossible to carry to the tomb. If this conclusion does not pierce your heart, do not laugh at a wretch whom it has deeply wounded in all that is most sacred to him. *My noble, my only aim has vanished, and I have none.* Since this conviction entered my mind, I have not touched my books. I have traversed my chamber, I have placed myself by an open window, I have run along the street. My interior disturbance has led me to visit smoking-rooms and cafés to get relief. I have been to the theatre and the concert to dissipate my mind. I have even played the fool. But in spite of all, in the midst of all this agitation, the one thought that occupied my whole soul and filled it with anguish was this: your aim, your noble and only aim has vanished." A few years of the repetition of this sorrowful wailing, and then, after writing to his sister, "You have done everything to save me that the power of a sister could do, everything that the power of man could do: the fact is, that nothing can help me here on earth," he escaped from doubt to pass before the Judgment-seat by his own hand.

We must give one more of the many recurring expressions of regret with which the volume abounds. We are inclined to regard Santa Rosa with even more profound compassion than the other victims, on account of the warm and tender piety of his earlier youth, and the absence in him of the arrogance and scorn that overflows in the others in the midst of their sufferings. All who knew him agreed that it was hardly possible to know him without loving him. Unfortunately, his struggles in the cause of Italy threw him into close association with many who had mistaken infidelity for liberty. Still more unfortunately, he contracted a close intimacy with M. Cousin, and soon began to love him more than truth and than God, and under the blighting influence of his teaching his own faith disappeared. M. Cousin has published his letters with frequent and large omissions, but there remains abundant evidence that he was always regretting the past. The following passage occurs after something omitted: "O my friend, how unfortunate we are in being only poor philosophers, for whom the continuance of existence after death is only a hope, an ardent desire, a fervent prayer! Would that I had the virtues and the faith of my mother! To reason is to doubt; to doubt is to suffer. Faith is a sort of miracle. When it is strong and genuine, what happiness it gives! How often in my study I raise my eyes to heaven, and beg God to reveal me to myself, but above all, to grant me immortality!" Twice in his life—when in prison in Paris with the expectation of being given up to the Piedmontese police, which would have been to be sent to the scaffold, and again when beginning a serious philosophical work—he returned to a better mind. Whether time and grace to return once more were given him, behind the Greek battery in the isle of Sphacteria, where he fell fighting bravely, we cannot tell.

Besides the implicit homage to the faith involved in such regrets of the past as we have been witnessing, the writings of most of these philosophers and poets contain many testimonies to their involuntary acknowledgment of the claims of the revealed system which they had abandoned. We will cite only one, from a discourse of Jouffroy on his usual subject, the

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problem of the destiny of man: "There is a little book which children are made to learn, and on which they are questioned in church. Read this little book, which is called the Catechism; you will find in it an answer to all the questions that I have proposed—all without exception. Ask the Christian whence the human race comes, he knows; whither it is going, he knows. Ask this poor child, who has never in his life dreamed of it, to what end he exists here below, and what he will become after death; he will give you a sublime answer, which he will not comprehend, but which is not the less admirable. Ask him how the world was produced, and for what end; why God placed animals and plants in it; how the earth was peopled, whether by one family or several; why men speak different languages; why they suffer; why they contend; what will be the end of it all—he knows. The origin of the world, the origin of the human race, the question of races, the destiny of man in this life and in the other, the relation of man to God, the duties of man to his fellows, the rights of man over creation—he is acquainted with all; and when he is grown up, he will be equally free from hesitation about natural rights, political rights, and the right of nations; for all this is the outcome and clear and spontaneous product of Christian doctrine. This is what I call a great religion; I recognize it by this sign of its not leaving unanswered any of the questions which interest humanity."

Edmond Schérer and Friedrich Schiller, as well as Lord Byron, differ from the other instances in never having known the true faith; but they show that the loss of a firm hold of those fragments of Christianity that are retained outside of the fold leads to something of the same result as the loss of the faith. The sketch of M. Schérer's life is very interesting, for it shows the inevitable result of Protestantism in a highly logical and reflective mind which refuses the alternative of submission to the Catholic Church. His installation in the chair of theology in the Evangelical Seminary of Geneva in 1844 was hailed as a triumph by all the devout adherents to the reformed religion, who looked to him as an invincible champion against the socinianism prevailing all around. He set himself to the work of proving the inspiration of Scripture without having recourse to the authority of the Catholic Church, and the result, after passing through various phases of sentimentalism and eclecticism, was to land him in such conclusions as that "the Bible has so little of a monopoly of inspiration, that there are writings not canonical the inspiration of which is much more evident than in some of the biblical writings;" and finally, that Protestantism and Catholicism, Christianity and Judaism, are only conceptions more or less exact of a common object and phases in a great movement of progressive spiritualization; that morality itself is only relative; and that absolute certainty of any kind is a dream. He may well say, as he has lately said: "Alas! blind prisoners as we are, laboring at the overthrow of the past, we are engaged in a work which we do not understand. We yield to a power of which it seems at times that we are the victims as well as the instruments. The terrible logic whose formulas we wield crushes us while we are crushing others with it."

The moral of these and other such histories—the moral of Froude and Francis Newman and Clough—is, that as God never made his children for perplexity and anguish, he never made them for doubt, and must have provided a secure asylum from it, not in ignorance or thoughtlessness, but in a system of divinely guaranteed authority. The lesson from the Nemesis of doubt is the conclusion of Augustine Thierry: "I have need of an infallible authority, I have need of rest for my soul. I open my eyes, and I see one only authority, that of the Catholic Church. I believe what the Catholic Church teaches; I receive her Credo."

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Translated from the German.

WHAT MOST REJOICES THE HEART OF MAN?

It was two days before the holy Christmas of the old year, and a very hard season, when Martin (a farmer, to whom heaven had granted a rich harvest, to reward him for the faithful tillage of his land) entered the house. He had taken his grain to the market-town, and, thanks to the brisk demand, had parted with it at an unusually high price. And now, returning home with a full purse, he called his wife, and pouring out the money before her on the table, said laughingly: "Look, Agnes, that will give us a rare treat! What thinkest thou, mother? What most rejoices the heart of man? I want something that shall make me right joyful."

"O Martin!" replied the wife, "it must be found, then. But this whole day has my heart been very heavy; and even if I made something very nice indeed, I don't think it would go to the right spot;" and when Martin asked why, she continued: "Thou hadst not been gone long yesterday morning, when in came our neighbor's Clara, weeping and mourning, and said her father was like to die, and would I for God's sake come to their assistance and give him something nourishing. I could understand, then, how matters stood, and taking with me just whatever there was in the house, I ran down to the hut. O dear God! what misery was there! The man lay on a little straw, so white and feeble; the poor wife knelt beside him, crying and sobbing; and their children hung round them, half naked, and living pictures of hunger, and not a bit of bread in the whole house. And indeed, Martin, that is not the only home where such want is! I don't know, but it seems as if I ought not to enjoy one cheerful hour while so much wretchedness surrounds us."

While Martin let his wife speak out her thoughts, his eyes were m singly bent before him. Then he rose, and grasping Agnes's hand, exclaimed: "Now I know what to do, mother! A joyful heart will I have, for doing good to others gladdens the heart more than wine and good cheer. Let us see, then, what the dear God has given us." And now he counted out from the money first the rent due to his landlord, then enough to pay all that he owed, and lastily all that must go toward preparing for the next year's crop. Still there remained a pretty little sum, so he said: "Now, mother, count up the poor of our village, and heat the oven, and bake for every grown person two big loaves, and for every child a smaller one; and then send the bread round, adding to each loaf a jug of wine and two florins. Then when the people have a Merry Christmas, and can say grace without tears, our hearts will be light, I am thinking, even if we set nothing on the table besides our usual fare."

Now when Agnes heard her husband speak thus, her heart grew very happy, and she said yes to everything, and shook flour into the bread-trough, and baked all day and all night. So on that day when the church sings "Gloria in excelsis Deo!" there was not one in that whole parish who had not enough to eat; and many a one who for a long time had not tasted wine refreshed himself on that day, thanking with heart and lips the farmer and his wife. These two had merely their usual homely fare upon the table,

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but within their breasts were joyful hearts and the consciousness of a good deed.

So far, so good; but something else happened afterward; for as, according to the proverb, a pleasure never comes alone, so have good works an especial power of multiplying themselves. And of that we are now going to hear something.

When it came to the landlord's ears that his farmer, who was no capitalist, had made a Merry Christmas for himself in the love of the holy Christ-child, he was well pleased, and thought to himself that he too might try something of the same sort. Therefore he appointed a day (the octave of the blessed Christmas, New-Year's day) when all the poor in his parish should be invited to the castle. In the hall was a long table covered with a fine white cloth for the poor people, and a smaller one for himself and his family. At this small table he placed Farmer Martin and his wife Agnes, and near the head too, which has no small significance among knights and noblemen. But he said that he honored such excellent people as his own friends and relations, believing that the heart makes better nobility than a long pedigree.

When now the table was filled with the sons and daughters of poverty, grace was said by the chaplain, while all remained standing and joined devotedly in his prayer. Then were bread-cakes set on the board, and huge pieces of roast beef, and for each person a bumper of good old wine; but if any one was ill and could not come to the feast, then was his share despatched to his home, with a beautiful gold piece and a friendly greeting from his gracious lord. So all the parish poor had a second time plenty to eat and drink, and more than one enjoyed himself better on that day than ever before in his life.

When the people had had a good dinner, they thought the feast was at an end, and wished to express their thanks courteously to the host, but he begged them to wait a little quarter of an hour longer, for something else was coming. Then four lottery vases were placed on the table, one for the men, another for the women, a third for boys, and a fourth for girls: and when all the guests had been arranged according to age and family, one after another put his hand into a vase and drew forth a number, one fifteen, another twenty-one, a third two, and so on until each person had a number. Then they looked at their numbers and thought, What does this all mean? and they waited full of expectation.

Suddenly a side door opened, and the servants brought in a wooden frame, on the four sides of which hung all sorts of garments, one side for men, another for women, and then for boys and girls, as at a fair; and everything was new and neat and strong, such as peasant-folks like to wear, and a number was fastened on each piece. Some one called out, "Now look for the numbers that you have in your hands." The men looked shyly at at each other, as if to say, "Can he really mean it?" but the women were more clever, and had soon found white and colored skirts, aprons, stockings, neckerchiefs, and handkerchiefs to match their numbers, and were helping their husbands and children in their search. Before long not one single thread hung on the frame, and every one possessed his appointed prize, and was rejoicing over it, for it really seemed as if to each person had fallen the very thing he most needed. Of course many were there who were in need of everything.

When now the time for leave-taking came, and the happy people thanked their gracious lord in their best manner, he shook hands with each one like a good old friend or father, at the same moment slipping into the palm of every man a thaler. Then were there fresh rejoicings and renewed thanks, and the worthy folks would not soon have made an end of it, if their benefactor had not quickly broken

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a path through the crowd who blessed him, and so eluded their acknowledgments.

But then their hearts being full to overflowing, they longed to have some outlet to their gratitude; so they seated the farmer and his wife in two chairs, placed them in a pretty wagon, to which they harnessed themselves; and the worthy couple, in spite of expostulation, were borne home in triumph. Such rejoicings had not been seen for many a long day, and even now do the people of B—— talk of brave Martin and his excellent wife Agnes; of the feast and the lottery and the dollars of their kind and gracious lord in the castle yonder.

From The Reader.

THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRA.

THE Val d'Andorra lies on the southern side of the central Pyrences, between two of the highest mountains, the Maladetta and the Moncal. It is bounded on the north by the department of Ariège; on the south by the district of Barrida, the territory of Urgel, and part of the viscounty of Castelbo; on the east by the valley of Carol and part of the Cerdana; on the west by the viscounty of Castelbo, the valleys of San Juan and Terrem, the Conca de Buch, and the communes of Os and Tor. The principal mountain-passes into France are those of Valira, Soldeu, Fontargente, Siguer, Auzat, Arbella, and Rat; those communicating with Spain are Port Negre, Perefita, and Portella. Some of these are only passable during part of the year. The greatest length of the territory is about forty miles; the greatest breadth about twenty-four miles. The country is mountainous, but includes some excellent pasturage. The highest summits visible are Las Mineras, Casamanya, Saturria, Montclar, San Julian, and Juglár. The principal rivers are the Valira, the Ordino, and the Os, none of which are navigable. At the greatest elevation the snow remains upward of six months. In summer the rains are very frequent. The purity of both air and water renders the climate very healthy, and the inhabitants are remarkable for their longevity, many living to the age of one hundred. Devonian beds lie unconformably on upper silurian, which latter forms a valley of depression, having the town of Andorra in its synclinal axis. There are many mines producing iron of the best quality; one of lead, several of alum, quartz, slate, so ne quarries of jaspers, and several kinds of marble. Besides the trees common to Europe, the flora includes the cacao or chocolate. There are, likewise, many medicinal roots and plants. Wheat, barley, rye, and hemp are cultivated; and grapes, figs, dates, and olives are also seen. In the low parts of the south tobacco is much grown. Indian corn is only occasionally to be met with. The fauna include the bear, wild boar, wolf, boquetin (*Capra Pyrenaica?*), chamois, mule, fox, blackcock, or *gallina de monte*, squirrel, hare, partridge, pheasant, and several species of eagles; there are also a great many blackbirds and nightingales. The population of the whole republic has been estimated as low as 5,000, and even higher than 15,000, but it probably does not exceed 10,000; that of the capital has been reckoned as high as 2.800, but this probably refers to the whole par-

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ish, and is, even then, greatly overestimated. The name Andorra has been derived from the Arabic, but it is, without doubt, considerably older than the time of the Moors. It is probably from the Gaelic *an-dobhar*, *an-dour*, which will variously translate, "the water," "the territory," "the border of a country." In the Roman period the Val d'Andorra formed part of the country of the Ceretani, who gave their name to the Cerdana; and, at the time of the Goths, of the district called Marca de Espana. It was the last tract of country of which the Moors obtained possession in Catalonia, and the first which they abandoned. There are traditions of the republic even prior to the time of Charlemagne. Catalonia, being invaded by the Moors, the Andorrans, in 778, asked aid of the emperor, who thereupon crossed the Pyrenees, and having united his forces with those of Catalonia, which consisted principally of the mountaineers of Andorra, after a brilliant campaign drove the Moors to the left bank of the Ebro. Having established a military organization for the defence of the territory, Charlemagne recognized certain rights in favor of the Andorrans; but, at the same time, gave to the see of Urgel the tithes of the six parishes into which the valley of Andorra was divided. The Moors having again invaded the territory, the emperor despatched his son, Louis le Debonnaire, who drove out the Moors, and ceded the sovereignty of the valley to Sisebertus, first bishop of Urgel. The charter bears the date of 803, and the signature of Ludovicus Pius, the name by which Louis has always been known to the republic. Charles the Bold having illegally granted to the Counts of Urgel the sovereignty over the lands of the republic, another dispute arose between the bishop and the counts, and the independence of the valley was again disturbed. Upon this the bishop asked assistance of Raymond of Foix, and an alliance was entered into by which the independence of the valley was vested jointly in the house of Foix and the see of Urgel, and Raymond forthwith expelled the Counts of Urgel from Andorra. This took place in the twelfth century. The bishop failing to surrender the moiety of the republican lands, Bernard of Foix, in 1241, laid siege to the city of Urgel, and the bishop was not only compelled to yield to the demands of the count, but also, within a certain time, to procure the papal ratification of the investiture of the house of Foix in the joint sovereignty of the republic. The convention having been again violated by the see of Urgel, it was finally settled, in 1278, that the right of suzeraineté should be possessed jointly by the Bishop of Urgel and the Counts of Foix. This treaty is the act of independence of the republic, and is known to the people of Andorra by the name of "Parialges." It stipulated that the republic should pay annually a tribute of 960 francs to the Counts of Foix, and half that amount to the see of Urgel, and that each should have the privilege of nominating one of the two officers called viguiers. The house of Foix becoming united, first with that of Béarn, and then to that of Moncada and Castellvel Rosanes, was finally absorbed in the house of Bourbon, and the joint protectorate became, at the end of the sixteenth century, merged in the government of France and the see of Urgel. On the 25th of March following a treaty was concluded by which the republic should pay the annual tribute to the receiver-general of the department of Ariège, in return for which it was to receive some commercial privileges as to the free export of certain goods. It was further stipulated that one of the viguiers of the republic should be chosen from the department of Ariège, and that three deputies of the valley should yearly take an oath to the prefect of the same department. Napoleon is said to have affixed his name to the original charter of Charlemagne. The privileges of the

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Andorrans have been several times acknowledged by France and Spain. Even the war with Spain did not injure the neutrality of the republic. In 1794, a French column having penetrated into the centre of Andorra, for the purpose of laying siege to the city of Urgel, the Andorrans sent a deputation to assert the neutrality and independence of the valley, and General Charlet gave immediate orders to withdraw. The Andorrans have never taken part in the wars of their neighbors. The rich pasturages between Hospitalet, in France, and Soldeu, in Andorra, in former times attracted the cupidity of the people of Hospitalet, who have several times endeavored to take forcible possession of them: the Andorrans having appealed to the law, judgment was given in their favor in 1835 by the Court Royal of Toulouse. There is no form of sovereignty in Europe exactly similar to that of Andorra. The republic is governed by a syndic, a council of twenty-four, together with two viguiers or magistrates, and two judges. The French government and the see of Urgel possess a co-ordinate right of confirmation over the appointment of the syndic. The twenty-four members of the council consist of the twelve consuls who represent the six parishes or communes, and the twelve consuls who held office during the preceding year. These latter are called councillors. One of the viguiers is appointed by the French government, the other by the Bishop of Urgel. The former is chosen for life, and is generally a magistrate of the department of Ariège; the latter holds office for three years only, and is chosen from among the subjects of the republic. He is not required to be an educated man. The viguiers alone exercise the criminal authority. Civil justice is rendered by two other judges, one of whom is appointed by each viguier from a list of six members, drawn up and presented by the syndic. In both criminal and civil cases the judges are guided by equity, common sense, and custom only, and yet no complaints are heard of. Parties to suits, both criminal and civil, have the right of appearing by counsel, who is styled *rahonador*, or speaker. The decision of the criminal courts is communicated to the council, who reassemble to receive it. The sentence of the court, once proclaimed by the council, is irrevocable, and is put in execution within twenty-four hours. The criminal court is rarely convoked. There are few crimes committed in the republic. One man was executed for murder about six years since. The expenses of justice are paid partly by the delinquents, partly by the council. The armed forces consist of six companies, one for each parish, and scarcely amount to 600, but in case of need all the inhabitants are soldiers. There is no enlistment; one individual between the age of sixteen and sixty is chosen from each family. There is no national flag, and no drums are used. The service is unpaid. Public instruction is in the worst state. The priest of each parish is obliged to provide a school in his own house, but no one is compelled to send his children. Those who desire a better education for their children send them either to France or Catalonia. The only form of religion is the Roman Catholic. Political refugees from Spain and France are always hospitably received. Foreigners resident in the republic pay yearly five Catalan sous, and enjoy all the privileges of the natives, except that of holding any public office. If a foreigner marries an heiress, he is accounted a citizen, but he must first obtain an authorization from the council-general. The Andorrans are somewhat above the ordinary size of Spaniards. In stature they are thin and wiry. In character they are active, proud, industrious, independent, religious, faithful to their ancient customs, and very jealous of their liberties. They are inquisitive, great talkers, but suddenly dumb and ignorant when they imagine their interest at stake. Those engaged in public affairs are generally

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hospitable, but most of the people are rather suspicious of strangers. They speak the Catalan dialect, which is a compound of Castilian and the ancient languages of the south of France. They also use many modern French words, which they pronounce after their own fashion. The people are poor, and glory in their poverty, as they thereby preserve their independence. Should they grow rich, they would be sure to be absorbed either by France or Spain. A large portion of the wealth of the republic consists in its flocks of sheep. Each landowner is possessed of a considerable flock. The price of a sheep ranges from twelve to twenty francs. The fleeces suffice to clothe the whole of the male population. The exports into Spain consist of iron, in large quantities, sheep, mules, and other cattle; cloths, blankets, cheese, butter, and excellent hams. Those into France include untanned skins, sheep, mules, calves, and wool. The number of sheep and mules sent annually into Spain and France amounts to 1,000. Considering the size of the republic, the imports from Spain are considerable: they include some of the necessaries of life, as corn and salt. The only imports from France are fish and compound liquors. There is a good deal of contraband between the republic and Spain and France. It consists principally in wines, vinegar, salt, and a small quantity of silk. The contrabandistas between the valley and Spain are generally Spaniards. There are no land conveyances, and the transport of goods and merchandise is carried on with horses and mules. There are no restrictions on commerce, and no stamps; and no passports are required. The republic contains six parishes or communes, namely, Andorra la Vieja, San Juliá de Loria, Canillo, Ordino, En Camp, and La Massana. There are also thirty-four villages and hamlets, the chief of which are Escaldas, Santa Caloma, and Soldeu. There are but few ancient remains in the republic. The capital, Andorra la Vieja, or "The Old," is so called to distinguish it from Andorra in Spain, Province Teruel. There is a good weekly market, and considerable business is transacted in imported corn. It is a miserable place, with houses built of the *débris* of schist and granite, and generally without stucco. During the civil wars it suffered greatly from hostile attacks, and the suspension of commerce. The palace, called *Casa del Valle*, is an ancient building, constructed of rough pieces of granite. The *façade* is heavy and massive, and has only three windows, of unequal dimensions, with some louvers; in its left angle is a turret pierced with loopholes, and surmounted with a cross. Above the portal, which resembles a *porte cochère*, is the inscription *Domus consilii, sedes justitiæ*, under which is an escutcheon of white marble, with the arms of the republic. The interior of the palace is in a state of complete ruin. On the ground floor is the national prison and the stables, where the members of the council have the privilege of putting up their horses during the sessions. The kitchen is on a grand scale, with immense hearths and caldrons. A staircase, which savors of antiquity, leads to the chamber on the first floor, where the council meets. It is a vast hall of an imposing aspect. At one end is a chair for the syndic, who sits as president of the assembly; along either wall are benches of oak for the twenty-four councillors; and between the corridors is a picture of Jesus Christ. In another part of the hall are preserved the archives of the government, which include the grant of Charlemagne and his son. They are kept in an armory or cupboard in the wall, closed by two wooden shutters, where they have remained intact since the expulsion of the Moors. The cabinet has six different locks and keys, which are kept by the executive officers of the six communes whose documents have been separately deposited. This cabinet has no outer door, and can only be opened in the presence of the six heads of the departments, who are bound to be present at the deliberations

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of the council. There are five sessions of the council annually, but when necessary, extraordinary sessions are also held. When the general council is unable to assemble, the syndic general, or, in his absence, the sub-syndic, represent it, and act in its name; sometimes, also, a junta general is convoked, at which assist a consul, or a consul and a councillor, for each parish. In the juntas, matters of minor interest are discussed, and the consuls and councillors who take part in them are entrusted with the powers of their colleagues. To the general council pertains everything relating to police, and all disputes in commercial matters. The chapel is dedicated to San Heremengol, formerly Bishop of Urgel and Prince of Andorra, and will repay a visit.

ORIGINAL.

CATHOLIC CHRISTMAS.

THE evening of the last day of the church's advent arrives. She gathers her ministers around her, and, singing hymns of glad expectation, they remain in her temples, even until midnight. Let us listen to the grand harmony!

Divided into two vast bodies, they peal forth the verses of the royal prophet in alternate chorus; and who could tire hearkening? Well does Durendus say, that "the two choirs typify the angels and the spirits of just men, while they cheerfully and mutually excite each other in this holy exercise." We fancy ourselves among the choirs of heaven, as St. Ignatius once was in spirit, when he learned the method of alternate chanting.

Oh! whose heart does not yearn toward the church in these her days of longing! She has laid away from her all that is dazzling and joyous; yet is she most charming. Anxious love, like a sun, burns over her, altering her color; yet is she all beauty—bright and rich and warm—her aspect teeming with purity and love and inspiration. "I am black, but beautiful." (Cant. i. 4.)

It is midnight. Long since men ceased from their labors. The din of traffic has been hushed for hours. Yet there is a sound through all the world. From every city and town and village, from spire-crowned hill and from holy valley, from numberless sweet nooks and by-ways, it swells forth, the sound of a grand harmony, the voices of myriads chanting. Now the tones speak of longing; now they tremble with expectation; then there is a burst of rapture following the mellow warbling of desire. It is the voice of the church longing for her Beloved! She shall be gratified, for even now there is a knocking at her temple-gates. The chant is hushed, and a voice, gentle as the lisping of a child, breathes the sweet entreaty, "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is full of dew and my locks of the drops of the night." (Cant. v. 2.) Yes, lovely Babe, gladly will the temple-doors open to thee; for many a long and weary mile did thy mother journey with thee beneath her heart!

Winter ruled the earth. Chill blew the breezes, and coldness was over all nature. Shivering had the aged saint and Mary asked for shelter, but the inns were filled, and none in Bethlehem would trouble to receive them. Riches were not theirs, and all saw that the

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unknown mother's time was near; hence, fearing they might have to look to the child, they shut her from their dwellings. The only place of refuge her holy spouse could find for his charge was a cheerless stable, hollowed from a rough, cold rock. The ox and the ass were their only earthly companions; hay and straw formed the rude couch upon which the mother brought forth her child at midnight. Jesus! Saviour! she wraps thee scantily in swaddling-clothes, and lays thee shivering in a manger. Well then may the dew and the drops of the night hang heavy upon thy locks!

But, though in Bethlehem these unknown travellers were outcasts, God did not desert them. The glimmerings of adoring angels' wings fell upon the mother's eyes to comfort her heart, for there were angels near in numbers. They hovered over and within the hut, making it ring with the most blessed hymn that mortal or angelic ears had ever heard: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will."

Instantly upon this knocking the church rises to open to her Beloved, and now begins her joy. Now she will celebrate his birthday, and her heart leaps high in bidding him welcome. Her torches, her sanctuary lamps, the countless candles on her altars, all are lighted with the speed of love; their shining shows her spouse that she was so full of expectation, so confident of his coming, that she has already cast away her weeds of mourning and desire, and has arrayed her charms in her most precious robes. Evergreens and tapestry are twining and glowing all about her—in her niches, upon her piers, her arcades, her parapets, her cloister-galleries, her massive stalls, her carved and fretted ceilings. Her altars and her sanctuaries have festoons and garlands, and crowns of sweetest design, and veils and hangings of choicest embroidery. She peals her bells and sweeps her fingers over her organ-keys, and tunes her many instruments, to fill her temples with the rapturous canticle of the day, "Gloria in excelsis Deo."

But let us circumscribe our views. As we may behold the joy of the universal church in even her smallest division, let us see how, in the good old Catholic times, the simplest villagers celebrated the birthday of the Incarnate Eternal!

The few rich men among them have sent stores of flowers and fruits from their conservatories to deck the green branches gathered in the forest. Pious ladies have brought in the various ornaments, which they have been preparing for weeks, as an offering for their new-born Saviour. The happy pastor and many of his spiritual flock have been busy in the church for days, disposing the decorations with untiring ingenuity and taste.

Now it is almost midnight. The skies are clear and studded with twinkling stars. Ice is over all the streams, snow is over all the streets and fields, and weighs down the trees. Stillness is upon the village, yet not the stillness of slumber. You can see that something is transpiring which takes not place at other midnights; for lights are glimmering through the cottage-windows, and, now and then, cheerful forms are seen passing to and fro. They are all expecting, and they shall not be delayed; for hark! suddenly a merry peal of bells bursts over them; joyously it rings forth—now in soft, sweet cadence, and now in swelling harmony. It pours along the streets and fills the village dwellings. It echoes through the cloudless vault, over the snowy fields and the glassy streams, reaching even the scattered hamlets in the distance. Suddenly and joyously the music bursts upon all:

"Adeste fideles, laeti, triumphantes
Venite, venite in Bethlehem."

And the cottage-doors are thrown open, and groups of merry children sally forth, gladly shouting, "Christmas, Christmas!"

Then the tapers are extinguished,

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and the villagers all hasten forth with holy eagerness to see their Jesus cradled in the manger; and, as they direct their steps toward the old church, they awaken the midnight echoes with that sweet old carol:

"Now the circling year hath given
The joyful season, when from heaven
Life descended to the earth
In the Babe who took his birth
From our sweet Lady!

"Behold him in the manger laid,
Owned by the cattle of the shed,
Who know their God in meanest bands
Enswathed by the tender hands
Of our sweet Lady!

"Now he smiles on Joseph blest;
Now he seeks his mother's breast;
Now he sobs, and now he cries,
All beneath the guardian eyes
Of our sweet Lady!

"Run, run, ye shepherds, haste and bring
Your simple homage to our King!
Ye heaven-called watchers, haste and see
Our God, meek-seated on the knee
Of our sweet Lady!"

Thus they stream along from every cottage, along every pathway toward the church, men, women, and little children, singing and chatting happily. Far off in the moonlit distance you see small parties hastening over the white plains from their scattered homes to mingle in the festival. How beautifully do they remind us of those happy shepherds who left their flocks near the "Tower of Ader," and went over to Bethlehem, to see the word that had come to pass!

The bells continue pealing out their music to the midnight, and the church continues filling. Listen to the half-suppressed ejaculation of joyous surprise as each new group enters the holy place and beholds its charming decorations! Over every window's curve, and hanging down by its sides, is a mighty wreath of evergreens. In front of every hallowed niche lights are burning, and wreaths of foliage hang over it. The pillars are all twined round and round, up to the very ceiling, with ivy, holly, laurel, intermingled with those berries that grow red in winter. But who shall describe the glories of the sanctuary! The arch that rises over it flows with the fullest folds of tapestry, white as snow, save where they are here and there interwrought with flowers of rose-hued silk and thread of gold, and intertwined with holly and laurel, and boughs of the orange-tree with its golden clusters. On the altar-steps are vases filled with evergreens, slender strings of ivy twisting around tall branches and bending gracefully between them down even to the floor. The altar is crowded with lighted candles, and along the intervals of the candlesticks flow festoons of slender branches, leaves, and flowers. A stole of flowers decorates the very crucifix; the tabernacle sparkles in its richest veil.

Oh! in olden times even a village church was grand beyond description; for then men took a pride in their religion. They loved to see God's Bride in bridal splendor; they loved to see the Queen in regal vesture; they loved to see the Sister of the Church in heaven with something like heavenly glory around her. The rich man gave of his abundance, the poor man gave of his labor, ladies wrought embroidery—all in holy unison strained every nerve to make her temples beautiful.

Now the church has filled with kneeling forms. The rich and the poor, the lady and the servant, the laborers and they for whom they labor, here kneel side by side. They are all equal here, for they are all alike, are God's own children, the brethren of the Babe of Bethlehem.

The steeple-bells have ceased to peal, for not a single thought must now wander outside. Eyes and ears and heart and soul and every feeling are intent upon the grand occurrences within.

Presently blue clouds of sweet incense are seen floating toward the sanctuary, and modestly there comes a youth swinging a silver censer; a long procession of little acolytes, clad in snow-white surplices and bearing lighted tapers, follow him slowly; a saintly looking priest, in precious vestments, closes the holy array. His

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youthful attendants are chosen boys of blameless life and pleasing aspect; and, indeed, they look pure and innocent and cherub-like, as they dispose themselves around the holy place, and kneel toward the altar.

Then amid half-suppressed, repentant cries for "mercy on us," swelling forth from the choir, the psalm is said —the psalm of preparation, of praise, of hope, of humble confidence: the confession is made; prayers for pardon, light, and gracious hearing are repeated. Then the priest ascends "unto the altar of God," and whispers prayers, speaking rapturously of the "Child that is born to us, the Son that is given to us." But look at his countenance as he returns slowly to the middle of the altar; you can see that he is full of some grand event—his soul, his heart, his feelings, all hold jubilee. One more entreaty for mercy repeated again and again with passionate earnestness, and he raises his eyes and his arms as though about to ascend in ecstasy, and, like one inspired, he breaks forth in the angelic hymn, "Gloria in excelsis Deo." It is the signal of jubilee. Suddenly there is a burst of many little bells, shaken by the hands of the surpliced children, ringing out their silver music until the hymn is ended by the priest; the organ's richest and fullest chords are struck, swelling forth in harmony like that which the rivers made in Paradise when they sang their first hymn of praise to him who set them flowing, and the full choir of trained voices burst forth: "Et in terra pax hominibus."

Truly you think yourself at Bethlehem. It seems as though the Child were just born—as though you heard the heavenly hosts singing their grand anthem—saw the shepherds wondering and adoring—beheld the Infant lying in the manger, a fair, radiant, smiling little Babe, with an old saint beside it, leaning on his staff, and a comely virgin, in a trance of motherly affection, kissing its bright forehead. So these villagers seem to feel it all. A start of joy runs through the whole assembly, a radiance lights up every feature; friends kiss each other, fathers kiss their children, mothers kiss their little ones; a whisper runs from soul to soul through all the church—"Pax hominibus."

Then follow the collect, the epistle, the gradual, the gospel, all full of the grand event. And then the choir's jubilee begins again, as the anointed one at the altar intones "Credo in unum Deum." Who shall tell the stirless reverence of each prostrate form, as all bow yet lower at the words that still the mystery of the night! Softly the organ warbles in its mellowest keys; from the richest voice in all the choir sweetly flow the words "Et Homo factus est." Every mind reflects, and every heart is melted.

Then comes the offertory; and all present, according to their various means, make their offerings for those "who serve the altar," and for the poor. While the priest raises in offering the paten with the host and the chalice with wine, the villagers also, kneeling, make an offering of their homage to their new-born Redeemer; and mothers lift their little ones to heaven in spirit, praying that they may advance "in wisdom and age and grace with God and men," as did the Child of Mary. Then follows the washing of the heads, with its appropriate prayers; then come the secretas, the preface, the whispered prayers for God's church, for friends and benefactors, for all the living faithful.

The moment of consecration draws nigh. Books are laid aside, hands are clasped upon the breast, every head is bent. The sweet voices in the choir have been hushed; the organ's silvery tones, murmuring more and more softly, have at length died away, awe-stricken by the silence that fills God's house. Yes! silence fills it, for silence now seems a something—a breathless, pulseless, but mighty spirit filling all this temple, as the cloud of God's glory once filled the tabernacle. You think you could al-

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most hear a spirit move, you feel as though you were among the angels when they waited breathless to behold the effect of the sublime utterance, "Let there be light." Bending low in reverend humility, the priest in a whisper of awe speaks the almighty words, "This is my body," "This is the chalice of my blood;" the light breathing of that whisper is heard even in the bosom of the Eternal Father, the golden gates of Paradise are thrown open, and God "bows the heavens and comes down." He is here, this church is now the hut of Bethlehem, this altar is the manger; for the Child is born upon it as really as the Virgin-mother there brought him forth.

As when of old light was made, there was a music of the spheres, of the sun and moon and all the stars and planets, singing their morning hymn of gratitude, so is the stillness now also broken, so does the choir, warbling in swelling glee, burst forth in grand climax, "Hosanna in excelsis." And in the mean time priest and people united utter to their new-born Saviour many rich and beautiful prayers for the living, for the faithful departed, for themselves.

The villagers are absorbed in prayer; it seems as though their fervor kept redoubling, as though the flames of holy love burned higher and higher every instant. Well they may, for the moment is approaching in which each heart will be a manger in which Jesus will be laid, each breast a tabernacle in which love itself shall dwell. Already there is a move among them; with modest gait, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, they advance to the sanctuary, the mystic bread is given to them line after line, and, bearing their God with them, they all return in reverence to give thanks, to petition for good things. Serenity is in their eyes and on their features, joy is in their hearts, rapture in their souls, peace among their feelings, and Jesus within their bosoms harmonizing all. O truly happy Christmas! O the bliss that now is theirs, the comfort of this moment! Well may the chanters hymn: "O Jesus, God! Great God! Good Pastor! Sweet Lamb! O Jesus, *my* Jesus! O Bread! O Manna! O Power! what dost thou not grant to man!"

Then praises and thanks are sung joyously by the priest, and his hand is stretched in blessing from the altar. The Mass is over, and the procession moves from the sanctuary, while the choir chants aloud, "Praise the Lord all ye nations, praise him all ye people. Because his mercy is confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever." (Ps. cxvi.)

The chant dies away, and for awhile not a sound is heard through all the sacred building. No one stirs as yet; all remain some time to return thanks, to allow the impression of the festival to sink deep into their souls. At length they rise, and bowing lowly toward the altar, they go forth. At the church-door hands are shaken, kisses given, warm embraces are exchanged, and joy and happiness and all the blessings of the Child's nativity are wished and wished again.

But follow them home from their midnight celebration. For a long time the village slumbers not; lights glimmer through the cottage-windows, and within groups are kneeling around a little home-made oratory, with a little crib in the middle, and candles around it. This is of greater importance than the gathering around the yule-fire or the decked tree. Moreover, all did not go home when Mass was over. Go back to the church, and behold those silent figures praying in every posture that feeling can suggest. There, before that tabernacle, a mother prays the divine Child for her own babe; a virgin prays for purity like to that of the Virgin-mother; the child of misery seeks consolation from him who was born in a stable; many repeat over and over again the canticle of the angels, and all beg the blessings of him over whom the angels sang it. At length these also are gone; the lights

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are quenched about the altar, all, save the silver lamp which is never extinguished; all is still as was the stable when the shepherds had adored and gone back to their flocks.

But the festival of our Saviour's birth is not over yet. "As the day comes round in music and in light," you again see the villagers wending their way to the church; and a third time, when the sun is in the mid-arch of heaven. Each time is witnessed the same sublime celebration that we beheld at midnight; for three births of Christ are celebrated. His birth from the Father before time began; his birth from the immaculate Virgin as a wailing babe at Bethlehem; his mystic birth, by faith and by the sacrament of love, in the heart of each humble adorer.

Such was Christmas in the happy olden times. Alas! that a blight should ever have come upon it. Truly they have not done well to despoil that village church of all its charming features. Well may the church exclaim, weeping: "The keepers that go about the city found me; they struck me, and wounded me: the keepers of the walls took my veil from me." (Cant. v. 7.) Fondly do we trust she will soon again be clothed in splendor. The pope that reigned when England fell away grieved sadly for her fall. In his distress he put away the triple crown; and even now his statue sits uncrowned, with downcast eyes, as though his grief had hardened him to stone. But soon, we trust, he will again lift up his eyes. Soon, we trust, will his successors rejoice to find the crown replaced, not by mortal, but by angel hands. Shall we not hope and pray that our own dear land, also, will form not the least brilliant jewel in that crown? One day this church will again deck herself with the flowers she once wore, but which rebellious hands tore to pieces, scattering the leaves around her. Then shall we once again celebrate the good old Catholic Christmas times, and celebrate them with the increased joy which is born of the wanderer's return. God grant it speedily!

MISCELLANY.

Spots on the Sun.—Science Review.—We would draw the attention of our scientific readers to a remarkable opinion and theory of Sir John Herschel's with regard to the nature of those curious objects discovered by Mr. Nasmyth on the surface of the sun, and generally called, from their peculiar shape, "willow leaves." We believe Sir John first propounded this theory in an article on the sun, published in Good Words, but it does not seem to have been noticed by many astronomers. However wild the hypothesis may appear, it has just received a further sanction from its eminent author, by its republication in his new book of Familiar Lectures, which we notice elsewhere. Sir John says: "Nothing remains but to consider them (the so-called willow leaves) as separate and independent sheets, flakes, or scales, having some sort of solidity. And these flakes, be they what they may, and whatever may be said about the dashing of meteoric stones into the sun's atmosphere, etc., are evidently the immediate sources of the solar light and heat by whatever mechanism or whatever processes they may be enabled to develop, and, as it were, elaborate these elements from the bosom of the non-luminous fluid in which they appear to float. Looked at in this point of view, we cannot refuse to regard them as organisms of some peculiar and amazing kind; and though it would be too daring to speak of such organization as partaking of the nature of life, yet we do know that vital action is competent to develop both heat, light, and electricity." Strange and startling as is such an explanation, yet scientific men will remember that when we

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knew as little about the cause of the black lines seen in the spectrum of the sun as we now know about these appearances on the sun itself, Sir John Herschel suggested, in 1833, that very explanation which was the foundation of the memorable law announced by the German philosopher, Kirchhoff, in 1859—a law now universally accepted as affording a perfect solution to the long-standing puzzle of Fraunhofer's lines.

Simple Net for the Capture of Oceanic Animals.—Science Review.—In a paper read before the Microscopical Society of London on the fauna of mid-ocean, Major S. R. Owen gives the following directions for the preparation of a simple form of net for the above purpose, and which may be rigged out at a few hours' notice. A grommet should be made for the mouth, to which three cords may be attached to connect it with the towing-line; that line should be a good stout piece of stuff, and capable of bearing a great strain. To the grommet should be attached, first, a bag, the upper part of which may be made of a thin canvas, the lower part of strong jean, ending in a piece of close calico or linen; the bottom must be left open, and tied round with a tape when used; this will be found convenient for taking out the contents, and by leaving it open and towing it so for a short time it can be thoroughly washed. Over the whole an outer covering of the strongest sail-cloth should be put, the upper part, in like manner, attached to the grommet, the lower part left open, and a portion for a foot or eighteen inches of the seam left to be coarsely laced up with a piece of cord, the same being done for the bottom itself. If necessary, a third covering may be put between these of any strong but rather porous material; but this in its turn should be left open at the bottom, and only tied when required for use. Its length should be so adjusted when tied that the inner lining of calico may rest against it, and be relieved from the strain. The outer sail-cloth should, in like manner, be laced up to receive and support the whole.

A New Magnesium Lamp.—An ingenious form of magnesium lamp, the invention of Mr. H. Larkin, and which was first exhibited at the Royal Institution a couple of months since, was shown at the *soirées* of the British Association at Nottingham. Instead of the ordinary ribbon or wire of the commoner forms of magnesium lamps, magnesium powder is employed. Hence all machinery is dispensed with, the magnesium being contained in a reservoir, from a hole in the bottom of which it falls like sand from an hour-glass. The powder is allowed to fall upon the flame of a small gas-jet, and by this it is inflamed, giving all its usual illumination. In order that a sufficient quantity of powder may be employed, and that the hole in the reservoir may be large enough to allow of a regular flow, without waste of magnesium, the latter is mixed with fine sand. The size of the aperture is regulated by a stop-cock. When it is desired to light the lamp, the gas is first turned on, just sufficiently to produce a small jet at the mouth of the tube, which small jet, being once kindled, may be allowed to burn any convenient time, until the moment the magnesium light is required. All that is then needed is to turn on the metallic powder, which instantly descends and becomes ignited as it passes through the burning gas. This action of turning on and off the metallic powder may be repeated without putting out the gas, as often and as quickly as desired; so that, in addition to the ordinary purpose to which lamps are applied, an instant or an intermittent light of great brilliancy, suitable for signals or for light-houses, may be very simply produced with certainty of effect and without the smallest waste of metal. The first evening an objection was made that the blue tone of the light created a cold and somewhat ghastly effect. On the second occasion Mr. Larkin remedied this by mixing with the magnesium a certain quantity of nitrate of strontia.—*Journal of the Society of Arts.*

An Artificial Eye for restoring Sight.—An apparatus of this kind, whose efficiency we much doubt, has been described by M. Blanchet, in a paper in which he details the operation for its insertion under the title of Helioprothesis. The operation consists in puncturing the eye in the direction of the antero-posterior axis with a narrow bistoury, and introducing a piece of apparatus to which M. Blanchet gives the name of "phosphore." The operation in most instances produces little pain, and when the globe of the eye has undergone degeneration there is no pain at all, and the "phosphore" apparatus is intro-

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duced without difficulty. The description of this contrivance is this: "It consists of a shell of enamel, and of a tube closed at both its ends by glasses, whose form varies according to circumstances." M. Blanchet thus describes the operation: "The patient's head being supported by an assistant, the upper eyelid is raised by an elevator, and the lower one is depressed. The operator then punctures the eye with a narrow bistoury, adapting the width of his incision to the diameter of the 'phosphore' tube which he intends to insert. The translucent humor having escaped, the 'phosphore' apparatus is applied, and almost immediately, or after a short time, the patient is partially restored to sight!" Before introducing the apparatus it is necessary to calculate the antero-posterior diameter of the eye, and if the lens has cataract it must be removed. Inasmuch as the range of vision depends on the quantity of the humor left behind, M. Blanchet recommends the employment of spectacles of various kinds.—*Popular Science Review.*

Action of Different Colored Lights on the Retina.—It is known to physiologists that when a ray of light falls upon the retina, the impression it produces remains for a definite period, according to calculation about the *third of a second.* It is this fact which is used to explain why a burning brand, when twirled rapidly round, gives the appearance of a ring of light. But till quite recently it had not been shown whether the different colors of light had the same degree of persistence upon the retina. The subject has quite lately been taken up by the Abbé Laborde, who shows that, just as the prism separates the colors at different angles, so the retina absorbs the colors, or the impressions produced thereby, in different times. In conducting his experiment to prove this, the abbé receives the sunlight through an aperture in a shutter into a darkened chamber. The aperture is about three millimetres wide by six high. In the course of the beam and in the middle of the chamber there is placed a disk of metal, the circumference of which is pierced by apertures corresponding to the aperture in the shutter. This disk is caused to revolve by clockwork. Behind the disk is placed a plate of ground glass to receive the spot of light. The disk being then caused to revolve rapidly, the spot appears at first white, but as the revolutions become more rapid the borders of the spot and the colors which successively appear are in their order of succession as follow: blue, green, red, white, green, blue.—*Comptes Rendus.*

The Origin of Diamonds.—A curious, and it seems to us very improbable, theory of the origin of diamonds was put forward by M. Chancourtois in an essay published in the *Comptes Rendus* for June 25th. The author tries to show in this that diamonds have been produced by an incomplete oxidation of the carbides of hydrogen, in pretty much the same fashion as the sulphur of the *Solfatara*, described by Professor Ansted in one of our late numbers, results from an incomplete oxidation of sulphuretted hydrogen, all of whose hydrogen is converted into water, while only a part of the sulphur is changed into sulphurous acid. It is by a similar process that petroleum has given rise to bitumen, and this again to graphite. "If, then," says the author, "a mixture of hydrocarbon gases and vapor of water be submitted to slow oxidation, diamonds may possibly be obtained." It is even possible, he observes, that the tubes which convey common coal-gas along the streets of Paris may contain such artificial diamonds in abundance.—*Popular Science Review.*

ORIGINAL.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BALLADS, LYRICS, AND HYMNS. By Alice Carey. 8vo., pp. 333. New York: Hurd Houghton. 1866.

Literature knows no sex, but critics do, and in courtesy we must say to Miss Carey, we think better of her than of her book; and while judging what is before us purely on its æsthetic merits, we incline to believe that the selections here compiled do not show her at her best. This book might just possibly

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have been good, only it is not. It appears to consist of gatherings from the grist of a respectable and old-established mill, whose brand is familiarly known wherever mild magazines and sensation periodicals have penetrated. The most prominent quality it demonstrates is the tireless industry—or the well-oiled machinery—of the fair miller. The style throughout is just of the kind to be the first in a "Poet's Corner;" best characterized, perhaps, by the word "unexceptionable," as used by the domestic critic, if one there be, of Frank Leslie or the Ledger. Generally, there is nothing whatever to quarrel with — grammatically, socially, theologically, or practically. We should not be in the least surprised if Miss Carey's manuscripts even came in accurately punctuated. The whole book is like the perfection of a gentleman's toilet; every constituent part is so correctly "got up," that once out of sight, we cannot recall a single thing beyond the impression of the *tout ensemble*.

There is considerable thinking, without any notable novelties in thought. The fact is, no one who has not tried can appreciate the difficulty of finding something salient to fasten an opinion on. The main impression of the serious and heavy parts of the volume on our mind was that the authoress loved God, meant to be religious and tender-hearted, and thought the world cold and the sectarians narrow-minded: laudable conclusions all, which we rather agree with on the whole, but which do not show cause why they should exist in such splendid binding.

If this were all; if the book consisted utterly, as it does mainly, of versified unremarkableness, all were well enough. It would sell all the same, and descend in its due course to the limbo of respectable mediocrity, which cannot be damned because it never had a chance to be saved. But there are gleams amid the commonplace that make it, to our mind, one of the saddest books we ever opened —sad with the unfulfilled promise of a busy yet wasted life. While there is not, we believe, a single true poem in her book, we do think Miss Carey might once have written poetry. There are traces of talent, like the abrasions on the high Alpine ridges where avalanches or glaciers went by them that are long since melted into the valley below, and gone to join the sea. We do not think Miss Carey ever had a very great supply of poetic power — never so much as Phœbe Carey, who has enough poetry in her to equip any ten of the other lady contributors whose versicles pay as well as hers; but what there was has been sapped and drained off as fast as it accumulated, in a thousand paltry rillets of verse that at most can only be silver threads in the passing sunshine. Had she ever been suffered to let her thoughts and fancies gather and mingle, perhaps she could have written well. She has not only considerable command of language, but some character: there has always been something respectable about Miss Carey that set her apart, somehow, from the other newspaper writers of miscellaneous verses, and to it she probably owes the present distinction of being the only one whose productions are thought worth making a book from. But the woman has never had a chance. As fast as an idea budded, it was contracted for in advance and plucked long before ripeness, for the greedy children that will have their green fruit. If a fancy strayed into her brain, it was not hers to do with as she liked. It must be carved and served up in as many different styles as possible; made into a long poem for one paper and a short poem for another, and dashed into a third as a flavoring ingredient for a string of hired rhymes. Now, is there not a strange pathos in the idea of making a life-long business of doing that ill which one might do well, and which is only worth existence when well done; of dribbling and frittering away every finer impulse; of chipping the heart's crystals up into glaziers' diamonds; of subsisting on oneself, Prometheus and vulture in one? And how infinitely sadder with the consciousness all the while that if one could but get a respite, this same work, wrought in freedom, might win all that hope asks?

Consciously or unconsciously, this, we believe, is the discipline through which Miss Carey has passed. We think so from the manner, and from the places, in which we come upon the fragments of promise that shine here and there. They are often repeated in other lines—sometimes verbatim; they are not the substance but always the sauce of the poem; they are never sustained or developed. Everything goes to show that she has reached that fatal state of enervation when the mind, from long desuetude,

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and from never having a fair chance to think out anything, becomes next to incapable of any continued poetical thought at all. The exertion of developing a happy idea into its best form is too much for the unused and enfeebled imagination.

So much for the conjectural inside view of these verses, the actual outside view remains. Whether it be a sad fact or simply a fact, there is nothing to read twice in the book. It is not poetry, but it is a piece of very good judgment on the part of the publisher—just what they want. And if we understand their motives, we shall earn their good will by saying that this is a safe, trustworthy, and entirely harmless work, innocuous to families and schools, superbly bound, finished, and printed, and fit, beyond almost any work we know of, for a present from very affectionate young men to very amiable young ladies.

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS. (1790–1826.) From the collection of Dr. Ludwig Nohl; also his Letters to the Archduke Rudolph, Cardinal-Archbishop of Olmutz, from the collection of Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel. Translated by Lady Wallace; with a portrait and fac-simile. 2 vols., 12mo. Hurd & Houghton.

These letters of the illustrious *maestro* are arranged under three heads: Life's Joys and Sorrows, Life's Mission, Life's Troubles and Close. They are of quite a miscellaneous character, and refer to every conceivable event of life, displaying much good humor and not a little ill humor in their short, quick, impatient sentences. As a letter-writer he is far inferior to Mozart, with whom the reader comes at once into sympathy, and of whose letters very few indeed are wanting in sentiments of universal interest. On the contrary, a very large number of these letters of Beethoven will be read simply because Beethoven wrote them, and will not bear a reperusal. Yet they will, no doubt, find a welcome place beside those of his great brother artist on the table of every admirer of the grand music of these two grand geniuses. His enthusiastic, and, we may add, somewhat imaginative editor and compiler, Dr. Nohl, is perhaps better qualified to form a judgment upon the general tenor and worth of these letters than we are, and we therefore quote the following from his preface to the present work: "If not fettered by petty feelings, the reader will quickly surmount the casual obstacles and stumbling-blocks which the first perusal of these letters may seem to present, and quickly feel himself transported at a single stride into a stream where a strange roaring and rushing is heard, but above which loftier tones resound with magic and exciting power. For a peculiar life breathes in these lines; an under-current runs through their apparently unconnected import, uniting them as with an electric chain, and with firmer links than any mere coherence of subjects could have effected. I experienced this myself to the most remarkable degree when I first made the attempt to arrange, in accordance with their period and substance, the hundreds of individual pages bearing neither date nor address, and I was soon convinced that a connecting text (such as Mozart's letters have, and ought to have) would be here entirely superfluous, as even the best biographical commentary would be very dry work, interrupting the electric current of the whole, and thus destroying its peculiar effect."

The volumes are published in scholarly style, and present a very readable and attractive page.

LONDON POEMS. By Robert Buchanan. 12mo, pp. 272. Alexander Strahan, London and New-York.

The elegant dress of this volume, so characteristic of Mr. Strahan's publications, is calculated to make one shy of saying anything derogatory to its character; but we are compelled to say that we decidedly object to Mr. Buchanan's poetry in any dress. The greater part of these poems are to us positively repulsive. They are but little more than rudely penned sketches of certain phases of low life in London, immoral and irreligious in tone, and utterly wanting in that spiritual expression which invests the true poet with the mantle of inspiration. The poet may describe vice if he will, but let him not dare to excuse it or throw a charm about it if he would not raise a storm of indignation in the bosoms of the virtuous and the truthful. Poetry is a divine art; the poet must discharge at once the high office of teacher as well as psalmist, and every

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line should bear the impress of divine truth, nobility, and purity. That which is false, base, boorish, and obscene is none the less detestable for being put in rhythm.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT. An historical novel. By L. Mühlbach. Translated from the German by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and daughters. 12mo. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.

The rapidity with which the novels of Miss Luisa Mühlbach have risen into popularity in this country is a pretty good indication of their merit. They are free from the false sensationalism which furnishes the spice of the lower school of modern fiction; and they treat of historical subjects and characters with an honest intention to exhibit historical truth, and not as a mere framework for the display of a trashy story. Many of the scenes are drawn with a fidelity and an effectiveness which show at the same time a close familiarity with the times and persons with which the novel is concerned and a very considerable literary skill; but the dialogues are not always well managed, the diction being sometimes too trivial and sometimes too stilted. Despite this minor defect, the book is full enough of interest; and our wonder is, considering the great and long-established popularity of Miss Mühlbach in Germany, that her writings were not translated into our language long ago. It is a singular fact that the present work, and some other historical novels from the same pen which D. Appleton & Co. have now in press, were translated and first printed in the Confederate States during the late rebellion.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN. By Emily Davies. 16mo, pp. 191. London and New-York: Alexander Strahan. 1866.

This is a well-written plea for reform in the present system of female education; not for a reform which would ignore the difference in the character and duties of the two sexes, but one which would open to women various callings for which nature has specially fitted them, but from which they are now shut out either by defective training or by the prejudices of society. Miss Davies's little treatise is an appropriate companion work for a volume of similar essays by Miss Parkes which we noticed two or three months ago; and though both of them are more applicable to the state of things in England than to the better condition of women in our own country there is much in both which deserves our serious consideration.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, from the commencement of the Christian Era until the present time. By M. l'abbé J. E. Darras. Vol. IV. New-York: P. O'Shea. 1866.

The fourth volume of this highly esteemed work completes the publication of the original history of M. Darras. It comprises the last, and to us for many reasons the most interesting period of the history of the church; that which begins with the rise of Protestantism down to the pontificate of Gregory XVI. To this volume is added as an appendix a very concise and valuable historical sketch of the origin and progress of the Church in the United States by the Rev. Dr. C. I. White, of Washington City. We have already warmly commended this work to our readers. It will take its place, of course, in all our colleges and literary societies, and become as familiar to our American as it is already to all French students; but we wish for it also a wide distribution in the family circle. There is no reason why such useful and entertaining works as this should not be kept at hand and under the eye of our youth at home. A good knowledge of the church's life, labors, trials, and victories is necessary to every Catholic in our day, both for an intelligent appreciation of his faith as well as to be able to combat the attacks that faith receives through misrepresentation of the facts of history, and the unblushing falsehoods concerning the Papacy, which are so foul a blot upon the pages of history and controversy written by Protestant and infidel enemies of the church. The present work is the best history of the church we possess in the English language. It is such a one as we have needed a long time, and we again thank the enterprising publisher for the boon he has thus conferred upon the Catholic public.

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THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS. By Father Thomas of Jesus. Reprinted from the last London Edition. New York: P. O'Shea, 27 Barclay st. 1866.

This is a work composed by a great saint, and justly deserving of the great reputation it has always enjoyed as one of the best of spiritual books. It contains an inexhaustible mine of meditation, sufficient to last a person during his whole life, and just as new and fresh after the hundredth perusal as during the first. It is as a book for meditation that it should be used, and for this purpose it cannot be too highly recommended to religious communities or to devout persons in the world who desire and need a guide and model for the practice of meditation.

THE LIFE AND LIGHT OF MEN: An Essay. By John Young, LL.D. Edin. Strahan.

Dr. Young was formerly a Presbyterian minister, but resigned his position on account of his inability to believe the Presbyterian doctrines, especially that of the vicarious atonement and imputed righteousness of Christ. The present work is levelled against this doctrine. The author has tolerably clear views of the Incarnation, and some other Catholic doctrines. His learning appears to be considerable, the tone of his mind very just and moderate, and his intellectual and literary ability of no mean order. He is one instance among a thousand others, of a noble, religious mind striving to rise above the common Protestant orthodoxy without floating away into rationalism. We recommend his book to our Calvinistic friends. What the excellent author is yearning after is Catholic theology. This, and this alone would satisfy him, for it alone can satisfy any mind that wishes to believe in the Christian revelation and at the same time be rational.

THE LIFE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, AND ITS LESSONS. A Lecture. By Rev. T. S. Preston. R. Coddington.

The publication of this lecture will gratify many who were not able to be present at its delivery. The orator gives a short account of the life and great labors of the apostle of charity, and then shows the difference between charity as a Christian virtue and simple, natural philanthropy, both in principle and their means and ends of action. In works of benevolence, that which the Christian saint is careless about and avoids to the utmost of his power, is considered by the world as of vital necessity to secure success, the approval and applause of men. This truth is well brought out in the lecture, and is one which it is necessary to keep before our minds in this puffing age. The proceeds of the sale of the lecture is accredited to the benefit of the conference of St. Vincent de Paul, attached to St. Ann's church of this city.

ALTE UND NEUE WELT. Benziger Bros., New York.

This is a Catholic monthly magazine in the German language, enriched with copious illustrations. The type and paper are of very superior quality, the contents very various and, we should think, well chosen. The illustrations are by far the best which can be found in any periodical published in America, and many of them equal to those of the best European magazines. The work as a whole reflects the greatest credit on its conductors, and deserves the most extensive patronage from our numerous and intelligent German Catholic population. We recommend it also to those who are studying the German language, or interested in German literature. The illustrations alone are worth the price of subscripion, which is $4,00 a year.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM D. & J. SADLIER & CO., New-York. The Denounced; or, the Last Baron of Crana, and The Boyne Water. By the Brothers Banim. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 448 and 559; Parts 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35 and 36 of D'Artaud's Lives of the Popes.

FROM TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston. How New-York is Governed. By James Parton, reprinted from the North-American Review. Pamphlet.

FROM P. O'SHEA, New-York. The Purgatorian Manual; or, a Selection of Prayers and Devotions with appropriate reflections for the use of the members of the Purgatorian Society in the Diocese of New-York, and adapted for general use. By Rev. Thomas S. Preston, pastor of St. Ann's and Chancellor of the Diocese. Approved by the most Rev. John McCloskey, D.D., archbishop of New-York, pp. 452; The Imitation of Christ in Two Books, translated by Richard Challoner, D.D. 48mo, pp. 308; Instructions on the Commandments of God, and Holy Sacraments. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. 48mo, pp. 288. The Spiritual Combat; or, the Christian Defended against the Enemy of his Salvation. 48mo, pp. 253; Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, in Latin and English. 12mo, pp. 178.

We have received an Oration delivered before the members of St. Mary's Orphan Association of Nashville, Tenn., July 4th, 1866, by Rev. A. J. Ryan, author of The Conquered Banner, etc.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE POPE AND THE REVOLUTION

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

[THIS sermon is given to the world in consequence of its having been made the subject in the public prints of various reports and comments, which, though both friendly and fair to the author, as far as he has seen them, nevertheless, from the necessity of the case, have proceeded from information inexact in points of detail.

It is now published from the copy written beforehand, and does not differ from that copy, as delivered, except in such corrections of a critical nature as are imperative when a composition, written *currente calamo*, has to be prepared for the press. There is one passage, however, which it has been found necessary to enlarge, with a view of expressing more exactly the sentiment which it contained, namely, the comparison made between Italian and English Catholics.

The author submits the whole, as he does all his publications, to the judgment of Holy Church.]

October 13, 1866.

The church shone brightly in her youthful days,
  Ere the world on her smiled;
So now, an outcast, she would pour her rays
  Keen, free, and undefiled;
Yet would I not that arm of force were mine,
To thrust her from her awful ancient shrine.

'Twas duty bound each convert-king to rear
  His mother from the dust;
And pious was it to enrich, nor fear
  Christ for the rest to trust:
And who shall dare make common or unclean
What once has on the holy altar been?

Dear brothers! hence, while ye for ill prepare,
  Triumph is still your own;
Blest is a pilgrim church! yet shrink to share
  The curse of throwing down.
So will we toil in our old place to stand,
Watching, not dreading, the despoiler's hand.

Vid. LYRA APOSTOLICA

SERMON.

THIS day, the feast of the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, has been specially devoted by our ecclesiastical superiors to be a day of prayer for the sovereign pontiff, our holy father, Pope Pius the Ninth.

His lordship, our bishop, has addressed a pastoral letter to his clergy upon the subject, and at the end of it he says: "Than that festival none can be more appropriate, as it is especially devoted to celebrating the triumphs of the Holy See obtained by prayer. We therefore propose and direct that on the festival of the Rosary, the chief mass in each church and chapel of our diocese be celebrated with as much solemnity as circumstances will allow of. And that after the mass the psalm

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Miserere and the Litany of the Saints be sung or recited. That the faithful be invited to offer one communion for the Pope's intention. And that, where it can be done, one part at least of the rosary be publicly said at some convenient time in the church, for the same intention."

Then he adds: "In the sermon at the mass of the festival, it is our wish that the preacher should instruct the faithful on their obligations to the Holy See, and on the duty especially incumbent on us at this time of praying for the Pope."

I. "Our obligations to the Holy See." What Catholic can doubt of our obligations to the Holy See? especially what Catholic under the shadow and teaching of St. Philip Neri can doubt those obligations, in both senses of the word "obligation," the tie of duty and the tie of gratitude?

1. For first as to duty. Our duty to the Holy See, to the chair of St. Peter, is to be measured by what the church teaches us concerning that Holy See and of him who sits in it. Now St. Peter, who first occupied it, was the Vicar of Christ. You know well, my brethren, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who suffered on the cross for us, thereby bought for us the kingdom of heaven. "When thou hadst overcome the sting of death," says the hymn, "thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to those who believe." He opens, and he shuts; he gives grace, he withdraws it; he judges, he pardons, he condemns. Accordingly, he speaks of himself in the Apocalypse as "him who is the holy and the true, him that hath the key of David (the key, that is, of the chosen king of the chosen people), him that openeth and no man shutteth, that shutteth and no man openeth." And what our Lord, the supreme judge, is in heaven, that was St. Peter on earth; he had the keys of the kingdom, according to the text, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed also in heaven."

Next, let it be considered, the kingdom which our Lord set up with St. Peter at its head was decreed in the counsels of God to last to the end of all things, according to the words I have just quoted, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And again, "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." And in the words of the prophet Isaias, speaking of that divinely established church, then in the future, "This is my covenant with them, My spirit that is in thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever." And the prophet Daniel says, "The God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed . . . and it shall break in pieces and shall consume all those kingdoms (of the earth, which went before it), and itself shall stand for ever."

That kingdom our Lord set up when he came on earth, and especially after his resurrection; for we are told by St. Luke that this was his gracious employment, when he visited the apostles from time to time, during the forty days which intervened between Easter day and the day of his ascension. "He showed himself alive to the apostles," says the evangelist, "after his passion by many proofs, for forty days appearing to them and speaking of the kingdom of God." And accordingly, when at length he had ascended on high, and had sent down "the promise of his Father," the Holy Ghost, upon his apostles, they forthwith entered upon their high duties, and brought that kingdom or church into shape, and supplied it with members, and enlarged it, and carried it into all lands. As to St. Peter, he acted as the head of the church, according to the pre-

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vious words of Christ; and, still according to his Lord's supreme will, he at length placed himself in the see of Rome, where he was martyred. And what was then done, in its substance cannot be undone. "God is not as a man that he should lie, nor as the son of man, that he should change. Hath he said then, and shall he not do? hath he spoken, and will he not fulfil?" And, as St. Paul says, "The gifts and the calling of God are without repentance." His church, then, in all necessary matters, is as unchangeable as he. Its framework, its polity, its ranks, its offices, its creed, its privileges, the promises made to it, its fortunes in the world, are ever what they have been.

Therefore, as it was *in* the world, but not *of* the world, in the apostles' times, so it is now; as it was "in honor and dishonor, in evil report and good report, as chastised but not killed, as having nothing and possessing all things," in the apostles' times, so it is now; as then it taught the truth, so it does now; as then it had the sacraments of grace, so has it now; as then it had a hierarchy or holy government of bishops, priests, and deacons, so has it now; and as it had a head then, so must it have a head now. Who is that visible head? who is the vicar of Christ? who has now the keys of the kingdom of heaven, as St. Peter had then? Who is it who binds and looses on earth, that our Lord may bind and loose in heaven? Who, I say, is the successor to St. Peter, since a successor there must be, in his sovereign authority over the church? It is he who sits in St. Peter's chair; it is the Bishop of Rome. We all know *this;* it is part of our *faith;* I am not proving it to you, my brethren. The visible headship of the church, which was with St. Peter while he lived, has been lodged ever since in his chair; the successors in his headship are the successors in his chair, the continuous line of Bishops of Rome, or Popes, as they are called, one after another, as years have rolled on, one dying and another coming, down to this day, when we see Pius the Ninth sustaining the weight of the glorious apostolate, and that for twenty years past—a tremendous weight, a ministry involving momentous duties, innumerable anxieties, and immense responsibilities, as it ever has done.

And now, though I might say much more about the prerogatives of the Holy Father, the visible head of the church, I have said more than enough for the purpose which has led to my speaking about him at all. I have said that, like St. Peter, he is the vicar of his Lord. He can judge, and he can acquit; he can pardon, and he can condemn; he can command, and he can permit; he can forbid, and he can punish. He has a supreme jurisdiction over the people of God. He can stop the ordinary course of sacramental mercies; he can excommunicate from the ordinary grace of redemption; and he can remove again the ban which he has inflicted. It is the rule of Christ's providence, that what his vicar does in severity or in mercy upon earth, he himself confirms in heaven. And in saying all this I have said enough for my purpose, because that purpose is to define our obligations to him. That is the point on which our bishop has fixed our attention; "our obligations to the Holy See;" and what need I say more to measure our own duty to it and to him who sits in it, than to say that, in his administration of Christ's kingdom, in his religious acts, we must never oppose his will, or dispute his word, or criticise his policy, or shrink from his side? There are kings of the earth who have despotic authority, which their subjects obey indeed and disown in their hearts; but we must never murmur at that absolute rule which the sovereign pontiff has over us, because it is given to him by Christ, and, in obeying him, we are obeying his Lord. We must never suffer ourselves to doubt, that, in his government of the church, he is guided by an intelligence more than human. His yoke is the yoke of Christ, *he* has the responsi-

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bility of his own acts, not we; and to his *Lord* must he render account, not to us. Even in secular matters it is ever safe to be on his side, dangerous to be on the side of his enemies. Our duty is, not indeed to mix up Christ's vicar with this or that party of men, because he in his high station is above all parties, but to look at his acts, and to follow him whither he goeth, and never to desert him, however we may be tried, but to defend him at all hazards, and against all comers, as a son would a father, and as a wife a husband, knowing that his cause is the cause of God. And so, as regards his successors, if we live to see them; it is our duty to give *them* in like manner our dutiful allegiance and our unfeigned service, and to follow them also whithersoever they go, having that same confidence that each in his turn and in his own day will do God's work and will, which we felt in their predecessors, now taken away to their eternal reward.

2. And now let us consider our obligations to the sovereign pontiff in the second sense, which is contained under the word "obligation." "In the sermon in the mass," says the bishop, "it is our wish that the preacher should instruct the faithful on their obligations to the Holy See;" and certainly those obligations, that is, the claims of the Holy See upon our gratitude, are very great. We in this country owe our highest blessings to the see of St. Peter—to the succession of bishops who have filled his apostolic chair. For first it was a Pope who sent missionaries to this island in the beginning of the church, when the island was yet in pagan darkness. Then again, when our barbarous ancestors, the Saxons, crossed over from the continent and overran the country, who but a Pope, St. Gregory the First, sent over St. Augustine and his companions to convert them to Christianity? and by God's grace they and their successors did this great work in the course of a hundred years. From that time, twelve hundred years ago, our nation has ever been Christian. And then in the lawless times which followed, and the break-up of the old world all over Europe, and the formation of the new, it was the Popes, humanly speaking, who saved the religion of Christ from being utterly lost and coming to an end, and not in England only, but on the continent; that is, our Lord made use of that succession of his vicars to fulfil his gracious promise, that his religion should never fail. The Pope and the bishops of the church, acting together in that miserable time, rescued from destruction all that makes up our present happiness, spiritual and temporal. Without them the world would have relapsed into barbarism—but God willed otherwise; and especially the Roman pontiffs, the successors of St. Peter, the centre of Catholic unity, the vicars of Christ, wrought manfully in the cause of faith and charity, fulfilling in their own persons the divine prophecy anew, which primarily related to the Almighty Redeemer himself: "I have laid help upon one that is mighty, and I have exalted one chosen out of the people. I have found David my servant, with my holy oil have I anointed him. For my hand shall help him, and my arm shall strengthen him. The enemy shall have no advantage over him, nor the son of iniquity have power to hurt him. I will put to flight his enemies before his face, and them that hate him I will put to flight. And my truth and my mercy shall be with him, and in my name shall his horn be exalted. He shall cry out to me, Thou art my Father, my God, and the support of my salvation. And I will make him my first-born, high above the kings of the earth. I will keep my mercy for him for ever, and my covenant shall be faithful to him."

And the Almighty did this in pity toward his people, and for the sake of his religion, and by virtue of his promise, and for the merits of the most precious blood of his own dearly beloved Son, whom the Popes represented. As Moses and Aaron, as Josue, as

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Samuel, as David, were the leaders of the Lord's host in the old time, and carried on the chosen people of Israel from age to age, in spite of their enemies round about, so have the Popes from the beginning of the gospel, and especially in those middle ages when anarchy prevailed, been faithful servants of their Lord, watching and fighting against sin and injustice and unbelief and ignorance, and spreading abroad far and wide the knowledge of Christian truth.

Such they have been in every age, and such are the obligations which mankind owes to them; and, if I am to pass on to speak of the present pontiff, and of our own obligations to him, then I would have you recollect, my brethren, that it is he who has taken the Catholics of England out of their unformed state and made them a church. He it is who has redressed a misfortune of nearly three hundred years' standing. Twenty years ago we were a mere collection of individuals; but Pope Pius has brought us together, has given us bishops, and created out of us a body politic, which, please God, as time goes on, will play an important part in Christendom, with a character, an intellect, and a power of its own, with schools of its own, with a definite influence in the counsels of the Holy Church Catholic, as England had of old time.

This has been his great act toward our country; and then specially, as to his great act toward us here, toward me. One of his first acts after he was Pope was, in his great condescension, to call me to Rome; then, when I got there, he bade me send for my friends to be with me; and he formed us into an oratory. And thus it came to pass that, on my return to England, I was able to associate myself with others who had not gone to Rome, till we were so many in number that not only did we establish our own oratory here, whither the Pope had specially sent us, but we found we could throw off from us a colony of zealous and able priests into the metropolis, and establish there, with the powers with which the Pope had furnished me, and the sanction of the late cardinal, that oratory which has done and still does so much good among the Catholics of London.

Such is the Pope now happily reigning in the chair of St. Peter; such are our personal obligations to him; such has he been toward England, such toward us, toward you, my brethren. Such he is in his benefits, and, great as are the claims of those benefits upon us, great equally are the claims on us of his personal character and of his many virtues. He is one whom to see is to love; one who overcomes even strangers, even enemies, by his very look and voice; whose presence subdues, whose memory haunts, even the sturdy resolute mind of the English Protestant. Such is the Holy Father of Christendom, the worthy successor of a long and glorious line. Such is he; and great as he is in office, and in his beneficent acts and virtuous life, as great is he in the severity of his trials, in the complication of his duties, and in the gravity of his perils—perils which are at this moment closing him in on every side; and therefore it is, on account of the crisis of the long-protracted troubles of his pontificate which seems near at hand, that our bishop has set apart this day for special solemnities, the feast of the Holy Rosary, and has directed us to "instruct the faithful on their *obligations* to the Holy See," and not only so, but also "on the duty especially incumbent on us at this time of *praying* for the Pope."

II. This, then, is the second point to which I have to direct your attention, my brethren—the duty of praying for the Holy Father; but, before doing so, I must tell you what the Pope's long-protracted troubles are about, and what the crisis is which seems approaching, I will do it in as few words as I can.

More than a thousand years ago, nay, near upon fifteen hundred, began that great struggle, which I spoke of

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just now, between the old and the new inhabitants of this part of the world. Whole populations of barbarians overran the whole face of the country, that is, of England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and the rest of Europe. They were heathens, and they got the better of the Christians; and religion seemed likely to fail together with that old Christian stock. But, as I have said, the Pope and the bishops of the church took heart, and set about converting the new-comers, as in a former age they had converted those who now had come to misfortune; and, through God's mercy, they succeeded. The Saxon English—Anglo-Saxons, as they are called—are among those whom the Pope converted, as I said just now. The new convert people, as you may suppose, were very grateful to the Pope and bishops, and they showed their gratitude by giving them large possessions, which were of great use, in the bad times that followed, in maintaining the influence of Christianity in the world. Thus the Catholic Church became rich and powerful. The bishops became princes, and the Pope became a sovereign ruler, with a large extent of country all his own. This state of things lasted for many hundred years; and the Pope and bishops became richer and richer, more and more powerful, until at length the Protestant revolt took place, three hundred years ago, and ever since that time, in a temporal point of view, they have become of less and less importance, and less and less prosperous. Generation after generation the enemies of the church, on the other hand, have become bolder and bolder, more powerful, and more successful in their measures against the Catholic faith. By this time the church has well-nigh lost all its wealth and all its power; its bishops have been degraded from their high places in the world, and in many countries have scarcely more, or not more, of weight or of privilege than the ministers of the sects which have split off from it. However, though the bishops lost, as time went on, their temporal rank, the Pope did not lose his; he has been an exception to the rule; according to the providence of God, he has retained Rome, and the territories around about Rome, far and wide, as his own possession without let or hindrance. But now at length, by the operation of the same causes which have destroyed the power of the bishops, the Holy Father is in danger of losing his temporal possessions. For the last hundred years he has had from time to time serious reverses, but he recovered his ground. Six years ago he lost the greater part of his dominions,—all but Rome and the country immediately about it,—and now the worst of difficulties has occurred as regards the territory which remains to him. His enemies have succeeded, as it would seem, in persuading at least a large portion of his subjects to side with them. This is a real and very trying difficulty. While his subjects are for him, no one can have a word to say against his temporal rule; but who can force a sovereign on a people which deliberately rejects him? You may attempt it for awhile, but at length the people, if they persist, will get their way.

They give out then, that the Pope's government is behind the age—that once indeed it was as good as other governments, but that now other governments have got better, and his has not—that he can neither keep order within his territory, nor defend it from attacks from without—that his police and his finances are in a bad state—that his people are discontented within—that he does not show them how to become rich—that he keeps them from improving their minds—that he treats them as children—that he opens no career for young and energetic minds, but condemns them to inactivity and sloth—that he is an old man—that he is an ecclesiastic—that, considering his great spiritual duties, he has no time left him for temporal concerns—and that a bad religious government is a scandal to religion

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I have stated their arguments as fairly as I can, but you must not for an instant suppose, my brethren, that I admit either their principles or their facts. It is a simple paradox to say that ecclesiastical and temporal power cannot lawfully, religiously, and usefully be joined together. Look at what are called the middle ages—that is, the period which intervenes between the old Roman empire and the modern world; as I have said, the Pope and the bishops saved religion and civil order from destruction in those tempestuous times—and they did so *by means* of the secular power which they possessed. And next, going on to the principles which the Pope's enemies lay down as so very certain, who will grant to them, who has any pretension to be a religious man, that progress in temporal prosperity is the greatest of goods, and that everything else, however sacred, must give way before it? On the contrary, health, long life, security, liberty, knowledge, are certainly great goods, but the possession of heaven is a far greater good than all of them together. With all the progress in worldly happiness which we possibly could make, we could not make ourselves immortal—death must come; that will be a time when riches and worldly knowledge will avail us nothing, and true faith and divine love and a past life of obedience will be all in all to us. If we were driven to choose between the two, it would be a hundred times better to be Lazarus in this world than to be Dives in the next.

However, the best answer to their arguments is contained in sacred history, which supplies us with a very apposite and instructive lesson on the subject, and to it I am now going to refer.

Now observe, in the first place, no Catholic maintains that that rule of the Pope as a king, in Rome and its provinces, which men are now hoping to take from him, is, strictly speaking, what is called a theocracy, that is, a divine government. His government, indeed, in spiritual matters, in the Catholic Church throughout the world, might be called a theocracy, because he is the vicar of Christ, and has the assistance of the Holy Ghost; but not such is his kingly rule in his own dominions. On the other hand, the rule exercised over the chosen people, the Israelites, by Moses, Josue, Gideon, Eli, and Samuel, *was* a theocracy: God was the king of the Israelites, *not* Moses and the rest—*they* were but vicars or vicegerents of the Eternal Lord who brought the nation out of Egypt. Now, when men object that the Pope's government of his own states is not what it should be, and that therefore he ought to lose them, because, forsooth, a religious rule should be perfect or not at all, I take them at their word, if they are Christians, and refer them to the state of things among the Israelites after the time of Moses, during the very centuries when they had God for their king. Was that a period of peace, prosperity, and contentment? Is it an argument against the divine perfections, that it was not such a period? Why is it, then, to be the condemnation of the Popes, who are but men, that their rule is but parallel in its characteristics to that of the King of Israel, who was God? He indeed has his own all-wise purposes for what he does; he knows the end from the beginning; he could have made his government as perfect and as prosperous as might have been expected from the words of Moses concerning it, as perfect and prosperous as, from the words of the prophets, our anticipations might have been about the earthly reign of the Messias. But this he did not do, because from the first he made that perfection and that prosperity dependent upon the free will, upon the cooperation of his people. Their loyal obedience to him was the condition, expressly declared by him, of his fulfilling his promises. He proposed to work out his purposes *through* them, and, when they refused their share

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in the work, everything went wrong. Now they did refuse from the first; so that from the very first, he says of them emphatically, they were a "stiff-necked people." This was at the beginning of their history; and close upon the end of it, St. Stephen, inspired by the Holy Ghost, repeats the divine account of them: "You stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, you always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do you also." In consequence of this obstinate disobedience, I say, God's promises were not fulfilled to them. That long lapse of five or six hundred years, during which God was their king, was in good part a time, not of well-being, but of calamity.

Now, turning to the history of the papal monarchy for the last thousand years, the Roman people have not certainly the guilt of the Israelites, because they were not opposing the direct rule of God; and I would not attribute to them now a liability to the same dreadful crimes which stain the annals of their ancestors; but still, after all, they have been a singularly stiff-necked people in time past, and in consequence, there has been extreme confusion, I may say anarchy, under the reign of the Popes; and the restless impatience of his rule which exists in the Roman territory now is only what has shown itself age after age in times past. The Roman people not seldom offered bodily violence to their Popes, killed some Popes, wounded others, drove others from the city. On one occasion they assaulted the Pope at the very altar in St. Peter's, and he was obliged to take to flight in his pontifical vestments. Another time they insulted the clergy of Rome; at another, they attacked and robbed the pilgrims who brought offerings from a distance to the shrine of St. Peter. Sometimes they sided with the German emperors against the Pope; sometimes with other enemies of his in Italy itself. As many as thirty-six Popes endured this dreadful contest with their own subjects, till at last, in anger and disgust with Rome and Italy, they took refuge in France, where they remained for seventy years, during the reigns of eight of their number.*

That I may not be supposed to rest what I have said on insufficient authorities, I will quote the words of that great saint, St. Bernard, about the Roman people, seven hundred years ago.

Writing to Pope Eugenius during the troubles of the day, he says: "What shall I say of the people? why, that it *is* the Roman people. I could not more concisely or fully express what I think of your subjects. What has been so notorious for ages as the wantonness and haughtiness of the Romans? a race unaccustomed to peace, accustomed to tumult; a race cruel and unmanageable up to this day, which knows not to submit, unless when it is unable to make fight. . . . I know the hardened heart of this people, but God is powerful even of these stones to raise up children to Abraham. . . . Whom will you find for me out of the whole of that populous city, who received you as Pope without bribe or hope of bribe? And then especially are they wishing to be masters, when they have professed to be servants. They promise to be trustworthy, that they may have the opportunity of injuring those who trust them. . . . They are wise for evil, but they are ignorant for good. Odious to earth and heaven, they have assailed both the one and the other; impious toward God, reckless toward things sacred, factious among themselves, envious of their neighbors, inhuman toward foreigners, ... they love none, and by none are loved. Too impatient for submission, too helpless for rule; . . . importunate to gain an end, restless till they gain it, ungrateful when they have gained it. They have taught

* I take these facts as I find them in Gibbon's History, the work which I have immediately at hand; but it would not be difficult to collect a multitude of such instances from the original historians of those times.

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their tongue to speak big words, while their performances are scanty indeed."*

Thus I begin, and now let us continue the parallel between the Israelites and the Romans.

I have said that, while the Israelites had God for their king, they had a succession of great national disasters, arising indeed really from their falling off from him; but this they would have been slow to acknowledge. They fell into idolatry; then, in consequence, they fell into the power of their enemies; then God in his mercy visited them, and raised up for them a deliverer and ruler—a judge, as he was called—who brought them to repentance, and then brought them out of their troubles; however, when the judge died, they fell back into idolatry, and then they fell under the power of their enemies again. Thus for eight years they were in subjection to the king of Mesopotamia; for eight years to the king of Moab; for twenty years to the king of Canaan; for seven years to the Madianites; for eighteen years to the Ammonites; and for forty years to the Philistines. Afterward Eli, the high priest, became their judge, and then disorders of another kind commenced. His sons, who were priests also, committed grievous acts of impurity in the holy place, and in other ways caused great scandal. In consequence a heavy judgment came upon the people; they were beaten in battle by the Philistines, and the ark of God was taken. Then Samuel was raised up, a holy prophet and a judge, and in the time of his vigor all went well; but he became old, and then he appointed his sons to take his place. They, however, were not like him, and everything went wrong again. "His sons walked not in his ways," says the sacred record, "but they turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment." This reduced the Israelites to despair; they thought they never should have a good government while things were as they were; and they came to the conclusion that they had better not be governed by such men as Samuel, however holy he might be, that public affairs ought to be put on an intelligible footing, and be carried on upon system, which had never yet been done. So they came to the conclusion that they had better have a king, like the nations around them. They deliberately preferred the rule of man to the rule of God. They did not like to repent and give up their sins, as the true means of being prosperous; they thought it an easier way to temporal prosperity to have a king like the nations than to pray and live virtuously. And not only the common people, but even the grave and venerable seniors of the nation took up this view of what was expedient for them. "All the ancients of Israel, being assembled, came to Samuel, . . . and they said to him . . . Make us a king to judge us, as all nations have." Observe, my brethren, this is just what the Roman people are saying now. They wish to throw off the authority of the Pope, on the plea of the disorders which they attribute to his government, and to join themselves to the rest of Italy, and to have the King of Italy for their king. Some of them, indeed, wish to be without any king at all; but, whether they wish to have a king or no, at least they wish to get free from the Pope.

Now let us continue the parallel. When the prophet Samuel heard this request urged from such a quarter, and supported by the people generally, he was much moved. "The word was displeasing in the eyes of Samuel," says the inspired writer, "that they should say, Give us a king. And Samuel prayed to the Lord."

* St. Bernard is led to say this to the Pope in consequence of the troubles created in Rome by Arnald of Brescia. "Ab obitu Cælestini hoc anno invalescere cœpit istiusmodi rebellio Romanorum adversus Pontificem, eodemque hæresis dicta Politicorum, sive Arnaldistarum. Ea erant tempora infelicissime, cùm Romani ipsi, quorum fides in universo orbe jam à tempore Apostolorum annunciata semper fuit, resilientes modo à Pontifice, dominandi cupidine, ex filiis Petri et discipulis Christi, fiunt soboles et alumni pestilentissimi Arnaldi de Brixiâ. Verùm, cùm tu Romanos audis, ne putes omnes eâdem insaniâ percitos, nam complures ex nobilium Romanorum familiis, iis relictis, pro Pontifice rem agebant, etc." Baron. Annal. in ann. 1144. 4.—*De Consid.* iv. 2.

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Almighty God answered him by saying, "They have not rejected thee, but me;" and he bade the prophet warn the people, what the king they sought after would be to them when at length they had him. Samuel accordingly put before them explicitly what treatment they would receive from him. "He will take your sons," he said, "and will put them in his chariots; and he will make them his horsemen, and his running footmen to go before his chariots. He will take the tenth of your corn and the revenue of your vineyards. Your flocks also he will take, and you shall be his servants." Then the narrative proceeds, "But the people would not hear the voice of Samuel, and they said, Nay, but there shall be a king over us. And we also will be like all nations, and our king shall judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles for us."

Now here the parallel I am drawing is very exact. It is happier, I think, for the bulk of a people to belong to a small state which makes little noise in the world than to a large one. At least in this day we find small states, such as Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, have special and singular temporal advantages. And the Roman people, too, under the sway of the Popes, at least have had a very easy time of it; but, alas, that people is not sensible of this, or does not allow itself to keep it in mind. The Romans have not had those civil inconveniences which fall so heavy on the members of a first-class power. The pontifical government has been very gentle with them; but, if once they were joined to the kingdom of Italy, they would at length find what it is to attain temporal greatness. The words of Samuel to the Israelites would be fulfilled in them to the letter. Heavy taxes would be laid on them; their children would be torn from them for the army; and they would incur the other penalties of an ambition which prefers to have a share in a political adventure to being at the head of Catholic citizenship. We cannot have all things to our wish in this world; we must take our choice between this advantage and that; perhaps the Roman people would like both to secure this world and the next, if they could; perhaps, in seeking both, they may lose both; and perhaps, when they have lost more than they have gained, they may wish their old sovereign back again, as they have done in other centuries before this, and may regret that they have caused such grievous disturbance for what at length they find out is little worth it.

In truth, after all, the question which they have to determine is, as I have intimated, not one of worldly prosperity and adversity, of greatness or insignificance, of despotism or liberty, of position in the world or in the church; but a question of spiritual life or death. The sin of the Israelites was not that they desired good government, but that they rejected God as their king. Their choosing to have "a king like the nations" around them was, in matter of fact, the first step in a series of acts which at length led them to their rejection of the Almighty as their God. When in spite of Samuel's remonstrances they were obstinate, God let them have their way, and then in time they became dissatisfied with their king for the very reasons which the old prophet had set before them in vain. On Solomon's death, about a hundred and twenty years after, the greater part of the nation broke off from his son on the very plea of Solomon's tyranny, and chose a new king, who at once established idolatry all through their country.

Now, I grant, to reject the Holy Father of course is not the sin of the Israelites, for they rejected Almighty God himself: yet I wish I was not forced to believe that a hatred of the Catholic religion is in fact at the bottom of that revolutionary spirit which at present seems so powerful in Rome. Progress, in the mouth of some people—of a great many people—means apostasy. Not that I would deny that

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there are sincere Catholics so dissatisfied with things as they were in Italy, as they are in Rome, that they are brought to think that no social change can be for the worse. Nor as if I pretended to be able to answer all the objections of those who take a political and secular view of the subject. But here I have nothing to do with secular politics. In a sacred place I have only to view the matter religiously. It would ill become me, in my station in the church and my imperfect knowledge of the facts of the case, to speak for or against statesmen and governments, lines of policy or public acts, as if I were invested with any particular mission to give my judgment, or had any access to sources of special information. I have not here to determine what may be politically more wise, or what may be socially more advantageous, or what in a civil point of view would work more happily, or what in an intellectual would tell better; my duty is to lead you, my brethren, to look at what is happening, as the sacred writers would now view it and describe it were they on earth now to do so, and to attempt this by means of the light thrown upon present occurrences by what they actually have written, whether in the Old Testament or the New.

We must remove, I say, the veil off the face of events, as Scripture enables us to do, and try to speak of them as Scripture interprets them for us. Speaking then in the sanctuary, I say that theories and schemes about government and administration, be they better or worse, and the aims of mere statesmen and politicians, be they honest or be they deceitful, these are not the determining causes of that series of misfortunes under which the Holy See has so long been suffering. There is something deeper at work than anything human. It is not any refusal of the Pope to put his administration on a new footing, it is not any craft or force of men high in public affairs, it is not any cowardice or frenzy of the people, which is the sufficient explanation of the present confusion. What it is our duty here to bear in mind is the constant restless agency over the earth of that bad angel who was a liar from the beginning, of whom Scripture speaks so much. The real motive cause of the world's troubles is the abiding presence in it of the apostate spirit, "The prince of the power of this air," as St. Paul calls him, "The spirit that now worketh on the children of unbelief."

Things would go on well enough but for him. He it is who perverts to evil what is in itself good and right, sowing cockle amid the wheat. Advance in knowledge, in science, in education, in the arts of life, in domestic economy, in municipal administration, in the conduct of public affairs, is all good and from God, and might be conducted in a religious way; but the evil spirit, jealous of good, makes use of it for a bad end. And much more able is he to turn to his account the designs and measures of worldly politicians. He it is who spreads suspicions and dislikes between class and class, between sovereigns and subjects, who makes men confuse together things good and bad, who inspires bigotry, party spirit, obstinacy, resentment, arrogance, and self-will, and hinders things from righting themselves, finding their level, and running smooth. His one purpose is so to match and arrange and combine and direct the opinions and the measures of Catholics and unbelievers, of Romans and foreigners, of sovereigns and popular leaders —all that is good, all that is bad, all that is violent or lukewarm in the good, all that is morally great and intellectually persuasive in the bad—as to inflict the widest possible damage, and utter ruin, if that were possible, on the church of God.

Doubtless in St. Paul's time, in the age of heathen persecution, the persecutors had various good political arguments in behalf of their cruelty. Mobs indeed, or local magistrates, might be purposely cruel toward the Christians; but the great Roman gov-

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ernment at a distance, the great rulers and wise lawyers of the day, acted from views of large policy; they had reasons of state, as the kings of the earth have now; still our Lord and his apostles do not hesitate to pass these by, and declare plainly that the persecution which they sanctioned or commanded was the word, not of man, but of Satan. And now in like manner we are not engaged in a mere conflict between progress and reaction, modern ideas and new, philosophy and theology, but in one scene of the never-ending conflict between the anointed Mediator and the devil, the church and the world; and, in St. Paul's words, "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places."

Such is the apostle's judgment; and how, after giving it, does he proceed? "Therefore," he says, "take unto you the armor of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day and to stand in all things perfect. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; in all things taking the shield of faith, whereby you may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." And then he concludes his exhortation with words which most appositely bear upon the point toward which all that I have been saying is directed—"praying at all times with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching therein with all instance and supplication for all the saints, and for me," that is, for the apostle himself, "that speech may be given me, that I may open my mouth with confidence to make known the mystery of the gospel."

Here, then, we are brought at length to the consideration of the duty of prayer for our living apostle and bishop of bishops, the Pope. I shall attempt to state distinctly what is to be the *object* of our prayers for him, and secondly, what the *spirit* in which we should pray, and so I shall bring my remarks on this great subject to an end.

1. In order to ascertain the exact *object* of our prayers at this time, we must ascertain what is the *occasion* of them. You know, my brethren, and I have already observed, that the Holy Father has been attacked in his temporal possessions again and again in these last years, and we have all along been saying prayers daily in the mass in his behalf. About six years ago the northern portion of his states threw off his authority. Shortly after, a large foreign force, uninvited, as it would seem, by his people at large—robbers I will call them—(this is not a political sentiment, but a historical statement, for I never heard any one, whatever his politics, who defended their act in itself, but only on the plea of its supreme expedience, of some state necessity, or some theory of patriotism)—a force of sacrilegious robbers—broke into provinces nearer to Rome by a sudden movement, and, without any right except that of the stronger, got possession of them, and keeps them to this day.* Past out-

* The following telegram in The Times of September 13th, 1860, containing Victor Emanuel's formal justification of his invasion and occupation of Umbria and the Marches in a time of peace, is a document for after-times:

TURIN, Sept. 11, evening.

The king received to-day a deputation from the inhabitants of Umbria and the Marches.

His majesty granted the protection which the deputation solicited, and orders have been given to the Sardinian troops to enter those provinces by the following proclamation:

"Soldiers! You are about to enter the Marches and Umbria, in order to establish civil order in the towns now desolated by misrule, and to give to the people the liberty of expressing their own wishes. You will not fight against the armies of any of the powers, but will free those unhappy Italian provinces from the bands of foreign adventurers which infest them. You do not go to revenge injuries done to me and Italy, but to prevent the popular hatred from unloosing itself against the oppressors of the country.

"By your example you will teach the people forgiveness of offences, and Christian tolerance to the man who compared the love of the Italian fatherland to Islamism.

"At peace with all the great powers, and holding myself aloof from any provocation, I intend to rid Central Italy of one continual cause of trouble and dis-

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rages, such as these, are never to be forgotten; but still they are not the occasion, nor do they give the matter, of our present prayers. What that occasion, what that object is, we seem to learn from his lordship's letter to his clergy, in which our prayers are required. After speaking of the Pope's being "stripped of part of his dominions," and "deprived of all the rest, with the exception of the marshes and deserts that surround the Roman capital," he fastens our attention on the fact, that "now at last is the Pope to be left standing alone, and standing face to face with those unscrupulous adversaries, whose boast and whose vow to all the world it is not to leave to him one single foot of Italian ground except beneath their sovereign sway." I understand, then, that the exact object of our prayers is, that the territory still his should not be violently taken from him, as have been those larger portions of his dominions of which I have already spoken.

This too, I conceive, is what is meant by praying for the Holy See. "The duty of every true child of Holy Church," says the bishop, "is to offer continuous and humble prayer for the Father of Christendom, and for the protection of the Holy See." By the Holy See we may understand Rome, considered as the seat of pontifical government. We are to pray for Rome, the see, or seat, or metropolis of St. Peter and his successors. Further, we are to pray for Rome as the seat, not only of his spiritual government, but of his temporal. We are to pray that he may continue king of Rome; that his subjects may come to a better mind; that instead of threatening and assailing him, or being too cowardly to withstand those who do, they may defend and obey him; that, instead of being the heartless tormentors of an old and venerable man, they may pay a willing homage to the apostle of God; that instead of needing to be kept down year after year by troops from afar, as has been the case for so long a time, they may, "with a great heart and a willing mind," form themselves into the glorious body-guard of a glorious master; that they may obliterate and expiate what is so great a scandal to the world, so great an indignity to themselves, so great a grief to their father and king, that foreigners are kinder to him than his own flesh and blood; that now at least, though in the end of days, they may reverse the past, and, after the ingratitude of centuries, may unlearn the pattern of that rebellious people, who began by rejecting their God and ended by crucifying their Redeemer.

2. So much for the *object* of our prayers; secondly, as to the *spirit* in which we should pray. As we ever say in prayer, "Thy will be done," so

cord. I intend to respect the seat of the chief of the church, to whom I am ever ready to give, in accordance with the allied and friendly powers, all the guarantees of independence and security which his misguided advisers have in vain hoped to obtain for him from the fanaticism of the wicked sect which conspires against my authority and against the liberties of the nation.

"Soldiers! I am accused of ambition. Yes; I have one ambition, and it is to re-establish the principles of moral order in Italy, and to preserve Europe from the continual dangers of revolution and war."

The next day The Times, in a leading article, thus commented on the above:

"Victor Emanuel has in Garibaldi a most formidable competitor. . . . [Piedmont] must therefore, at whatever cost or risk, make herself once more mistress of the revolution. She must lead that she may not be forced to follow. She must revolutionize the Papal States, in order that she may put herself in a position to arrest a dangerous revolutionary movement against Venetia. . . . These motives are amply sufficient to account for the decisive movement of Victor Emanuel. He lives in revolutionary times, when self-preservation has superseded all other considerations, and it would be childish to apply to his situation the maxims of international law which are applicable to periods of tranquillity.

"These being the motives which have impelled Piedmont to draw the sword, we have next to see what are the grounds on which she justifies the step. These grounds are two—the extraordinary misrule and oppression of the Papal government, and the presence of large bands of foreign mercenaries, by which the country is oppressed and terrorized. The object is said to be to give the people an opportunity of expressing their own wishes and the re-establishment of civil order. The king promises to respect the seat of the chief of the church—Rome, we suppose, and its immediate environs; but, while holding out this assurance, the manifesto speaks of the Pope and his advisers in terms of bitterness and acrimony unusual in the present age, even in a declaration of war. He will teach the people forgiveness of offences, and Christian tolerance to the Pope and his general. He denounces the misguided advisers of the pontiff, and the fanaticism of the wicked sect which conspires against his authority and the liberties of the nation. This is harsh language, and is not inconsistently seconded by the advance into the States of the Church of an army of 50,000 men."

It was the old fable of the wolf and the lamb.

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we must say now. We do not absolutely know God's will in this matter; we know indeed it is his will that we should ask; we are not absolutely sure that it is his will that he should grant. The very fact of our praying shows that we are uncertain about the event. We pray when we are uncertain, not when we are certain. If we were quite sure what God intended to do, whether to continue the temporal power of the Pope or to end it, we should not pray. It is quite true indeed that the event may *depend upon* our prayer, but by such prayer is meant perseverance in prayer and union of prayers; and we never can be certain that this condition of numbers and of fervor has been sufficiently secured. We shall indeed gain our prayer if we pray enough; but, since it is ever uncertain what *is* enough, it is ever uncertain what will be the event. There are Eastern superstitions, in which it is taught that, by means of a certain number of religious acts, by sacrifices, prayers, penances, a man of necessity extorts from God what he wishes to gain, so that he may rise to supernatural greatness even against the will of God. Far be from us such blasphemous thoughts! We pray to God, we address the Blessed Virgin and the holy apostles, and the other guardians of Rome, to defend the holy city; but we know the event lies absolutely in the hands of the Allwise, whose ways are not as our ways, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and, unless we had been furnished with a special revelation on the matter, to be simply confident or to predict would be presumption. Such is Christian prayer; it implies hope and fear. We are not certain we shall gain our petition, we are not certain we shall not gain it. Were we certain that we should not, we should give ourselves to resignation, not to prayer; were we certain we should, we should employ ourselves, not in prayer, but in praise and thanksgiving. While we pray, then, in behalf of the Pope's temporal power, we contemplate both sides of the alternative, his retaining it and his losing it; and we prepare ourselves both for thanksgiving and resignation, as the event may be. I conclude by considering each of these issues of his present difficulty.

(1.) First, as to the event of his retaining his temporal power. I think this side of the alternative (humanly speaking) to be highly probable. I should be very much surprised if in the event he did not keep it. I think the Romans will not be able to do without him; it is only a minority even now which is against him; the majority of his subjects are not wicked, so much as cowardly and incapable. Even if they renounce him now for awhile, they will change their minds and wish for him again. They will find out that he is their real greatness. Their city is a place of ruins, except so far as it is a place of holy shrines. It is the tomb and charnel-house of pagan impiety, except so far as it is sanctified and quickened by the blood of martyrs and the relics of saints. To inhabit it would be a penance, were it not for the presence of religion. Babylon is gone, Memphis is gone, Persepolis is gone; Rome would go, if the Pope went. Its very life is the light of the sanctuary. It never could be a suitable capital of a modern kingdom without a sweeping away of all that makes it beautiful and venerable to the world at large. And then, when its new rulers had made of it a trim and brilliant city, they would find themselves on an unhealthy soil and a defenceless plain. But, in truth, the tradition of ages and inveteracy of associations make such a vast change in Rome impossible. All mankind are parties to the inviolable union of the Pope and his city. His autonomy is a first principle in European politics, whether among Catholics or Protestants; and where can it be secured so well as in that city which has so long been the seat of its exercise? Moreover, the desolateness of Rome is as befitting to a kingdom which is not of this world as it is in-

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compatible with a creation of modern political theories. It is the religious centre of millions all over the earth, who care nothing for the Romans who happen to live there, and much for the martyred apostles who so long have lain buried there; and its claim to have an integral place in the very idea of Catholicity is recognized not only by Catholics, but by the whole world.

It is cheering to begin our prayers with these signs of God's providence in our favor. He expressly encourages us to pray, for before we have begun our petition, he has begun to fulfil it. And at the same time, by beginning the work of mercy *without* us, he seems to remind us of that usual course of his providence, namely, that he means to finish it *with* us. Let us fear to be the cause of a triumph being lost to the church, because we would not pray for it.

(2.) And now, lastly, to take the other side of the alternative. Let us suppose that the Pope loses his temporal power, and returns to the condition of St. Sylvester, St. Julius. St. Innocent, and other great Popes of early times. Are we, therefore, to suppose that he and the church will come to naught? God forbid! To say that the church can fail, or the see of St. Peter can fail, is to deny the faithfulness of Almighty God to his word. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." To say that the church cannot live except in a particular way, is to make it "subject to elements of the earth." The church is not the creature of times and places, of temporal politics or popular caprice. Our Lord maintains her by means of this world, but these means are necessary to her only while he gives them; when he takes them away, they are no longer necessary. He works by means, but he is not bound to means. He has a thousand ways of maintaining her; he can support her life, not by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of his mouth. If he takes away one defence, he will give another instead. We know nothing of the future: our duty is to direct our course according to our day; not to give up of our own act the means which God has given us to maintain his church withal, but not to lament over their loss, when he has taken them away. Temporal power has been the means of the church's independence for a very long period; but, as her bishops have lost it a long while, and are not the less bishops still, so would it be as regards her head, if he also lost his. The eternal God is her refuge, and as he has delivered her out of so many perils hitherto, so will he deliver her still. The glorious chapters of her past history are but anticipations of other glorious chapters still to come. See how it has been with her from the very beginning down to this day. First, the heathen populations persecuted her children for three centuries, but she did not come to an end. Then a flood of heresies was poured out upon her, but still she did not come to an end. Then the savage tribes of the north and east came down upon her and overran her territory, but she did not come to an end. Next, darkness of mind, ignorance, torpor, stupidity, reckless corruption, fell upon the holy place, still she did not come to an end. Then the craft and violence of her own strong and haughty children did their worst against her, but still she did not come to an end. Then came a time when the riches of the world flowed in upon her, and the pride of life, and the refinements and the luxuries of human reason; and lulled her rulers into an unfaithful security, till they thought their high position in the world would never be lost to them, and almost fancied that it was good to enjoy themselves here below; but still she did not come to an end. And then came the so-called reformation, and the rise of Protestantism, and men said that the church had disappeared and they could not find her place. Yet, now three centuries after that event, *has*,

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my brethren, the Holy Church come to an end? has Protestantism weakened her powers, terrible enemy as it seemed to be when it arose? has Protestantism, that bitter, energetic enemy of the Holy See, harmed the Holy See? Why, there never has been a time, since the first age of the church when there has been such a succession of holy Popes, as since the reformation. Protestantism has been a great infliction on such as have succumbed to it; but it has even wrought benefits for those whom it has failed to seduce. By the mercy of God it has been turned into a spiritual gain to the members of Holy Church.

Take again Italy, into which Protestantism has not entered, and England, of which it has gained possession. Now I know well that, when Catholics are good in Italy, they are very good; I would not deny that they attain there to a height and a force of saintliness of which we seem to have no specimens here. This, however, is the case of souls whom neither the presence nor the absence of religious enemies would affect for the better or the worse. Nor will I attempt the impossible task of determining the amount of faith and obedience among Catholics respectively in two countries so different from each other. But, looking at Italian and English Catholics externally and in their length and breadth, I may leave any Protestant to decide, in which of the two there is at this moment a more demonstrative faith, a more impressive religiousness, a more generous piety, a more steady adherence to the cause of the Holy Father. The English are multiplying religious buildings, decorating churches, endowing monasteries, educating, preaching, and converting, and carrying off in the current of their enthusiasm numbers even of those who are external to the church; the Italian statesmen, on the contrary, in our bishop's words, "imprison and exile the bishops and clergy, leave the flocks without shepherds, confiscate the church's revenues, suppress the monasteries and convents, incorporate ecclesiastics and religious in the army, plunder the churches and monastic libraries, and expose religion herself, stripped and bleeding in every limb, the Catholic religion in the person of her ministers, her sacraments, her most devoted members, to be objects of profane and blasphemous ridicule." In so brave, intelligent, vigorous-minded a race as the Italians, and in the nineteenth century not the sixteenth, and in the absence of any formal protest of classes or places, the act of the rulers is the act of the people. At the end of three centuries Protestant England contains more Catholics who are loyal and energetic in word and deed than Catholic Italy. So harmless has been the violence of the reformation; it professed to eliminate from the church doctrinal corruptions, and it has failed both in what it has done and in what it has not done; it has bred infidels, to its confusion; and, to its dismay, it has succeeded in purifying and strengthening Catholic communities.

It is with these thoughts then, my brethren, with these feelings of solemn expectation, of joyful confidence, that we now come before our God and pray him to have mercy on his chosen servant, his own vicar, in this hour of trial. We come to him, like the prophet Daniel, in humiliation for our own sins and the sins of our kings, our princes, our fathers, and our people in all parts of the church; and therefore we say the *Miserere* and the Litany of the Saints, as in a time of fast. And we come before him in the bright and glad spirit of soldiers who know they are under the leading of an invincible king, and wait with beating hearts to see what he is about to do; and therefore it is that we adorn our sanctuary, bringing out our hangings and multiplying our lights, as on a day of festival. We know well we are on the winning side, and that the prayers of the poor and the weak and despised can do more, when offered in a true spirit, than all the wisdom and all the resources of the world. This seventh of October is the very anni-

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versary of that day on which the prayers of St. Pius, and the Holy Rosary said by thousands of the faithful at his bidding, broke forever the domination of the Turks in the great battle of Lepanto. God will give us what we ask, or he will give us something better. In this spirit let us proceed with the holy rites which we have begun—in the presence of innumerable witnesses, of God the judge of all, of Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, of his mother Mary our immaculate protectress, of all the angels of holy church, of all the blessed saints, of apostles and evangelists, martyrs and confessors, holy preachers, holy recluses, holy virgins, of holy innocents taken away before actual sin, and of all other holy souls who have been purified by suffering, and have already reached their heavenly home.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE SOURCE OF LABOR.

Science has taught us that the processes going on around us are but changes, not annihilations and creations. With the eye of knowledge we see the candle slowly turning into invisible gases, nor doubt for an instant that the matter of which the candle was composed is still existing, ready to reappear in other forms. But this fact is true not only of matter itself, but also of all the influences that work on matter. We wind up the spring of a clock, and, for a whole week, the labor thus stored up is slowly expended in keeping the clock going. Or, again, we spend five minutes of hard labor in raising the hammer of a pile-driver, which, in its fall, exerts all that accumulated labor in a single instant. In these instances, we easily see that we store up labor. Now, if we put a dozen sovereigns in a purse, and none of them be lost, we can take a dozen sovereigns out again. So in labor, if no labor be lost, as science asserts—for the inertia of matter, its very deadness, so to speak, which renders it incapable of spontaneously producing work, also prevents its destroying work when involved in it—we should be able to obtain back without deduction all our invested labor when we please.

Imagine a mountain stream turning an overshot wheel. It thus falls from a higher to a lower level. A certain amount of labor would be required to raise the water from the lower level to the higher; just this amount of labor the water gives out in its fall, and invests, as it were, in the wheel. If, however, when arrived at the lower level, the water were to demand of the wheel to be pumped up again, the slightest trial would show that it would ask more than it could obtain, though not more than it had given. The wheel, if questioned as to the cause of its inability, must reply as others have done, that it has shut up part of the labor in investments which it cannot realize. The reason, as commonly stated, is, that friction has destroyed part of the labor. The labor is not, however, destroyed. Science has shown that heat and labor are connected; labor may be turned into heat, and heat into labor. The labor absorbed by friction is but turned into heat. If, however, we try to extract labor from the heat thus diffused through the different parts of the water-wheel, and make it available, we find ourselves quite at a loss. The heat gradually diffuses itself through surrounding bodies, and, so far as we

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are concerned, the labor is wasted, though it still exist, like Cleopatra's pearl dissolved in the cup of vinegar.

If no labor is lost, so neither is any created. The labor we exert is but the expenditure of labor stored up in our frames, just as the labor invested in the wound-up spring keeps the clock going. Whence, then, does all this labor originally come? We see the waste — how is compensation made? The answer is simple and easy to give. All the labor done under the sun is really done by it. The light and heat which the sun supplies are turned into labor by the organizations which exist upon the earth. These organizations may be roughly divided into two classes—the collectors and the expenders of the sun's labor. The first merely collect the sun's labor, so as to make it available for the other class; while, just as the steam-engine is the medium by which the steam gives motion, so this second class is the medium by which the sun's heat is turned into actual labor.

Still, the sun does not work only through organized labor: his mere mechanical influence is very great. With the moon—the only second post he deigns to fill—he produces the tides by his attraction on the sea. But for the friction of the earth and sea, the tides, once set in motion, would rise and fall without any further effort; but the work done in overcoming the friction is, though due to the sun and moon, not extracted from them, but by them from the earth. For it would take a vast effort to cause the earth to cease rotating. All this effort is, as it were, stored up in the revolving earth. As the tidal waters, then, rub along the bed of the sea, or the waters on which they rest and the adjacent coasts, this friction tends to make the earth move faster or slower, according to the direction in which the tidal flow is. The general effect is, however, that the friction of the tides makes the earth revolve more slowly; in other words, that part of the energy of rotation of the earth, so to speak, is consumed in rubbing against the tidal waters. All the work, therefore, that the tides do in undermining our cliffs and washing away our beaches, is extracted by the sun and moon from the work stored up in the rotation of the earth. The diminution of rotation, indeed, is so small as scarcely to be perceived by the most refined observation, but the reality of it is now generally recognized; and this process, too, will apparently go on till the earth ceases to rotate on its axis, and presents one face constantly to the sun.

Thus we see that the destruction of the land by the sea, so interesting in a geological point of view, is partly due to the sun's action. Not only is he the source of the light and heat we enjoy, but he aids in forming the vast sedimentary beds that form so large a part of the crust of the earth, mixing the ingredients of our fields and moulding our globe.

By heating the air, the sun produces winds, and some of the labor thus expended is made use of by man in turning his wind-mills and carrying his wares across the sea. But there is another expenditure of the sun's heat more immediately useful to man. By evaporating the sea and other bodies of water, he loads the air with moisture, which, when in contact with cold mountain-peaks or cold masses of air, loses its heat, and, being condensed, falls as rain or snow. Thus the rivers are replenished, which for a long time supplied the greater part of the labor employed in manufactures, though the invention of the steam-engine is fast reducing relatively the value of this supply of labor.

But vast as the sun's power thus exerted is, and useful as it is to man, it is surpassed in importance by his labor exerted through organized beings. The above named agents have one defect: on the whole, they are incapable of being stored up to any great degree; we must employ them as nature gives them to us. Organized existence, however, possesses the power of storing up labor to a very high de-

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gree. The means it adopts are not mechanical, but chemical. The formation of chemical compounds is attended with the giving out of heat, which, as we have said before, is equivalent to labor, and if of sufficient intensity, can by us be made available as labor, as in the steam-engine. Now we take iron ore, consisting of iron in combination with other substances. By means of great heat the iron is set free in the smelting-furnace. The iron, then, in its change of form has, as it were, taken in all this heat. If, now, we take this iron, and keeping it from the influence of the air, reduce it to a very fine powder, and then suddenly expose it to the air, by the force of natural affinity it will absorb the oxygen of the air, and in so doing give out the heat before required to set it free from the oxygen; and if the iron be in small enough portions, so that the process is sufficiently rapid, we may see the iron grow red hot with the heat thus disengaged.

Now, plants and trees, by the aid of the solar light and heat, remove various substances, carbon especially, from what seem to be their more natural combinations, and in other combinations store them up in their structures. Take a young oak-tree with its first tender leaves; if deprived of the sun's light and heat, its growth would be stayed, and its life die out. But with the aid of the sun's rays, it absorbs carbon from the gases in the air, each particle of carbon absorbed being absorbed by the power of the sun, through the agency of the plant; and with each particle of carbon stored up is also, as it were, stored up the labor of the sun by which that particle was set free from its former fetters. The sap of the plant thus enriched returns in its course, and by some mysterious process is curdled into cells and hardened into wood. But the work by which all this was accomplished lies hid in the wood, and not only is it there, but it is there in a greatly condensed state. To form a little ring of wood round the tree, not an eighth of an inch across it, took the sunshine of a long summer, falling on the myriad leaves of the oak.

Lemuel Gulliver, at Laputa, was astonished by seeing a philosopher aiming at extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. Had he but rightly considered the thing he would have wondered at any one's troubling to make a science of it. The thing has always been done. From Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden eating sweet fruits, through the onion-eating builders of the pyramids, down to the flesh-eating myriads of our land, this process has always been going on. The active life of reasoning man, and his limitless powers of invention, need for their full development a vast supply of labor. By means of the vegetable kingdom, the sun's work is stored up in a number of organic substances. Man takes these into his system, and in the vessels and fibres of his body they resume their original combinations, and the labor of the sun is given out as muscular action and animal heat. To allow a larger supply of labor for man's intellect to work with, Providence created the herbivorous races. Some of these further condense the work of the sun involved in plants, by taking these plants into their systems, and storing up the work in them in their flesh and fat, which, after some preparation, are fit to be received into the frame of man, there, as the simpler vegetable substances, to supply heat and labor. Others, extracting work from the vegetable kingdom, just as man does, and mostly from parts of the vegetable kingdom that are not suited to the organs of man, are valuable to man as sources of labor, since they have no power to invent modes of employing this labor to their own advantage. Man might have been gifted with a vaster frame, and so with greater power of labor in himself, but such a plan had been destitute of elasticity; and while the savage would have basked in the sun in a more extended idleness, the civilized man had still lacked means to execute his plans.

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So that good providence which formed man devised a further means for supplying his wants. Instead of placing him at once on a new-formed planet, it first let the sun spend its labor for countless ages upon our world. Age by age, much of this labor was stored up in vast vegetable growths. Accumulated in the abysses of the sea, or sunk to a great depth by the collapse of supporting strata, the formations of a later age pressed and compacted this mass of organic matter. The beds thus formed were purified by water, and even by heat, and at last raised to within the reach of man by subterranean movements. From this reservoir of labor man now draws rapidly, driving away the frost of to-day with the sunshine of a million years ago, and thrashing this year's harvest with the power that came to our earth before corn grew upon it.

Such are the processes by which the sun's power is collected and stored up by the vegetable kingdom in a form sufficiently condensed to be available for working the machinery of the bodies of men and beasts, and also to assist man in vaster expenditures of labor. It is most interesting to trace such processes, and not only interesting, but also instructive, for it shows us in what direction we are to look for our sources of labor, and will at once expose many common delusions. One hears, perhaps, that something will be found to supplant steam. Galvanism may be named; yet galvanism is generated by certain decompositions—of metal, for instance—and this metal had first to be prepared by the agency of coal, and in its decomposition can give out no more labor than the coal before invested in it. It is as if one should buy a steam-engine to pump up water to keep his mill-wheel going. The source of all labor is the sun. We cannot immediately make much use of his rays for the purposes of work; they are not intense enough; they must be condensed. The vegetable world alone at present seems capable of doing this; and its past results of coal, peat, petroleum, etc., and present results of wood and food, are ultimately all we have to look to.

To say that man will ever be dependent upon the vegetable world for all his work may be considered bold, but there is certainly great reason to believe it. The sun's labor being supplied in such a diluted form, each small quantity continually supplied must be packed in a very small space. Now, man can only subject matter to influences in the mass. The little particle of carbon that the plant frees each instant is beyond his ken. The machinery he could make would not be fine enough: it would be like trying to tie an artery with the biggest cable on board the Great Eastern. Organized existence possesses machinery fine enough to effect these small results, and to avail itself of these little instalments of labor. At present, this machinery is beyond our comprehension, and possibly will ever remain so. Nature prefers that her children should keep out of the kitchen, and not pry into her pots and pans, but eat in thankfulness the meal she provides.

Some interesting results follow from what has been stated above. One is, that we are consuming not only our present allowance of the sun's labor, but also a great deal more, unless the formation of coal in our age equals its consumption, which is not probable. Mother earth will certainly, so far as we can see, some day be bankrupt. Such a consummation is pointed to, however, in other quarters. The sun's heat, unless miraculously replenished, must gradually be dissipated through space. There are reasons for thinking that the planets must ultimately fall into the sun. These things, however, possess to us no practical physical interest. Such countless ages must elapse ere they affect man's material condition upon earth that we hardly can gravely consider them as impending. The chief interest they excite is moral. Like the man's hand that appeared to the revelling king, they write, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin"

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(weighed, measured, limited, doomed) on our material world, and dimly point to some power that stands, as it were, hidden from our view behind the screen of matter, that shall make things new.

ORIGINAL.

POEM.

BY E. HOWARD.

WHILE wandering by the mountains
And musing by the streams,
I asked myself if ever thus
My life would pass in dreams.

I gathered the little pebbles
The waves threw on the sand:
The rippling waters seemed to say,
"There is a better land!"

And while thus my steps were straying,
Above, in azure far,
I saw a beacon's streaming light—
The glorious evening star!

My soul, enraptured, then exclaimed:
"Hail, beauteous star of even!
Wilt thou, while speeding into dawn,
Bring me the will of heaven?"

I watched it in its onward course,
Until its golden glow
Was lost behind the western clouds,
And left me wrapped in woe.

I struggled hard to free my soul
From brooding thoughts of care,
Till morning broke, when, with the star,
These words fell on the air:

"No more let earthly passion move,
Nor wearied hopes bemoan,
A life that has a God to love,
A heaven to call its own!"

The star had kindled hope
And raised my soul in prayer;
The clouds that rolled between
Foretold a life of care.

I bowed my head, and humbly knelt,
Submissive to his will,
Who, when the waves were troubled most,
Said, "Peace!" and all was still.

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ORIGINAL.

THE GODFREY FAMILY; OR, QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PROPOSAL: AND MORE THAN ONE.

THE summons to London was on the business of cutting off the entail to the estates as proposed at the beginning of the last chapter. Mr. Godfrey, whose love for Hester certainly approached to dotage, had decided to gratify his darling's wishes; and to avoid future confusion, had decided to allow her to come of age at eighteen, and to enter on the enjoyment of the estates he destined for her, subject to an annuity for himself. To give the matter a semblance of justice, he proposed to pension off the rest of the family in the same manner, thus settling their claims to the property during his life, as after his death. What was wanting to this plan was Eugene's acceptance of a present annuity in the stead of his inheritance at death.

The proposal made to him was by no means a liberal one, considering the wealth of the family and the expectations in which he had been reared.

"Three thousand pounds a year for life, now, instead of fifteen thousand in reversion to descend to my posterity; the proposal is preposterous," said Eugene, "especially as I was always given to understand that I might look to receive a sum equal to that on my coming of age, which I shall do in three weeks' time."

"That promise was conditional, young man," said Mr. Godfrey, somewhat sternly; "conditional at least by implication; could I have foreseen that you would have disgraced my family, it would not have been made."

"Disgraced!" ejaculated Eugene.

"Brother," interposed Hester, anxious to avoid any expression of excited feeling, "you have renounced the position my father ambitioned for you; you cannot hold office under government; you cannot become a member of Parliament; you cannot act as a magistrate;* or take any useful part in the work of society. Surely three thousand pounds a year will supply all your personal wants."

"You have assumed a great deal, my good sister; a great deal more than you can prove, I think. If I understand this matter rightly, it is yourself who are be to benefited by this arrangement. You want to experimentalize, to found a new Utopia; surely I might do that at least as well as a woman."

"No, for you believe not in the principle. Money in your hands, just now, would sink; you might build churches or convents, but forward the progression of the race you would not. A bare-footed Carmelite ranks higher in your estimation than a man risen by talent and industry to a position surrounded by means of enjoyment. Now, my father objects conscientiously, and his immediate ancestors would also object to appropriate the bulk of his property to a phantasm. He offers you a maintenance superior to the property your theory upholds. Be consistent; try your own principle of renunciation, of poverty, if you so like to term an annuity of three thousand a year. The allotment which will be termed mine is in my eyes, and in my father's, an investment for the good of society, of which I am but a directress. Give to the world that which the world

* At the time of which we write the civil disabilities for all dissenters from the English Establishment, and for all Catholics, were still in force in England.

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claims, take the portion you have chosen in which the world has no share — spirituality. Conscientiously my father has strained a point to offer you so much, for he looks upon the promotion of your views as injurious to the human race."

There was a long pause, a long silence: then Eugene said, "I must take time to consider; my signature would not be of any avail until I am of age, and it wants three weeks to that time. In a month's time I will give you an answer."

Eugene, after a vain attempt to see his mother, returned to the town in which Euphrasie resided. He was now determined to have the interview he had so long vainly sought for. On that interview greatly depended his future determination.

He did not call on her at her mother's abode. He waylaid her as she was returning home from giving her lessons; with a few earnest words induced her to permit him to lead her into a secluded grove where often he had mused on her perfections, and there, at length, he took courage, and poured forth, as much by gesture as by words, his long pent-up tale of love, so long hidden out of reverence, a reverence which now gave way to the anxiety of placing her in a more suitable position than the one she at present occupied, although still falling short of that which she was calculated to adorn.

Euphrasie listened with profound attention; certainly not coldly. She fully appreciated the young man's devotion, she fully believed his tale. Even tears filled her eyes as he proceeded; but she was long in answering.

"May I take this silence for consent, dear Euphrasie?" said Eugene.

Euphrasie shook her head. "No, indeed, you may not, my kind friend," she said. "I am silent because I know not how to express my sense of your worth, of your kindness, of your disinterestedness, in fitting terms, and accompany my words with a refusal. What you propose can never be. Another vocation is mine. Yet believe me that my gratitude, my friendship, my esteem, are, and ever must remain, your own. I thank you earnestly for the long forbearing and silent sympathy which I have ever received from you."

"Your tones are solemn, Euphrasie. You are not one to act a part, and say no when you mean yes. You have seen this proposal possible, you have weighed it; is it indiscreet to ask in confidence your reasons?"

"Is not all explained by the words, another vocation is mine? May I not recall to your memory the explanation I once gave at Durimond Castle?"

"But, Euphrasie, in this country, where Catholics are barely tolerated, you can scarcely be a nun."

"I think, indeed, that at present there seems little likelihood that I shall be what the world calls a nun; but I am none the less certain that I am called to serve God by following the three evangelical counsels."

"But as a married woman, Euphrasie, surely you could serve God also. Marriage in the Catholic Church is exalted to the dignity of a sacrament, and I would respect your self-imposed duties not only of devotion but of charity also. I would share the cares you now bestow on my aunt's comfort, and—"

"I believe it, Eugene, but it cannot be. I dare not resist the voice which forbids me to bind myself by human ties. We are Catholics, Eugene; we know that a vocation is something real; that not to respond to it is to endanger salvation, is to risk the abstraction of that grace which is of all treasures the most valuable."

Eugene replied not. There was a long pause. Euphrasie was agitated beyond her wont, and was glad to avail herself of a seat fixed beneath the shade of a tree. Eugene rested his forehead against the tree. Suddenly he seized her hand and pressed it to his lips, but he spoke not. The warm tears were pouring down his

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cheeks. Oh! it is agonizing to behold a strong man weep. No woman at least can see it unmoved; still less Euphrasie, who beneath an impassive exterior bore a feeling, tender heart. Scarcely less affected than himself she took his hand in both of hers, and faltered out: "Eugene, my friend, my brother, the day will come when you will rejoice at this hour's decision, and make it the subject of your earnest thanksgiving. No Catholic can have witnessed your noble struggle for truth, your disinterestedness, your magnanimity, without feeling that for you, too, God has a noble mission in store. As yet you are scarcely conscious of what you would lose were you to fetter yourself by human ties. Your studies as yet have occupied the intellect somewhat exclusively. Controversy was necessary while you were assuring yourself of the grounds of faith, of the reasonableness of the creature's trusting to the solemn promise of the Creator, of the unerring infallibility of the church founded by Christ, and sustained by his holy spirit. Your learned research, conducted in simplicity of spirit, has led you to the temple of truth. You have entered, but as yet its most wondrous teachings are to be unfolded, to be contemplated, to be realized in practice. Your soul is too noble to content itself with the things of earth; your heart needs pure, exalted realities to love, and those it will find only here." (She took from her bosom a small ivory crucifix, which she placed in his hand as she spoke.) "Everlasting love speaks to you from this cross, my beloved friend. Leave other studies for awhile to contemplate its lessons in all its bearings, and a divine rapture will fill your inmost soul; you will live in him only who is life and light and love, and your heart will need to pour itself out for him, through him, in him. Suffering for Christ will become blissful, and your whole being will shape itself to one aim, his will, whom to serve is to find the truest happiness on earth, as it is also the only happiness in heaven! Oh! dared I speak to you, Eugene, of what it is to love God, and to feel his love for us within our souls, you would not need consolation then. But God himself will speak to you and instruct you in his wondrous love, and you will be happy beyond your utmost imagination."

Euphrasie spoke as one inspired; and it was so rarely that she made any speech of considerable length, that the effect was greatly increased. Again there was a long pause. Eugene gazed on the crucifix, pressed it to his lips, then hid it in his bosom. At length he said: "Euphrasie, I can but submit. I will do my best to follow the beautiful course you have described for me. But ere I leave you, since leave you I must, may I ask one favor?"

Euphrasie signified assent.

"It is this, then: You have called me friend and brother. May I hope, then, for a brother's privilege, a friend's affection? I will never again ask for more, if you will promise me these. But let your brother be of use to you, dear sister, confide to your friend your plans, and give him the happiness of helping them forward. Let there be no estrangement between us, Euphrasie."

"There shall be none, I promise you, save such as prudence demands. Your nobleness, your disinterestedness, claim my admiration, and I promise you, my brother, to inform you when I need your proferred aid. But you must forgive me if, for awhile at least, I converse with you only through the medium of our mutual friend. Let our excited feelings have time to subside into a more reasonable frame ere we meet again, Eugene. And now may the holy angels have you in their keeping. Adieu."

She was gone ere Eugene could reply. Hid amid the foliage, he had not the courage to follow her, and in spite of his resolves he remained desolate.

What now were to him the chances of heirship, the thoughts of transmitting his name to a long posterity?

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At the end of the month Eugene signed the deed which deprived him for all time of a fair estate. An additional motive for his doing this was found in the reflection that he had no right to be depriving his mother of her private property. He returned the deed of gift to her as soon as he received the proposed annuity. There were no bells rung, according to the custom from immemorial ages, when the heir of the Godfrey family came of age; there was no feasting, no rejoicing among the tenantry. All was silence and gloom, it was as if the very air were hung with a funeral pall. Mrs. Godfrey seemed stricken to the heart. But when the transactions became known which disinherited Eugene and appropriated an unfair proportion of the estate to the youngest sister, all the family were roused. Vexed as they were at Eugene's religious demonstrations they were not prepared to give Hester so exclusive a preference. Mrs. Godfrey, especially, felt the transaction as most bitterly unjust. She yearned for Eugene's presence, and it was not permitted her. Scarcely could she tolerate the sight of Hester in the house. Her melancholy increased. Alas! poor mother!

CHAPTER XIX.

PROGRESS. ITSRESULTS.

Hester was now made rich. Her doting father settled on her not only the Yorkshire farms, but also other revenues, that she might be provided with capital to carry into execution her philanthropic plans. Hester was endowed with many brilliant qualities. She was, as it were, "born to reign." She perfectly understood her own dignity, perfectly realized her own power of intellect, was well aware that both her father and his man of business were her tools, and she managed accordingly with intuitive prudence, not permitting Mr. Godfrey to perceive how entirely he obeyed her bidding. Under these circumstances she might fairly hope for success. Large iron factories on the one hand, and large cotton factories on the other, were erected on a scale calculated to employ many hundred hands, and to bring into extensive operation the new steam-power that then absorbed scientific attention. Mr. Godfrey was delighted, for it brought him into frequent contact with the most scientific men of the day. The operations necessarily attracted public attention, and Mr. Godfrey as director of the scientific operations, with Hester as deviser of a new scheme for rendering the "populations" happy and progressive, were continually besieged by a concourse of visitors, eager to understand the new "idea."

Hester's arrangements were on a magnificent scale. She started on the principle of mutual co-operation united to division of labor. Instead of separate dwellings for her employés, she had large boarding-houses built. These were provided with halls, refectories, baths, lecture-rooms, reading-rooms, libraries, and, lastly, schools, which in those days were rare for the laboring population. For since the suppression of the monasteries and convents, the schools in which the good religious had taught the children of England to love God and their neighbor had been shut up, education had fallen to a fearfully low standard in this sect-divided kingdom.

Hester was a severe disciplinarian, with little compassion for the weakness of human nature. She intended her people should become intellectual; and when she shortened the hours of labor, expressly to give time to cultivate the mind, when she hired lecturers and bought books, she felt herself aggrieved that these were not responded to. Her people were well fed at a common table; they were well sheltered and accommodated; why should they not be intellectualized? How discouraged she felt when she found she was speaking in an unknown tongue to

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the adults among her operatives. They hardly considered short hours a benefit, when they were compelled to sit and listen to subjects in which they took no interest. "A glass of ale and a pipe of 'backy would do a poor body far more good than all this preaching, and 'tain't to save our souls either." There were other difficulties in this commonwealth: the young men and women were on different sides of the building, and certain rules were laid down to secure good conduct, but these rules were very difficult to enforce, and the dismissals for disorder became frequent. The operatives began to call the place a jail. Hester would not yield, but she turned more strenuously to the children. Here she had better success, and she spent days and weeks in providing for the better education of these little ones. "The elder ones are already formed," she argued, "but we will give these young ones better tastes, better habits, and they will become intelligent and happy."

M. de Villeneuve was a frequent visitor at these institutions, for the character of Hester interested him greatly, and he was constantly endeavoring to draw her attention to the motives that actuated her people, and to the probabilities of their producing lasting results.

"Tell me," said he, "how is a knowledge of the material law to produce happiness? We know that a steel knife cuts flesh; will that knowledge reconcile one to the loss of his arm when the surgeon has cut it off in the most masterly manner?"

"No," said Hester, "but perhaps a knowledge of the material law might have prevented the necessity of cutting off the arm at all. Much of disease is caused by ignorance. To banish pain needs a wide acquaintance with the whole range of laws which govern our being. To know and practise one law and neglect another would but result in pain."

"You will require a life of scientific research, I see; and after all, as we all begin with ignorance and helplessness, we must suffer some pain during our apprenticeship. For instance, you cannot teach an infant to cut its teeth painlessly."

"But because we cannot do everything, shall we do nothing?"

"That were a sweeping conclusion; it is not necessary to go so far as that. But might it not be wise to examine the principle of actions when we attempt to regulate for others on a new system? Your exterior arrangements are splendid; your laws rigidly moral; but will you insure their being kept? What motive do you propose?"

"I have expelled those who, after suitable remonstrance, would not conform," said Hester.

"A very effective proceeding, my kind hostess, but it is just possible that eventually such a practice might create a desert. The motive power of perseverance comes from within. The desire must be in the heart, the understanding must approve, the will must accept, the deed must co-operate, and until you have secured this motive power, your arrangements rest on an insecure basis. You cannot force men to choose good; you cannot make them studious by providing a library, or moral by denouncing the penalties of immorality. You must subdue passions, excite tastes. Can mere knowledge of physics do this?"

"There is other knowledge besides mere physics—classical knowledge."

"And will classical knowledge do it? Will reading Virgil and Horace tend to evolve moral power?"

"Why not? Knowledge is power!"

"Then why are so many of the educated sickly, unhappy, and immoral?"

"Because they do not act upon their knowledge; they are idle and dissipated and worthless. The frivolities of the young men '*de bon ton*' were always disgusting to me. But then they are not really educated; they may have been to school, but they learned nothing useful, nothing of the material world."

"But" said M. de Villeneuve, "how

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does the knowledge of the material world affect man's existence as a moral agent? The laws which regulate materiality have an impress of invariability upon them—a want of power to change themselves, at any rate. They are obedient to a will to which they appear insentient. This is true not only of inert, stolid matter, not only of vegetable life, but of animals, even of those wondrous developments of instinct which approach so near to reason that they are scarcely distinguishable from it. The highest mere animals are creatures of circumstance—circumstance ruled, indeed, by appetite and instinct, but not by recognition of a higher law, not by any consciousness of affinity to a higher state of existence. Therefore, you can tame them by an appeal to their appetites; you can rule them by providing for their animal natures; you can subdue them if you bring to bear on them a force stronger than their own. But, surely, we may assume that man is more than a mere animal. He has inborn affinities to higher natures which force cannot subdue, and which rise superior to animal temptations. These affinities may be starved out, it is true, by not providing them with their own fitting nutriment, which is not the food of the body. They may be crushed or restrained in their development by overloading the soul with extraneous objects; but in proportion as these powers are starved out or crushed out, the man sinks, the animal rises. And the *animal* man is, I assure you, a very ferocious kind of beast, and none the less so for having intelligence developed; rather is he dangerous in proportion."

"You would not, then, develop intelligence?"

"On the contrary, I think it the highest and holiest task in which a human being can be employed. I rejoice in all plans that tend to raise the race; I applaud your benevolence in forming these establishments, although I feel that you are preparing for yourself a disappointment."

"But why?"

"Because you have begun on the wrong principle. It is good that you have begun at all to see the principle acknowledged that man is man, and not a mere machine to win riches for the few; that principle emanated from selfishness in the beginning, but selfishness will not root out selfishness. I admire your idea principally because it proves your own zeal, your own earnestness, your own capability of sacrificing yourself for others; even the disappointment impending will be fraught with good if it do not discourage you from seeking the true principle, which I hope it will not do. Faith in man is easily overset, because man can fall of himself, but of himself he cannot rise."

"You believe, then, as I do, that a new era is dawning on mankind, and that the laborer must be protected and enlightened?" said Hester.

"I do!" said M. de Villeneuve.

"Yet you do not believe that my schools and arrangements will make him happier?"

"Will you forgive me if I say I do not?"

"You are an enigma; I cannot make you out," said Hester.

"How did man fall into the degraded state in which the masses are?" said M. de Villeneuve. "We have proof of intelligence enough in the founders of Babylon, of Nineveh, of Thebes, and of Egypt."

"Some men must have known something, I think," said Hester, "but they seem to have kept their knowledge very carefully to themselves, and made slaves of those to whom they did not impart it. Knowledge was very much an affair of class or rank. The populace was brutish, if accounts are true, and kept in order by sheer force."

"And when that force pressed too hardly, they fled and became the founders of the savage life. Such is the probable course. And what power, think you, elevated the mass, even to the extent in which we see them now? for, debased as they may be, they are

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far above the races that did the same work in ancient times; nay, the laborers of Europe are far above the slaves of Asia. What has caused the difference?"

"The march of intellect," said Hester proudly.

"Supposing that granted for the sake of the argument, what caused 'the march of intellect?' what gave the impetus to raise the 'toiler for bread' in the scale of humanity?"

Hester could not answer. The comte continued:

"I believe it to be that very influence which 'the age' is seeking so earnestly to destroy. Man's selfishness oppressed his fellows, overpowered his faculties, laid them to sleep so effectually that the rich and great were acknowledged by the crowd to be of another order, of another scale of being, to be judged of by another standard, to be weighed by another measure. The gospel came: to the poor it was preached *par excellence;* it was a call of the Father to his down-trodden children, an appeal to their hearts, their affections, a loving invitation to them to come, as children of the most High God, to claim their inheritance of lofty faculty, of high intuitions, of exalted aspiration. The understanding enlightened through the heart changed by slow degrees the face of nations; the slave disappeared from the christianized lands, the leaven worked from the interior to the exterior, life became protected, the rich and the poor, equal before God, became equal before the law also; civilization of heart produced civilization of manners among the masses. The greater involved the lesser. Men's intellects were awakened, roused to action, and then followed the old story over again; they forget how they had obtained these gifts, and from whom, and they are applying them to selfish purposes, to animal gratification. But liberty is the gift of the gospel, liberty emanating from emancipation of the understanding by means of the soul. If we would preserve the gift, we must observe the conditions."

"Do you really think 'liberty' a good?" asked Hester.

"True liberty is one of the greatest of blessings," said the comte; "but you will find it difficult to give 'true liberty' on earthly grounds alone, it would so easily degenerate into license. Now the repression of license by force is a restraint to which men unwillingly submit, and easily engenders tyranny, so that, unless license is restrained by the spiritual sense, liberty is in continual jeopardy; it is difficult to believe it can be lasting."

"And you think the spiritual sense necessary to liberty?"

"I do; how else can lawlessness be restrained without force?"

"Surely intellectual enlightenment ought to suffice. Common-sense even tells us that some restraint is necessary, that the moral law must be observed."

"It may tell us so, but does it give the power to execute its bidding?"

"It should do so."

"It should, and would, if man's being were in harmony. All laws, physical, mental, and spiritual, teach in different forms the same truth; the material is a manifestation of the spiritual, of which the intellect demonstrates the beauty and the necessity; but power to develop the spiritual faculty does not reside either in the intellect or in matter, it belongs to a higher source, and without the will is powerless. Therefore is it I prophesy disappointment for you; for I see no provision made to destroy selfishness, and promote a higher life."

"There is none needed," interposed Mr. Godfrey somewhat abruptly; "we teach what we know. As for mysticism and matters we guess at but do not know, we leave the people free. If they need religion let them choose one, or make one for themselves."

The asperity with which this was said closed the conversation for that time.

Hester continued her plans, though less firm than before in the conviction

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that the spread of intelligence would annihilate evil. She watched the results with an anxiety intent on discovering the exact truth. She tried more and more to enforce morality. She studied the influences by which children are won to good behavior. She thought love was the governing principle of the little folks, and that her indulgence would excite love. Rewards were profusely given, and a system of excitement acted upon. This produced certain effects in calling forth intelligence, but the children became selfish and fond of ease and dissipation in a manner she had not looked for.

With her young people she had scarcely better success. There was no religious restraint, and their morals soon betokened that some restraint was called for. Then, again, Mr. Godfrey's opinions were pretty well known, and itinerant lecturers held forth on the unreasonableness of the marriage tie, on the necessity of easy divorce, and other topics of like nature that placed Hester in great perplexity. It was not a subject in which she as a woman could properly interfere, and her father shrugged his shoulders, and passed them by with the remark, "These are not matters that can be interfered with, they are altogether conventional."

What could Hester do? She was in great perplexity.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE TRIALS OF LADY CONWAY.

MEANTIME we must return to Lady Conway. Time passed on and she became the mother of a little girl, and after another interval of a little boy also. At this latter event Sir Philip's joy was great. The bells rang, bonfires blazed, every festive demonstration was called into play to welcome the heir to the estate. All the father's affection seemed showered upon him. The misunderstanding between himself and his lady had never been thoroughly put to rights, for Alfred still continued to keep awake in Sir Philip's mind the suspicions he had aroused. Had Annie been of a meek and gentle temper, she might very soon have convinced her husband how far she was as yet removed from religion of any kind, although conscious of secret influences creeping over her. But Annie thought herself aggrieved, and disdained conciliatory measures; and by degrees, under the insidious influence to which he was exposed, Sir Philip began to assume a high tone of marital authority which gave his wife continual provocation and rendered her situation almost unbearable. Daily he assumed more and more the reins of domestic government, until at last it could scarcely be said that the ordinary jurisdiction which a woman exercises over her household belonged to Annie. She felt this keenly at first, but the birth of her little girl came somewhat to reconcile her. She spent much time in the nursery, and recreated herself with books. She tried not to notice the arbitrary manner and haughty bearing of her husband, for, high-spirited as she was, she thought it undignified to live in a perpetual jangle. So, gradually, the married couple learned to live in different ideal worlds, though they continued under one roof and to society appeared as usual. But this did not suit Alfred Brookbank. His hatred went deeper than this, and he set himself seriously about attempting to destroy what little was left of domestic comfort. The birth of the young heir soon furnished him with grounds. None were more warm than he in offering his congratulations, and in making continual inquiries after the well-being of this young scion of an ancient race. Indeed, the interest he seemed to take in all that affected Sir Philip's happiness was extreme. One would have said that he lived but for the pleasure of serving him. Sir Philip, on the other hand, became daily more wrapt up in this specious man, and daily congratulated himself on having secured so invaluable a servant.

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"Sir Philip," said Alfred one day, after meeting the infant in its nurse's arms during a business walk over the grounds, "that is a splendid boy! I need not ask a man of your wisdom if you have made provision that he should be brought up a staunch and loyal upholder of the Protestant interest."

"Time enough yet, my worthy friend," responded the baronet, "the child is not six months old."

"But before six months more, Sir Philip, he will begin to receive impressions, and early impressions are of immense importance. You remember, doubtless, that when the treaty of marriage was on foot between the ill-fated Charles I. and Henrietta of France, the question was mooted respecting the education of the children, and it was finally settled that for the first seven years they should remain under the mother's influence, and afterward be brought up Protestant. The result was that, in the long run, the early impressions prevailed. Charles II. certainly received the Romish sacrament on his death-bed, and his brother James sacrificed his crown to his papistry. I imagine that first impressions are almost indelible, and we never know when first impressions are made."

"But all my people are Protestants," said Sir Philip.

"And has Lady Conway renounced her predilection for the papists?" asked Alfred. Sir Philip's brow lowered.

"Forgive me if I go too far," continued Alfred deprecatingly. "The inroads made by these people who came to seek English hospitality on being driven from their own homes, are too alarming. Awhile ago it would have been an insult to suspect a well-bred person of such folly; but when we see such talented young men as Eugene Godfrey led away, it puts us on our guard against future encroachments. I for one should be sorry to see the heir apparent of Sir Philip Conway an upholder of bigotry, or an image worshipper."

"I would see him in his grave first," thundered out the baronet. "But there is no fear; at least I see no immediate cause of apprehension. But the matter shall be looked to. My son shall be watched over, depend upon it."

Sir Philip's mother was still living, and with her a sister of his, an old maid, who was a little too much of the puritanical school to suit her brother's taste. But now he thought these ladies might assist his views. He paid them a visit, and in strict confidence laid his difficulty before them. He was not satisfied, he said, of Lady Conway's opinions. She went to the English Church occasionally, but he did not consider her a member of it at heart. He wanted his children to be imbued from the first with strict Protestant ideas. The little girl was now two years old, and though the little boy was but a few months old, there was no telling how soon impressions might be made, so he intended to have a nursery governess of the right sort at once. This the ladies undertook to look out for, and when found to accompany the treasure themselves to the household. Annie's annoyance was excessive. Neither the dowager Lady Conway nor her daughter was intellectual or high-minded, and now that they came to take the management of the nursery out of her hands, and place a stranger there whose office was to watch herself in her intercourse with her own children, their presence became unendurable. Mrs. Bedford, the new governess, was in herself a quiet, unobtrusive person, faithful to her duties, and of gentle manners; but she had been selected on account of her unmitigated horror of popery, and it had been whispered to her that Lady Conway was not a little tainted with its delusions, and this made her more constrained in manner and less deferential than she would otherwise have been.

It was in vain that Annie pleaded that she was quite capable of directing her own nursery, that this new inmate

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was equally unnecessary as unwelcome to her. Sir Philip was immovable; and to prove how intent he was on having his own way, he dismissed the nurse, who had tended both children most skilfully, merely because she had not shown herself sufficiently respectful to the new-comer. The children cried after their old friend, and the little girl clung to her dress, to beg her not to leave her. It was useless. No one is more obstinate than a fool in power. That wife and children were unhappy was nothing to Sir Philip now. His will was law, and to his rule of iron all must submit.

Some months after this they were sitting at table when the letters were brought in. Among them came one directed to Annie. Sir Philip opened it (it was now his custom to open his wife's letters), read it, and handed it to her, with the words:

"Dear me, I am very sorry, I suppose you must go immediately." The letter was from Hester. It stated that Mrs. Godfrey (who had been for years out of health) had latterly become much worse, that she was constantly asking for Annie, and the physicians said she must be humored in every wish, that her reason, if not her life, depended on it. Annie was therefore requested to come without delay."

"How soon can I have the carriage," inquired Annie of her liege Lord.

"As soon as you can get ready, of course," answered Sir Philip.

"And the children?" faltered Annie.

"Mrs. Bedford will take care of the children, and I shall be at home; make yourself easy about them."

But Annie would have liked to take the children with her; they would interest her mother at times, and in that large mansion could not be in the way; but her heart seemed crushed, she dared not express her thought, and she departed without remonstrance.

She found her mother even more depressed than she anticipated. Mrs. Godfrey had ever been tenderly attached to her children. Their happiness had been her fondest care, and a melancholy settled upon her as she found her hopes disappointed. The haughty Adelaide seemed quite changed from the time when she was a joyous girl at home. Annie, though still affectionate to herself, seemed pining away under some secret unhappiness. But the darling of her heart—her son, whom she loved with the whole force of her character, in whom were united alike joy and pride—why was he banished from her sight? That Mrs. Godfrey was sorry for her son's Catholicity there was no doubt; certainly she was mortified at this unexpected result of her fine intellectual training; but the love she bore this her only son far overpowered both sorrow and vexation, and she bitterly felt his prolonged absence, and had often endeavored to shake Mr. Godfrey's determination in this regard. Some little passages had even occurred between herself and her husband on the subject. "She could not understand," she said, "why a person should be persecuted for his religion. When Mr. Godfrey told his children to think for themselves, did he mean that they were to think as he did, on pain of expulsion? Was not Eugene good, dutiful, noble, and generous? Why was he treated like a criminal? Had he been a *roué*, like so many young men of his standing, it would have been called 'sowing his wild oats,' and every allowance would have been made for him. Why could they not treat this vagary as intellectual wild oats, and give him time to recover?" Mr. Godfrey tried to pacify her, but in vain; illness succeeded. "She must see her son," she said.

Mr. Godfrey was a little too resolute. He did not even give her tidings of him when he summoned him to the lawyers. It was by sheer accident that she discovered they had met; and when she discovered the result of that meeting her indignation was terrible. She could not bear to

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have Hester in her sight. She would not accompany her and Mr. Godfrey to Yorkshire. She stayed at home alone whole months. Years passed; Eugene went abroad, and in the disturbed state of the continent his letters miscarried. It was long since she heard from him. A paroxysm ensued. Her mind became affected. Mr. Godfrey was sent for. A gentleman experienced in diseases of the brain was invited to reside in the house. But in vain. The malady increased, and her calls for Eugene and for Annie became so frequent and so terrific that all hope of keeping the matter a secret seemed at an end, and the doctor insisted that the persons she called for should be sent for. Annie came forthwith as we have seen, but Eugene's address was not known.

On entering the room where her mother sat in company with two strange nurses, Annie was struck with the wildness of her manner: her hair was disordered and hung loose over her shoulders; it was far whiter than when Annie had seen it last, and her eyes were restlessly looking round the room. She sprang up at her daughter's entrance, threw herself on her neck, and burst into tears. "O Annie, Annie! are you come at last? I have a strange illness upon me; I do not know how to bear myself; but you will not let them hurt me, you will take care of me."

Annie was not prepared for this greeting. She could only clasp her mother's hands, caress her, make her sit down, and try to keep down the swelling in her own throat. Suddenly Mrs. Godfrey broke from her, and standing up laid her hand on Annie's shoulder, saying: "Where is Eugene?"

"I do not know, my dear mother."

"Not know! Are you all leagued against me? What share in his inheritance had you?"

Annie looked as she felt, surprised. She had heard of the transaction only when it was over, but she answered soothingly, not wishing to bring forward exciting ideas. But Mrs. Godfrey was not to be soothed; all night she raved of Eugene; when Hester approached, she sprang from the bed and attempted to strike her; Mr. Godfrey dared not trust himself within her hearing. "Thief, traitor, knave, rascal, villain," and other opprobrious epithets were bestowed on him and his fondling. The doctor was not to be shaken in his opinion that the only hope lay in finding Eugene and bringing him to her bedside. But where? They had no clue; his lawyer only knew he was gone abroad and would probably not return for months. In the hope that some one might be more successful, they at length resolved, to Mr. Godfrey's intense vexation, to have inserted in the London and local papers a notice to the effect that "We are sorry to announce the serious and dangerous illness of the Hon. Mrs. Godfrey, of Estcourt Hall. Should this meet the eye of her eldest son, now on his travels, his family request him to return without delay."

This advertisement luckily was pointed out to M. Bertolot very soon after it appeared at Cambridge, and he hastened to forward it by a courier to Eugene, who, travelling by post (those were not days of railways), arrived at Estcourt Hall within three weeks after Annie had taken up her residence there. The old butler who answered the ring at the gate bowed a solemn but speechless welcome, and with a significant gesture conducted him, not through the usual entrance-hall, but by a side door, up-stairs, till he came to Annie's apartment, which communicated with the sick-chamber. Here he rapped, and on Annie's appearance left the two together, without a word.

Eugene entered and sat down. "What is the matter?" he said. But Annie answered not; her looks were those of one too wretched to weep.

Eugene repeated his inquiry, and then she softly whispered: "O Eugene, she has gone out of her mind!" Eugene covered his face with his

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hands. It was a long time ere either could speak again. At length Annie rose on tiptoe and opened the door communicating with the invalid's apartments. His mother was lying quietly on the sofa, muttering at intervals. Eugene approached and listened. He thought he caught the sound of his own name. He went nearer and knelt beside her. The sick woman knew it not, but her arm laid itself restlessly round his neck, and as his hot tears fell on her cheek she kept repeating in her sleep the words, "Eugene, my dear Eugene!" Singularly enough, when she waked she evinced no surprise at finding him there. It was as though she knew it intuitively, or had expected it. Perhaps it was the prolongation of her dream. She did not greet him as a stranger, or speak as if long months had passed since she saw him, or question him as to his occupation or place of abode. She waked, but was as if still dreaming of him. She found him there, where she had so long wished him to be, quietly asked him to hand her a glass of water, took it from him contentedly, returned the glass, kissed him as he bent over her, and sank into a long, tranquil sleep, from which she awoke tranquilly and apparently refreshed, but still taking Eugene's appearance as a matter of course which called for no expression of surprise.

The physician now insisted on this state of contentment being left undisturbed. He had long wished Mr. Godfrey and Hester out of the house on account of the excitement they produced in his patient; he now insisted that they should not be seen, heard, or named in the sick-room; "in fact," he said to them, "if it were convenient, it would be better you should retire from the house until Mrs. Godfrey can herself be moved. A paroxysm now might kill her. Spare her that, and I hope she will recover. This illness appears to have been occasioned by mental anguish, and evidently her son only has the power to soothe her." Hester was deeply moved; Mr. Godfrey was angry, but he hid his vexation. "He would wait a day or two," he said; "if Mrs. Godfrey continued to improve, he would take Hester to Yorkshire, where their presence was greatly needed."

He was, however, so much irritated that he would not see Eugene, in spite of his entreaties conveyed by Annie. Meals were served up to him and Hester in a separate room, and he now appeared only anxious to get away. Hester was, however, almost heart-broken. She had not been allowed to speak to Eugene; but the night before their departure, after Mr. Godfrey had retired for the night, she sent a note to him containing these words only:

"Come to my room, I am very unhappy. Let me see you ere I go.

"Your own sister,

"HESTER."

"I thought you would not deny me, Eugene," she said, as the latter entered her apartment; "you were ever kind and forgiving. Tell me, first, have you any hopes of mother?"

"Indeed I have, dear sister, the greatest hopes."

"Do you call me 'dear sister'? You are not angry with me, then, Eugene?"

"Not much more angry than I was the day you took my horse away when I wanted to go hunting; do you remember it, Hester?"

"I do, but you would not speak to me then till mother reconciled us. Dear mother! our childish quarrels always worried her. She was never easy till she had set them right. Would we were children again, Eugene, and our quarrels as easily adjusted." Hester was weeping as she spoke.

"We may be, Hester, as soon as we so will it. Why should we lose the simplicity, love, and truth that make childhood sweet?"

"Do you love me still, Eugene?"

"I do; nay, I admire you too, though I think you are mistaken."

"You are very good to say so. Now then, dear Eugene, I may tell you to set our dear mother's mind at rest as soon as she can understand reason.

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You will tell her that, at least as far as I am concerned, there shall be no injustice committed eventually. My father gives me the control of his property now, which he has a right to do if he so pleases; you have your allowance such as he promised you, that is all right too; but tell my dear mother that, as far as it depends on me, matters shall be made right at my father's death. It would serve nothing, as you know, to moot the matter now, but I will never rob you or any one. Tell my mother this, Eugene, and tell her to restore to me her love."

"I will, my darling Hester. Now make yourself easy. Be sure my mother loves you still, that I love you, that we all love you. Be easy, my sister, my sweet sister." But Hester was weeping bitterly; the thought of not being allowed to see her mother, to help nurse her, was almost more than she could bear, and she very sorrowfully acquiesced in the arrangement.

CHAPTER XXI.

PROGRESS AGAIN.

THE estates in Yorkshire were indeed in need of the master's eye. One of the clerks had absconded with a considerable sum of money; and this touched Mr. Godfrey nearly: while Hester was more affected by the discovery that the insidious doctrines of 'free love' were making terrible inroads on the morality of the young people. She was the more affected as she felt a natural repugnance to approach the subject. She found the people legislating for themselves, and systematizing divorce in what they deemed a manner consonant to nature. She was not prepared for this development, and drew back in disgust. "Is there, then, no remedy for this?" she asked of her father. "None but to legalize it, I believe," he replied. "You know nothing of these things, child, and had better not meddle with them. Legalizing divorce must take place sooner or later, from causes you do not understand; nay, I do not think the matter will stop there. As people become enlightened, and live more according to the laws of nature, polygamy must be legalized too;* it is the only way to prevent disorder. In fact, but for the prejudice created by religion, it would have been done long since in theory as it has ever been done in practice!"

"Are you serious?'

"Perfectly so!"

"Then there must be something wrong, absolutely wrong. I can never be brought to believe polygamy necessary; that must enslave a woman, and I must protest against it."

"Protest as you will, you will find nature too strong for your theory. You have been so peculiarly brought up, Hester, by your poor mother, that you know nothing, absolutely nothing, of the world's necessities, and I begin to wish I had never let your eyes become unsealed. You are a privileged one, and belonging to a privileged class; the majority of the world are not so protected. But this is not a subject for you; shut your eyes to these matters, and attend to the spread of intelligence."

But it is not easy to shut one's eyes when once they have been opened. Hester was stupefied. This came as a climax to the sorrow already arising from her mother's illness, from her remorse in having partly occasioned it. The woman's heart within her was beginning to make itself felt. The occupations of the Yorkshire estate grew trite and dull, until she had found a remedy for this grievance, a principle to propose, a power with which to act. Mr. Godfrey was also gloomy from his pecuniary loss through the embezzlement of this clerk, and matters

* This plea is now used by intelligent men, non-Mormonites, to justify the existence of legalized polygamy in an American State. It is gravely asserted that only in Mormondom can the moral laws be enforced; that the practice in other States is the same without the sanction of the law, and that the absence of that sanction creates the disorders and night brawls of our streets. Order reigns in Utah!!

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were assuming a very unpleasant appearance.

M. de Villeneuve called to pay them a parting visit, the illness of his father called him to America.

"Shall you return to Europe?" said Mr. Godfrey.

"Yes; as soon as I can get away, I must return to take care of my ward; and if I can possibly find a location for her order, take her to America with me."

"Your ward? Her order?"

"Did you not know that Euphrasie de Meglior is my ward, that her father bequeathed her to my care the night before he died? That which has kept me in Europe so long has been the hope of assisting her to regain her estates and to establish herself. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I have been able partially to succeed in both. A part, though but a small part, of the estate has been rescued; and Madame de Meglior is already returned to France. Euphrasie thinks herself still more fortunate. Four of the ladies of the convent where she was educated have found shelter in England. They have met, and by the aid of friends have wherewith to establish themselves. They have taken a house at ——, about ten miles from this, and have already commenced community life, to Euphrasie's great contentment."

"And Euphrasie did not return with her mother to France?"

"No. She resigned her right to the estate during madame's life."

"And what will she live on?"

"The poor Clares support themselves by their work."

Hester looked surprised, almost shocked. M. de Villeneuve continued:

"During my absence I have deputed warm friends to look after them, and, as I said, my object is finally to transplant them to America. But I must not forget to inquire after Mrs. Godfrey, of whose health I hear such sad accounts. I do not wonder to perceive you are dejected, every one must sympathize in your anxiety. But tell me, how was it that Mrs. Godfrey, so lofty-minded, so motherly a woman, so full of magnetism, if I may be allowed the expression, could bring herself to patronize this materialistic scheme of education? Her loving heart must have felt intuitively that systems, exterior expressions which lack the vital principle, cannot regenerate the earth."

"I do not know that my mother ever did patronize my plans. She has never been well enough to come to Yorkshire since they were started."

"No! Then you missed the benefit of her fine intuitive reasonings, and of the results of her experience. Believe me, Miss Hester, applauding as I do, perforce, the zeal which animates you, I am constrained to tell you, you must necessarily fail. You appeal but to the selfish passions; you will be startled one day at the demoralization that will be manifested."

"I am beginning to feel this already," said Hester. "I want some power that as yet I do not find."

Mr. Godfrey rose impatiently and went to the window, scarcely out of earshot, but far enough away to decline any share in the conversation. He was always displeased when his "best policy" principle was called in question, though just now his pocket was suffering from that cause.

"You will find out soon the sanction you require," said M. de Villeneuve. "Every real unperverted natural law is the material symbol of a higher supernatural law, to which it is essentially related. It is the disunion of these two laws in your mind that now perplexes you; but you are too sincere in your search for truth not to perceive their relative bearings at last."

"Truth! what is truth?" said Hester.

"Truth is the harmony of all things as they exist in God; as love is their manifestation," said M. de Villeneuve. "The simplicity of ideas, their order, beauty, harmony, find expression in the created world; but the ideas themselves

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are immaterial or spiritual, and have a relative spiritual expression in the soul. You have taken one and left the other, hence the failure. Missing the idea itself, you necessarily fail in power, for spiritual power is needed to develop truly even the material type. And, moreover, you cannot understand the type until you possess the idea."

"Something is wanted, that is certain," said Hester; "but if all virtue is typified in some material existence, tell me where is the type of purity?"

"Where but in the virgin-mother," responded the comte. "In the mother of him who died to obtain for man that power over sin which had escaped him. The world lies the victim of its own self-will: it needs a high ideal of purity and of sanctifying love, and this it finds in Mary; it needs the power to work out this ideal, and this it finds in Jesus. The progression of man is dearer to Mary than ever it can be to you, for she is our mother, and the mother of our Redeemer; but progression consists in sanctifying the individual, in destroying that overweening empire of sense which overlies the spiritual faculty, and which is fatal to woman in every sense, even in this world. Did you never observe how the progression of ancient times ever riveted woman's chains? From Egypt to Greece, from Greece to Rome, as luxury increased the degradation of the majority of women followed. The temples of the gods were filled with thousands of women enacting scenes of horror under the name of worship. This affords a key to the disorders that always accompanied ancient civilization, for woman is the mother of the race, the peculiar impersonation of the affections, and in her maternity the representative of that self-sacrificing principle which forgets self in care for the welfare of her children. Where woman is not cognizant of her true office, where her spiritual affinities remain undeveloped, the race can get no further than materialism, and that sensuous gratification which contains already within itself the germ of decay, for it is of earth, earthy. But the divine instinct of religion, when proclaiming the 'grace to rise' won for us by the cross on which the God-man died, raised Mary on the altars of his church, for the special protection of all that is holy and aspirative in womanhood. And since that blessed time Christian women have been respected as virgins and as mothers; as beings formed to foster virtue and watch over the spiritual education of the members of Christ's body. Mary acts wonderfully through her daughters. Christian queens converted their husbands, and with them their subjects throughout Europe; Christian matrons have given that tone to society which now, even in this age of heresy, respects purity in theory, though it throws it off in practice. All that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is harmonious and holy invests the shrine of Mary, and from her influence proceeds the charm that represses vice, converts the heart to goodness as its chief happiness, and gives power to the individual to do those works of penance, of violence to self, which win the kingdom of heaven; a kingdom which commences here, in our own hearts, when we once enter into the harmonies of the religious teachings of nature and of revelation."

Hester started to her feet. "Is this the office of Mary?' she exclaimed."

M. de Villeneuve assented by a gesture.

"True or not true," said Hester. "this explanation does not in the least savor of ignorance and superstition it is beautiful poetry!"

"And is not poetry the highest truth?" said the comte.

"No," said Mr. Godfrey, coming forward with a frown on his countenance. No! I wonder you religious people can never keep within your proper bounds. I, who have travelled in France, in Belgium, and in Italy, and seen the painted dolls and gaudily dressed-up images, protest against your giving a poetic or philosophic dress to this idolatry or mariolatry. When I

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take Hester abroad, she will see with me that this worship is nothing but the rankest superstition."

"But I thought you said there was always a meaning under every myth. Papa, may not this be the meaning of 'Mary'?"

"Mary is no myth," said the Comte de Villeneuve, "she is a real, holy, pure, and loving woman, to be loved with a personal affection!"

"Beware!" said Mr. Godfrey, "our family has suffered enough already from these fantastic dreams. Eugene's Catholicity has driven his mother crazy. If my Hester were to succumb, it would be even worse with me. Let us make a truce with religion, I see it will produce no other fruits than to set people by the ears."

"As you will. I am leaving for America, can I bear a greeting from you to my father?"

"Tell him to inspire his son with a little of his common sense. In a twenty years' intercourse he never mentioned the word *religion* in my family."

"You must forgive me, Mr. Godfrey," said the comte rising. "I thought to console your daughter; she is much changed since I saw her last."

Hester was much changed, but never so much as now. She longed to thank the comte, to unsay her father's rude words, but she dared not. She dared not anger Mr. Godfrey. Nor was it necessary: her eyes had kindled, her countenance had glowed, and the comte felt that his words had not been thrown away, that Hester had received a revelation, and he departed consoled.

It was a new study that Hester now entered upon. Woman as she was in the olden time: in Greece and Rome; in Egypt and Abyssinia; in Persia and India. Woman as she is everywhere where Christianity is not known, where the mothership of Mary is ignored. The facts presented to her were appalling, and none the less so that Mr. Godfrey was so peevish when addressed on this subject. He felt intuitively that the more Hester knew of this, the more she would shrink from materialism; and if she abandoned him, if she adopted Catholicity, he would have lost his last hope. He began to tire of "perfectibility" and "progress," the more that they seemed to detach his only joy from his side.

Yet with an old man's obstinacy he would not yield. Hester continued her system, but now it was to watch more closely its results, to penetrate the secret workings of the heart. She wanted to speak of higher motive than self, but she knew not how. She only knew, and daily she knew it more, that some high controlling power was wanting which could speak to the heart and regulate the inward spirit: "Was that power God?" "And Mary, was she a real manifestation of the power of God residing in a woman's frame?"

Hester now wished this might be true.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

AFTER a few weeks spent in the company of Eugene and Annie, Mrs. Godfrey rallied somewhat, and the physicians prescribed change of air. Her insanity had somewhat subsided, but she was now dull and stupid, utterly unlike her former self, and her illness had affected her limbs also so that she was obliged to be wheeled in a chaise-longue from one place to another.

The place chosen for their new abode was a lone house within half a mile of the sea-coast, the road to which lay in a beautiful valley between two hills of considerable elevation. On the highest of these was a light-house, which gave warning of the perilous nature of the coast, while the neat little white dwellings of the coast-guardsmen, at the foot of the hill, betokened that this was a locality famed for smuggling excursions. Mrs. Godfrey was often laid on a couch placed on wheels, and drawn by hand to the beach on the sea-shore. The murmur

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of the waves seemed to soothe her; and though she spoke very little, she seemed by slow degrees to be recovering her faculties, and now and then listened to the subjects discussed by her children, Eugene and Annie, who were seldom away from her, and who took work or study to the seaside, that they might while away the long hours of attendance. After a little time they observed that when the weather was pleasant an old blind woman was often led from one of the cottages to a pleasant seat beneath the cliff, and that the two or three children who played near her seemed to regard her with equal reverence and affection.

The old woman knitted in the sunshine, now and then interrupting her work to tell her beads or relate short stories to the young ones. In the evening a tidy young woman, of most pleasing appearance, would come to lead the blind woman home. This happened so often that the faces became familiar, and Mrs. Godfrey began to watch for them as for interesting objects, and at length she also began to wish to form their acquaintance. One afternoon she had her chaise-longue wheeled up to the side of the blind woman, and kindly inquired after her health.

"I am well, madam. Thanks for your inquiry," was the reply.

"And is this your daughter?" asked Annie, pointing to the young woman who was just come to lead her home.

"She is my son's wife, thanks be to God, and sure no daughter of my own could be better to me, who am but a burden to them all."

"Don't talk of burden, mother dear," said the young woman. "Sure, what should we do without you? Don't you teach the children their prayers and their catechism, and without you shouldn't we be almost like the heathens in this land of—" She paused and colored.

"Heresy," suggested Eugene, as if concluding the sentence for her.

"No offence, sir, I hope," courtesied the woman.

Eugene took up the old woman's beads which had fallen to the ground, reverently touched the cross with his lips, and restored them to her. "No offence at all," said he. "This is a land of heresy and of infidelity, and it cheers us to find out now and then one who continues faithful to the truth. Where do you live?"

"In the white cottage yonder, sir."

"And your husband belongs to the coast-guard?"

"He does, sir?"

"And is he a Catholic also?"

"Glory be to God, he is!" said the old woman.

"But how do you manage? Can you ever go to mass?"

"Not often, sir."

"Is there any priest near here?"

"None that I know of nearer than Arundel Castle. The Duke of Norfolk has a private chaplain, they say." This was all that could be drawn from the parties on that subject. They evidently feared to compromise some one by speaking more plainly.

After this day Mrs. Godfrey seemed attracted to the poor blind old woman. She had always been benevolent, though she seldom took a strong personal interest in the object of her bounty, and beyond relieving physical want had little idea of doing good. Now a new idea had taken possession of her, she appeared to feel reverence for the cheerful sufferer, and treated her with a proportionate respect and sympathy.

"Is your husband long dead?" she asked.

"May God rest his soul! He has been dead these ten years."

"And how long have you been blind?"

"Nearly as long, praise be to God! I took the fever immediately after, and the disease fell into my eyes, and when I recovered I was blind."

"Do you praise God, my good woman, for making you blind?"

"And why not, my lady? Sure

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'tis he that knows best what is good for us, and what is most for his own honor and glory."

"But how can his honor and glory be promoted by your being blind?" asked Mrs. Godfrey, as a dim recollection of Euphrasie crossed her mind.

"Faith, then, and its little we know of such matters, and less that we can tell. But we are sure that God created us himself, and wishes for our love and service; and often when things go well with us we forget him, and love ourselves and our friends so much that we neglect to serve him; then he sends sorrow to recall us to himself, and for this we should bless him."

"But has not God commanded us to love our neighbor?"

"Yes, my lady; but it must be with a holy love that we love our neighbor, because he is the creature of God, the child of the same Father. Many are kind from a dislike to feel pain or to witness pain, but this is not the true worship required by God, who says we must love him with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength. This real love submits in all things to his holy will, because it gives 'self' into his keeping."

"But if you could see you might read of God, and learn to love him better?"

"I never could read, my lady," was the reply.

"Then where did you get your knowledge?" asked Annie.

"The priest taught me my catechism, my lady, and every Sunday and holiday he explained it, and for many a long year I never missed the lesson. Then we often had instructions at Mass, and he taught us the rosary and the way of the cross. Ah! it is not the good father's fault if the children of his congregation do not know their religion."

"And you never went to school?"

"To none other than the school of poverty which our Lord founded and blessed," said the old woman. "Oftentimes we had scarcely potatoes enough to eat, though we little ones tried to work as well as the big ones; but labor was worth very little at that time, and afterward my father took sick and lay for a long time helpless. We had hard times of it in my young days."

"And did your mother take it very much to heart?"

"No, not very much. She grieved when my father died, though she hoped and believed he was happy, and would smile through her tears while she told us so. But for the rest, we all knew that it was not fine clothes or dainty food that would make us happy: we knew that we should have as much of both as it was God's will to send us, and we tried not to wish for more. When we were cold and hungry mother would gather us round her, and talk of that solemn midnight at Bethlehem when, under the clear frosty sky, the angels came to the shepherds, singing songs of glory, because the Lord of heaven and earth lay poor and helpless in the stable at Bethlehem. Then she would tell us of the long, dreary flight into Egypt, when Mary and Joseph begged hospitality by the way, because they loved poverty, for it made them more immediately dependent upon God. Then she showed us the poverty of Nazareth, and of the time of his ministry, who had not where to lay his head; and we became not only reconciled to poverty, we tried to love it for his sake, who became poor for our sakes. So you see, my lady, we could not be unhappy even when sorrow was upon us."

"'Twas a sublime philosophy," said Annie.

"Rather say a glorious religion, Annie!" said Eugene. "Well might the boast of the gospel be that it was preached unto the poor."

Conversations like these brought a new train of ideas to the minds of both mother and daughter. Patience, meekness, and humility were embodied before them, bringing with them such childlike confidence in the providence

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of God that they could but feel such religion to be indeed reality.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONTROVERSY ON IMPORTANT POINTS.

"BROTHER," said Annie, "I begin to perceive that it is of necessity that philosophy divides itself into two branches, the exoteric and esoteric. The human mind evidently needs considerable preparation to be able to comprehend the higher ideas that lie hidden under first teachings. It is not so much the teachings that are separate as that the mind must pass through a given process to arrive at the meaning. Every form of matter seems a metaphor, involving a spiritual idea, and many minds seem powerless to penetrate to this; they necessarily remain content with the material explanation."

"And yet you blame religion for presenting defined dogmas, practical methods, and real precepts to her children, forgetting that this is the necessary preparation to higher truth, and that every mind must begin at the beginning?"

"I blame only trivial and childish practices; I reject only untenable doctrines."

"As for example?"

"The idea that a good God will plunge us into hell!"

"Have you ever reflected on what God is, Annie?"

"No! how should we know aught of such a being?"

"Chiefly by revelation, but also somewhat by observation."

"Give me your idea on the subject, Eugene."

"God is light, power, and love. He created intelligent beings, that he might impart to them a degree of these attributes, and in their degree call upon them to participate in the joys they impart. The unvarying law impressed on material agencies, whether endowed with vitality or not, did not (in all reverence be it spoken) content the love of God; the enforced obedience of the material world to the attractions acting upon it, and the instincts animating the various races of vivified matter, though beautiful, though glorious evidence of power, wisdom, and benevolence, did not call forth a consciousness of creatureship, could not render to the creator a free-will offering of warm, outpouring, grateful love. This the Creator desired. It is his pleasure to desire to be loved; and he created the human soul for the satisfying of this desire; he rendered it free, and endowed it with the faculty of loving, that it may freely offer the purest love to himself."

"Go on; how do you reconcile this with hell?"

"God is pure, holy, incapable of defilement, change, or division. His essential being penetrates all space, comes in contact, literally, with all material and spiritual existence. Now, God created the human soul like unto himself, with affinities to himself, and in proportion as that likeness continues or is restored, light, love, and power exist in that soul. The absence of these constitutes disease, which will result in spiritual death. They are absent in the wicked, and the divine rays entering that soul cause pain, even as the rays of the sun cause pain when they enter the eye of the body after it has become diseased."

"But eternally?"

"The soul preserves its identity and consciousness eternally, though it undergoes spiritual death. If by an act of volition it has lost light, love, and power, it has not lost immortality, and the divine rays, penetrating this wreck of life, necessarily fill it with terror and dismay when all affinity for purity and holiness are destroyed. The spirit of love, encountering the spirit of hate, must produce pain, discord, rage; and as the strife is now unequal and hate is impotent, it creates despair also. We see this on a minor scale on earth. The French revolu-

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tion brought prominently before us men whose spiritual faculties seemed already dead—men given up to a reprobate sense, who appeared utterly beyond conversion, and who were styled by the vulgar incarnate demons; yet these are immortal beings who will carry their dispositions beyond the grave. Should you like hereafter to come in contact with such?"

Annie shuddered. She thought of Alfred Brookbank, whose mere entrance into the room had often caused her blood to curdle.

Eugene continued: "Remember, sister, that evil means cutting ourselves off voluntarily from God, and thereby subjecting ourselves to become the prey of our own passions, of our own selfishness, which when once loosed may lead to every kind of excess. Good, on the contrary, is living in God, adoring his will, admiring his perfections, loving his law. While on earth the choice of good and evil is before us; and what repugnances to perfect action or to perfect dispositions we find difficult to overcome in this our fallen state will be overcome for us if we pray in a sincere, in a co-operative spirit, or rather we shall receive power to overcome all evil and to accomplish all good if only in simplicity of heart we turn to him who is faithful to fulfil all promises; for he has said, 'Ask and you shall receive' all graces necessary to form in you the true spiritual life. If we choose to neglect this means appointed by God, we have no right to complain of the result."

"I will pray," whispered Annie.

"I, too," said Mrs. Godfrey, who was for the most part a silent listener in these discussions. "Strange it is, Eugene, that you should be teaching me principles which I ought to have instilled into you from youth upward."

"Why, you were not a Catholic, mother!" said Eugene.

"No! but I had many opportunities of becoming instructed, had I been willing; but I was worldly; I cared for none of these things; I did not think the time would come when I should consider sorrow and sickness a blessing: without that fearful malady and these paralyzed limbs I might have died in ignorance of all that it most concerns me to know. I have lived without God; dare I hope, Eugene, he will accept my tardy return to him now?"

"The grace that is working in your heart to make you wish that return is an evidence of his love for you, dear mother; only continue to respond to it, and all will be well."

. . . . . .

"Brother," said Annie, on another occasion, "the accounts that we have of the ancients soon after the deluge seem to denote that they were a race of wondrous power. The mere history we have of the building of the city of Babylon, its wondrous walls, its bricks so well cemented by bitumen that they seemed imperishable; its six hundred and seventy-six squares, so planned that they preserved the ventilation of the city in perfect order; its provision for water; its hanging gardens and palaces—to read of such cities as this and Nineveh and many others, one imagines a fairy tale in hand instead of realities. Then, I presume, the raising of those immense blocks of stone which go to form the Pyramids would puzzle our modern engineers, as would many things in that land of wonders, Egypt. Conceive a modern traveller losing his way among the ruins of ancient temples that strew the site where Thebes once stood, passing the night in the rude hut of a Bedouin or Copt erected amid these ruins, and in the morning seated upon a fallen pillar, making his meditation on 'Progression.' All ancient, very ancient history, is instinct with power. What does this mean?"

"That probably the knowledge that Adam imparted to his descendants was greater than that which we now possess, or the intellectual faculties may have been stronger before passion and egotism again corrupted the race."

"You think the earlier men really

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possessed higher intellectual faculties than we have now?"

"I think their works would warrant the assumption. Beside, it is reasonable to suppose that Adam was created perfect according to his nature, that it was endowed with the highest spiritual and intellectual faculties, capable not only of understanding the material creation in its laws of attraction, in the relationships of matter to matter, but also of comprehending the type enfolded in each material manifestation; the spiritual co-relationship existing between such manifestation and the idea it represents. This spiritual faculty was overborne by sin, impurity deluged the world, and a material deluge destroyed the race. But to Noah, doubtless, the mental organization as well as the spiritual power descended; hence immediately after the deluge we see mighty works which betoken that high creative intellect which inspire modern imitators with mute wonder."

"Then you think sin was absolutely a destroying power?"

"I do, even from the first. The intellectual faculties, when used as the mere servant of the selfish passions, shrink and cannot receive their full expansion, cannot perceive spiritual relationships, cannot perceive man's moral relationships, each one to his fellow. Indulgence of the passions, inordinately pursued, of itself cripples the intellect and takes away the desire of intellectual culture; selfishness, on the other hand, shuts up the fountains of knowledge, in order to retain the material power that knowledge gives for selfish purposes. Both these causes were in operation to cause that inequality of fortune which finally wrought the 'castes' among mankind. The knowing ones kept the knowledge transmitted from Noah downward in their own exclusive possession, which the majority submitted to at first in order more freely to indulge their passions, and afterward because they could not help themselves, having (under the influence of passion) fallen out of the intellectual sphere. Laws compelling by force certain restraints became necessary, and soon labor was performed by force also, and most of the laborers became slaves. These laws, in their action, usually touched only the governed, that is, those who had let the intellectual power slip from them. The governors had, almost universally, power to trample on the common law when applied to themselves; it was only when they came in contact with each other, and intruded on each other's privileges, that they were called to account. I speak not of the theory, but of the practice; there was one law for the rich, another for the poor, throughout all ages. What was called civilization, before the coming of Christ, did not touch the poor, the enslaved; the down-trodden slaves had little chance of justice or of mercy. What was meant by liberty applied only to the freemen; the want of remembering this leads many to mistakes in comparing the civilization of ancient and modern times. The gospel preached to the poor taught them to repress the empire of the passions, thus slowly but surely causing that rise of intellect in the masses which has swept slavery from Europe, and from all countries where the laborer has followed even imperfectly this first requisite, the doing which has enabled him to cultivate his intellect sufficiently to compete with those in possession of power. A people enslaved by passion easily succumb to external force, as a virtuous people, however poor, have an innate power of preserving external freedom. The external depends on the internal. One is a manifestation of the other; almost a consequence."

"Then," said Annie, "if I have understood you aright, man was originally in direct communication with his Creator. Sin not only destroyed this communication, which was the source of all knowledge and happiness, it impaired the faculties through which that communication is held."

"Yes," said Eugene.

"And as temporal happiness is but

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the reflex of spiritual happiness, the necessary result of order in the spiritual relationship, it follows that the spiritual order must be restored before the natural order can yield the happiness it is calculated to produce. This, then, is the redemption, penance, violence to flesh, and to self-will, before the restoration can take place; these being the necessary medicine to heal the soul's diseases. Those who refuse the medicine perish."

"You surprise me, sister," said Eugene; "you are apt at understanding."

"You forget that long since the enigma was propounded to us. I am but just getting my ideas into form. You will tell me if I have drawn correct inferences. Man, by the fall, lost not only actual knowledge and actual means of knowledge, but he lost empire over the animal world, and, worse than all, over himself; he became a slave to his own appetites and passions, and to his own self-will. From this state no effort of his own could rescue him. The Redeemer came to offer him means of rescue, to enable him to re-establish spiritual communication, to bring man again into such actual relationship with God that he shall look up to him, practically as well as theoretically, as the highest metaphysical teacher; as the source of real power and light to the understanding; the restorer of all things to their pristine harmony. Is this so?"

"It is."

"And naturally this restoration must begin by the healing of the disorders of the soul. The first impulses of grace create desire for goodness, purity, and truth; but the old man is still within, and can only be subdued by violence done to ourselves. 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' This is why the saints welcome mortification and suffering, looking on them as tools with which to subdue themselves, with which they may be enabled to offer themselves a living sacrifice to God. This is why what men call 'progress' is repugnant to sanctity—progress meaning increased facilities for indulging the passions; facilities which, as we advance in sanctity, we learn to dispense with more and more. This is what Euphrasie meant when she puzzled us at her first coming."

"Indeed, sister, I believe it is."

"And her non-appreciation of human learning must have arisen from the intense pleasure she felt in personal, absolute dependence upon God. She did not want to know the material intermediate sequences; of all things, she preferred feeling they came to her directly from her Father's hand."

"I presume this was the case."

"Then, too, if I understood her aright, the soul, purified by prayer, mortification, and good works, becomes by the grace of God detached from the things of this world; it seeks its rest only in God, and then it begins to regain some of the sublime spiritual privileges it had lost. Even on earth it may hold communication with the glorified spirits in heaven, while these glorified spirits themselves, blessed with the beatific vision, drink in sensations of beauty, harmony, and delight, such as exist only in God, and of which we cannot form the slightest conception."

Eugene could only press his sister's hand in silence. She continued:

"It is this union of spiritual natures with our struggling existence, this interest taken by the saints in glory in the members of the church militant on earth, that you term the 'communion of saints,' is it not, Eugene?"

"Yes, Annie."

"And men have dared to call the recognition of this divine union, of this sacred bond of love, idolatry! It is the true conquest over death! the earnest of our own loving immortality! How absurd to call so beautiful a demonstration of the effect of divine charity 'idolatry'!"

"As absurd," said Eugene, "as to believe that God, in providing means to redeem men from the death of sin, should not watch over those means,

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and preserve them intact from man's defilement."

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Godfrey, "it is wonderful that men who believe in revelation should not see, *primâ facie*, that the same miraculous interposition which produced the revelation would, as if of necessity, watch over and protect that revelation." Then suddenly becoming very earnest, she said: "Eugene, I am drawing near my end, I feel it every day more. You must bring me a priest, if, indeed, one so worthless as I can become a member of the church of Christ. O my God! it scarcely seems possible that a life of worldliness should be followed by an eternity of bliss! But I will hope against my feelings of justice! The blood of Jesus is powerful to save. O my God! accept it; it was shed for me in pity and in mercy."

"And for me, too," said Annie. "I must be a Catholic also."

"But have you considered the cost, Annie? Your husband! your children!"

"I have weighed everything, and am resolved."

"I thank thee, O my God!" said the sick woman. "O eternal justice! I offer thee my children's faith, my children's courage, in union with the precious blood of thy Son, to atone for my own shortcomings. Oh! bless these my children—give them grace to persevere!"

There was a solemn pause. Then she added: "Annie, there is suffering in store for you, but you will accept it. Eugene will be to you a friend, a protector, a guide. I made my will before this malady came on. I dare not change it now, lest it should be disputed. I left to Eugene all that I have to leave, but he will provide for you, if provision is needed; and you, Annie, will confide in him when you need a friend."

"I will, dear mother," faltered Annie. "Surely, we have always loved each other."

Eugene threw his arm round his sister's waist, and kneeling by his mother's side, solemnly pledged himself to watch over his sister and care for her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGINAL.

PARDON.

"Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much."

Love may, then, hope to quite refund
What sin hath ta'en away?
Poor heart! thou hast a debt beyond
Thy straitened means to pay.

My sins in number far excel
The sands beside the sea.
Lord! if thou wilt, I pay thee well,
Then lend thy heart to me.

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From Chambers's Journal.

SEA-SIDE FLOWERS.

VISITORS to the sea-shore love to wander along the beach in search of the beauteous shells of scallop or cowry, left by the retiring tide, and delight to trace their exquisite design and structure; or, scrambling over the slimy rocks, covered with treacherous algæ, will peer into the little pools, fringed with crimson and purple weed, inhabited by various anemones, gray shrimps, and darting fish, in hopes of discovering some new treasure to capture, and carry off in triumph for the aquarium at home; but how few care to examine the modest beauty of the many sea-side flowers blooming unregarded at their very feet; nay, their very existence often unknown, or looked upon as common weeds, devoid of all beauty or interest. Many a lover of wild flowers and country beauty will pause in the fields and lanes, and even dusty roads that skirt the shore—especially if they be on the southern coasts of England—where the brier and hawthorn hedges are tangled with luscious honeysuckle, and the primroses cluster in masses; where the wild hyacinth peeps from amidst the nettles, and the speedwell opens its "angel's eyes" of loveliest azure; but as they approach the sea-beach, the proverb of its sterility,

"Barren as the sand on the sea-shore,"

is felt, and naught is expected or looked for but the rich harvest of ocean's wondrous things cast on the shingle, or left in the pools beyond. The immediate banks and links of the sea-side are usually treeless, and, to non-observant eyes, dreary wastes; but not a spot on this wide world is without its interest and beauty, and delightful it is, when rambling along the sandy beach, listening to the music of the waves on the pebbly shore, to find how many lovely blossoms are scattered even here, ornamenting the rugged sides of the chalky cliff or rock, weaving a flowery tapestry over the sloping links, and binding together with interlaced roots the loose substance of many a sand-bank.

Unlike the country meadows, where the loveliest blossoms appear with the earliest sunshine of the year, the fairest sea-side flowers are to be gathered during the summer and autumn months; though even in spring, the turf which enamels the links, down often to the water's edge, will be found decked with an occasional early blossom,

"As if the rainbows of the first fresh spring
Had blossomed where they fell."

While, at all seasons of the year, here as elsewhere,

"Daisies with their pinky lashes"

raise their glad faces to the sun:

"On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign—
The daisy never dies."

The first gleam of spring sunshine is, however, reflected not only by the silver daisy, but by that "sunflower of the spring," the golden dandelion, which glitters as early as April on the sandy, grassy slope, familiar to all, and common everywhere. The leaves of the dandelion grow from the root; they are deeply cut and notched, and from this have gained their name, which we English have corrupted from the French, *dent-de-lion*. The Scotch call the dandelion the hawkweed gowan. The leaves are much eaten on the continent for salad, and a medicine is extracted from the root. Every one is familiar

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with the downy ball that succeeds the flower:

> "The dandelion with globe of down,
> The school-boy's clock in every town,
> Which the truant puffs amain,
> To conjure lost hours back again."

When Linnæus proposed the use of what he termed a floral clock, which was to consist of plants which opened and closed their blossoms at particular hours of the day, the dandelion was one of the flowers selected, because its petals open at six; the hawkweed was another—it opens at seven; the succory at eight, the celandine and marigold at nine, and so on, the closing of the blossoms marking the corresponding hours in the afternoon. Nor is this the effect of light on the plants, because, when placed in a dark room, the flowers are found to open and close their petals at the same times.

In the month of May many sea-side blossoms appear; but in June they burst forth in such wild profusion that we are at a loss to know which to gather first:

> "For who would sing the flowers of June,
> Though from gray morn to blazing noon,
> From blazing noon to dewy eve,
> The chaplet of his song he weave,
> Would find his summer daylight fall,
> And leave half told the pleasing tale."

We must only attempt to pluck such as are most common, and most likely to attract attention.

Many a sea-side cliff is adorned with the handsome pale-yellow clusters of the sea-cabbage, which flowers from May until the late autumnal months, and is very ornamental, hanging in tufts from the crevices of the chalky heights. It grows from one to two feet high, has woody stems, and leaves a deep green, tinged with purple and yellow. It is very common on the Dover cliffs, where it is gathered, and sold to be boiled and eaten. From it spring our numerous varieties of cabbage; and this reminds me how very greatly we are indebted to our sea-side plants for many of our most valuable vegetables: the fresh crisp celery, the dainty asparagus, the beet, and sea-kale, in addition to the cabbage, are all derived from our salt-marshes, and, under careful cultivation, have become what they are.

The rest-harrow, which we gather in the cornfield, may also be found adorning many a green patch on the chalky cliff-side or sandy bank near the sea. Its woody thorns are more abundant and stronger than when flourishing in richer soil. Its leaves are numerous and small, its butterfly-shaped blossoms usually a purple-rose color, but sometimes almost white. Near the sea-side, I have often found the little sea-pearlwort, which requires close observation to detect it. It grows upright, has tiny, delicate leaves, and flower-cups tinged with a reddish-purple color.

Very common in the sand is the sea-rocket, a smooth, glaucous plant, with pretty lilac-pink flowers, which often mixes its blossoms with the white petals of the scurvy-grass.

But June flowers press upon us: here we have plentiful at Dover and many other sea-side places the viper's bugloss, certainly one of the handsomest wild-flowers, either of the neglected field or beach that we have. It is a magnificent plant, sometimes attaining the height of three feet, its rich purple blossoms, with their long bright-red stamens, often extending half-way down the stems. It is peculiar for the variety of tints it exhibits in its flowers, the buds being a rosy red, but the expanded blossom a rich purple, which gradually assumes a deep blue. Sometimes it is found white. The stems and leaves are covered with bristles and brownish warts, or tubercles. Its name is taken from the resemblance the seeds bear to a viper's head, and its spotted stem to the snake's skin; and in olden times the plant was supposed to heal the bite of a viper. It flourishes best on a chalky hill or sandy waste ground:

> "Here the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil,"

and rears its rich spike of closely set flowers with a stately air. Though its foliage is coarse, its blossom is very beautiful; not easy, however, to gather, for bees are ever hovering around it;

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"Flying sollcitous from flower to flower,
Tasting each sweet that dwells
Within its scented bells;"

and oft tearing their delicate wings among the thick, hairy prickles. The common kidney-vetch flourishes luxuriantly by the sea-shore, decking the heights with its handsome yellow flowers from May to September. It crowds its blossoms into flower-cups, thickly covered with down; and two such tufts or heads usually grow at the top of each stem. It is as common a flower on the continent as with us, though it varies in color—owing, Linnæus tells us, to the nature of the soil. The French call it *barbe de Jupiter*, Jupiter's beard. We also give it the names of lady's-fingers and lambtoe. Clare tells us:

"The yellow lambtoe I have often got,
Sweet creeping o'er the banks in sunny time."

During June, the common pellitory of the wall spreads over many a rocky spot, sometimes trailing its stems over the surface, and at others rising erect, a foot high. Its leaves grow up the hairy stalk, and are mixed with the small purple-red flowers that lie closely against the stem. The white ox-eye, though loving best to bow in beauty midst the waving grass of the meadow, may yet be found straying near the coast; and very beautiful are its large solitary flower-heads, with their rich golden centre and pure white ray.

Several thistles are to be found flourishing by the sea-coast, blooming from June to September. Perhaps the most familiar is the common sow-thistle, growing on almost every waste place, and greatly relished by rabbits, on account of the milky juices it contains. Its leaves are deeply notched, the lobes turned backward, its flowers yellow. The milk-thistle is easily recognized by its large leaves veined with white, and deep purple flowers. It is a prickly plant, often growing as high as four or five feet. Though common in England, it is rare in Scotland, and, I have read, is only to be found on the rocky cliffs near Dumbarton Castle, where tradition tells it was planted by Mary, Queen of Scots. The star-thistle may occasionally be found among the wild blossoms of the sea-side, growing on cliff-tops, or green patches of the beach. It has hard woody spines, standing out from the flower-cup only, and in this differs from the other thistles, which are usually covered with sharp bristles, and seem defiantly to announce:

"I am Sir Thistle, the surly,
The rough and the rude and the burly;
I doubt if you'll find
My touch quite to your mind,
Whether late be your visit or early."

July comes laden with a host of fair blossoms of her own, as numerous as those of June:

"Bright gems of earth, in which perchance we see
What Eden was, what Paradise may be."

Perhaps one of the most attractive, as well as one of the first in beauty, and blooming down almost to the water's edge, is the yellow-horned poppy, scattering its crumpled golden blossoms with every passing breeze on the surrounding sea-weed. Its stems and leaves are a delicate blue-green, wearing the bloom that is called glaucous, from which its botanical name is taken. It is hairy, and its peculiar, curved, horn-like pods are often half a foot long. It is a showy, handsome plant, but smells badly, and is said to be poisonous. Quite as pretty, and far less harmful, is the sea-convolvulus, trailing its rose-colored bells with yellow rays, and dark-green succulent leaves, in clusters on the sandy links, where it presents a succession of delicate, short-lived flowers; and equally common but less showy, are the green blossoms and thick wavy leaves of the sea-beet (*Beta maritima*), which, when cultivated, we often recognize as a useful vegetable. I have often gathered near the sea the hound's-tongue, easily recognized by its dark purple-red blossoms, and strong smell of mice. Its soft downy leaves are supposed to resemble in form the tongue of a dog, and from this it derives its Greek and common name. It is a tall plant, often growing two feet high. Its foliage is a

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dull green, its flowers a rich claret color.

On the sandy downs and in the rock-crevices down even to the shore,

"Flourishing so gay and wildly free,
Upon the salt-marsh by the roaring sea,"

are the pink and white heads of the sea-pink, or well-known thrift, so often used as a bordering in our flower-gardens, but here hanging in little tufts from the rocks, thriving where little nourishment can be afforded, and thus well meriting its name. Its leaves grow from the root, and mostly resemble coarse grass. Its flowers form round heads of lilac-pink blossoms, and crown downy stalks, some four inches high. There, too, is

"The sea-lavender, which lacks perfume,"

and is a species of everlasting, retaining its color and form long after being gathered. Its spike of blue-lilac flowers is very handsome. There are several species of sea-lavender; and in August we have the delicate lilac-blue blossoms and bluish-green foliage of the upright-spiked sea-lavender, so often gathered to deck the winter vase. It is smaller both in leaf and flower than the former species.

Growing down, even amid the sand, we may now gather the compact head of the tall eryngo, or sea-holly, which has blue blossoms, in shape resembling the thistle's; and firm prickly leaves, beautifully veined, and adorned with that pale sea-green bloom so common in our sea-side plants. It grows about a foot high, and is stiff and rigid.

One of the purest-tinted blue flowers that we have may be found flourishing by the sea. It is the narrow-leaved pale flax, a sweet, delicate, fragile blossom, that drops its petals as we gather it. It is a tall plant, with a solitary flower on each stem, and small alternate leaves, adorning each to the root. Its stem is tough and fibrous, like all its species. The flax cultivated for commerce is a pretty pale-blue bell, erect and fragile, dancing and trembling with the faintest whisper of the passing breeze. Mrs. Howitt well describes it:

"Oh! the goodly flax-flower!
It groweth on the hill;
And be the breeze awake or asleep,
It never standeth still!
It seemeth all astir with life,
As if it loved to thrive,
As if it had a merry heart
Within its stem alive."

How pretty are the little sandworts now in blossom, especially the sea-pimpernel, or sea-side sandwort, which blooms in shining, glossy patches only a few inches high. Its clustering white flowers are almost hidden by the thick, crowding, succulent leaves. There are ten species of sandwort. Perhaps the commonest of all is the sea-spurry sandwort, which hangs its little starlike blossoms in trailing tufts from the cliff-sides.

In this month also we may gather the white-rayed flowers of the sea-side feverfew, which often grows far down on the beach. Its blossoms are the size of a daisy, its stems thick, its leaves stalky, its growth low. And now also, decking the sides of the banks, is the perfoliate yellowwort with its bright yellow flowers, and pale sea-green leaves, which grow in couplets, joining at the base, the stalk passing through them. The plant grows about a foot high, is not uncommon, and to be found in flourishing abundance on the Kentish coast.

Fringing the summit of the tall sea-cliffs, and clothing with its clusters of yellowish-white flowers and fleshy sea-green leaves the many crevices on the steep sides of the rocks, we may see the samphire, so plentiful on the southern shores, and especially at Dover, where it is gathered during May for pickle. That there is danger to the gatherer we may infer from Shakespeare's mention in King Lear, where the scene is laid near Dover:

"Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade!"

Several kinds of sea southernwood are now showing their green flowers; the saltwort and funny-looking, jointed-

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branched, leafless glasswort are to be gathered now, both so useful for the soda they contain.

There is a species of nightshade often to be found flourishing on our sea-beaches, with blossoms shaped like the potato-flower, but white, and followed by black berries, highly poisonous.

There are also the dwarf-centaury and the dwarf-tufted centaury, neither growing beyond a few inches in height, both possessing light-green stems and clusters of rose-colored blossoms.

The buck's-horn plantain is common on the sea-shore. It derives its name from the peculiar cutting of its leaves.

Very common on the rocky bank is the wild mignonette. Though lacking the sweet fragrance of the garden species, its pale greenish-yellow spikes are very ornamental. The sea-side pea grows on the links and banks of our beaches, but is uncommon. Its butterfly shaped blossoms remind one of the sweet-pea of the garden:

"Where swelling peas on leafy stalks are seen,
Mixed flowers of red and azure shine between."

During the great famine of 1555, it is said that thousands of families subsisted on the seeds contained in the pods of the sea-side pea.

Near the beach, I have often gathered the knot-grass, so named from the knottiness of its stem, and to be found flourishing everywhere:

"By the lone quiet grave,
In the wild hedgerow, the knot-grass is seen,
Down in the rural lane,
Or on the verdant plain,
Everywhere humble, and everywhere green."

Shakespeare has called it "the hindering knot-grass," on account of the obstacles its trailing, tangled stems offer to the husbandman. Milton speaks of it as

"The knot-grass, dew besprent."

It is familiar to almost every eye, forming little green patches even between the stones of our streets, its tiny, pale-pink blossoms growing so closely to the stem as to be half hidden among the leaves. Its seeds and young buds afford a store of food for birds; and it is said that swine and sheep love to feed upon it. Milton tells us,

"The chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper of that savory herb,
The knot-grass."

It bears little resemblance to a grass but this reminds me that among our sea-side plants the grasses are perhaps the most interesting, as well as useful and important, and are often of great service by their spreading mass of tough underground stems offering a strong resistance to the inroads of the sea. Several of the shores of England are so protected; and the greater part of the coast of Holland, being composed of dikes, owes its security to the powerful obstacles the peculiar growth of these grasses affords. Thus we see

"The commonest things may ofttimes be
Those of the greatest utility.
How many uses hath grass which groweth,
Wheresoever the wild wind bloweth."

Useful as the sea-side grasses are, however, we have not space in this short paper to take more than a passing glance at them, remarking that the two most deserving of notice for their value in sea-resistance are the sea-wheat grass and the sea-reed.

I have often seen flourishing near the sea-coast the rich clusters of the ragwort (*Senecio Jacobæa*), bright as the golden sunbeam, waving its tall blossoms in the breeze, and emitting a strong smell of honey. It opens its flowers first in July, but often,

"Coming like an after-thought,
When other flowers are vainly sought,"

lingers on until Christmas; and when cold winds and wintry snows have withered every other flower, this remains,

"A token to the wintry earth that beauty liveth still."

Very pretty is the yellow carpet spread on the dry bank by the yellow bedstraw, with its mass of tiny blossoms and slender thready leaves of brilliant green. Its flowers, like those of the ragwort just mentioned, also smell sweetly of honey. In the Hebrides, a

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reddish-brown dye is extracted from its roots.

In September, we see the tall, handsome golden-rod, not only in our woods and hedgeways, but also on the sea-side cliff, somewhat stunted in growth, but still beautiful with its crowded clusters of golden blossoms, over which butterflies, moths, and bees hover incessantly, in spite of its

> "Florets wrapped in silky down,
> To guard it from the bee."

In the days of Queen Elizabeth it was sold in the London markets by herb-dealers. It was supposed to cure wounds.

Then also the Michaelmas daisy, or sea-starwort, opens its pale lilac petals, and continues to blossom until other flowers have nearly all faded away:

> "And the sole blossom which can glad the eye
> Is yon pale starwort nodding to the wind."

It often grows as high as three feet; its leaves are smooth, a sickly green in color, and very succulent. At this time we shall also find the marsh-mallow. It is a medicinal plant, containing a quantity of starchy mucilage, which is formed into a paste, and taken as a cure for coughs. Its flowers are a pretty rose-tint; its leaves soft, downy, and very thick. It grows about two feet high, and is altogether an attractive, handsome plant, the more valued,

> "Because a fair flower that illumines the scene
> When the tempest of winter is near;
> 'Mid the frowns of adversity, cheerful of mien,
> And gay, when all 's dark and serene."

Such are a few of the sea-side blossoms to be gathered on our coasts. Let my readers, next summer, take a ramble along the beach, and hunt for themselves, when they may discover a host of fresh beauties rising on all sides, creeping over the loose sand, topping the rocky heights, or decking the grassy slopes—

> "As though some gentle angel,
> Commissioned love to bear,
> Had wandered o'er the greensward,
> And left her footprints there."

Let not the humblest, most neglected flower be discarded, for each bears its own little mine of beauty, fraught with instruction, and the promptings of pure and holy thoughts, that lead the mind from "nature up to nature's God."

> "Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
> Through all the years of this our life to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all that we behold
> Is full of blessings."

ORIGINAL.

ON THE REQUEST OF THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

"I will that forthwith thou give me in a dish the head of John the Baptist."

FIE, silly child! Thou askest more
Than Herod doth engage to grant—
As time hath truly shown.
That head, enshrouded in its gore,
Would be a price exorbitant
For all of Herod's throne.

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ORIGINAL.

THE CHURCH AND MONARCHY.

MR. BANCROFT, the learned and philosophical historian of the United States, in one of his volumes devoted to the history of the American Revolution, makes the remark that "Catholics are in general inclined to monarchy, and Protestants to republicanism." This is a very common opinion with non-Catholic American writers, and a large portion of the American people honestly fear that the rapid spread of Catholicity in this country is pregnant with danger to our republican institutions. Dr. England, late bishop of Charleston, one of the most illustrious Catholic prelates the country has ever had, maintained, on the contrary, with great earnestness and force, that the church does not favor monarchy, but does favor republicanism. What is the fact in the case? The question is not doctrinal, but historical, and relates to Catholics and Protestants, rather than to the church and Protestantism.

It should be observed before entering into any investigation of the historical facts in the case, that in the Catholic mind theology is superior to politics; and no intelligent Catholic ever consents or can consent to have his religion tried by a political standard. The church, the Catholic holds, represents what is supreme, eternal, universal, and immutable in human affairs, and that political principle or system which conflicts with her, is by that fact alone condemned as false; for it conflicts with the eternal, universal, and immutable principles of the divine government, or the truth and constitution of things. Religion is for every one who believes in any religion at all the supreme law, and in case of conflict between religion and politics, politics, not religion, must give way.

Well grounded in his faith, sure of his church, the Catholic has never any dread of historical facts, and can always, so far as his religion is concerned, enter upon historical investigations with perfect freedom and impartiality of mind. He has no fear of consequences. Let the historical fact turn out as it may, it can never warrant any conclusions unfavorable to his religion. If the fact should place his politics in conflict with his religion, he knows they are so far untenable, and that he must modify or change them. The historian of the United States is deeply penetrated with a sense of the independence and supremacy of moral or spiritual truth, and with a justice rare in non-Catholic writers, attributes much of the corruption of French society in the last century to the subjection of the church to the state. Most non-Catholic writers, however, consider what is called Gallicanism as far more favorable to society than what they call Ultramontanism; and in doing so, prove that they really, consciously or unconsciously, assume the supremacy of the political order, not of the religious. But in this they grossly err, and make the greater yield to the less; for not only is religion in the nature of things superior to politics, but one is always more certain of the truth of his religion than he is or can be of the wisdom and soundness of his politics.

The church teaches the divine system of the universe, asserts and maintains the great catholic principles from which proceeds all life, whether religious or political, and without which there can be neither church nor state; but it is well known that she prescribes no particular constitution of the state or form of civil government, for no

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particular constitution or form is or can be catholic, or adapted alike to the wants and interests of all nations. Whatever is catholic in politics, that is, universally true and obligatory, is included in theology; what is particular, special, temporary, or variable, the church leaves to each political community to determine and manage for itself according to its own wisdom and prudence.

Every statesman worthy at all of the name knows that the same form of government is not fitted alike to the wants and interests of all nations, nor even of the same nation through all possible stages of its existence; and hence there is and can be no catholic form of government, and therefore the church, as catholic, can enjoin no particular form as universally obligatory upon Catholics. Were she to do so she would attempt to make the particular universal, and thus war against the truth and the real constitution of things, and belie her own catholicity. The principles of government, of all government, are catholic, and lie in the moral or spiritual order, as do all real principles. These the church teaches and insists on always and everywhere with all her divine authority and energy; but their practical application, saving the principles themselves, she leaves to the wisdom and prudence of each political community. The principles being universal, eternal, and unalterable, are within the province of the Catholic theologian; the practical application of the principles, which varies, and must vary, according to time and place, according to the special wants and interests of each political community, are within the province of the statesman.

Such being the law in the case, it is evident that the church does and can prescribe no particular form of civil government, and Catholics are free to be monarchists, aristocrats, or democrats, according to their own judgment as statesmen. They are as free to differ among themselves as to forms of government as other men are, and do differ more or less among themselves, without thereby ceasing to be sound Catholics. Mr. Bancroft, however, does not even pretend that the church requires her children to be monarchists, and he more than once insinuates that her principles, as Bishop England maintains, tend to republicanism, the contrary of what is done by most non-Catholic writers.

To determine what is the fact we must define our terms. *Monarchy* and *republic* are terms often vaguely and loosely used. All governments that have at their head a king or emperor are usually called, by even respectable writers, monarchies, and those that have not are usually called republics, whether democratic like ancient Athens, aristocratic like Venice prior to her suppression by General Bonaparte, or representative like the United States. But this distinction is not philosophical or exact. All governments, properly speaking, in which the sovereignty is held to vest in the people or political community, and the king or emperor holds from the community and represents the majesty of the state, are republican, as was Imperial Rome or is Imperial France; all governments, on the other hand, in which the sovereignty vests not in the political community, but in the individual and is held as a personal right, or as a private estate, are in principle monarchical. This is, in reality, the radical distinction between republicanism and monarchy, and between civilization and barbarism, and it is so the terms should be understood.

The key to modern history is the struggle between these two political systems, or between Roman civilization and German barbarism, and subsequently to Charlemagne, more especially between feudalism and Roman imperialism. In this struggle the sympathies and influence of the church have been on the side against barbarism and feudalism, and in favor of the Roman system, and therefore on the side of republicanism. Rome, theoretically and in name,

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remained a republic under the emperors from Augustus to Augustulus. However arbitrary or despotic some of the Cæsars may have been and certainly were in practice, in principle they were elective, and held their power from the political community. The army had always the faculty of bestowing the military title of Imperator or emperor, and all the powers aggregated to it, as the tribunitial, the pontifical, the consular, etc., were expressly conferred on Augustus by the senate and people of Rome. The sovereignty vested in the political community, never in the person of the emperor. The emperor represented the state, but never was himself the state. In principle Roman imperialism was republican, not in the strict or absolute sense monarchical at all.

The barbarian system brought from the forests of Germany was in its principle wholly different. Under it power was a personal right, and not, as under Roman imperialism, a trust from the community. With the barbarians there were tribes, nations, confederacies, but no commonwealth, no republic, no civil community, no political people, no state. Republic, *res publica*, Scipio says, in the *Republica* of Cicero, cited by St. Augustine in his *De Civitate Dei*, means *res populi;* and he adds, that by people is to be understood not every association of the multitude, but a legal association for the common weal. "Non esse omnem cœtum multitudinis, sed cœtum juris condensu et utilitatis communione sociatum."* In this sense there was no people, no *res populi*, or affairs of the people, under the barbarian system, nor even under the feudal system to which, with some Roman ideas, it gave birth after Charlemagne. Absolute monarchy, which alone is properly monarchy, according to Bishop England, did not exist among the barbarians in its full development; but it existed in germ, for its germ is in the barbarian chieftainship, in the fact that with the barbarians power is personal, not political, a right or privilege, not a trust, and every feudal noble developed is an absolute monarch.

These two systems after the conquest occupied the same soil. What remained of the old Roman population continued, except in politics, to be governed by the Roman law, *lex Romanorum*, and the barbarians by the *lex barbarorum*, or their own laws and usages. But as much as they despised the conquered race, the barbarians borrowed and assimilated many Roman ideas. The ministers of the barbarian kings or chiefs were for a long time either Romans or men trained in the Roman schools, for the barbarians had no schools of their own, and the old schools of the empire were at no time wholly broken up, and continued their old course of studies with greater or less success till superseded by modern universities. The story told us of finding a copy of the Civil or Roman Law at Amalfi, in the eleventh century, a fable in the sense commonly received, indicates that the distinction between barbarian and Roman in that century was beginning to be effaced, and that the Roman Law, as digested or codified by the lawyers of Justinian, was beginning to become the common law in the West as it long had been in the East, and still is in all the western nations formed within the limits of the old Roman empire, unless England be an exception. There was commenced, even before the downfall of Rome, a process of assimilation of Roman ideas and manners by the barbarians, which went on with greater force and rapidity in proportion as the barbarians were brought into the communion of the church. This process is still going on, and has gone furthest in France and our own country.

The barbarian chiefs sought to unite in themselves all the powers that had been aggregated to the Roman emperor, and to hold them not from the political community, but in their own personal right, which, had they suc-

* Apud St. Augustine, tom. vii. 75. B.

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ceeded, would have made them monarchs in the full and absolute sense of the term. Charlemagne tried to revive and re-establish Roman imperialism, but his attempt was premature; the populations of the empire were in his time not sufficiently Romanized to enable him to succeed. He failed, and his failure resulted in the establishment of feudalism—the chief elements of which were brought from Germany. The Roman element, through the influence of the church and the old population of the empire, had from the close of the fifth century to the opening of the ninth acquired great strength, but not enough to become predominant. The Germanic or barbarian elements, re-enforced as they were by the barbarians outside of both the church and the empire, were too strong for it, and the empire of Charlemagne was hardly formed before it fell to pieces. But barbarism did not remain alone in feudalism, and Roman principles, to some extent, were incorporated into feudal Europe, and the Roman law was applied, wherever it could be, to the tenure of power, its rights and obligations; to the regulation, forfeiture, and transmission of fiefs, and to the administration of justice between man and man, as we apply the Common Law in our own country. But the constitution of the feudal society was essentially anti-Roman and at war with the principles of the Civil or Roman Law. Hence commenced a struggle between the feudal law and the civil —feudalism seeking to retain its social organization based on distinctions of class, privileges, and corporations; and the civil law, based on the principle of the equality of all men by the natural law, seeking to eliminate the feudal elements from society, and to restore the Roman constitution, which makes power a trust derived from the community, instead of a personal right or privilege held independently of the community.

In this struggle the church has always sympathized with the Romanizing tendencies. It was under the patronage of the Pope that Charlemagne sought to revive imperial Rome, and to re-establish in substance the Roman constitution of society; but his generous efforts ended only in the systematization and confirmation of feudalism. The Franconian and especially the Swabian emperors attempted to renew the work of Charlemagne, but were opposed and defeated by the church, not because she had any sympathy with feudalism, but because these emperors undertook to unite with the civil and military powers held by the Roman emperors the pontifical power, which before the conversion of the empire they also held. This she could not tolerate, for by the Christian law the imperial power and the pontifical are separated, and the temporal authority, as such, has no competency in spirituals. The Popes, in their long and severe struggles with the German emperors, or emperors of the holy Roman empire, as they styled themselves, did not struggle to preserve feudalism, but the independence of the church, threatened by the imperial assumption of the pontifical authority held by the emperors of pagan Rome. This is the real meaning of those struggles which have been so strangely misapprehended, and so grossly misrepresented by the majority of historians, as Voigt and Leo, both Protestants, have conclusively shown. St. Gregory VII. who is the best representative of the church in that long war, did not struggle to establish a theocracy as so many foolishly repeat, nor to obtain for the church or clergy a single particle of civil power, but to maintain the spiritual independence of the church, or her independent and supreme authority over all her children in things spiritual, against the emperor, who claimed, indirectly at least, supreme authority in spirituals as well as in temporals. For the same reason Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. opposed Frederic II., the last and greatest of the Hohenstaufen, the ward in his childhood of Innocent III. Frederic un-

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dertook to revise Roman imperialism against mediæval feudalism, but unhappily he remembered that the pagan emperor was Pontifex Maximus, as well as Imperator. Had he simply labored to substitute the Roman constitution of society for the feudal without seeking to subject the church to the empire, he might have been opposed by all those Catholics, whether lay or cleric, whose interests were identified with feudalism, but not by the church herself; at least nothing indicates that she would have opposed him, for her sympathies were not and have never been with the feudal constitution of society.

In the subsequent struggles between the two systems, the church, as far as I have discovered, has uniformly sympathized with kings and kaisers only so far as they simply asserted the republican principles of the Roman constitution against feudalism, and has uniformly opposed them, whenever they claimed or attempted to exercise pontifical authority, or to make the temporal supreme over the spiritual, that is to say, to subject conscience to the state. But in this she has been on the side of liberty in its largest and truest sense. Liberty, as commonly understood, or as it enters into the life, the thought, and conscience of modern Christian nations, is certainly of Greek and Roman, not barbarian origin, enlarged and purified by Christianity. The pagan republic united in the sovereign people both the pontifical and imperial powers as they were in the pagan emperors, and hence subjected the individual, both exteriorly and interiorly, to the state, and left him no rights which he could assert before the republic. The Christian republic adds to the liberty of the state, the liberty of the individual, and so far restricts the power of the state over individuals. This personal or individual freedom, unknown in the Græco-Roman republic, Guizot and many others tell us was introduced by the German invaders of the Roman empire. They assign it a barbarian origin; but I am unable to agree with them, because I cannot find that the German barbarians ever had it. The barbarian, as the feudal, individual freedom was the freedom of the chief or noble, not the freedom of all men, or of all individuals irrespective of class or caste. This universal individual freedom, asserted and in a measure secured by the Christian republic, could not be a development of a barbarian idea, or come by way of logical deduction from the barbarian individual freedom, for it rests on a different basis, and is different in kind. The only ancient people with whom I can find any distinct traces of it are the Hebrew people. It is plainly asserted in the laws of Moses for the Jewish people. Christianity asserts it for all, both Jews and Gentiles, in that noble maxim, We must obey God rather than men. Every martyr to the Christian faith asserted it, in choosing rather to be put to death in the most frightful and excruciating forms than to yield up the freedom of conscience at the command of the civil authority, and the church shows that she approves it by preserving the relics of martyrs, and proposing them to the perpetual veneration of the faithful. The martyr witnesses alike to faith and the freedom of conscience.

To this individual freedom, as the right of manhood, the real enemy is the feudal society, which is founded on privilege; and where then should the church be found but on the side of those who asserted Græco-Roman civilization as enlarged, purified, and invigorated by Christianity against the barbarian elements retained by the feudal society? It was her place as the friend of liberty and civilization. There can be no question that since the beginning of the fifteenth century the interests of humanity, liberty, religion, have been with the kings and people, as against the feudal nobility. It is owing to this fact, not to any partiality for monarchy, even in its representative sense, that the church has supported the monarchs in their struggle

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against feudal privileges and corporations.

But it is said that she has favored Roman imperialism not only against feudalism, but also against democracy. This is partially true, but she has done so for the very reason that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries she opposed the German emperors, because everywhere, except in the United States, it seeks to unite in the republic or state, after the manner of the pagan republic, both the imperial and the pontifical powers. In the United States this has not been done; our republic recognizes its own incompetency in spirituals, protects all religions not *contra bonos mores*, and establishes none; and here the church has never opposed republicanism or democracy. In Europe she has done so, not always, but generally since the French revolution assumed to itself pontifical authority. In the beginning of the French revolution, while it was confined to the correction of abuses, the redress of grievances, and the extension and confirmation of civil liberty, the Pope, Pius VI., the cardinals, prelates, and people of Rome, encouraged it; and the Pope censured it only when it transcended the civil order, made a new distribution of dioceses, enacted a civil constitution for the clergy, and sought to separate the Gallican Church from the Catholic Church, precisely as the Popes had previously censured Henry IV., Frederic Barbarossa, Frederic II., Louis of Bavaria, and others. She opposes to-day European democrats, not because they are democrats, but because they claim for the people the pontifical power, and seek to put them in the place of the church, nay, in the place of God. The more advanced among them utter the words, people-pontiff and people-God, as well as people-king, and your German democrats assert almost to a man humanity as the supreme God. She opposes them not because they make deadly war on monarchy and aristocracy, and assert the sovereignty, under God, of the people, but because they war against catholic truth, the great eternal, universal, and immutable principles of the divine government, which lie at the basis of all government, and indeed of society itself, and of which she is the divinely appointed guardian in human affairs. If she supports the European governments against them, it is not because those governments are monarchical or aristocratic in their constitution, but because they represent, however imperfectly, the interests of humanity, social order, civilization, without which there is and can be no real progress. She cannot oppose them because they seek to establish democratic government, unless they seek to do so by unlawful or unjust means, because she prescribes for the faithful no particular form of civil government, and cannot do it, because no particular form is or can be Catholic. She offers no opposition to American democracy.

The church opposes, by her principles, however, what is called Absolutism, or what is commonly understood by oriental despotism, that is, monarchy as understood by Bishop England, under which the monarch is held to be the absolute owner of the soil and the people of the nation, and may dispose of either at his pleasure. This is evident from the fact that when she speaks officially of the state generally, without referring to any particular state, she calls it *respublica*, the republic; especially is this the case when she speaks of the civil society in distinction from the ecclesiastical society. Our present Holy Father, in his much misapprehended and grossly misrepresented Encyclical of December 8, 1864, calls the civil community *respublica*, or commonwealth. St. Augustine denies that God has given to man the lordship of man. He gave man the lordship or dominion over irrational creations, but not of the rational made in his own image. "Rationalem factum ad imaginem suam noluit nisi irrationabilibus dominari: non hominem homini, sed hom-

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inem pecori. Inde primi justi pastores pecorum magis quam reges hominum constituti sunt."* Hence he denies that the master has the lordship of his servants or slaves, and admits slavery only as a punishment, as does the civil law itself. For the same reason we may conclude against despotism. If the master has not the absolute lordship of his servants, far less can a king have the absolute lordship of a whole nation. St. Gregory the Great cites St. Augustine with approbation, so also, if my memory serves me, does St. Gregory VII., the famous Hildebrand, who tells the princes of his time that they hold their power from violence, wrong, Satan.

Catholic writers of the highest authority, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Bellarmin, and Suarez, whom to cite is to cite nearly the whole body of Catholic theologians, follow in the main the political philosophy of Greece and Rome as set forth by Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero; and there is no doubt that, while vesting sovereignty in the community, or the people politically associated, they generally incline to monarchy, tempered by a mixture of aristocracy and democracy, as does Aristotle himself. But the monarchy they favor is always the representative monarchy, the Roman, not the feudal or the oriental. The prince or king, according to them, holds his power from the people or community, *jure humano*, not *jure divino*, and holds it as a trust, not as a personal and indefeasible right. It is amissible; the king may forfeit it, and be deprived of it. St. Augustine asserts, and Suarez after him, the inherent right of the people or political society to change their magistrates and even their form of government; and the Popes, on more occasions than one in the middle ages, not only excommunicated princes, but declared them by a solemn judgment deprived of their crowns, which proves, if nothing else, that kings and kaisers are held by the church to be responsible to the nation for the manner in which they use their trusts, for the Popes never declared a forfeiture except on the ground that it was incurred by a violation of the civil constitution.

There were numerous republics in Europe before the reformation, as Venice, Genoa, Florence, the Swiss Cantons, and many others, not to speak of the Lombard municipalities, the Hanse towns, and the Flemish or Belgian communes, all of which sprang up during Catholic times, and were founded and sustained by a Catholic population. Nearly all of them have now disappeared, and some of them almost within our own memory; but I am not aware that there is a single republic in Europe founded and sustained by Protestants, unless the United Dutch Provinces, now a monarchical state, be a partial exception. The fact that Catholics as a body are wedded to monarchy is therefore not susceptible of very satisfactory proof, not even if we take monarchy only as representing the majesty of the people, in which sense it is republican in principle.

Protestantism is in itself negative, and neither favors nor disfavors any form of government; but the reformation resulted, wherever it prevailed in Europe, in uniting what the church from the first had struggled to keep separate, the pontifical and the imperial or royal powers, and also in maintaining the feudal monarchy instead of the Roman or representative monarchy. In every nation that accepted the reformation the feudal monarchy was retained, and still subsists. The crown in them all is an estate, as in England, and in some of them is, in fact, the only estate recognized by the constitution. The elector of Saxony, the landgrave of Hesse, the margrave of Brandenburg, the kings of Sweden, of Denmark, and of England and Scotland, became each in his own dominions supreme pontiff, and united in his own person the supreme civil and ecclesiastical powers. The same in principle

* De Civit. Dei. Opera, tom. vii. 900.

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became the fact in the Protestant Netherlands and the Protestant cantons of Switzerland; and though some Protestant European states tolerate dissent from the state religion, there is not one that recognizes the freedom of religion, or that does not subject religion to the civil power. The political sense of the reformation was therefore the union of the imperial and pontifical powers in the political sovereign, and the maintenance of the feudal monarchy and nobility, or the constitution of society on feudal principles. Nothing, then, is or can be further from the fact than that Protestants generally incline to republicanism, except the pretence that Protestantism emancipates the mind and establishes religious liberty.

No doubt, the feudal monarchy and nobility struggled in all Europe to maintain themselves against the Græco-Roman system represented by the Civil Law and favored by the theologians of the church and her supreme pontiffs. So far as the struggle was against the feudal nobility, or, as I may term it, the system of privilege, the church, the kings, and the people have in their general action been on the same side; and hence in France, where the struggle was the best defined, the great nobles were the first to embrace the reformation; they came very near detaching the kingdom itself from the church, during the wars of the Ligue, and were prevented only by the conversion, interested or sincere, of Henri Quatre. Henry saw clearly enough that monarchy could not struggle successfully in France against the feudal nobility without the support of the church and the people. Richelieu and Mazarin saw the same, and destroyed what remained of the feudal nobility as a political power. They, no doubt, did it in the interest and for the time to the advantage of monarchy. Louis XIV. concentrated in himself all the powers of the state, and could say, '*L'état, c'est moi*—I am the state," and tried hard to grasp the pontifical power, and to be able to say, "*L'église, c'est moi*—I am the church;" but failed. Always did and do kings and emperors, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, seek to enlarge their power and to gain to themselves the supreme control not only of civil but also of ecclesiastical affairs, and courtiers, whether lay or cleric, are always but too ready to sustain absolute monarchy. Warring against the system of privilege, for national unity against the disintegrating tendencies of feudalism, monarchy threatened in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to become absolute in all Europe, but it met with permanent success in no state that did not adopt the reformation, and cease to be Catholic.

I hold that the Roman constitution, as modified and amended by Christianity, is far better for society and more in accordance with religion and liberty, than the feudal constitution, which is essentially barbaric. If we look at Europe as it really was during the long struggle hardly yet ended, we shall see that it was impossible to break up the feudal constitution of society without for the moment giving to the kings an undue power, which in its turn would need to be resisted. But in all countries that remained Catholic, monarchy was always treated as representative by the theologians, and the republican doctrines that subsequent to the reformation found advocates in Protestant states were borrowed either from the ancients or from Catholic writers—for the most part, probably, from the mediæval monks, of whom modern liberals know so little and against whom they say so much. It was only in those countries where the reformation was followed and religion subjected to the state that the feudal monarchy developed into the oriental. England under Henry VIII., Edward VI. Elizabeth Tudor, and James and Charles Stuart, had lost nearly all its old liberties, and nearly all power was centred in the crown. The resistance offered to Charles I. was

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not to gain new but to recover old liberties, with some new and stronger guaranties. The Protestant princes of northern Germany governed as absolutely as any oriental despot. The movement toward republicanism started in the south, not in the north, in Catholic not in Protestant states. The fact is patent and undeniable, explain it as you will.

I admit that Catholic princes, as well as Protestant, sought to grasp the pontifical power, and to subject the church in their respective dominions to their own authority, but they never fully succeeded. The civil power claimed in France more than belonged to it; but while it impeded the free movements of the Gallican Church, it never succeeded in absolutely enslaving it. Louis XIV., or even Napoleon the First, never succeeded in making himself the head of the Gallican Church; and the Constitutional church created by the Revolution, and which, like the Church of England, was absolutely dependent on the civil power, has long since disappeared and left no trace behind. In Spain, Portugal, Naples, Tuscany, Austria, attempts to subject religion to the state have not been wanting, but, though doing great harm to both the ecclesiastical and the civil society, they have never been completely successful. It is only in Protestant states that they have fully succeeded, or rather, I should say, in non-Catholic states, for the church is as much a slave in Russia as in Great Britain.

Bossuet, courtier and high-toned monarchist as he was, and as much as he consented to yield to the king, never admitted the competency of the king in spirituals strictly so called; and if he yielded to the king on the question of the regalia, it was only on the ground of an original concession from the head of the church to the kings of France, or the immemorial custom of the kingdom, not as an inherent right of the civil power. He went too far in the Four Articles of 1682 to meet the approbation of Innocent XI., but he did not fall into heresy or schism. And it may be alleged in his defence, that if he had not gone thus far the court would most likely have gone further, and have actually separated the Gallican Church from the Holy See.

Bossuet was unquestionably a monarchist and something of a courtier, though he appears to have had always the best interests of religion at heart; and we can hardly say that he did not take the best means possible in his time of promoting them. As one of the preceptors of the Dauphin, father of the Duke of Burgundy, of whom Fénelon was the principal preceptor, he taught the political system acceptable to the king; but he impressed on his pupil as much as possible under that system a sense of his responsibility, his duty to regard his power as a high trust from God to be exercised without fear or favor for the good of the people committed to his charge. Fénelon went further, and hinted that the nation had not abdicated its original rights, and still retained the right to be consulted in the management of its affairs; and he was dismissed from his preceptorship, forbidden to appear at court, and exiled to his diocese, while every possible effort, in which it is to be regretted that Bossuet took a prominent part, to degrade him as a man and a theologian, and to procure his condemnation as a heretic, was made by the French court. But heretic he was not; he simply erred in the use of language which, though it had been used by canonized saints, was susceptible of an heretical sense. The Congregation condemned the language, not the man, nor his real doctrine. He retracted the language, not the doctrine, and edified the world by his submission.

There is hardly any doctrine further removed from every form of republicanism than that of the divine right of kings, defended by James I. of England in his Remonstrance for the Divine Right of Kings and the Independency of their Crowns, written in reply to a speech of the cele-

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brated Cardinal Duperron in the States-General of France in 1614—the last time the States-General were convoked till convoked by the unhappy Louis XVI. at Versailles, in May, 1789. In that work, a copy of the original edition of which, as well as of "his majestie's speech in the Star-chamber," now lies before me, the king maintains that kings derive their kingship immediately from God, and are accountable to him alone for the use they make of their power. He denies their accountability alike to the Pope and the people. This was and really is the doctrine, if not of all Protestants, at least of the Anglican Church and of all Protestant courts; but it is not and never was a Catholic doctrine. The utmost length in the same direction that any Catholic writer of note, except Bossuet, ever went, so far as I can find, is that the king, supposing him to be elected by the people, does, when so elected, reign *de jure divino* or by divine right; but Suarez* refutes them, and maintains that the royal power emanates from the community, and is exercised, *formaliter*, by human right, *de jure humano*, and thus asserts the real republican principle. Balmes, in his great work on the Influence of Catholicity and Protestantism on European Civilization compared, cites an instance of a Spanish monk who in the time of Philip II. ventured one day to preach the irresponsibility of the king, but was compelled by the Inquisition to retract his doctrine publicly, in the very pulpit from which he had preached it.

He who has studied somewhat profoundly the internal political history of the so-called Latin nations of Europe, will find that they have had, from very early times, a strong tendency to republicanism, and even to democracy, and that the tendency has been checked never by the church, but by the kings and feudal nobility. The doctrines of 1789 were no novelty in France even in the thirteenth century, and they were preached very distinctly and very boldly in the League when the nation was threatened with a non-Catholic or Huguenot king, even by Jesuits. The great Dominican and Franciscan orders have never shown any strong attachment to monarchy in any form, and have rarely been the courtiers or flatterers of power. That the sad effects of the old French revolution produced a reaction in many Catholic minds, as well as in many Protestant minds, in favor of monarchy, is very true; and perhaps the most influential portion of European Catholics, living as they do in the midst of a revolution that makes war on the church, on civil order, on society, on civilization itself, cling to the royal authority as the less evil and as their only security, under God, for the future of religion. And it is not strange that they should. But this, whether wise or otherwise, is only accidental, and no people will be more loyal republicans than Catholics, when the republic gives them security for life and property, and more than all, for the free and full exercise of their religion as Catholics, as is the case in the United States.

The republic of the United States, we are told, was founded by Protestants, and it is only the United States that can give the slightest coloring to the pretence that Protestants are inclined to republicanism. But, closely examined, the fact gives less coloring than is commonly supposed. The republic of the United States can hardly be said to be founded either by Catholics or Protestants: it was founded by Providence, not by men. The Puritans, the most disposed to republicanism of any of the original colonists, were dissenters from the Church of England, and the principles on which they dissented were in the main those which they had borrowed or inherited from Catholic tradition. They objected to the Church of England that she allowed the king to be both king and pontiff, and subjected religion to the civil power. In this they only followed the example of the Popes. They

* De Legibus, lib. iii., cap. 3 and 4, 1.

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with the Popes denied the competency of the civil power in spirituals. This was the principle of their dissent, as it has recently been the principle of the separation of the Free Kirk in Scotland from the national church. As the king was the head of the Church of England, making it a royal church, they were naturally led to defend their dissent on republican principles. M. Guizot seems to regard the English revolution, which made Cromwell Lord Protector of the realm, as primarily political; but with all due respect to so great an authority, I venture to say that it was primarily religious, that its first movement was a protest against the authority of the king or parliament to ordain anything in religion not prescribed by the word of God. I state the principle universally, without taking notice of the matters accidentally associated with it, and so stated it is a Catholic principle, always asserted and insisted on by the Popes. It was primarily to carry out this principle, and to regain the civil liberties lost by the nation through the reformation, but not forgotten, that they resisted the king, and made a republican revolution, which very few foresaw or desired. The Puritans who settled in the wilds of America brought with them the ideas and principles they had adopted before leaving England, and if they had republican tendencies, they were hardly republicans.

Mr. Bancroft, in Volume IX. of his History of the United States, just published, shows very clearly that at the beginning of their disputes with the mother country the colonists were not generally republican in the ordinary sense of the word, but attached to monarchy after the English fashion, and also that the struggle in the minds of the colonists was long and severe before they reluctantly abandoned monarchy and accepted republicanism. The American revolution did not originate in any desire to suppress monarchy as it existed in Great Britain and establish republicanism, but to resist the encroachments of the mother country on their rights as British colonists, or rather, as British subjects. The rights of man they asserted had been derived from the civil law, for the most part through medium of the common law, and the writings, if not of Catholic theologians, at least of Catholic lawyers. They held as republicans not from Protestantism, but chiefly from Greece and Rome. Moreover, a monarchical government was impracticable, and there really was no alternative for the American people but republican government or colonial dependence. In the main our institutions were the growth of the country, and were very little influenced by the political theories of the colonists or the political wisdom and sagacity of American statesmen. Hence they are more strictly the work of Providence than of human foresight or human intelligence and will. It is therefore that their permanence and growth are to be counted on. They have their root in the soil, and are adapted to both the soil and the climate. They are of American origin and growth.

Religious liberty is not, as I have shown, of Protestant origin. Most of the colonists held the Catholic principle of the incompetency of the civil power in spirituals, but the greater part of them held that the civil power is bound to recognize and to provide for the support by appropriate legislation of the true religion, and that only. Yet as they were not agreed among themselves as to which is the true religion, or what is the true sense of the revealed word, and having no authoritative interpreter recognized as such by all, and no one sect being strong enough to establish itself and to suppress the others, there was no course practicable but to protect all religions not *contra bonos mores*, and leave each individual free before the law to choose his own religion and to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. This was of absolute necessity in our case if we were to form a political community and carry on civil government at all.

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I do not claim that Catholics founded civil and religious liberty in the United States, nor do I deny that so far as men had a hand in founding them, they were founded by Protestants, but I do contend that our Protestant ancestors acted in regard to them on Catholic rather than on Protestant principles. We have so often heard civil and religious liberty spoken of as the result of the reformation that many people really believe it, and many good honest American citizens are really afraid that the rapid increase of Catholicity in the country threatens ruin to our free institutions. But the only liberty Protestantism, as such, has ever yet favored, is the liberty of the civil power to control the ecclesiastical. There is no danger to any other liberty from the spread of Catholicity. There is a great difference between accepting and sustaining a democratic government where it already legally exists, and laboring to introduce it in opposition to the established order, and to the habits, customs, and usages of the people where it does not exist. And even if Catholics in other countries had a preference for the monarchical form, they would not dream of introducing it here, and would be led by their own conservative principles, if here, to oppose it, since nothing in their religion requires them, as a Catholic duty, to support one particular form of government rather than another.

Protestantism affords in its principles no basis for either civil or religious liberty. Its great doctrine, that which it opposes as a religion to the church, is the absolute moral and spiritual inability of man, or the total moral and spiritual depravity of human nature, by the fall. This is the central principle of the reformation, from which all its distinctive doctrines radiate. This doctrine denies all natural liberty and all natural virtues, and hence the reformation maintains justification without works, by faith alone, in which man is passive, not active, and that all the works of unbelievers, or the unregenerate are sins. Man is impotent for good, and does not and cannot even by grace concur with grace. All his thoughts and deeds are only evil, and that continually, and even the regenerate continue to sin after regeneration as before, only God does not impute their sins to them, but for his dear Son's sake turns away his eyes from them, and imputes to them the righteousness of Christ, and with it covers their iniquities. There is no ground on which to assert the natural rights of man, for the fall has deprived man of all his natural rights; and for republican equality the reformation founds at best the aristocracy of grace, of the elect, as was taught by Wickliffe, and attempted to be realized by Calvin in Geneva, and by the Puritans in New England, who confined the elective franchise and eligibility to the saints, which is repugnant to both civil and religious liberty for all men.

It is time that our historians and popular writers should reflect a little on what they are saying, when they assert that the reformation emancipated the mind and prepared the way for civil and religious freedom. This has become a sort of cant, and Catholics hear it repeated so often that some of them almost think that it cannot be without some foundation, and therefore that there must be something uncatholic in civil and religious liberty. It is all a mistake, an illusion, or a delusion. The principles of the reformation, as far as principles it had were and are in direct conflict with them, and whatever progress either has made has been not by it, but in spite of it, by means and influences it began its career by repudiating. The man reared in the bosom of the reformation has no conception of real religious, civil, or mental liberty till he is converted to the Catholic faith, and enters as a freeman into the Catholic Church.

I have dwelt at length on this subject for the sake of historical truth, and also to quiet the fears of my non-Catholic countrymen that the spread

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of the church in our country will endanger our republican or democratic system of government. That system of government is quite as acceptable to Catholics as it is to Protestants, and accords far better with Catholic principles than with the principles of the reformation. The church does not make our system of government obligatory on all nations; she directly enjoins it nowhere, because no one system is adapted alike to all nations; and each nation, under God, is free to adapt its political institutions to its own wants, taste, and genius; but she is satisfied with it here, and requires her children to be loyal to it. It is here the law, and as such I support it. I might not support a similar system for Great Britain, France, or Russia; because, though it fits us, it might not fit equally well the British, the French, or the Russians, or as well as the systems they already have fit them. My coat may not fit my neighbor, and my neighbor's coat may not fit me. I am neither as a Catholic nor as a statesman a political propagandist. But I love my own country with an affection I was unconscious of as a Protestant, and Americans bred up Catholics will always be found to be among our most ardent patriots, and our most stanch defenders of both civil and religious freedom.

The mistake is that people are too ready to make a religion of their politics, and to seek to make the system of government they happen to be enamored of for themselves a universal system, and to look upon all nations that do not accept it, or not blessed with it, as deprived of the advantages of civil society. They make their system the standard by which all institutions, all men and nations, are to be tried. They become political bigots, and will tolerate no political theories but their own. Hence, the American people are apt to suppose there is no political freedom where our system of government does not prevail; and to conclude because the church recognizes the legitimacy in other forms of governments in other countries, and does not preach a crusade against them, that she is the enemy of free institutions and social progress. All this is wrong. Religion is one and catholic, and obligatory upon all alike; political systems, save in the great ethical principles which underlie them, are particular, national, and are obligatory only on the nation that adopts them. There are catholic principles of government, but no catholic or universal form of government. Our government is best for us, but that does not prove that in political matters we are wiser or better than other civilized nations, or that we have the right to set ourselves up as the model nation of the world. Other nations may not be wholly forsaken by Providence. Non-Catholic Americans cry out against the church that she is anti-republican; but if we were monarchists we should cry out as did the monarchical party in the sixteenth century, that she is anti-monarchical and hostile to the independence of kings. Let us learn that she may in one age or country support one form of civil constitution, and without inconsistency support a different system in another

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From All the Year Round.

"DEO OPT. MAX."

ART thou drowsy, dull, indifferent,
Folder of the hands,
Dreaming o'er the silent falling
Of life's measured sands?

Living without aim or motion,
Save thyself to please,
Careless as the beasts that perish,
Sitting at thine ease?

Not for thee the mighty message
Rings in startling tone;
Vainly would its pealing accents
Strike through hearts of stone.

Sounding o'er the clash and clatter
Of this earth's vain din,
Unto you, that live in earnest,
And that work to win,

Thus it speaks: "Aspirants, toilers
For some lofty gain,
See ye spend not strength and spirits,
Hope and faith, in vain!

"All that soars past self is noble—
Every upward aim—
Make it nobler yet—the noblest!
An immortal fame!

"Let not good or great content ye—
Higher and still higher,
Only for the best, the greatest,
Labor and aspire!

"Spurning all that's partial, doubtful,
All your vigor bend
(Worthiest aim and worthiest effort)
To a perfect end!

"Thus have all true saints before ye,
All true heroes striven,
Reaching for the best, the highest,
Beyond earth to heaven."

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Translated from the French.

ROBERT; OR, THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD MOTHER.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"Although young on the earth,
I am already alone.
. . . .
And when I ask myself
Where are those I love?
I look at the green turf."

LAMARTINE.

THE ORPHAN.

THE traveller who passes through the village of the baths of Mount Dore, situated at the base of the mountain of Angle, will find that between the mountains the little streams of Dore and Dogne unite, and take the name of the river Dordogne. In looking at the course of this new-born river, he will see to the left the mountain of Ecorchade, thus named from its ruggedness and its deep ravines. This mountain crumbles away each day under the powerful hand of time, and its volcanic wrecks move the valley with strange sounds, which the echo takes up and wafts to the most distant spots. On the other side of the valley, to the right of the mountain, and in front of Ecorchade, is another mountain, the round top of which is covered with verdure and with wood. Its base is formed of basaltic columns of black, white, and gray rocks of different shapes and sizes, which stand there like a troop of phantoms. Near the base, and in one of the fissures of this mass of rocks, piled up by some giant hand, there was, about twenty-five years ago, a little house, constructed, one might imagine, by the spirit of the mountain, to serve as a refuge for travellers when the furious children of the tempest were unchained. Hidden by the abrupt flanks of the mountain, and masked in spring and summer by the dense foliage of trees centuries old, this retreat suddenly became visible to mortal eye. But the chief interest attached to it is, that for twelve years it was inhabited by a high-bred lady, who chose this secluded spot, and placed herself, one might say, on the first step of this gigantic ladder, which seemed by degrees to draw her nearer to heaven, and away from the vain pursuits of earth. She came unattended, carrying in her arms an infant several months old. This child, her son, was the object of her most tender care, and was the only thing that was to endear her to this savage solitude. From whence came this person, who was she, and what were her resources for living? No one knew. Her real name even was to remain a mystery for all, even for those eager and pitiless people who are always ready to unravel the causes of secret sorrow, and who rejoice when they can see tears and suffering. Such people are like a species of wasp that only approach to sting you most cruelly. The people of the valley had on many occasions tried to stop this young woman and capture her confidence by testimonials of friendship and feigned sensibility, but they had seen their insidious advances repulsed with such coldness that, deceived and disappointed, they were obliged to put an end to their efforts. Finally, when all curiosity had subsided and given place to the most complete indifference, they learned in some way that she called herself Madame Dormeuil, and her little boy Robert. There was one person, however, who had received the intimate confidence of Madame Dormeuil, and that was the curé of the village, and from time to time he was seen directing his steps toward the solitary abode, where more than one indiscreet eye had wished to penetrate. At the time this story opens it is

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night, one of those glorious nights of the month of May, nights full of sweet mysteries and soft perfumes, nights during which the melodious voice of the nightingale resounds in harmonious cadences. It is the hour of silence and repose for humanity; but still a dim light shone through one of the windows of this isolated house. As the hours of the night advanced, when all nature slept, even the smallest insect under the humid leaves of the rose, hard necessity constrained even the inmates of this house to sleep, but alas! it proved a funeral awaking. The tender mother, who, during the infancy of her child, had tasted in this modest asylum moments of happiness, pure and chaste, such as are only given to maternal love, closed her eyes, and breathed out her last sigh, with no one near but her little son. In vain he calls his dear mother, her voice can reply to him no more. Poor child! what will become of him? for he has no one in the wide world to love and protect him; and in the bitterness of his grief he sobs and cries, "Dead! dead! I have no mother now!" and takes her hand, but it is cold and stiff, and no longer sensible to the soft pressure of his. The unaccustomed silence of those lips, that never parted but to speak tenderly to him, is more than he can bear, but suddenly his face recovers its habitual serenity, and a smile lights up his pallid cheeks. What means this sudden change, this almost instantaneous forgetfulness of sorrow, which dries in an instant the tears of love? But do not blame him; it is not forgetfulness, but remembrance—the remembrance of his mother's last words—her last adieu, her last sublime expression of a love which cannot be extinguished, even by the cold shadow of death, for it re-lives in heaven. "My child," said his mother to him on that day, "I have loved you much, but I must leave you. I am going to live with the angels, but I will watch over you. Be wise, honest, laborious; love God with all your heart, and others as yourself, and he will bless you. Do not grieve for my loss, for I will still be useful to you in heaven. I will pray there for you. Take courage, and always remember, when you are in trouble, to raise your thoughts to the eternal throne, and consolation will not be denied you." These were the words which Robert remembered, and which stopped so suddenly the violence of his grief. This was why he almost thought his mother was not dead; this was why he felt no fear, though alone; with these sweet thoughts forever present, he fancied her eyes would reopen and smile upon him. He knelt and prayed with fervor, seeming to solicit some special manifestation, and his attitude told that he mentally invoked of his mother and the Protector of children what he knew to be good for them; and his prayer, no doubt, was favorably received, for in his imagination he saw the home of the saints. "My mother!" cried the child, transported with joy, "is it thee? Oh! speak, I pray thee, speak to thy Robert!" But the celestial vision faded, and he saw nothing but the thousands of little globes of light, the sparkling fire of which dazzled his eyes. Thus maternal influence, even from the tomb, comes as a gentle authority to this pious orphan. We will see him in each important event, and in each critical phase of his life invoking this mysterious and beneficent power that presides over him from heaven, in the presence of his mother. It is already under the generous impulse of this belief that he is consoled and strengthened, and returns to the funeral chamber, and calls again upon prayer and reflection.

Robert had never played with children. Always with his mother, whom he passionately loved, and who conversed with him as she would have done with an older person, he had acquired a seriousness of conversation and a precocity of judgment which made him, though still a child in years, almost a man in his intelligence and good sense. Child of solitude, wild flower of the mountain, he was entire-

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ly ignorant of the habits of cities and of society, but he possessed an instinct which took the place of large experience in human nature. He was what God had made him, good and generous, loving the beautiful with the fervent adoration which characterizes great souls, and feeling a deep repugnance for even the appearance of evil. These inestimable gifts God in his wisdom has seen fit to endow to certain souls.

Robert was not more than twelve years of age, but he could read and write well. Possessed of a good memory, he had retained the many recitations made him by his mother in geography and sacred and profane history. His course of reading had not been extensive, for his mother had but few books; but she had been to him the living book from which he had gained all he knew, and which developed the qualities of the heart and Christian virtues which, later in life, shone so brilliantly in him. Robert was often absorbed in thinking over his past life, so rich in delicious memories. He remembered that his mother had spoken to him of Paris with an emotion which betrayed itself in her trembling voice. She was born there, she had told him, and had passed a part of her youth there. He remembered perfectly that, each time his mother referred to the subject, she exercised upon him a charm which entirely captivated his attention. If by her glowing descriptions Madame Dormeuil had any intention of exciting in her son the wish to go to that city, she completely succeeded, for, notwithstanding his tender years, the words of his mother had filled him with an ardent desire to see the place predestined to be the most beautiful and most wonderful city ever built by the hands of man. This desire taking hold of him, he naturally thinks of the means of satisfying it, if the unfortunate circumstances in which he finds himself will permit. Moved by the strong wish, which was not weakened when obstacles presented themselves, Robert tried to get things ready to start. Opening a closet where he had often seen his mother put things she intended for him, the first object that met his eyes was a package, tied, and bearing this inscription, "For my son when he is twenty-one years of age." Under this was another paper, folded double, but not tied. He opened this, looking at the words which were written at the top: "My last requests." "When I shall be no more, my son," said Madame Dormeuil (and unfortunately the hour of death approaches very near) "quit this mountain where thou hast been a happy child, and go to Paris, where thou wast born. God and my love will conduct thee there, but constantly place thyself under his protection. Work; make thyself beloved, by thy sweetness and perseverance and good conduct. A voice within said to me one day, that happiness crowned all virtuous efforts, and this prediction of my heart will be realized, and thy mother will rejoice in heaven when she sees it descend on thee. Thou wilt find in a purse some crown pieces; it is all that I possess. Start soon, walk the short roads, have courage. Avoid bad children, seek the old and the wise. Pray to God fervently, and he will never abandon the good who walk in his presence and keep in their hearts the counsels of a mother. Adieu, my child, my dear and much loved Robert. I will meet you in a better world than that in which I leave you, my poor little one, and then we will never part again."

Robert covered with kisses and with tears the words traced by the failing hand of his mother; then, when he was a little calmed, it made him happy to know that she had conceived a plan which was precisely the same he had thought of, and that she was solicitous for him to go. The rest of the night passed slowly enough to the young orphan. At daybreak he came down from the mountain and knocked at the door of the rectory. The virtuous and worthy curé, who preached to the inhabitants of the village of Bains, received him with the utmost kindness, for he had known him long and well, and had already initiated him into the

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mysteries of our divine religion, and from his pure and touching morals he had been led to give him his first communion. When he saw the poor child in such distress he could scarcely utter a word, so much did he feel for his bleeding heart, neither could he ask him the questions he knew he ought relative to his leaving the isolated place in which he had lived, nor could Robert have answered them, so full was he of emotion; but he said to him in a paternal tone and full of interest: "Let us see, my child, what is to be done with your effects. Don't you think that you should leave the place, now that you are alone? What do you intend to do? Have you formed any project? If you have confidence in me, tell me your ideas, speak to me openly, and all that I can possibly do for you I will with pleasure. I have no occupation but to do good to others, to console them in their sorrows, and take them by the hand when they need assistance." "Thank you, good curé," replied Robert, with sweetness and respect. "I desire to obey the wishes of my mother, who tells me to go to Paris. See what she says to me—this dear, good mother—before she dies," holding to him with a trembling hand the precious paper containing the interpretation of his mother's wishes. He then said: "Is it not a sacred duty I owe my mother, that of accomplishing her last request?" "Yes, my dear child, but you are very young to take so long a journey on foot to Paris. Do you know any one there?" "No, sir; but my mother said I must go, and no matter how I get there I must do it." "Your resolution is praiseworthy my child, yet it seems to me that you should reflect a little, before undertaking what seems so much for you. But if you really must attempt it, I will give you a letter to a friend of mine, who is now curé of the Church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois. This recommendation, I hope, will be of great assistance to you, for my friend is a man of rare virtues and inexhaustible charity. Place yourself under his protection, and I do not doubt but you will soon be out of embarrassment. I think you should sell your furniture, the proceeds would enlarge your funds very much. But, my child, your extreme youth frightens me. I am afraid you will never get to Paris." "Oh! be tranquil, good father. I trust so much to God as my guide that I know I shall arrive without accident, and with but little fatigue." "Go, my child, I have no longer any objection; and since you desire it so much, I will do all I can to facilitate your project. While I am gone refresh yourself; take something to eat, it will strengthen your body, which cannot but be feeble under the sufferings of your soul. Do you hear, my child? I want you to take some nourishment, if it is only a little, you will feel better after it. I will return directly," and, looking kindly at him, the venerable curé went out, to see which of his parishioners would purchase the furniture belonging to the orphan.

CHAPTER II.

"Still an hour of suffering,
Still a sad farewell."

. . . .

THE FAREWELL.

THE curé was a long time absent, and when he returned had no good news for Robert; his errand had been ineffectual. "My child," said he, "my wishes for disposing of your furniture have been in vain, but do not be discouraged. Let us go and pay the last mark of respect to your mother, and then we will speak of other things." Robert followed him, and on the way told him of the package of papers he had found in the closet, the contents of which he was not to know until he had attained his majority.

"I advise you, my child, to leave me the package to take care of. If you should lose it, it would be an irreparable loss, and might be attended with

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serious results. You need fear no accident on my part, for, if God should call me to him, before we meet again, I will put it in safe hands; for instance, if it please you, to the Notary of Besse, a small town about two leagues from here. It might be a long time before you would return, but the grave of your mother will draw you here, and I know you are too good a son to forget it. I am sure, then, of seeing you sometimes if God wills it, for it is the Supreme Arbiter who decides the length of our days." They had come by this time to the house, the door of which was opened by a woman who had been sent there by the curé to "lay" out the mother of the poor orphan. Her body was then enclosed in the coffin, and the *cortége* took the way which led to the churchyard, where rest at last the king and his subjects, the rich and the poor. Oh! what courage it requires to bear up under the sorrows of this last sad walk, above all when the earth receives the remains of a cherished mother. How each sound that fell on the coffin bruised this poor child's heart! And were it not for the consoling hope, the firm belief, that his mother was in heaven, his life would be one of despair; but he believed what she told him before she died, that she would rest on the bosom of God, and that she would watch over him with the same love and the same solicitude of which she had given him so many proofs during her life. He was the last to leave this new grave, which hid from his sight forever the only being he ever loved, and which was watered with filial tears. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "if I can only put a stone over my good mother, it will be a consolation to know, when I visit the spot where I leave my heart, that it is marked by the love of a son." Full of this idea he revealed it afterward to the good curé, who took an interest in it, and listened, with tears in his eyes, while the child counted the cost of a simple stone. "But, my child," he said sadly, "all simple as it may be, it will still be too dear for your feeble resources. Wait for executing this pious wish until you have more to spare. I cannot promise you that it will be a new one, but I will place a wooden cross on your mother's grave." Robert, although saddened at the non-success of his project, felt the wisdom of the advice which was given him. He resigned it for the present, hoping that a more prosperous time would come, when miserable pecuniary considerations need not stop him in the accomplishment of what he felt was a filial duty. Then after having thanked the pastor, and told him how grateful he was to him for his paternal care and loving advice, he asked his permission to pass another night in the house where he first remembered the light of day. "Go, my child," said the curé, moved by his touching resolution, "go if you feel strong enough: solitude raises the soul and purifies its approach to the Creator. Sometimes remember the consoling words of our divine Saviour, 'Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.' It is time for you to go. May God in the silence of your solitary night visit your desolate soul, and with his paternal hand wipe away your tears. To-morrow morning I will see you, and we will arrange about your affairs."

The courageous child, for he was courageous to put himself face to face with so many dear remembrances, wished to visit once more the haunts of his infant joys, where his mother had guided his tottering steps, and, later, where she had explained to him the wonders of nature in the presence of these wonders. Yes, he wished to see them all again, and engrave them in an ineffaceable manner upon his memory. They were all dear to his heart, all filled with thoughts of his mother, and the most tender caresses had been exchanged there between them. He recalled the dreams of those days when his head rested on his mother's bosom, and he felt himself

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bathed in love and happiness; he recalled the charm of that intercourse, when two hearts are bound in sweetest sympathy; and it was for this purpose that he wandered over the mountain, stopping at each loved spot, until he reached the highest plateau. There he sat down, but not before looking around him, for, for the first time in his life, he felt a little timid and frightened. The magic beauty of his surroundings was not new, he had seen it all often before, had contemplated it a thousand times, but a sort of unquiet terror seizes him, and betrays itself in tears. It seems but a day since he bounded and frolicked gayly in the same places, under the eye of his mother, and now what a strange and sorrowful change! He is alone; his strength and courage all gone. He seems so small and insignificant by the side of these masses of rocks, so gigantic and imposing, which look at him as though they would crush him. Little by little he becomes reassured; he thinks he hears above him chords of infinite sweetness; these ravishing sounds seem to come from the sky; it is a choir of angels, who chant the notes of some sweet melody. The child is transported with delight; he listens; his soul is strengthened, he is not deceived. From among those harmonious voices he discovers one well known to him, the sound of which makes him happy. He knows it is his mother's, and she calls tenderly to him: "Robert, what do you believe? am I not always with you? Look, my child, and admire this grand picture, radiant with waves of gold and purple from the declining sun. Look in wonder at what God has done for you." These words transformed Robert. He is transported with a new emotion, and, prostrating himself on his knees, cries, "O God! O God! how wonderful art thou, how grand are thy works!" After he had satisfied his soul with the enchanting scene, he went to all the spots where he had sat with his mother, and gave them each a long and sorrowful look, and then bade farewell to them. "Farewell, dear mountain, farewell beautiful valley. I gaze at you perhaps for the last time. And you, shady wood, where I have so often slept, watched by my tender mother, you who have protected me from the too great heat of the sun, farewell also. I must leave you now, and I know not if I shall ever gaze upon your glories again. I would I could pass my life in your deep shades, and hear you whisper unceasingly the cherished name of my mother. But it cannot be; and now farewell. And thou, beautiful and fertile Limagne, that I see shining in the distance, I salute thee, and will soon traverse thy green fields. Be hospitable to the poor little orphan, and may thy smiling aspect and fresh verdure be a happy presage for me.' He stood some moments silent and immovable, lost in regrets, and then returned to the house. During the night involuntary fear filled his mind. When the rays of the moon penetrated his chamber and the stars shed their soft light, he felt revived, and waited for the vision of the preceding night, but it came not, and his lips quivered, and at last sleep came to close his eyelids and repair the strength of his body and mind. The next day the curé found him somewhat consoled, at least more calm than before he slept. Together they made an inventory of his modest furniture, which was worth about fifty pounds. In one of the drawers they found a small medallion containing the portrait of a gentleman. The face was handsome and expressive, though a little hard. It was easy to see that it was a person of high rank; and if the good curé had been less preoccupied and had examined closely the face, he would, perhaps, have been struck by the resemblance which existed between the features of the child and those of the miniature. He would have concluded beyond doubt that it was his father. But he simply handed it to Robert, saying almost mechanically, "It is necessary to preserve this with care." The ex

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amination being concluded, he said to him: "My child, I have not found any purchasers for this furniture, and may not for some time. I will give you, however, what I suppose to be its value, and if I should get more for it shall be glad to remit it to you; by thus doing I will have time to look about, and can, perhaps, dispose of it to more advantage." The poor child knew not how to reply to this kindness, but he said, "All that you have done is right, my dear father, you are too good to take so much trouble for me, and I thank you with all my heart." Again the curé closed the door and took Robert's hand. He burst into sobs at the idea of being separated from all which reminded him of his mother, but he begged him to have courage. "Courage, my child. I know you suffer in leaving a spot sacred to your mother's memory; it is but a natural feeling, but you cannot stay. Leave all to my care, accomplish the wish of your mother, go to Paris, and if the blessing of an old man, a blessing which calls down that of God, can inspire you with resolution and confidence in the future, I give you mine, and may it make you happy." In saying these words he laid his hands on the head of the child, who was kneeling before him.

Robert passed several days with the kind father, where he gained strength and courage; and one morning at sunrise, with a small bundle on his shoulder and a stick in his hand, set out, accompanied by the good curé, who had wished to render less painful by his presence the first steps of this sad journey. He had sent a letter to his friend the curé in Paris, in which he enclosed the fifty pounds, not thinking it prudent that Robert should carry it with him. A half league from the village, on the route to Clermont, the excellent man embraced the child, pointed to heaven, and bade him farewell!

CHAPTER III.

"We may know by a child's actions
If his motives are pure and right."
PROVERBS.

As long as it was possible, Robert followed, with burning eyes, the charitable man who had comforted him in his severe affliction. Several times he turned to see if the mountain had yet disappeared, on which he had passed so many happy days. At last the charm was broken, it was no longer visible, and tears chased each other down his cheeks, but he walked on quickly, saying, "My mother wishes it." His mind was so occupied that he walked on without looking at the road which ran ahead of his thoughts and his regrets, until, involuntarily raising his eyes to the scene before him, he stops in the extremity of his surprise; his eyes refuse to believe their evidence; they wander from object to object without knowing why, without being able to explain the mystery which plunges him into a sort of stupor, and he believes himself under the dominion of a feverish and fantastic dream. He raises his hand to see if he is asleep, but he is wide awake, and laughs at his simplicity. It is easy for us to understand this. He recognizes no longer men, things, or even nature. All that he left behind him was different from what was before and around him. He was in a new world, on strange ground, and everything which was presented to his sight caused him an undefinable sensation. Was there not enough to surprise him? These large fields, these plains of vendure, these yellow harvests, were to him a new spectacle, strange, singular, sometimes even monotonous to the eye of a little mountaineer, habituated to the fantastic forms of the rock and the sombre and imposing verdure of the woods which covered the sides of his native mountain. Where are the great heaps of volcanic rocks among which he had been reared and which were so familiar to his eyes? All had disappear-

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ed, and it seemed to him that, without transition he had passed from severe and grand nature to simple and gay, rich with flowers and fruits and corn white and golden. It was the contrast which frightened him, and made him think he had been transported by some invisible hand a thousand leagues from his home. Like a bird slightly wounded which flies to the parent nest and seeks shelter under the warm wings of its mother, so Robert, restless and inquiet, longs for the maternal arms in which he can hide his fears. He feels his loneliness; the road seems longer at every step, and he cannot see the end of it. He invokes through his mother the blessing of God, and his fears are dissipated, and strength and hope are given him to hasten on. With the versatility which is the happy accompaniment of childhood, he put a sweet security in place of the most foolish fears. And now he was brave again. This transition of sentiment, this quick changing of the most lively sorrow into a kind of gayety, is natural to youth. They have extremes of joy and sorrow, and, without being prepared for either, we see them pass suddenly from one to the other. Happy, happy childhood! Robert was now full of a new sentiment, and the birds fluttered round him and sang their merriest songs; the long, low murmur of the insects was delightful to his ear. Why should he be sad when all nature was so joyous? A universal hymn of gratitude and love is being sung by all that exist, by everything that breathes, in honor of our divine Creator; and, no matter how many the sorrows and desolations of man, calmness comes to his heart, in the sweet perfume of joy, the suave harmony and gracious gayety that fill all nature under the life-giving influence of a beautiful summer morning. As we are all, sooner or later, initiated into the sufferings of life, we must feel for others and pour what balm we can into every wounded heart. Robert walked on until he came to an inn where he asked to pass the night. His fresh, open face, his gentleness, and the title of Orphan, gained for him the heart and good graces of his hostess. She asked him whither he was going and if he wished to go. He told her, and that it was his mother's wish, and, of course, if hers, his, that he should go to Paris. The next morning he started off, overwhelmed with the caresses of this woman, for she was a mother, and felt a tear moisten her cheek, as she saw this little boy take up his bundle and resolutely pursue his way, and she prayed God to take care of him. Robert felt his mother's loss hourly when fatigue weakened his limbs and hunger made him cry, but he saw her with the eyes of faith in heaven. Yes; believe me, dear little children who have lost your mothers! turn to heaven, and there you will see them looking at you with eyes of love, and saying to you: "Be good, my darlings, and when you are asleep I will visit you, and kiss your pure and innocent foreheads." Yes; look to heaven, and I promise you you will see your mothers there, if you are good. It was this which recalled to Robert's heart each day the remembrance of his mother and filled his eyes with tears. It carried always to his heart a secret encouragement and gave him strength.

As he walked on he left behind him Clermont, Rion, Aigueperse, and Grannot. Some leagues before this he had bid good-by to the beautiful district of Limagne, which had charmed him by its seas of verdure, its deep golden foliage, and its rich and fertile plains. This was the first canton of France which was considered worthy of a particular description, and it was of this part of l'Auvergne that Apollo Lidoine said: "It is so beautiful that strangers who go there cannot leave it, and there have even been instances of persons forgetting their own country when there." It was of this country, so favored by heaven, that King Childebert said, "that before dying he desired but one

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thing, and that was to see the beautiful Limagne d'Auvergne, which is the masterpiece of nature, and a scene of enchantment." We cannot say that Robert shared in their opinion, but it is certain that he passed it with regret, although he was drawn by so strange a feeling toward Paris, the object of his hopes and his ambition. He walked to St. Pourçain, Moulins, and all the small places, and rested a day when overfatigued. Great was his delight when he reached Fontainebleau, which royal residence had witnessed the first abdication of the emperor. All was still in motion at this place, and more than one old soldier twisted his mustache, and with a fierce and martial air walked on the edge of this great forest, weeping for the liberty of his emperor, his god, his idol. It was with delight that our young hero, the child of the woods and solitude, sought the fresh shades, which recalled to him, by a striking similarity, his cherished mountain home; and the immense piles of irregular rocks attested that this place, too, had been the theatre of some great convulsion of nature. At mid-day, when the sun sheds his fiercest rays, when the tired flowers lean on their stems, when the birds hide under the leaves, when all nature seeks repose, the better to enjoy the freshness of the evening, Robert, too, followed the example, and lay down and slept at the foot of a huge chestnut-tree many centuries old; the vast shade of which formed an impenetrable cover from the heat of the sun. He awoke refreshed, rose, and ventured into one of the long alleys or walks to which a sign conducted him. For several hours he wandered about lost in this tangled maze and looking in vain for an opening. But he was a patient child, and obstacles did not stop him, neither was he discouraged by his unfruitful efforts; on the contrary, he redoubled his ardor, and finally reached a clear space, in the centre of which was a fountain bordered by rose-beds. Four paths diverged from it, and of such great length were they that it fatigued the eye to look at them. In exploring in turn each of these paths, Robert found in one of them a sign pointing out to strangers the various labyrinths of the forest. He had nothing else for a guide, but thought if he could only find his way to the palace again, there must be some one there who could tell him how to go; so he followed the path which he thought might be right, and it was, and led him into the avenue which wound round by the palace. When he got right in front of the principal and only truly royal edifice of France, or rather of Napoleon, he stopped and wondered at the vast aspect of this assemblage of buildings, producing an effect at once imposing and majestic. Nothing like this had ever entered his imagination, and the most lively astonishment shone on his face, and his eyes burned with the fire of intelligence and pleasure. A few steps from him was an old soldier who was entirely absorbed in contemplating the building, and who looked worn and sad. He, too, was in a sort of ecstasy, but he gazed in silence and seemed lost to all around him. His expression was of one in anguish, and his eyes rested with a strange fixedness upon the steps of honor. He waits and watches as if hoping to see some one whom he ardently loves appear; but his hope is deceived, and two tears trickle slowly down his dark cheeks, scarred and burned by the fires of a hundred battles. At this moment when marks of supreme sorrow told so eloquently of his sufferings, Robert turned, and seeing his tears he was deeply moved at this testimony of profound sorrow, and, eagerly approaching the soldier, said to him in a touching voice: "Why do you cry, sir? Have you also lost your mother? I fear you have." Robert had never wept but for one sorrow, and that we all know, and in happy ignorance of the other misfortunes of life he thought all wept

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for the same thing; and in his great loss he looked to older persons to console him, which proves how tender, delicate, and generous are the sentiments that live in the hearts of children. Their young souls are mirrors to which we should only give pure, chaste, and pious images to reflect and show them good examples, that without effort vice might be crushed out, and the world left an Eden of purity.

Hearing so touchingly compassionate a voice, the old soldier turned and looked at the child, while tears glistened in his eyes. "No," said he in a coarse tone, "it is not for my mother that I weep, it is for my emperor." "And who is it that is your emperor?" candidly asked Robert. "Ah! you are right to ask, little boy, you could not know him; but did your father never speak of the emperor?' "Alas! I have no father, and have just lost my mother," said he sighing. "Was your emperor good, and did you love him so much that you weep for him? I shall never forget my mother, she was so sweet and good to her little son. But tell me, sir, tell me of your emperor. My mother said I should always love those who were good, and I want to love him too." The old fellow twisted his mustache, and growled some words between his teeth, looking alternately at the palace and the child, who smiled at him with an expression so gentle that it moved the soldier's heart. You could see he was the victim of an emotion he vainly sought to conceal. "Wonderful!" cried he, vanquished by the magical eyes of Robert. "You are a good child, and speak to my heart when you tell me that you love my emperor. But who does not love him, except those cowards! those scoundrels! those traitors! But stop, I have said enough." He saw that Robert was a little frightened, for his ears had only been accustomed to the caressing voice of his mother. "Do you see that staircase? My emperor descended by it to embrace the eagles of his flag, the victorious eagles which have made him immortal, and which led his way to glory. Yes, he embraced them, and wept because he could not embrace all his old soldiers who had not betrayed him and would have followed him to the end of the world. And some of his old guard still live. Oh! if they had only sent me with him into the lone island of his misfortunes, if I could be with him there, I should be content. But since I cannot, I must go to Paris and see what is doing there. See, my child, you are going there too, and I believe you said you had neither father nor mother. Have you any relatives?" "No," said Robert. "Why, then, are you going to Paris if you have no friends there?" "My mother said I must go, and I am going." "I don't wish to be too curious, but tell me from whence you came?" "From the village of Mount Dore, eight leagues from Clermont." "Pretty walk for such little legs, I think; but as we are both going to Paris, and you have no father or mother to protect you, and I am a poor old soldier, I will take care of you, for you have moved my heart by your gentle words, and we will travel together, so that the walk will be shorter for both." "Oh! how delightful," said Robert; "and then you can tell me about your emperor. I know I can walk fast enough in hearing you talk about one whom you love so much." "Yes, my boy," he replied, "I could speak forever of my emperor; but it must be when we are alone, for his glorious name, which once made kings and conscripts alike tremble, is now called usurper, and is forbidden to be pronounced. A thousand thunders! the thought enrages me; and if I had his traitorous subjects I would strangle them, or my name is not Cyprien Hardy." This conversation was held with furious gestures on the one side and great astonishment on the other, until they came to the modest inn where Robert had left his bundle. The child and his new friend, the old soldier, who justified the name, made a frugal repast, and continued

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their journey. On the way Robert related to him the history of the twelve years he had passed on his cherished mountain with his beloved mother, which simple recital gained him the lasting friendship of his companion, whom Robert looked upon as a friend provided for him by that kind Providence who watches over orphans. He bore the fatigue of the journey well, and was in perfect health when they reached that magnificent chaos called Paris. The old soldier is, then, the second friend that God has given our little hero. And how strange it was that these two poor isolated beings should meet in such a place, before the grand palace of kings—the one a man of resolute energy, who carried on his bold forehead great scars of glory, but who shed tears of despair at the fall of his well-beloved chief, in whom he had found parents, country, family; the other a charming youth, representing brilliant promises for the future, young, beautiful, and full of ambition. Cyprien Hardy was one of those true French hearts to whom the name of patriot was not a vain word. He was moved like many others when dangers threatened the republic and when powerful allies audaciously invaded its territory. He was one of the first to take up arms, having entered the army as a volunteer at twenty-one. Some years later he served in the first regiment of the soldiers of the guard, after having made the memorable campaigns of Italy, Egypt, and Germany, always following the "Little Corporal," always the first in battle, and always respected. Dangers made him smile; his courage was inexhaustible. One thing alone could move him, and that was the voice of his chief. This electrified him, and made him forget all but noble actions. He had always loved Napoleon, and this affection increased with the fortunes of the great man whose word or look transformed soldiers into heroes. It was in the forts of Moscow that his emperor had given him the "Cross of Honor," for a wound which he received from a cannon ball while waving his flag. In this disastrous retreat the brave soldier, dying with cold, fatigue, and hunger, preserved his heroic exaltation and his confidence in and love for his emperor; and if he ever grumbled, it was only because he could not kill every Cossack that he laid his eyes upon. His courage and energy never diminished, and he believed so implicitly in his emperor that he thought good fortune must return. But it had gone forever. His heart revolted at the thought; and he swore that the author of this infamous treason should repent, and this was why he was going to Paris to see if he could find any of his old companions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE MOMENT.

A TROOPING forth of buried griefs like ghosts,—
Temptations gathering swift in serried hosts,—
Of angel guardians a glittering band,—
God watching all—shall we desert or stand?

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PROBLEMS OF THE AGE.*

(CONCLUDED.)

XII.

THE MYSTERY OF REDEMPTION.

THE next article of the creed, in order, is that which expresses the Mystery of Redemption: "Crucifixus etiam pro nobis, sub Pontio Pilato, passus, et sepultus est." "Who was also crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, who suffered, and was buried." The redemption implies the incarnation, and is based on it. The incarnation having been already treated of, in immediate connection with the Trinity, we have only to proceed with the exposition of the doctrine of satisfaction for sin and restoration to grace through the sufferings and death of the Divine Redeemer.

It is no part of the Catholic doctrine that it was necessary for the second person of the Trinity to take upon himself human nature and suffer an infinite penalty, in order that God might be able to pardon sin without violating his justice. All Catholic theologians, from St. Augustine down, teach that God is free to show mercy and to pardon, according to his own good pleasure. The reason and end of the incarnation has been shown already to be something far above this order of ideas. The incarnation does not of itself, however, imply suffering or death. We have to inquire, then, why it was that in point of fact the incarnate Word was manifested as a suffering Redeemer; and why his death on the cross was constituted the meritorious cause of the remission of sin and restoration of grace.

The church has never made any formal definition of her doctrine on this point, and it is well known how various have been the theories regarding it maintained at different times. We shall endeavor to present a view which appears to us adequate and intelligible; without, however, claiming for it any certainty beyond that of the reasons on which it is based.

The original gift of grace not having been due to Adam, or to any one of his ordinary descendants, in justice, the restoration of that gift, when lost, was not due. Aside from the incarnation, there was no imperative reason why Adam and his race should not have been left in the state to which they were reduced by the original transgression. God, having determined to accomplish the incarnation in the human race, owed it to himself to complete this determination, in spite of all the sins which he foresaw would be committed by men. The foreseen merits of Christ furnished an adequate motive for conferring any degree of grace upon any or all men, he might see to be fitting and necessary for the fulfilment of his eternal purposes. It was not necessary, however, that the Son of God should suffer or die in order to merit grace for mankind. By the divine decree, indeed, the shedding of his blood and his death was made the special meritorious act in view of which remission of sins and grace are conferred. But all the acts of his life had the same intrinsic worth and excellence, which was simply infinite on account of the divine principle of imputability to which they must be referred. There must have been some reasons, therefore, of fitness, on account of which it was determined that Jesus Christ should suffer death for the human race.

* ERRATUM: In the last number, p. 524, 2d col. 12th line, for "created in sanctity and justice," read "constituted."

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We may find one of these reasons in the law of suffering and death which God had imposed, out of a motive of pure love, on the whole human race. This law was, indeed, promulgated under the form of a penalty, but in its substance it was a real blessing. The way to heaven through the path of penance and by the gate of death is a surer and safer way than the one in which Adam was first placed; it is one, also, affording higher and more extensive scope for virtue, heroism, and merit. It was, therefore, fitting that the chief and prince of the human race should go before his brethren in this way of sufferings. "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, who brought many sons to glory, to perfect, by suffering, the author of their salvation."* As a particular consequence of this general law, heroes, patriots, reformers, prophets, and saints, have always been specially exposed to suffering and to violent modes of death. They have been obliged to sacrifice themselves to their own fidelity to conscience and to the sacred cause to which they have been devoted. And this sacrifice of life has consecrated their memories in the hearts of their fellow-men more than any other acts of intellectual or moral virtue, however brilliant. It was fitting, therefore, that the Saint of saints, the Saviour of the world, should not exempt himself from the peril of death, to which the very character of his mission exposed him.

Another reason for the suffering of the Divine Mediator, is found in the manifestation thereby made of the love of God in Christ to the human race. There is no need of dwelling on this, or of noticing other reasons of a similar kind which have been so frequently and so fully developed by others.

We pass on, therefore, to the consideration of the final and highest reason for the death of Jesus Christ, the expiation of sin.

The true and only possible notion of expiation or satisfaction is that which apprehends it as a compensation for the failure to perform some obligatory act, by performing another act of at least equal value in the place of it. Every noble soul, when conscious of having been delinquent, desires to repair the injury which has been done, as well as to redeem its own honor, by some act which shall, if possible, far exceed the one which it failed to perform. The same principle impels those who have a high sense of honor to make reparation for the delinquencies of others with whom they are closely related in the same family, the same society, or the same nation. Now, the human race has been delinquent in making a proper return to God for the infinite boon of grace. The fall of man and the innumerable sins of the individuals of the human race have deprived Almighty God of a tribute of glory which was due to him, and have brought ignominy upon mankind as a race. Although, therefore, Almighty God might provide for the glorification of the elect who are to share with the Incarnate Word in his divine privileges, by an act of pure mercy; it is far more glorious both to God and man that a superabundant satisfaction should be made for the injury which has been done to the Creator by the marring of his creation, and a superabundant expiation accomplished of the disgrace which man has incurred. It was, therefore, an act of divine wisdom and love in God to determine that this satisfaction and expiation should be made by the second person of the Trinity in his human nature. The Incarnate Word, being truly man, identified with the human race, and its chief, necessarily made its honor and its disgrace his own. Although he could redeem his brethren without any cost to himself, his solicitude for their honor and glory would not permit him to do it. He desired that they should enter heaven on the most honorable terms, without any of the humiliation of the delinquency of the race attaching to them, but, on the contrary, with the

* Heb. II. 10.

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exulting consciousness that every stain of dishonor had been effaced. Therefore, as their king and chief, he fulfilled the most sublime work of obedience to the divine love which was possible; he made the most perfect possible oblation to God, as an equivalent for his boon of grace which had been abused by sin. In lieu of that glory which God would have received from the perfect obedience of Adam and all his posterity, and that glory which would have been also reflected upon the human race, he substituted the infinitely greater glory of his own obedience unto death, even the death of the cross. By this obedience Jesus Christ merited for the human race the concession of a new grant of grace, more perfect than the first, by virtue of which not only the original sin which is common to all men was made remissible to each individual, but all actual sins were made also pardonable on certain conditions.

That this statement completely exhausts the true idea of the satisfaction of Christ, we will not pretend to affirm. It appears to us, however, sufficient to give a clear and definite meaning to the language of Scripture and the fathers, and to include all that Catholic faith requires a Christian to believe.

Jesus Christ having merited by his death the right of conferring grace without stint or limit upon mankind, and all the grace given after the fall and before the redemption having been bestowed in the foresight of his death, every spiritual blessing enjoyed by men is referred to the death of Jesus Christ as its cause and source. Strictly speaking, it is only the meritorious cause. By giving himself up to die, he merited the right to communicate the grace contained in the incarnation to men, notwithstanding the failure of the father and head of the race to fulfil the probation on which the transmission of the grace to his descendants depended. He merited also the right to renew this grace in those individuals who should lose it after having once received it, as often as he pleased, without regard to the number or grievousness of their sins, or the frequency of their lapses. It is, however, the Holy Spirit; dwelling in the Incarnate Word in the plenitude of his being, and communicating to his human nature the fulness of grace, not for itself alone, but for all men; which is the ultimate and efficient cause of all spiritual life. It is the grace of the Holy Spirit which actually removes all guilt and stain of sin from the soul, and constitutes it in the state of justice and sanctity. The Holy Spirit is, therefore, the efficient cause of justification. The formal cause is the personal sanctity of each individual. That is, this personal sanctity is that which makes each one worthy of the complacency of God, of fellowship with him, and of everlasting life. The work of the incarnation and redemption must, therefore, produce its results and attain its consummation through the Holy Spirit as the sanctifier of the human race. Consequently, the creed, after finishing its expression of the Catholic faith so far as the person of Christ is concerned, proceeds to enunciate it as regards the person and operation of the Holy Spirit, who is sent by Christ to complete his work. The articles containing this enunciation complete the creed, and bring man to his final destination.

XII.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, AS THE INSTRUMENT OF THE SANCTIFICATION OF THE HUMAN RACE.

THE next articles of the creed are: "Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et Vivificantem, qui ex Patre Filioque procedit, qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur, qui locutus est per prophetas; et in unam sanctam, Catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam; confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum." "And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Lifegiver, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,

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who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the prophets; I confess one baptism for the remission of sins."

The relation of the Holy Spirit to the Father and the Son in the Trinity has been already considered. The temporal mission of the Holy Spirit as the consummation of the divine work *ad extra* is exercised through the Catholic Church; and, therefore, the article concerning the church follows immediately in the creed the one concerning the Holy Spirit.*

The organic unity of the Catholic Church follows necessarily from the principles laid down in the foregoing essays. It is an immediate consequence of the unity of the race, and of the incarnation, which are two distinct facts, but which have one principle. The order of regeneration must follow the order of generation. Mankind exist essentially as a race; as a race they received the original gift of supernatural grace; as a race they lost it. All human life and development is generic. The redemption of mankind must, therefore, re-establish the generic relations which were disturbed by the fall. Jesus Christ, the second Adam, must become the head of a redeemed and regenerated race of men, organized in a supernatural society. Continuity and perpetuity of life are, therefore, the essential notes of the divine society, or human race regenerated, in which true spiritual life is communicated to the individual. The sole possession of these notes demonstrates the divine authority of the Catholic Church.† The continuity of life, embracing integrity of doctrine and law and the faculty of conferring grace, descended from the patriarchal church through the Jewish, with the increment added by the immediate intervention of the divine Lord of the world in person, to the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church is, therefore, the human race, in the highest sense. In early times, one nation after another broke away from the unity of the race, carrying a fragment of the integral, ideal humanity with it. Integrity, continuity, and perpetuity of life were, therefore, rendered for them impossible. The same phenomena are exhibited at the present time in all nations and societies outside of the Catholic Church. Partial and temporary developments only can be made of that integral, universal, perpetual life, whose seat is in the bosom of the church, and which is sufficient to vivify the whole human race, if the impediments were removed. The proof, *à posteriori*, or by induction, of the Catholic Church, must be sought for in those works which treat professedly of the subject. Our object is merely to show the conformity of the idea of the Catholic Church with the idea of reason, by deduction from primary, ontological principles. The attributes of the church follow so immediately from its primary note, as the human race restored to unity in the fellowship of God in Christ, that they require no special elucidation; especially as this particular branch of theology has been so repeatedly and so amply treated by authors.

In regard to special dogmas of the church, most of those which present any great difficulty to the understanding have already been discussed in the former part of this essay; and the remainder find an easy explication from the same principles.

The doctrine of the sacraments is explicated from the principle that the church is the instrument of sanctification. The sacraments are the particular acts by which the church communicates the spiritual vitality which resides in her to individuals. They have an outward, sensible form, because the nature of man is corporeal, and all human acts are composed of a synthesis of the sensible and the spiritual. They contain an inward, spiritual grace, because the nature of

* *Vid.* Archbishop Manning's Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost.

† *Vid.* Leo, Univ. Hist., vol. i. Lacordaire's Conferences, and the Works of Dr. Brownson, *passim*.

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man is spiritual, and receives life only from a spiritual principle. The only one of the sacraments which presents any special difficulty to the understanding is the holy eucharist; on account of the mystery of transubstantiation which is included in its essence. The ground of this difficulty, which lies in crude, philosophical notions, and is, therefore, purely a spectre of the imagination, has been already removed by the doctrine we have laid down respecting the nature of substance and the proper conception of space and extension. The senses transmit to the soul nothing more than the impressions of the phenomena, which the soul, by an intellectual judgment, refers to a real, intelligible substance, or active force, as their productive cause. The substance itself is not sensible, but intelligible; is not seen as an essence by the eye, but concluded by a judgment of the mind. By divine revelation it is disclosed to us, that the substance of bread and wine in the eucharist is succeeded by the substance of the body and blood of Jesus Christ; the phenomena or sensible effects of the former substance still continuing to be produced in an extraordinary manner. There is a mystery here it is true; but it is only the mystery which belongs to the inscrutable nature of the essence of matter as active force, and the mode in which this active force produces various sensible phenomena. The definitions of the church do not furnish a complete explanation of the Catholic dogma, which is left to theologians; and even theologians do not precisely coincide in their conceptions or expressions. All we can do then, after stating the Catholic dogma, is to give the explanation which appears to be the most probable, according to the judgment of the best authors and the most weighty intrinsic reasons. This is enough, however, for our purpose; for all that is required is to furnish a conception which is, on the one hand, theologically tenable, and, on the other, rationally intelligible.

We may separate the synthetic judgment pronounced by the church, in the definition of the dogma, into four analytic judgments. First, the absence of the substance of bread and wine after the consecration. Second, the presence of the substance of the body of Christ. Third, the absence of the natural phenomena of the body of Christ. Fourth, the presence of the natural phenomena of bread and wine. In order to reconstruct these elements of the church's dogmatic judgment into a more perfect synthesis, it is necessary to analyze further these separate propositions. There are three principal, distinct conceptions contained in them: the conception of substance; the conception of presence, or relation in space; and the conception of phenomena, or, to use the precise term employed by the schoolmen, of *accidents*. There is, also, the conception of the mode in which the phenomena of bread and wine subsist out of relation to their proper productive substances, or, the conception of the immediate, efficient cause to which they must be referred. These first three conceptions have been sufficiently analyzed in a former part of this treatise. The absence of the substance of bread and wine after consecration may be explained, in accordance with the conception of substance, by annihilation, removal, or identification with the substance of the body of Christ. The senses cannot take cognizance of its presence before consecration, it being their office merely to report phenomena; they cannot, consequently, take cognizance of its absence. They are not, therefore, deceived in reporting the phenomena as unchanged after the consecration, since they really remain unchanged; nor is the mind qualified to pronounce, on the report of the senses, that the substance is unchanged, by an intellectual judgment; since the judgment which would otherwise be validly made is superseded by a divine judgment, made known through revelation, that in this instance the substance has been

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changed for another by the creative power of God. The simplest mode of conceiving the effect of consecration on the substances of the bread and wine is to suppose their annihilation. St. Thomas, however, denies that they are annihilated, because the terminus of annihilation is nothing, whereas the terminus of the act of transubstantiation is the body of Christ. In plain words, the argument is: if the substances were annihilated, the effect of consecration would be properly expressed by saying that they are reduced to nothing, whereas the language of the church is, that they are converted into the body and blood of Christ. The same argument applies to the notion of their removal elsewhere. Nevertheless, since they are not supposed to be annihilated or removed simply for the sake of getting rid of them, and their destruction or removal is not the end or final term of the act of divine power, but only its proximate term, in order to the substitution of the body of Christ, this argument is not decisive. It is proper to say that the substance of bread is changed into the body of Christ, if the body of Christ is substituted for it; the natural phenomena which formerly indicated the presence of the one substance remaining the same, and indicating the presence of the other substance instead of that of the former substance.

Another explanation is based on the notion of one generic substance individualized in all distinct, material existences. According to this explanation, the bread and wine, being deprived of their individual existence, are not thereby destroyed; but, as it were, withdrawn into the generic substance, which is identical with the substance individualized in the body of Christ; and therefore properly said to be converted into the substance of his body. We are unable to understand how the notion on which this explanation is based, which appears to require us to accept the realism of William de Champeaux and the schoolmen, can be made intelligible; and, therefore, prefer the former, which, we believe, is the one more commonly adopted.

The presence of the body of Christ, without its natural phenomena, and under the phenomena of bread and wine; which presents usually much the greatest difficulty to the understanding; is really capable of a much more easy and certain explanation. It is present not by its extension, but by its pure substance, or *vis activa*, that is, as Perrone says, *per modum spiritûs*, after the manner of spirit. Spirit, as all Catholic philosophers teach, is related to objects in space, by the application of its intrinsic force to them. The presence of the body of Christ in the eucharist is, therefore, the application of its *vis activa;* which is, indeed, finite, but, by virtue of its supreme excellence in the created order, through the hypostatic union, commensurate with the whole created universe and all its particular parts. The body of Christ, therefore, while it is circumscribed as to its extension; and, according to the ordinary sense of the word, is present only in one place; is, in a different but real sense, present everywhere where the species of the eucharist are present. These species or phenomena of bread and wine in the eucharist, are the signs indicating its presence by its substantial force or *vis activa*. They may be produced, as every one will admit they can be, by the immediate act of God; or, by the *vis activa* of the body of Christ; which, as a perfect body containing eminently all the perfection of inferior material substances, can produce their proper effects. The body and blood of Christ contain substantially and essentially the virtue of bread and wine, and, being in hypostatic union with the divine nature, may be capable of producing the phenomena and effects proceeding naturally from this virtue in many places at once. It appears to us more in accordance with the language of Scripture and the church to make this latter supposition. We sum up, therefore, the explanation of the mystery

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which appears to us the most probable and rational, in this short formula. By the effect of the divine power, exercised through the act of consecrating the eucharist; the sensible phenomena, indicating before the act the presence of the *vis activa* of bread and wine, cease to indicate it; and indicate, instead of it, the presence of the *vis activa* of the body and blood of Christ. The language of the definition pronounced by the church is thus exactly verified. There is a change of substance, without any change of phenomena. There is a transition of the substance of the bread and wine; which ceases either altogether as a distinct existence, or, at least, as the cause of the phenomena; in order to give way to the substance of the body of Christ; which is properly called a transubstantiation.

The mystery still remains, and must remain, incomprehensible by the human understanding, however clear the explanation of the difficulties which beset it may be made. Neither the senses nor the intellect can perceive the presence of Jesus Christ in the eucharist. It is believed by an act of faith in the word of Jesus Christ. The mode of this substantial presence and of its action on the soul is, moreover, but dimly apprehended; because substance itself, as a *vis activa*, and the mode of its activity, are impenetrable to reason. The rational argument respecting the dogma of faith, therefore, merely proves that it is not contrary to reason; and that it is partially intelligible by analogy with other known truths and facts. We thus understand that the presence of Jesus Christ in the species of the eucharist is *possible*. And, the revelation of its reality once made, we see also its fitness. It is most fitting and congruous that Jesus Christ should unite himself in the most perfect manner which is consistent with the condition of man in this life, with his human brethren; and that this union should be manifested to the senses. This is accomplished in the eucharist in such a way that the intellect, the imagination, or the heart of man, cannot conceive or desire anything more perfect and admirable.*

We shall simply note with the greatest brevity the remaining doctrines whose consideration falls under the present head.

The absolute necessity of grace for works worthy of eternal life, and the inability of man to perform them by his natural strength, is explained by the supernatural principle of which we have already given the exposition.

The merit of good works is explained by the doctrine of probation; and the distinction between this kind of merit and the merits of Christ, as well as their mutual relation and harmony, is obvious from the exposition which has been made of the latter.

The Catholic doctrine respecting the Blessed Virgin and the saints is explained by the doctrine already laid down of the glorification and deification of human nature through the incarnation.

The whole exterior and visible *cultus* of Catholic worship is explained by the doctrine, of sensible things as signs and representations of the invisible, and of the essentially corporeal constitution of man. These, and all other particulars of Catholic doctrine, are contained in the universal or Catholic idea, which shines by its own light, and proves itself by its sublimity, integrity, symmetry, and correspondence with all the analogies of the natural world.

XIV.

THE FINAL DESTINATION OF ANGELS AND MEN; CONDITION OF THE UNREGENERATE IN THE FUTURE LIFE; ETERNITY OF THE PENALTY OF SIN; THE STATE OF FINAL BEATITUDE.

THE closing articles of the creed are: "Expecto resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi sæculi, Amen." "I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen."

* *Vide* F. Dalgairns' work on the Holy Communion for a more complete elucidation of the philosophy of substance and accidents.

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Thus, the creation, which proceeds from God as first cause, is shown to have returned to him as final cause. This is especially accomplished in the beatification of the elect; and consequently it is the glory and blessedness of heaven which is immediately and explicitly affirmed in the creed. The entire creed, however, implies, what the Catholic church in her exposition of the creed teaches dogmatically, that only a portion of the angelic hierarchy and the human race attain heaven. The doctrine of hell, or the place and state of those who are excluded from heaven, is, therefore, the necessary correlate of the doctrine of heaven. So far as the human race is concerned, we have to consider, first, what is the condition in eternity of those who are subject to the consequences of original sin only.

It follows from the doctrine already laid down, namely, that the state to which man is reduced by original sin, is entitively the same with that in which consists the state of pure nature; that the condition of this class of human beings in eternity is the same that it would be if they had never been constituted in the order of the supernatural. They are destitute of supernatural beatitude, but attain to all the felicity of which they are capable in the natural order. They are elevated in the due course of nature to that integrity and perfection of soul and body which, in the case of Adam, was anticipated by a gratuitous gift. Their felicity consists in a perfect exemption from all liability to sin, in the complete evolution of their natural capacities, and in the possession of the proper object of their intelligence and will, that is, in the knowledge and fruition of the works of God, and of God himself by abstractive contemplation. This last expression needs some explanation in order to show its conformity with the doctrine we have laid down at the beginning of these essays respecting the primitive intuition of reason. We have there affirmed that the original intuition of reason is the intuition of that idea which is afterward demonstrated by reflection to be identical with the being of God. Some, rejecting this doctrine of the idea, object to it that it leads to a confusion of the act of intelligence constitutive of rational nature with the act proper only to beatified nature, that is, the intuitive vision of God. Others, who accept it, endeavor to rebut this objection, and to show the distinction between the knowledge of God derived from rational intuition and that which is communicated by the light of glory. But in doing this they make the first to be only the inchoation of the second, and the second the completion or full evolution of the first. It would follow, then, that a rational creature cannot attain to the proper object of his intelligence and will, consequently cannot attain perfect felicity, without the beatific vision. We cannot admit either that the objection is a valid one or that the explanation which is made in order to do away with it is sufficient. We venture, therefore, to suggest another.

It is real and concrete being, not possible and abstract being, which is the intelligible object of reason. Reason, however, does not, by an intrinsic, perceptive power, actively elicit the intuition of its intelligible object. In other words, it is not by its virtue as intelligence that real being, or the intelligible, becomes intelligible to it. The intelligible has the precedence and the superiority in the act of intelligence. The presence of the object makes the subject intelligent in the first act, and this first act is one in which the creative spirit is the agent and the created spirit the terminus of the act. The original, immediate contact of the intellect with real, concrete being, that is, with God, is, therefore, a contact in which the soul is passive, because this contact precedes and is the cause of its activity. It is only by reflection, or bending backward upon itself, that the intellect can have distinct self-consciousness and elicit thought. When it does so, it takes always the affirmation of real, necessary being, by which

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God created it rational, as the first and absolute element of its thoughts. But this affirmation, as soon as it enters into reflection, and becomes an element of the spontaneous activity of the soul, becomes *abstract.* It is not a pure abstraction, or an act which terminates on the abstract or possible as its ultimate object, but an abstraction formed from the concrete object as apprehended by the passive intelligence, or an abstract conception of the concrete idea. It would require too much time to develop this statement fully. But it is plain at a single glance that it is justified by the facts of consciousness. All our judgments respecting necessary and universal truth are abstract. The judgment respecting necessary cause, that respecting the infinite and the eternal, that respecting ideal space and time, those which respect mathematical relations, and those which form the data of logic, are all of this kind. There is no direct, immediate intuition of God as the infinite, concrete, personal truth, to be found in our consciousness; as we have previously proved in our demonstration of the being of God. The necessity of using the term *intuition* in reference to our apprehension of the idea is, therefore, an unfortunate one, and gives rise to a confusion of the act in which we conclude the existence and attributes of God by a rational, deductive judgment, with the act in which the soul immediately beholds him by an intellectual vision. Intuition and vision are, strictly speaking, identical. Experience teaches us that our first distinct vision is the vision of sensible objects, and that we refer constantly to this as the standard of clear vision, since there is nothing which appears to us equally clear and distinct. By the aid of our perception of the sensible, we attain to the perception of ourselves as existing, thinking spirit, and of other spirits like our own. But we never attain a similar intuition of God by the mere exercise of our intellective activity. It is of the essence of a created spirit that its active intuition or intellective vision is limited to finite objects as its immediate terminus, commensurate to its finite visual power. It sees God only mediately, as his being and attributes are reflected and imaged in finite things, and therefore its highest contemplation of God is merely abstractive. The natural felicity of created spirits is, therefore, at its maximum, when they attain the most perfect exercise of their faculties in this mode of action which is connatural to them. It is the fruition of God mediately through his creation.

We now proceed to show that the Catholic doctrine permits us to believe that this perfect felicity which is possible without supernatural grace is actually conceded to those who die in original sin only. It is reasonable to believe that any felicity which these souls can attain, consistently with their position as liable to the eternal consequences of original sin, will be actually attained by them. For God has created them for good; and to what end has he made them capable of this felicity, unless it be that they may possess and enjoy it? We shall quote from a treatise written in the seventeenth century by F. Maria Gabrielli, in defence of the doctrine of Cardinal Sfondrati, a very thorough summary of the opinions of theologians on this point:*

"Joseph Maria de Requesens† enumerates in his little book on the state of infants many theologians of great name who concede to these infants a certain kind of imperfect natural beatitude. He says that Richard (of St. Victor) teaches that these children will have more goods and greater joy in their possession than sinners have who possess created goods in this life. Lyra says, that according to the opinion of all doctors they will enjoy a happier life than would be naturally possible in this present world. Almost in the same way speak Origen, Marsilius, St. Buonaventure, Cajetan, and others

*Disputatio Notarum, 40 etc. Colon. 1699.
† De Statu Parvul. Rom. 1684.

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cited by Cornelius à Lapide, who all teach that children dying without baptism lead a happier life than those who are living on the earth. Lessius writes, that although they may be said to be damned because eternally deprived of the celestial glory for which they were created, it is nevertheless credible that their state is far happier and more joyful than that of any mortal man in this life. Salmeron says, these children will rise again through Christ and above this natural order, where they will daily advance in the knowledge of the works of God and of separate substances, *will have angelic visits*, and will be like our rustics living in the country, so that as they are in a medium between glory and punishment they will also occupy an intermediate place. Suarez says, that children will remain in their natural good and will be content with their lot; and, together with Marsilius as quoted by Azor, he ascribes to them a *knowledge and love of God above all things*, and the other natural virtues. Didacus Ruiz, a theologian of extensive reading, lays down this conclusion: Great mercy will be mingled with the punishment of infants dying in original sin, although not in diminution of the punishment of loss, since that is incapable of diminution; yet in the remission of death which was the punishment directly due to original sin, and would naturally have endured to eternity, so that in spite of this infants will be resuscitated at the day of judgment nevermore to die, endowed with supernatural incorruptibility and impassibility, and they will also supernaturally receive accidental, infused sciences, and will be liberated from all pain, sadness, sickness, temptations, and personal sins, which are naturally wont to arise from original sin. Consequently, they are liberated from the punishment of hell which they might have incurred. Albert (the Great), Alexander (de Hales), and St. Thomas agree with this doctrine. Suarez shows that these children obtain some benefit, in a certain way, from the merits of Christ; and says that it pertains to the glory of Christ that he should be adored and acknowledged as prince and supreme judge on the day of universal judgment even by infants who died without grace. He also considers it more probable that they will understand that they have done neither good nor evil, and therefore receive neither glory nor pain of sense, and also that they are deprived of glory on account of sin (that is, original). He adds the reason of this, to wit, that they may understand the benefit which they received, first in Adam and afterward in Christ, and on this account may worship and adore him. Martinonus adds: when even the demons love God in a certain way even more than themselves as the common good of all, according to St. Thomas, why shall not these children love Christ as their benefactor and the author of their resurrection, and of the benefits which they receive with it through Christ, who is the destroyer of corporeal as well as spiritual death? He cites also what Suarez says, that although one who should speak of the bodies of infants in the same way as of the other damned would say nothing improbable, since St. Thomas speaks of all indifferently, nevertheless since those bodies will have a greater perfection and some gifts or benefits which are not at all due to nature, therefore, in regard to these gifts, Christ may be said to be their model. The same Martinonus subjoins: although those words of the apostle, "In Christ all shall be made alive," Suarez affirms, must be properly and principally understood of the predestined, nevertheless they can probably be applied to a certain extent to these children, inasmuch as they will have in their risen bodies a certain special conformity and relation to Christ, which will be much less and more imperfect in the damned than in the predestined. Nicholas de Lyra affirms that "infants dying without baptism do not endure any sensible punishment, but have a more delightful

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life than can be had in this present life, *according to all the doctors*,* who speak concerning those who die in original sin alone."

Those who die in actual sin, and the fallen angels, although in the same state of existence with those who die in original sin only, that is, in the Infernum, or sphere below the supernatural sphere of the elect angels and men, have to undergo a punishment corresponding to their individual demerits. This truth, which is clearly revealed in the Holy Scriptures and defined by the church, is confirmed by the analogies of this present life. The transgression of law is punished in this world in accordance with the sense of justice which is universal among men. There is no reason, therefore, for supposing that the same principle of retribution is not continued in the future life. Moreover, there is positive proof from reason that it must continue. There has never been a more absurd doctrine broached than that of the Universalists. To suppose that all men are saved on account of the merits of Christ, without regard to their moral state or personal merits, is most unreasonable; and subversive of the moral order as well as destructive of the idea of a state of probation. It is equally absurd to imagine that the mere fact of death can make any change in the state of the soul, or that separation from the body causes the soul to make a mechanical rebound from a state of sin to a state of holiness. The soul can be made happy only from its own intrinsic principles, and not by a mere arbitrary appointment of God, or a bestowal of extrinsic means of enjoyment. Sin brings its own punishment, and the state of sin is in itself a state of misery. Plato and other heathen sages taught the doctrine of future punishment. Mr. Alger, who has written the most elaborate work on the subject of the history of the doctrine of a future life which has appeared in recent times, has fully proved the universality of the doctrine of future punishment. Other rationalistic writers of ability have also of late years seen the impossibility of removing this doctrine from the teaching of Christianity and from universal tradition. We have already fully proved that God does not deprive any of his rational creatures of the felicity which is proper to their nature by his own act. It follows from this that it is the creature himself who is the author of his own misery. Existence is in itself a good, a boon conceded from love by the Creator. So far as this good is turned into an evil, it is by a voluntary perversion of the gift of a benevolent sovereign by the subject himself. The punishment which he must undergo in eternity is, therefore, the necessary consequence of his own acts, together with such positive penalties as are required by the ends of justice and the universal good. This doctrine, which is the doctrine of the Catholic Church, based on the clear evidence of Scripture and ecclesiastical tradition,* is also the doctrine of calm, unbiassed reason, and of the common sense of mankind. The probation of the angels having been finished with their first trial, and the probation of men ending for individuals at death, and for mankind generically at the day of judgment, the epoch of grace is closed for ever with the completion of this present cycle of providence; and consequently the state of all angels and men is fixed for eternity. Hell is, therefore, an eternal state out of which there is no possibility of transition into heaven.

Heaven, or life everlasting, is the eternal state of supreme, supernatural beatitude, to which the elect angels and men are elevated by the grace of God, and in which they participate in the

* This is true of the great majority, but not of all.

* It is now considered by the best authorities as fully proved that Origen and St. Gregory Nyssen, who have been so often cited by the advocates of the doctrine of universal salvation, did not teach anything contrary to the Catholic doctrine of eternal punishment.

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glorified and deific state of the Incarnate Word, through an ineffable fellowship with the three persons of the Blessed Trinity.

Man being integrally composed by the union of soul and body, and his corporeal nature being hypostatically united with the divine nature in the person of the Word, the resurrection of the body must necessarily precede his complete glorification. The only difficulty which the doctrine of the resurrection of the body presents to the understanding relates to the principle of identity between the earthly and the celestial body. This principle of identity, or unity and continuity of life, must be the same with that which constitutes the unity of the body in all the stages of its natural growth; and through all the changes of its material particles, from the instant of its conception to its disintegration by death. It is the soul which is the form of the body, its vivifying principle. The soul and body have an innate correspondence with each other, not only in the generic sense, but in the sense of an individual aptitude of each separate soul for its own body, and each separate body for its own soul. The soul and body act and react upon each other perpetually while the development of both is going on, producing a specific type in each individual which is a modification of the generic type of manhood. The determination of the active force of the soul to the production of this type remains with it after the separation from the body. At the resurrection, it forms anew its own proper body in accordance with this type which is the product of the conjoint action of the soul and body during the earthly life. There is, therefore, the same continuity and identity between the earthly body and the celestial body that there is between the body of the embryo and that of the full-grown man. The celestial body is the same that it would have been if there had been no death intervening between the two corporeal states, but a transformation of the earthly body into the celestial perfection and glorification of its proper type. If this is not all which is included in the definition of the church respecting the identity of the body in the two states, we must believe, in addition to what has been stated already, that there is a material monad which forms the nucleus of the corporeal organization and is a physical principle of identity. This physical principle must contain virtually the whole body, as the germ does the plant; it must be preserved when the body is disintegrated; and reunited to the soul at the resurrection, in order to become the physical germ from which the celestial body is developed.

The natural beatitude of the glorified angels and saints, which is only a more exalted grade of that felicity which is accorded to the inferior intelligent creation, need not be specially noticed. It is the essential and supreme beatitude consisting in the clear, intuitive vision of God, which is the principal subject of the divine revelation proposed by the creed as the object of faith.

The possibility of this divine vision will not be called in question by any who are properly speaking theists and rationalists, and with others we have nothing to do at present. Much less will it be questioned by any class of believers in the divine inspiration of the Scriptures. We have not, then, the task of laboring to show the intrinsic reasonableness and credibility of the doctrine, but merely of setting forth that which can be made intelligible respecting the *relation between our present state in which we are unable to see God, and the future state in which we may be enabled to see him.* The examination of this relation includes that of the means and method by which the soul is elevated to an immediate intuition of that which constitutes the divine essence and personality. It requires a statement which shall show what is the *nexus* between the act which constitutes the soul in the power to exer-

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cise intelligence, and that which constitutes it in the power to behold God immediately. It may be said, that the essence of the soul is transformed or enlarged in such a way that it becomes able, *per se*, to see God as it now perceives the creation. But this would be equivalent to the creation of a new essence with a new personality; which would destroy the identity of the subject who is supposed to be elevated to this new grade of existence. Moreover, according to the doctrine we have laid down, that supernatural grace elevates the soul *super omnem naturam creatam atque creabilem*, the supposition is impossible. We cannot go over again the principles already discussed, but merely endeavor to state such a theory of the mode of the beatific vision as shall be in harmony with these principles. We, therefore, dismiss this first supposition without further discussion. Another supposition may be made, that the complete evolution of the idea of God which the soul possesses in the present state in an obvolute manner would bring it to that relation *vis-à-vis* to God as its intelligible object, which corresponds to the relation of the visual faculty to the visible, material object. We cannot accept this supposition any more than the other. It contradicts the principles we have previously laid down, and the generally accepted maxims of Catholic theology respecting the supernatural quality of the power conceded by God to the creature of beholding his intimate essence, just as palpably as the first one. We do not deny that the reason of man is to a great degree in an obvolute condition in this life, and that it is capable of evolution in another and higher life. In this higher life the soul may be capable of perceiving immediately the essence of things, and spiritual substances, after the mode of intelligence which is proper to the angels. But the angels themselves, according to Catholic theology, though created at the summit of the intelligent order, with the complete exercise of intelligence in the highest possible grade, have no natural power to see God immediately; and their natural knowledge of him, though very perfect, is merely abstractive contemplation like that of men. The power of seeing spiritual substances, and the perfect evolution of the idea of God in the soul, therefore, do not give the intuition of the essence of God which constitutes the beatific vision. The beatific vision is supernatural, by means of an immediate light communicated by God to the intelligence, called by theologians *lumen gloriæ*, the light of glory. By means of this light the intelligence perceives God by an active intuition, or a clear, distinct act of reflective consciousness, as immediately present to it in the creative act, the cause of its existence, the source of its active power, the light of its reason, in whom it lives and moves and has its being. God presents himself to the intelligence immediately in his concrete being, as the visible world is presented to the eye by the light of the sun. This is not accomplished by the creation of any new essential faculty in the soul or the addition of anything to its substance. The very same intelligent, thinking principle, or subject, which in this present state of existence affirms to itself the existence of God by an intellectual judgment, beholds him in the beatific state by an intuitive vision. It must be, then, by a concurrence of God with the same faculties of the mind by which we think and reason and perceive, and are self-conscious, in our natural mode of rational activity, that the intelligence is raised to this higher power of supernatural intuition. That act which constitutes it rational in the natural order, must be the basis and substratum of its supernatural intuition of the divine essence. It has already been proved that a created spirit cannot be constituted rational in the first instance by the beatific vision of God; that is, cannot have an essence whose intrinsic, necessary act is a clear intuition of the divine essence, like that

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act in which God has the eternal, necessary intelligence of himself. The created spirit must first be constituted a rational, intelligent subject, before it can be capable of a supernatural illumination. It must be extrinsicated from God, made a distinct, thinking substance, and constituted in its own finite, rational activity; before there can be any subject, or really existing, active force, with which God can concur; with which he can unite himself, and to which he can communicate the power of looking back upon himself by a distinct intuition. The created spirit must be, therefore, in a certain sense, self-subsisting, or containing in itself its own rational principle. It must have its own separate self-consciousness as a thinking substance, containing within itself all the necessary principles of thought. The necessary, the universal, the eternal, or, in a word, the idea, cannot be contained in a created spirit in its concrete being, but only in an abstract form, an image, or a created word. This is identical with the intelligence itself; it is what constitutes its intellective force and principle of activity. In man, as we have already seen, this intellective activity needs the concurrence of exterior, sensible objects, acting on it through the senses and occasioning perceptions and reflections, before it can attain distinct reflective consciousness of itself, and evolve its own ideal formula. This reflective consciousness cannot go back of the soul itself, where it finds the abstractive idea passively received from concrete being. The contact of being, or of God who is alone being, gives the apprehension of being to the soul by creating it. The creative act, and the being who produces the creative act, are unperceived by the soul, and lie back of its existence, which is the terminus of the creative act. The soul's separate activity begins at the terminus of God's activity, and is projected forward to its own proper terminus. Its natural activity would never bring it face to face with its creator, God, or enable it to contemplate him in any other way than it is now able to do so, by a vividly apprehended demonstration of his being from its own first principles and the exterior works of his hand. In order that the soul, in its reflexive acts, may see God continually and clearly, it is necessary that he should unite himself in a new and ineffable manner to its substance and its faculties, and concur with them in such a way that they can look beyond their natural limit of vision into the infinitude of the being of God which surrounds the creation like an ocean on every side. The soul, which is, so to speak, projected from God by creation, must receive a movement of return, which does not arrest itself at the mere fact of self-consciousness, but brings the soul to a consciousness of God as immediately and personally producing its self-consciousness. This act is most perfect in the human soul of Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word. The personality of the human and divine natures in him being one, there is but one Ego. The human soul, therefore, terminates its act of self-consciousness, not upon itself, as its own *subsistentia*, but upon the divine Ego or person. It is conscious of itself as a distinct substance, but not a substance completed and brought to distinct subsistence in itself. Its consciousness terminates in the divine person, and is referred to it, so that Jesus Christ, in every human act, affirms himself by self-consciousness as both God and man in one person. The union of glorified spirits to God is similar to this hypostatic union, though not so perfect, and not implying personal identity. The nature and mode of this union of the created spirit with God, by which it is glorified, beatified, and even deified—as the doctors of the church fear not to affirm, in accordance with the declaration of the Holy Scripture—is impenetrable to the human understanding. The Indian philosophers, having retained a confused idea of it from the primitive revelation, have expressed this idea in their sublime mysticism with all the superb imagery of their luxuriant imaginations. With

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them, it is an absorption of all individual souls in the infinite fount of being. Nearly all their language may, however, be adopted, in a good sense, as expressing the Christian dogma, if clear, philosophical conceptions are substituted for their obscure and unscientific notions of the creative act. Without these clear conceptions and definitions, it is impossible to escape running into pantheism. The language of Christian mystic writers, even, is liable to misapprehension as expressing the pantheistic notion of the identity of God and the creature, unless their terms are properly explained. In point of fact, Eckhart did give expression to some propositions which implied pantheism and were condemned by the Holy See. The mystic writers continually affirm that the soul is made *una res cum Deo*, and becomes God by participation. By this, however, they do not mean that the soul loses its distinct substance or becomes identified with the divine nature. They intend to signify an ineffable union between the soul and God, in which, each remaining distinct in its own proper essence, God communicates his own knowledge, sanctity, glory, and beatitude to the soul; and admits it into the fellowship of the Blessed Trinity. This is the vanishing point of all theology, and of all science, beyond which even the most illuminated eye cannot penetrate. The return of all things which proceed from God as first cause to God as final cause, consummated in this beatific union, solves all the problems of time; there remains only the problem of eternity, which eternity alone can solve.

ORIGINAL.

MY AUNT'S WORK-BOX.

SURE, such a mess was never seen
Of white and brown and black and green!
Not Noah's ark, Pandora's box,
  Such dire confusion e'er displayed.
Here's wool, shorn from the fleecy flocks
  That o'er Circassian meadows strayed;
With spools of cotton, every number;
Buttons and studs, and other lumber;
Needles of every size and kind,
  The blunts and sharps, the coarse and fine;
White linen, recent wounds to bind;
  And rows of pins in order shine.
Lo! thimbles, for each finger fit,
And yarn to darn with or to knit.
Here's sewing-silk of every hue
From brilliant red to modest blue;
And floss, with which the maiden traces,
  With all the painter's art and skill,
Flowers, landscapes, birds, and human faces,
  The verdant field or purling rill.
Here every sort of thread is seen,
The jolly ball and languid skein;
And here's the ivory thing that shapes
Small eyelet-holes in caps and capes.

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Look at that pair of rusty tweezers!
They must have lain there many years.
Dear! what a tiny pair of scissors!
Sure, they're the twins of those huge shears.
Here's lots of crewel, which I mean
To use, some day, to work a screen.
Here are pin-cushions and emery bags,
Small shreds of lace and other rags,
Linen, calico, and crape,
And hanks of twine and bits of tape.
In short, here's every earthly thing
That thrifty wife could wish, I ween;
But I've not time to say or sing
The treasures of this magazine.

ORIGINAL.

HOW MY AUNT PILCHER FOUND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

PERHAPS you don't know my aunt, Patience Pilcher? Very likely not. I know her very well, and am going to tell you something about her. She is my mother's sister, and was born in the town of Squankum, Vermont, where she lived until she was over thirty years old—she says, twenty-five, but that don't matter—when she came to New York to see Uncle George. Well, Aunt Pilcher was mightily pleased and surprised when she saw New York; and as she knew every house, barn, and fence, and every lane and field in Squankum, and to whom they belonged, she thought she must find out as much about New York. She had no sooner taken off her bonnet and shawl when she got to our house—I say *our*, because I live with Uncle George since mother died—than she wanted to put them on again and go out "and see the place, and find eout where people lived, and git introduced," as she said, adding that she would "hev to begin directly, or she would never git through."

My Aunt Pilcher is a very tall, thin woman, with a very cold face, as I found out on the first day she came to our house, when she bent over and kissed me. She thought I wiped off her kiss, and said, "Oh, fie!" but it wasn't that, it was the cold. As I was saying, she wanted to see all of New York, and I believe she has, too, by this time; but she soon got disgusted with what she called "the offishness of the Yorkers." "You don't know anybody," said she, "and nobody 'pears to want to know you." She never tired, however, of seeing the many beautiful buildings in the city, and among them all the churches seemed to her to be the most attractive and the most worthy of her close investigation.

"I'm gittin 'most ashamed of our wooden meetin'-house to Squankum," said she, one day, after returning from a visit to Trinity Church; "we used to be kinder proud of it, though, when some of the folks down to Rattlebog came over to spend Sabbath with us; 'cause ye know what a mis'able little country skule-house of a place they've got over there. Then, ye've got sich a lot o' churches, my! I'm 'most afeered I'll never see them all, or I'll forgit abeout the first ones afore I git through."

"What sort of churches have you seen, aunty?" I asked.

"Oh! I've seen white-marbled ones

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and brown-stun ones, and a sort o' speckled mixed ones like Washin'ton cake, ye know, a streak o' jelly and a streak o' cake. Then agin, I've seen all kinds o' styles; Grecian, Beshantem, Gothys, high-steepled style, low-steepled style, and no-steepled style. But I haint seen a green winder-shutter one like ours to Squankum yit. I s'pose the taste in architectur here to York don't run that 'a way."

But I was not thinking of the outside of the churches when I asked her the question, but of their inside. The truth was that Uncle George and I had been two or three times to see Mass and Vespers in a Catholic Church, and I was so full of all I had seen and heard there that I was nearly dying to talk with some one about it. But Uncle George had told me that he thought Aunt Jane — that is, Uncle George's sister who keeps house for him and me — might possibly disapprove of our going again if I happened to mention it, and so I took care to say nothing about it. I was very anxious to find out if Aunt Pilcher had seen a Catholic Church, so I asked her if she happened to see any boys in the churches she had been to.

"Boys!" said she. "Why boys? Of course boys. Shouldn't boys go to meetin' as well as girls?"

"But boys dressed up," said I.

"Dressed up! Laws yes, in their best Sunday-go-to-meetin', as they ort to be."

"In long red coats, perhaps, down to their heels," I suggested, in spite of Uncle George's frown; "with nice white lace jackets over that again, and carrying torch-lights and censers, and going up and down and all around?" I added, eager to describe all I had seen.

"Why! what's come to the boy?" exclaimed Aunt Pilcher, raising up her hands in astonishment. "He ain't right," meaning in my head.

"Oh! yes, he is!" said Uncle George, "that's the way the Catholics go on in their churches, and I suppose that Fred must have seen it somewhere."

"Catholics!" ejaculated Aunt Pilcher, in a tone of horror, and half looking over her shoulder as if some ghost of one might come in at the sound of the word. "Ye don't mean them papists and other Jesuits that call themselves Catholics? It's enough to make a body hate the name."

"That won't do, you know, sister Pilcher," said Uncle George, "because it is in the Apostles' Creed."

"I know it," returned Aunt Pilcher, "but I'd like to know what the Holy Catholic Church in the Apostles' Creed has got to do with them ignorant idolaters, the Catholics, the Roman papists, I mean?"

"It's the same name, that's all," said Uncle George, with a sly twinkle in his eye; "and *they* say it's the same thing."

"Which in course is nonsense!" ejaculated my aunt.

"Oh! of course it is," rejoined Uncle George. "We are the real and true Catholic Church, and if some one wanted to come to our true and real Holy Catholic Church we would just tell him to ask for the Catholic church and anybody would show him."

"Well, they ort to, that's all I got to say," said Aunt Pilcher doubtfully.

"Certainly," continued Uncle George, "and I've no doubt now, sister Pilcher, that if you were to go out and ask people in the street here to point you to a Catholic church that they would show you our Protestant churches directly.

Aunt Pilcher looked very hard at Uncle George, as if she feared he might be making game of her; but he looked so solemn and sedate that she didn't suspect, but I did, and I got a crick in the back of my neck trying to keep from laughing. She seemed to think that she was bantered by my uncle, and said:

"Well, I never sot eout to do a thing yit that I didn't do it, and I'm going to do *that*."

"Hurrah! Aunt Pilcher," I shouted, "I would too, if I were you." And that confirmed her in her engagement,

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for the very next morning she put on her bonnet and shawl, and hung her reticule on her arm, without which she never went out of doors, and off she started. She was gone all day and did not return until tea-time, appearing completely fagged out and exhausted. She was not in the best of humors either, to judge of the way she pulled off her out-door additions to her ordinary dress, and bade me "carry them things up-stairs, for people dead a'most and starved can't always be expected to wait on theirselves." But not a word did she say about the object of her long day's journey. I was all curiosity to know where she had been and what she had seen; and when we had nearly got through tea, that is, Uncle George, Aunt Jane, Aunt Pilcher, I, and Bub Thompson, who had come to play with me in the afternoon, and said he smelt short-cake, and wondered whether Aunt Jane could make it nice, and so got invited to try them—then I could stand it no longer, and said I, "See anything nice to-day, Aunt Pilcher?"

"I didn't particularly *see* anything, my dear, but I heered something I shan't forgit, I can tell you, if hearin' a thing a hundred and ninety-nine times over is enough to make a body remember it."

"What did you hear, aunt?" asked everybody at once.

"Hear!" exclaimed she. "These Yorkers never knows anything if a body asks them a perlite question abeout who lives in any house, or which is the way to somewhere; but to-day I do think they was all possessed, for everybody 'peared to know only one church, when, dear knows, they ort to know their own churches, I should think, and not be a' directin' everybody everlastin'ly to St. Peter's."

"How was that, aunt?" asked every one again.

"Well," said she, "I told you what I was goin' eout for, and I went. Neow I always do things in order: commence at the beginnin', I say, and then ye'll know when ye git to the eend. So I went clean deown to the battery, and then I turns reound and comes up. Not wishin' to ask questions of people *too* fur off (for these Yorkers don't know where anythin' is ef it ain't right deown under their nose), I walked on till I got pretty near Trinity Church, belongin' to the Episcopals, and says I to a knowledgable lookin' man, says I, 'Couldn't ye pint me eout, neow, a Catholic church?' 'I can't precisely pint ye to it,' says he, which I thort was queer, with a Christian church right afore his eyes, 'but I can tell you where one is: in Barclay street, right up Broadway, ma'am, Saint Peter's church,' and off he went like a shot. These Yorkers air in *sich* a hurry, they won't stop to hear a body eout. Well, on I walks, and I saw another church, Saint Paul's in Broadway, similarly belongin' to the Episcopals; and this time I got straight in front of it. The folks 'peared to be in sich an orful hurry jist here that I thort somebody must be dead, or somebody's house had ketch't afire, and I couldn't git eout the first word afore the person I spoke to was a whole block off, and I got kind o' bewildered like. At last I tried a lady—for I give the men folks up—and says I to her:

"'Is this a meetin'-house of the Holy Catholic Church, ma'am?'

"'No, ma'am,' says she rather short, 'ef you want to go there, you had better go deown Barclay street, next street above, St. Peter's on the left,' and off she went. Well, I goes deown Barclay street, jist to see this St. Peter's, and do you believe, I found eout it was one of them papist churches.'

"That was rather strange," interrupted Uncle George.

"I thort it was a leetle so myself," said Aunt Pilcher, "and I began to conceit people took me for a papist or a Jesuit, so I made up my mind to say so to once; and on I walks agin till I come to Broome street, deown which I went till I found a nice lookin' church, and says I to a minister-lookin' gentleman, says I:

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"'I'm not a Jesuit, sir.'

"'Glad to hear it, ma'am,' says he, 'there are concealed Jesuits all over.'

"'I'm a Protestant,' says I, 'prehaps you can show me a meetin'-house that believes in the Holy Catholic Church; is that one there?'

"'I am grieved,' says he, 'that anybody should wish to know anythin' abeout the Catholic Church, and I hope you have no intention of goin' to sich a place of abomination.'

"He didn't 'pear to know my meanin', so says I, 'I mean the *real* Catholic Church.'

"'Ma'am,' says he, 'real or unreal, it is always the same thing; always was and always will be. That is a Baptist church, ma'am, before you, and not a Catholic mass-house. There is one of them, called St. Peter's, in Barclay street, I believe,' and off he walked without sayin' another word. 'Patience,' says I to myself, 'be true to your name,' for, to tell the truth, I was gettin' a leetle bit flustrated. I walks on, turnin' corners and reound and reound, and at last I got into a street called Bedford street. There I saw a meetin'-house with a sign over the door tellin' it was a Methodist. Says I to a man that was jist then sweepin reound the door —thinkin' to begin right this time— says I:

"'My Christian friend, the apostles believed in the Holy Catholic Church.'

"'Not a bit of it,' says he.

"'Oh! yes,' says I, 'they did; it is in the Apostles' Creed.'

"'Is it?' says he.

"'Yes, it is, and what's more, you ort to know it,' says I, gettin' bothered with sich ignorance.

"'None o' yer impudence,' says he.

"'Why, good lands!' says I, almost swearin', 'they believe in the Holy Catholic Church in this meetin'-house, don't they?'

"'No, they don't, and don't want to,' says he, and slammed the door in my face. Then I wanders 'reound and seen lots of churches, but I didn't see anybody to speak to till I got ever so fur off in the Fifth avenue, where I saw a handsome brick church with a tall steeple, and there I saw some people goin' in. I asked what was goin' on, and they said it was a prayer-meetin'. I should liked to have jined in a York prayer-meetin', but I wasn't in a fit state jist then—in sich a twitter as I was—so I ups and speaks to a young lady who looked like a Sabbath school teacher, and says I:

"'The real Catholic Church in the Apostles' Creed is where the gospil is preached.' She kinder opened her eyes at me, and says she:

"'The gospil is preached here, ma'am; but this is not a Catholic church; this is a Presbyterian church.'

"'But,' says I agin, 'where the gospil is preached is the true Catholic Church.'

"'I guess not,' says she, 'the gospil is not preached in the Catholic Church.'

"'Well, ma'am,' says I, feelin' considerably riled, 'I guess I larnt my catechism, not afore you was born, but abeout the same time, I should say; and I'm jist lookin' for somebody else that knows it, and if anybody in York knows what and where the Holy Catholic Church is;' and do you believe she actually turned 'reound to another gal and said I was crazy, and had run away from a 'sylum. I went away disgusted and tried agin, one place and another. I even tried the Washin'ton cake church in the Fourth avenue, but not a soul would own up to what they ort to believe. You wouldn't get papists sendin' you to their St. Peter's, I'll be bound, if you asked them for a Protestant church."

"Of course not," said Uncle George, "and what conclusion have you come to, sister Pilcher?"

"I've come to the conclusion," said Aunt Pilcher, "that these Yorkers don't know the Apostles' Creed."

"I should say," said Bub Thompson, "that those folks you saw didn't believe it."

"Boy!" exclaimed Aunt Pilcher, with an awful expression of counte-

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nance, "speak when you air spoken to."

"How is it when you're spoken about?" asked Bub; "'cause I'm a Catholic, a papist as you say, and you've been speaking about my church."

"My! I never!" ejaculated Aunt Pilcher, looking first at one and then at another for explanation.

"Sister Pilcher," said Uncle George, "the truth is, it is no use for us Protestants to call ourselves Catholics, for we are not. You see how everybody denied it. Of course you could never get a Protestant to own to the name of 'Catholic,' either here in New York or anywhere else, any more than you could persuade any one to give us the name; and it seems to me that where the name is, and always has been, the reality is likely to be. As for your experiment to-day, it is just what would have happened thirteen hundred years ago; for I read in a book that Bub Thompson's father lent me, that St. Augustine said, speaking about the sects that tried to call themselves 'Catholics' in his time: 'The very name of *Catholic* detains me in the Catholic Church, which that church has alone, and not without cause, obtained among so many heretics, in such a way as that while all heretics wish to be called Catholics, nevertheless not one of them will dare to point out his basilica or house to a stranger inquiring for a place of Catholic worship."*

"Well! sakes alive! live and larn," exclaimed Aunt Pilcher, "but it's enough to make a body think they never knowed anythin' when they find out *some* things!"

* Epist. contra Manich. I. 5, 6.

Translated from Le Contemporain.

A PORTRAIT OF FRA ANGELICO.

BY EDMOND LAFONDE.

At dawn of a summer's day in the year of grace 1453, a Dominican monk set out from his convent of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, at Rome. He was an old man, but the brightness of youth still shone in his aged countenance, attributable, perhaps, to the shadowless sanctity of his life, and the purity of a soul which had never known wrinkles. He walked slowly in his dress of white woollen covered with a black scapular, his shaven head bared to the sun, his eyes cast down, and his hands employed in rolling the beads of the Rosary of St. Dominic. He traversed the square of the Pantheon, and was going to cross the bridge of St. Angelo, when, in passing the prison of the Tor di Nona, he saw coming out of it a funeral *cortége;* a condemned person, led to death in the usual place of execution, the piazza della Bocca della Verità. A man nearly forty years of age, of noble and proud figure, but seemingly worn out by vice or grief; his costume curious, and wholly oriental; clothed in red silk, with a turban ornamented with gold and ermine. A Franciscan accompanied him, but endeavored in vain to direct his thoughts to heaven, and make him kiss the crucifix, from which he turned away his lips in disgust. The crowd that followed, becoming infuriated, exhorted him to penitence, crying out, "Amico, pensa a salvar l'anima:" "My friend, think of saving thy soul."

As soon as the Franciscan saw a brother priest, he called to him, say-

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ing: "Ah! Fra Giovanni, in the name of the holy friendship which united our two glorious patriarchs, St. Dominic and St. Francis, come to my aid. You see this unhappy man. He is one of the Greeks just come from Italy, since the taking of Constantinople. His name is Argyropoulos. He has murdered a Roman woman; is doomed to die, and will not reconcile himself with God. He is not merely schismatical, but pagan. Try if you can be more successful than I." At a sign from the chief of the guard the *cortége* stopped — for in Rome, since the earliest age, pontifical justice does not wish to kill the soul, and makes every effort to save it while sacrificing the guilty body. Fra Giovanni tried to speak to the Greek, but was met with repulse and blasphemy. With tears rolling down his cheeks he whispered a few words to the Franciscan, who, elevating his voice, thus addressed the chief of the guard: "This son of St. Dominic," he said, "is Fra Giovanni of Fiesole, the favorite painter of his holiness. He is going to the Vatican, and will ask the Holy Father a delay of one day, in order to try once more to induce the sinner to repent." The people applauded, and the captain of the guard declared himself willing to assume the responsibility of suspending the execution while awaiting a new order from the sovereign pontiff. The condemned man, who remained apparently immovable during this debate, was reconducted into the prison of Tor di Nona, where still later were to be enclosed the guilty family of Cenci, and the Franciscan entered with him. The crowd remained a long time before the door, losing none of its interest or curiosity. Fra Giovanni again pursued his way to the Vatican, his soul, so calm ordinarily, deeply agitated and troubled by the unfortunate event. Arrived at the square of St. Peter, he kneeled by the obelisk which contains a piece of the true cross; then passing the guards, who were daily accustomed to see him, entered without difficulty into the pontifical palace. He repaired immediately to the new chapel, which Pope Nicholas V. had just finished, and charged him to decorate; for it is time to say that Fra Giovanni was the painter-monk of Fiesole, whose purity of genius and sanctity of life had surnamed him Beato (blessed) or Fra Angelico (the angelical brother), under which latter name he is most generally known, and which is equally appropriate to his beauty of soul and to his works. The great Pope Nicholas V., who had known him at Florence, and watched the budding of these marvellous products of his pencil in the convent of St. Mark, had just called him to Rome, where Eugène IV. had already bid him come, to enthrone in his own person Christian art in the Vatican. Nicholas V. had built in his palace a small chapel, in which he desired the painter-monk to retrace for him the story of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen, reuniting them in the same poetical commemoration; as had been the custom of the faithful to invoke them, since their bones had lain united outside the walls in the ancient basilica of St. Lawrence. This chapel being very small is lighted by a single arched window; happily it has been preserved, and is one of the sanctuaries where the friends of Christian art love to make a pilgrimage. Below the window is now placed the altar which formerly faced it. On the three other sides Fra Angelico has painted two series of compositions, one above the other; in the arches of the upper part is represented, in six compartments, the history of St. Stephen, and in the lower that of St. Lawrence. On entering the chapel Fra Angelico fell on his knees to pray God to guide his pencil, then commenced to paint the scene where St. Stephen was led to martyrdom. He there represented an enraged Jew, who conducts the saint outside of Jerusalem, while others pushed and pursued him with stones in their hands. While painting the violence of the Jews Fra Angelico

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thought deeply of the Greek whose execution he had arrested, and awaited with pious impatience the arrival of the Pope, who never failed daily to visit the works of his favorite painter. The Dominican interrupted his work now and then to rest, reposing his mind with prayer and singing occasionally a stanza of Dante, who was then for mystical painters an unfailing source of religious inspiration. He recited the exquisite passage where Dante paints the glorious martyrdom of St. Stephen:

"Poi vidi genti accese in fuoco d'ira
Con pietre un giovinetto ancider, forte
Gridando a se pur; Martira, martira, ect."

"Then I saw an excited and angry crowd, stoning and forcing onward a young man, with loud cries of 'Kill him, kill him!' And him I saw bent to the earth by the weight of death, but with eyes uplifted and turned to heaven; in the midst of the terrible struggle praying the sovereign God to forgive his enemies, with an expression so beautiful as to command pity and respect."

At last the door of the chapel opened and the Pope entered. Nicholas V. was old, but more bent by sorrow than age. In his youth he was called the poor student of Sarzana, and had passed his life in the society of saints and literary men. Become sovereign pontiff, he encouraged piety, science, art, and letters; laid the foundation of St. Peter's, embellished Rome, and merited truly to give his name to the fifteenth century as Leo X., gave his to the sixteenth. During the Council of Florence he had known Fra Angelico, and soon perceived that the soul of the Dominican artist was worth far more than his pencil. Pope Eugene IV. had thus judged him when he wished to name this holy religious Archbishop of Florence. Fra Angelico, seized with fear on learning the intentions of the pontiff, besought to be spared so great a weight. His vocation, he said, was not to govern, but stated at the same time he could recommend a brother of his order far more worthy than he of such a dignity. Eugene IV. listened to his suggestion and named for archbishop the monk who was afterward to be St. Antonine. When Nicholas V. entered the chapel he appeared so unhappy that Fra Angelico, in kneeling to implore his blessing, could not forbear asking the cause of his sadness; if some recent misfortune had not befallen him. "O my son," replied the Pope, "the misfortune which has happened me is the catastrophe long since foretold, but not the less bitter to all Christian hearts, the taking of Constantinople by the Turks! My dreams, even, are troubled, for since I have been Pope the principal aim of my pontificate has been the pacification of Christianity, so as to unite and direct all our forces in a crusade against the Turks. But the unfortunate Greeks have upset all my projects in their hatred of the papacy, preferring the turban to the tiara. They have broken the peace of Florence, ill received the assistance of the Latins, and now their capital is no longer for Jesus Christ, but Mahomet. Ah! Fra Giovanni, can any one in the world be more wretched than I? Were it not that I fear a failure of duty, I would renounce the pontifical dignity, to become again Master Thomas of Sarzana Then, one day gave me more true happiness than I have since enjoyed in a whole year." The Pope shed tears abundantly.* Fra Giovanni deeply commiserated him, and replied in a voice choked with emotion: "Most Holy Father, let us resign ourselves to the will of God. Bear your cross as did he of whom you are the vicar; I wish I were the good Cyrenean to aid you. Let us contemplate the images of the two martyrs I am to paint on the walls of the chapel, and, like them, let us learn to suffer." "You are right, Fra Giovanni. "Your soul and talent are truly consolatory, and I love to come here and open my heart, charged as it is with incurable anguish." Just

* See this scene in Muratori, volume 25th, page 286. The taking of Constantinople was a mortal blow to Nicholas V. From that day he was never seen to smile.

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then twelve o'clock struck. The Pope knelt down to recite the Angelus, and dried the tears which since St. Peter so often had reddened the eyes of the sovereign pontiffs. At this moment a prelate came to announce that the dinner of his holiness was ready. "My son," said the Pope, "do not leave me in this hour of affliction. I beg you to dine at my table." "Holy Father," replied the humble monk, "without the permission of the prior I dare not do so. I must dine with my community." "But, my son, I can dispense with this obligation. Come, come!" The Dominican dined, therefore, *tete-à-tete* with the Pope, but in silence, and with eyes cast down, as if he had been in his own refectory. It was not a day of abstinence, and meat was served on the Pope's table, but the monk refused to partake of it. "Fra Giovanni," said Nicholas, "you exhaust yourself with this painting, and I perhaps urge you too closely to finish it. You have worked hard to day, and should strengthen yourself anew by eating some meat." "Holy Father, I can not without the permission of the prior. The Pope smiled, but could not help admiring the innocent scruples of the pious monk. "My son," said he, "do you not think the authority of the sovereign pontiff greater than the permission of your prior? For to-day I dispense with the rule of St. Dominic, and order you to eat all that is offered you."* The Dominican obeyed in silence, but his mind seemed preoccupied. He thought unceasingly of the poor guilty Greek whose execution he had suspended, but he dared not speak of him to the Pope. Nicholas V. perceived his distraction and asked him of what he was thinking. Then Fra Angelico related to him the story of Argyropoulos, and added: "Holy Father, with justice your government has condemned this unhappy man to be executed, but I know your holiness desires not the death of his soul, and I have hoped your mercy would grant him the delay of a day that he may still have time to repent." "My son, I thank you for having acted thus. I accord you not only one day, but several if necessary." Nicholas V. then wrote an order suspending the execution, and gave it to Beato, who, full of joy, asked permission to retire without finishing his repast. He obtained it, and in haste quitted the Vatican. After passing the bridge of St. Angelo, he was strongly tempted to stop at the prison of Tor di Nona; but he considered his duty to his convent, where doubtless his absence from dinner had occasioned surprise. When he entered the cloister of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, the brothers had left the refectory, so the prior exacted of the dilatory monk a penance, which consisted of eating his dinner in a kneeling posture. The Beato, without saying a word to excuse himself, knelt down and simply made a sign he would rather not eat. The prior then ordered him to explain his absence. "My Father," said he, "I am guilty; mea culpa. His Holiness wished me to dine with him, and obliged me to eat meat without your permission." The prior admired the simplicity and obedience of the blessed one, but said nothing to disturb his humility. The habit of obedience was so natural to him that all orders for his art were received through his spiritual superior; and when any work was requested of him, his friends were referred to the prior, as nothing could be done without his consent. He refused to stipulate a price for his works, and distributed all they brought him to the poor and unfortunate. "He loved the poor during his life," said Vasari, "as tenderly as his soul now loves the heaven where he enjoys the glory of the blessed." If he loved the poor, Fra Angelico better loved souls; he obtained from the prior permission to go immediately to the prison. He ran thither with the wings of charity, and showed the order from the Pope which delayed the execution. He gained

* This scene, which so well portrays the virtue of Fra Angelico, is related by Vasari and Fra Leandro Alberti: De Viris Illustribus Ordinis Predicatorum, libri sex.

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admittance to what is now called the prisoner's *cell*, now that so many of our ancient abbeys are transformed into houses of detention. Argyropoulos presented himself, grave and sad, clothed always in his red dress and white turban, which gave him an air of majesty quite oriental. He was seated on a straw bed, but his attitude was King Solomon enthroned. The Dominican, with his white robe and angelical figure, resembled one of the beautiful lilies he so often painted in the hands of the angel of the annunciation; one of the lilies of the field, of which the Saviour himself has said, "Not Solomon in all his glory could be arrayed like one of these." Fra Angelico, without saying anything at first, stopped at the entrance, and, kneeling, prayed God to cure this ulcerated soul. A ray of light, which shone obliquely through the only window, illuminated his bared and shaven head, and gave him the anticipated crown of glory of the blessed. The Greek contemplated with astonishment this luminous apparition, and thought he dreamed again the dream of the patriarch Jacob, who saw angels ascend and descend a mysterious ladder. Having strengthened himself by prayer, Fra Angelico approached the prisoner, and said in a voice truly angelical: "My brother!" But the charm to which Argyropoulos had given himself up at the vision of the blessed one was broken by the sound of his voice; he saw in him only a Catholic monk, and thus a being he detested. "I am not thy brother, we have nothing in common, and I hate the religion of the Azymites."*

"My brother, you and I are Christians, although fifteen years ago you have separated the Greek and Latin churches, which the Council of Florence so happily united."

"No! As our great Duke Notaras said, there is no peace between us. I would rather see the turban of Mahomet at Constantinople than the tiara of the Pope."

"O my brother, can you say so? If you are not Catholic, are you not Christian?"

"No, I am so no longer. I do not believe in God; and besides, if there is a God, I have committed crimes too great for him to pardon. I am pagan and of the school of Plato; I prefer Jupiter to Jehovah, Plato to the Scripture, and the gods of Homer to the saints of Christianity."

"Why, my brother, you have gone backward two thousand years, to breathe what Dante calls the fetid air of paganism, 'Il puzzo del paganesmo.'"

Fra Angelico tried in vain to move this heart, as hardened and desperate as that of Judas; during three days he fasted, prayed, and begged the prayers of his fraternity, offered himself to God as a victim to save this soul, and employed against his own body the instruments of penance. But God did not grant him the grace he sought. Every morning, while painting at the Vatican, he rendered an account to the Pope of his unsuccessful efforts, and recommended the Greek to the pontifical prayers. The three days expired; again he solicited a still longer delay of the execution. "Holy Father," said he, "a residence in prison seems to exasperate this unhappy man; perhaps I might obtain a better hearing if I could take him out and let him breathe the fresh air." "I can refuse you nothing, Fra Giovanni. Bring him to see this chapel, I am sure your painting will do his soul some good." "I will bring him to-morrow, since your Holiness permits me, and at the same time solicit your daily visit, as I am certain his meeting the vicar of Jesus Christ will have more effect on him than my pictures." Nicholas V. promised to do so, and wrote an order to place the captive at liberty for one day, and at the responsibility of Fra Giovanni. It was a touching spectacle to see the Pope and the monk so generously united in their ef-

* A name that the Greeks gave the Catholics on account of the discussion on the *unleavened* bread as material of the eucharist.

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forts to convert this paganized schismatic.

The next morning Fra Angelico ran to the prison, brought out the Greek, and proposed to him to see his pictures, without mentioning the Pope. Argyropoulos, who rather prided himself on his knowledge of art as well as of literature, willingly accepted the invitation. The fresh air and the glorious Roman sun softened his mood, hitherto so ferocious, and gave him an air almost of serenity. Fra Angelico, transported with joy, conducted his future neophyte to the Vatican, and introduced him to the chapel, praying God to work in him the same miracle which he had granted to St. Methodius, whose painting of the Last Judgment, on the walls of a palace belonging to the King of Bulgaria, had not only converted the king, but as many of his subjects as looked upon it. The Greek was deeply affected by these admirable pictures, and took upon himself to explain them lengthily. To show his artistic knowledge, he criticised the executioners who stoned St. Stephen, and thought their countenances lacked sufficient energy. The painter monk humbly accepted the criticism, which was not wanting in justice. A competent judge has said that the character of Fra Angelico was so formed of a love amounting to ecstasy that he never could familiarize himself with dramatic scenes where hateful and violent passions had the ascendency. In the painting of the life of St. Lawrence, the Beato begged the Greek to particularly observe the prison window where the martyr was converting a man on his knees, who afterward became St. Hippolytus. "In painting this scene of conversion I thought of you, my brother," he said, in a voice so sweet and tender it would have touched a heart of marble; but Argyropoulos turned away his eyes, and pretended not to hear him. Fra Angelico's heart was grieved, and he felt his only hope was in the sovereign pontiff. He had not long to wait for him. Nicholas V. entered into the chapel, with a dignity tempered by an ineffable tenderness. The Beato knelt down—his forehead in the dust—to kiss the feet of His Holiness. The sight of the Pope always caused him transports of joy, equal to those of St. Joseph of Cupertino, who went into ecstasy whenever in the presence of the vicar of Jesus Christ. But a contrary effect was visible in the mind of the pagan of Constantinople. At the sight of the pontiff he reassumed all his dignity. "On your knees, my brother, on your knees!" in vain said Beato to him, while pulling his dress. "Never," cried the Greek, "never will I bend the knee before the idol of the Azymites—before a priest who wished our submission at the Council of Florence." Angelico sighed in the dust at the obstinacy of this pagan, but the Pope, calm and dignified, began to converse in Greek with Argyropoulos, who, captivated instantaneously by this graciousness, replied by a verse of Homer. "My son," said Nicholas V., "I also will cite you a passage from Homer. In the second book of the Iliad, the prudent Ulysses cries out: 'All Greeks cannot reign, too many chiefs would do harm; let us have but one sovereign, but a single king, him to whom the prudent Saturn entrusted the sceptre and the laws to govern us:

Εις χοιρανος εστο.

Thus, my son, God wished in his church but one chief, one flock, and one shepherd." At these words the Greek grew angry and replied in harsh terms. "My son," said the Pope to him with tenderness, "I forgive you, I pity your blindness, and I will continue to pray God to enlighten you."

Nicholas V. withdrew.

Argyropoulos, mortified at his own conduct, returned to Fra Angelico, and again commenced to eulogize the pictures. "My paintings are worth nothing," cried the monk, bursting into tears, "since they have failed to convert you. I am unworthy the name of preacher, since all my teaching has not succeed-

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ed, and I have brought you before the holy father, only to hear you outrage the dignity of God's representative on earth." The remembrance of this scene completely overcame the tender and pious soul of Fra Angelico. He became pale and weak, sank on his white robe like a lily on its stalk, and fell on the pavement as one dead, according to Dante:

"E cadi, come corpo morte cade."

The Greek, seized with pity and astonishment, tried vainly to restore him. He thought he had killed him, and this man, whose hands were already blood-stained, imagined he had committed another murder. He hated himself when he saw this angel extended at his feet. He knelt before him, rubbed his hands in his own, and threw in his face the water in the vase which was used in his painting. "Father, father," cried he, "come back to life, and I swear to do all you wish." The Angelico opened his beautiful eyes, languishing and moist with tears. "My brother," said he, "you restore me to life, but again you will give me to death if you forget your promise. Now we must leave the chapel; it is time, according to my duty, that I take you back to prison." Notwithstanding his pallor and feebleness Fra Angelico insisted on leaving the Vatican immediately, and returned home leaning on the shoulder of Argyropoulos. He said nothing until they reached the prison of Tor di Nona. But there again, alone with him, the angelical monk knelt before the prisoner, and reproached him for his conduct toward the Pope with that sweetness he never lost, and which so greatly astonished his biographer Vasari.* This touching kindness greatly affected the Greek, who had been already so deeply moved by the fainting of Beato. He began to comprehend the love with which this pious monk was inflamed for the salvation of his soul. "My brother," said the Dominican to him, while joining his hands, "you have restored me to life, but in promising to do as I wish, and I only desire to save you. You must discharge your conscience of its weight of sin—you must confess." "But I cannot believe in the necessity of confession, or in its divine institution." "O my brother, if you could contemplate your poor soul in its mirror of truth, it would appear so shaded and sullied. Your soul is bound in cords ruder than those that chained your body when they led you to execution. But confession would deliver you from all." "Let me see this with my eyes, or I can never believe it." A sudden inspiration came to the mind of the angelical painter. "My brother, we will speak again of this. I am hurried to finish a picture; would you be pleased I should paint it with you by my side, that I might every morning distract your thoughts and keep you company?" "Oh! yes, my father, I should be most happy, for you are very good to the poor prisoner." The Beato obtained permission from Nicholas V. to suspend for some days his work at the Vatican, and from the next morning he installed himself in the prison, accompanied by his pupil Benozzo Bozzoli, who brought with him an easel, some brushes, and a box of colors. After a fervent prayer, he placed on the easel a small panel of wood, upon which he commenced to paint rapidly, and without retouching, according to his custom; he never perfected his paintings, leaving them according to his first impression, believing, as he said, so God wished them. "His art," says M. de Montalembert, "was so beautiful in his eyes, and so sacred, that he respected its productions as the fruits of an inspiration much higher than his own intention." He commenced by painting, as a foundation for his picture, some trees, which rose near a house of simple appearance, and a modest church, decorated by a portico supported by four pillars in Florentine style. In a court grown over with herbs and studded here and there with

* "Never," said he, "could one surprise him in an angry moment. This seemed to me incredible: Il che è grandissima cosa e mi pare impossibile a credere."

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flowers, he grouped five personages. At the right our Saviour, clothed in a blue robe and draped in a red mantle, is seen in profile; a large nimbus of gold encircles his tender and majestic countenance, his golden hair falls on his shoulders. The Saviour has an attitude of command, and extends his arm and hand which holds a golden rod. He accomplished one of the greatest acts of his mercy, he institutes the sacrament of penance, he gives to his apostles the power to remit sins: one can almost hear him repeat the words which he addresses to Peter, that he may transmit them to the entire Christian priesthood: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."* The painter monk put into action these words of Christ. He painted a priest in Florentine costume; a red cap encircled with ermine and a blue dalmatic, which hung in graceful folds; his figure is youthful, and expression benignant. This priest approaches a sinner in a red dress, and turbaned with a cap of gold and ermine. The sinner is bound with cords which are passed several times around his body. The priest approaches him with ineffable compassion. With what care, what delicacy, what respect, what love, he unties the cord with his white and pure hands! With what grace and dignity he fills his office of priest and confessor! The seven capital sins are figured by seven demons chased from his body by absolution, and who are making every effort to re-enter it. Rage and impatience are depicted on the faces of these servants of Satan, and their attitudes are as various as strange. One of them still threatens the sinner with his iron trident. In the second part, Fra Angelico represents a person in a green robe and turban, who expresses, by figure and gesture, his admiration at the sight of this miracle of divine mercy, which is called the institution of confession. Near this man, and right against the Saviour, is a second personage, of whom the face only is seen. His head is bared, and his angelical features seem to recall those of the Beato, such as they are sculptured on his tombstone at Santa Maria sopra Minerva. The Greek had followed with curiosity and profound interest all the details of this picture, accomplished in three days under his own inspection. He had admired the piety of the Angelico, who, according to his custom, had not dared to paint the head of the Saviour but on bended knees. Contrary to his usual manner, he had only lightly sketched the face of the sinner bound with the cord. It was on the third day that he suddenly finished it. But how express the surprise and emotion of Argyropoulos, when he perceived that, under the pencil of the painter-monk, this face became his own portrait! The blessed one had painted his gray beard, his noble profile, and expressed in his face at the same time the grief of being restrained by sin and the hope of a speedy deliverance. Argyropoulos, in the midst of the picture, had truly an expression of contrition in the intensity of his regard. "It is I," cried the Greek, "it is I indeed!" And he burst into tears. The divine touch of grace had vanquished him at last. "My father, my father, untie me also, deliver me from the bonds of many sins. The Angelico seized him in his arms, and in transports of joy pressed him to his breast, then begged him to kneel with him and render thanks to God. He passed several days in explaining to him Catholic truths; then he received the acknowledgment of his faults, baptized him conditionally at St. Jean de Latran, in the baptistry of Constantine.* The eve of this great day he had enjoined him, as penance, to go to the Vatican, throw himself at the feet

* In the convent of St. Mark at Florence, the Beato has painted the grand scene of Calvary, where he represents St. Benedict holding in his hand the rod of penitence.

* The author has here fallen into a mistake; the sacraments of the Greek Church are never reiterated conditionally.—Ed. CATHOLIC WORLD.

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of the Pope, and ask pardon on his knees for the invective he had cast on the holy father in the chapel. Nicholas V. received him kindly, and said: "My son, Jesus Christ has pardoned you, and I could not do otherwise than he of whom I am vicar; I absolve you, not only for what you have said against me, but the crimes committed against society. I grant you full and entire pardon from the punishment you have merited, in the hope that your new life will atone for the past." The Greek prostrated himself with gratitude, and kissed his feet; then showed the picture from which he would never part. The Pope admired it, and said to the painter-monk: "Your pencil has worked another miracle of conversion." The humble artist replied that only to God must be given the glory, and recited the verse of David: "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam." This was the device of the Templars, and we have seen it in Venice engraved on the wall of the old palace Vendramini. "Most holy father," said the Greek, "I know with what goodness your Holiness has received my compatriots, Theodore Gaza, George of Trebizond, Calchondylos, and Gemistos Plethon, who after the taking of Constantinople took refuge on a Venetian galley, and have come to Italy, bringing with them the precious manuscripts of the ancient Greek authors and fathers of the Greek Church, which but for them would have been burned by the infidels. They have been most happy to repay your hospitality by enriching the library of the Vatican with these literary treasures." "It is true," said Nicholas V. "Thanks to their and other conquests, we have become able to reunite in the Vatican nearly five thousand manuscripts; it is, we believe, the richest collection made since the dispersion of the Alexandrian library. But I still have one gap to fill, and I have promised a reward of fifty thousand ducats to him who will bring me the gospel of St. Matthew in the original language." "O holy father, how can I express my happiness! I possess this manuscript, which I brought from Constantinople. After having committed the crime by which I merited death, I hid this book in a place in the Roman campagna, where I could easily find it again. To thank your Holiness for all your goodness, I am only too happy to offer you the gospel of St. Matthew." Nicholas V. was delighted, he who ever thanked God for the taste given him from his youth for literature, and the faculties necessary for its successful cultivation. On the receipt of the manuscript the Pope paid to the Greek the fifty thousand ducats, who, finding himself possessed of so great a fortune, resolved to go to Venice, and engage in commerce with one of his compatriots. He quitted Rome with regret to leave Fra Angelico, but returned at Easter to confess to the saviour of his soul, as he called him, and receive the communion from his hands in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. The mass said by the Beato inspired him with great devotion, and he was happy to receive from such pure hands the body and blood of Jesus Christ. The year that followed 1455, the Greek appeared at the same epoch, carrying ever with him, in a casket of cedar, the precious painting which had been the determining cause of his conversion,* and which he never ceased to contemplate with love and gratitude, repeating what Vasari said of another picture of the Beato: "I can affirm I never contemplate this work that it does not appear new to me, and I am never satisfied gazing upon it." Scarcely landed at Rome, Argyropoulos hastened, according to his custom, to the convent of Santa Maria sopra Minerva and asked for Fra Angelico. At

* This picture on wood is painted *a tempera* and enriched with gold. It is twenty-seven centimetres high, and twenty-three broad. After various vicissitudes it was carried from Rome to Venice, from Florence to Turin, and finally found an asylum in Paris, in the celebrated Pourtales gallery. To-day it is in possession of him who relates the story, according to a traditional account received by him at Rome.

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this name grief overshadowed the countenance of the brother porter, who replied: "Alas! signor, the blessed one has gone from earth and left us to sorrow. His death was as angelical as his life." The prior, who appeared, confirmed the sad news and gave the details to the heart-broken Greek. The holy father said he was so impatient to enjoy his beautiful chapel that he hurried continually our blessed brother to finish his work; and he, ever willing to be sacrificed to duty, and believing he worked for God in serving this vicar, would not even interrupt his work during the fever season, which is always more pernicious at the Vatican than elsewhere. His health was lost by it entirely, he languished, and died at last of malaria. Argyropoulos shed tears and asked to pray by the tomb of his friend. It is still seen at the left of the church choir, a simple tombstone encased vertically in the wall; the painter-monk is rudely sculptured in bas-relief in his Dominican robe, with hands joined, his head uplifted, and mouth partly opened as in prayer, as he was in life, as he was particularly in death. I have often contemplated this sepulchral stone, and recalled the verse of Dante, which could so well have described the heart of Argyropoulos:

"Come, perchè di lor memoria sia,
Sovr' a sepolti le tombe terragne
Porton segnato quel ch'elli eran pria;
Onde li molte volte siriplagne.
Por la pun ura della rimenbranza
Che solo á pii dà delle calcagne."

"As to preserve the memory of the dead, the tombs given them on earth bear the impress of their features as they were in life, so each time one weeps over them the pious heart is pierced with the remembrance." "Nicholas V.," said the prior to the Greek, "was inconsolable at the death of his painter and friend, and survived him but a few weeks. It is this great Pope who has erected this monument to Fra Angelico, and who composed the epitaph you can read on this stone:

"'Hic jacet ven. Pictor.
Fr. Jo. de Flor. Ord. P.
MCCCCLV.
Non mihi sit laudi quod eram velut alter Apelles.
Sed quod lucra tuis omnia Christe dabam
Altera nam terris opera extant, altera cælo;
Urbs me Joannem flos tulit Etruriæ.'"

"Here lies the venerable painter,* Brother John, of Florence, of the order of Brother Preachers; 1455. Let me not be praised because I have painted as another Apelles, but because I have given all I made to the poor. O Christ! I have worked for heaven at the same time as for earth. I am called John, the town which is the flower of Etruria was my country."

Argyropoulos remained long kneeling by the tomb, then on rising said to the prior: "Tell me exactly the day of his death; for me it will ever be an anniversary to be celebrated with prayers and tears." "It was the 18th of last March," replied the prior, "that the blessed one went to heaven, there to contemplate the true models of the dear and holy pictures which, with so much love, he painted on earth."

* We must remark this title of venerable given the Angelico immediately after his death, and which justifies the popular canonization which has surnamed him in Italy, Il Beato.

ORIGINAL.

"I AM THE WAY."

"I AM the way." I well believe thy word;
The truth of it is plain enough to see.
For never was there yet a man, O Lord,
So roughly trodden under foot like thee!

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ORIGINAL.

CHRISTINE.*

THE writer of the present remarks made his first acquaintance with the volume under consideration during the magic season of Indian summer, and perused many of its pages beneath the shade of sycamores by the side of a woodland streamlet, ever and anon lifting his eyes from the book to scan the many-colored foliage of trees mellowed by the distance and draped in luminous haze. He took it up a second time when driven into the house by equinoctial storms, and a third when the trees had doffed their painted leaves and stood as black and cold as the iron woods we read of in the Scandinavian Edda. But whether in-doors or out, by waterside or fireside, he always found Christine and her sisters the same genial and charming companions.

Who does not prefer the sunny side of a landscape to the dark one? Are not coins and medals more pleasing when viewed on the side bearing the principal legend and inscription? Juicy fruit, whether plum, peach, or apple—does not the eye dwell with more pleasure upon the side which is tinted with the finest blush and which glows with the rosiest bloom? The same may be said of a pigeon's neck, a maiden's cheek; and why not of a volume of poems? Let us, therefore, fix our eyes upon the bright points, the beauties; and as every human production *must* have its imperfections, let us, when we discover these last, pass them over lightly and almost in silence. The poet, when he composed his book, hoped that its perusal would add to our enjoyment, and expected to accomplish this, not by means of its defects, but by reason of its many excellences.

Many, many such excellences belong to Christine. Open the book, reader, and as if by magic you will find yourself transported some eight hundred years backward in the world's history, and will fly on fancy's wings from the age of steam-cars and telegraphs to that of chivalry and the crusades. You will find yourself now in the south-east of France, now in Savoy, gazing in succession at the Rhone, the Isère, the Alps, Pilate's Peak, and the Grande Chartreuse, and, in short, wandering over that romantic land so dear to all true lovers of poetry, and so renowned of old for

"Dance, Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth."

The story is founded on one of those old devotional legends of the early church, many of which have afforded such fine subjects both to the painter and poet. Were I to enumerate one-tenth part of the fine specimens of pictorial art which have been founded on such subjects, I should soon swell out the list to a sufficient number to constitute a good-sized picture-gallery. I will only allude, in passing, to a few masterpieces, most of which are familiar, even to the untravelled reader, from engravings, copies, and written descriptions. Among the most noted are the St. Cecilia by Raphael, the Vision of Constantine by the same artist, the Assumption of the Virgin by Murillo, the Marriage of St. Catharine by the same, the Archangel Michael by Guido, and St. Patronilla by Guercino. These two last have been copied in mosaic to adorn the interior of St. Peter's. Of poems of this nature might be cited as among the best, Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia, the Virgin Martyr by Massenger, the Golden Legend by Longfellow, and the Eve of St. Agnes by Keats.

* Christine, and other Poems. By George H. Miles. New-York: Lawrence Kehoe.

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Christine, I think, may fairly be catalogued among the same sainted sisterhood.

These traditions and legends of an earlier and more credulous age may be likened to the eggs, beautifully spotted and fantastically marked, which some delighted school-boy finds in spring-time, after hours of climbing and nest-hunting. Such eggs, curious in themselves, and brooded over by genius, often break forth into winged and musical poems, which afterward soar high above the nests and the tree-tops in which they were first cradled. Such is the case with the one now under consideration. In a new world, in a land which was not then even dreamed to be in existence, it arises lark-like, soaring and singing toward "heaven's gate." Let us watch it for a few moments, reader, and listen to its matin melody; my word for it, we shall be none the worse, either in heart or head, for having done so.

I shall not mar the beauties of this radiant little poem by attempting a cold and prosaic outline; this would, indeed, be to offer a dingy silhouette in place of a picture glowing with all the colors of a Tintoretto. Instead of this, I say, let the volume speak for itself; procure it, read it aloud to your friend; there is music sleeping in the book, awaken it to the sound of your own voice, and even though you may be a Protestant of the strictest school, you will find here nothing to offend, nothing to call forth a word of disapproation, with one proviso, however, and that is that you read it as the title-page directs. Remember always that it is supposed to be "A song by a Troubadour."

A troubadour? And what was a troubadour? And what were his mainsprings of action? Hear an answer in the language of one of the most gifted of their number.

"A Dieu mon ame, ma vie au roi,
Mon cœur aux dames, l'honneur pour moi!"

This, interpreted into tamer and more prosaic language, means that his ruling principles of action were religion, loyalty, gallantry, and honor; in other words, his soul, his life, his heart belonged respectively to God, to the king, to the ladies, and only his honor he reserved to himself. Such was his creed, such was the disinterested and noble spirit which animated him, and which breathed through all his lays, his virelays, his morning songs, his serenades, his sonnets, his idyls, his villanercas, his madrigals, and his canzonets. In this spirit acted the enthusiastic Rudel, who became enamored of the Countess of Tripoli from the reports which he heard of the hospitable manner in which she treated the Crusaders, and who, without having ever seen her, actually started off on a long voyage to visit the object of his admiration. Who has not heard of Blondel, and of the romantic incident by which he discovered the lion-hearted Richard while imprisoned in the castle of Lovenstein?

But in addition to the above-mentioned motive principles, the troubadour was influenced by another sentiment, which had a powerful effect on all the feelings and actions of his life. This was an intense and romantic veneration for the Virgin Mary. In fact, with little variation the following words, which we find in another poem in the same volume, entitled "Raphael Sanzio," might with equal propriety be attributed to one of the troubadours.

—"Her whose colors I have worn since first
I dreamed of beauty in the chestnut shades
Of Umbria—Her for whom my best of life
Has been one labor—*Her, the Nazareth maid,*
Who gave to heaven a queen, to man a God,
To God a mother."

Such, then, was the troubadour. His birthplace was Provence. It was there, in fact, that during the darkness of the Middle Ages the muse relit her torch which had long been extinguished. Many years before Dante's great poem rose like a sun—never again to set—the troubadours, those morning stars of poesy, "sang together and shouted for joy." The troubadour preceded the Saxon bard, the Anglo-Norman minstrel, and the German minnesinger. There were held those curious courts of love where

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queens and noble ladies often presided, and there were exhibited, on green and flowery meadows, those poetical contests, those festive jousts and tournaments, the idea of which seems to have been caught from the neighboring Saracens of Spain. The cross and the crescent both added something to the great result, the one contributing the deep and earnest glow of devotion, the other the pomp and circumstance of chivalry.

Of all these circumstances our poet has, with exquisite tact and skill, availed himself. Christine herself, when only ten years old, had accompanied her father to the Holy Land. This throws an oriental richness around her whole bearing and manner of thinking:

> "Sooth thou art fair,
> O ladye dear,
> Yet one may see
> The shadow of the East in thee;
> Tinting to a riper flush
> The faint vermilion of thy blush;
> Deepening in thy dark-brown hair
> Till sunshine sleeps in starlight there."

The gray charger which plays so conspicuous a part in the action was born under the palm-trees of Palestine, and his name, Caliph, would seem to indicate an Arabian descent. By this subtle link the connection between Provençal and Arabic poesy seems delicately to be hinted at. The fact that the main poem concludes in sonnet-form, if accidental, is curious; if brought about by design, is a happy thought, inasmuch as the sonnet derived its birth in Provence, and also from the fact that, from the number of its lines (twice *seven*), and the collocation of its rhymes, it is instinct with Christian symbolism.

The song itself, or story of Christine, is divided into five cantos or subsongs, which, like the five acts of some romantic melodrama, arrest the attention from the start, and conduct the reader by five stages of increasing interest to the jubilant conclusion.

This main picture, as it may be called, has hanging on each side of it a smaller lateral one, one of which is a kind of *prelude* and the other the *finale* to the whole performance. This reminds us of some of those works of art by the older masters, in which a smaller side-picture may be seen to the right and left of the main representation. These appendages, though apparently slight and worded with extreme conciseness, are artistically conceived and add greatly to the general effect. They are also in fine keeping with the time and spirit of the legend itself, reminding us of one of those triple-arched emblazoned windows so often seen in old Gothic edifices. But the chief advantage derived from such an arrangement is, that the two smaller or lateral pieces serve as links to connect the more confined interests of the story with that grandest event in history, namely the Crusades, and thus to impart to the whole a breadth and grandeur of design which the size of the poem scarcely led us to expect. In the prelude we are presented with a view of the troubadour himself, who is supposed to sing the song, and not only himself, but his lady love, together with Richard of the Lion Heart, his queen, and all his chivalry. These last are at the time gazing over the blue Mediterranean, on which, in the distance, King Philip of France is seen sailing homeward with his receding vessels. The finale exhibits the arrival of a fleet under English banners. In both, a glimpse is caught of the troubadour who sings the song; in the one case, before he commences his romaunt, in the other, as he retires unnoticed and unthanked by the English monarch.

In the midst of so many beauties and artistic excellences, it is with reluctance that I notice two little circumstances which some might consider as slight blemishes. Caliph, the charger above alluded to, is spoken of as "the gallant gray." This expression sounds almost too trite and commonplace to find a place in so original a poem. Even if the color were preserved, I should

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prefer some more novel and striking form of words. But would not pure *white* be a hue more suitable in itself, and also form a finer contrast with the *coal-black* steed which is ridden by the Goblin Horseman of Pilate's Mount? The last personage forms the *evil*, as Christine forms the *good*, principle of the poem. By placing one upon a white and the other on a black horse, the antagonism would be brought out in bolder relief, and we should be reminded of the fine allegory in Plato's Phædra, where the chariot of Psyche is represented as drawn by two steeds of opposite colors, under the guidance of Reason, who is the charioteer.

The other—a trifle scarcely worthy of mention—is this: For the expression "Santo sudario" I should like to see substituted "Veronica," not so much on account of its effect upon the ear, as on account of those subtle trains of associated ideas which either lead us *off from* or *on* to poetical ground, as the case may be.

In justice to the author I must add that of these supposed blemishes I am doubtful, whereas of the beauties above alluded to I feel perfectly certain. It is much more easy to suggest alterations when a work is finished than by one's own effort to finish a perfect work. As a whole, there is a youthful fire and glow about the poem which cannot fail to render it captivating to the young, and a devotional and earnest tone of feeling which must be extremely acceptable to those more advanced. Reserving the "other poems" which accompany it for a future article, I shall conclude my remarks by a short extract taken almost at random from the third song:

"They are coming from the castle,
A bevy of bright-eyed girls,
Some with their long locks braided,
Some with loose golden curls.
Merrily 'mid the meadows
They win their wilful way;
Winding through sun and shadow,
Rivulets at play.
Brows with white rosebuds blowing,
Necks with white pearl entwined,
Gowns whose white folds imprison
Wafts of the wandering wind.
The boughs of the charmèd woodland
Sing to the vision sweet,
The daisies that couch in the clover
Nod to their twinkling feet.
They see Christine by the river,
And, deeming the bridegroom near,
They wave her a dewy rose-wreath
Fresh plucked from her dark-brown hair.
Hand in hand tripping to meet her
Bird-like they carol their joy,
Wedding soft Provençal numbers
To a dulcet old strain of Savoy."

How trippingly and buoyantly do these verses gallopade adown the jocund page, as if one of the blithest of the old masters of the "gaya scientia" had been thrown by Merlin into an enchanted sleep, and, awaking from his slumber of eight centuries, was even now pouring into verse one of the freshest of his matin visions. And that bevy of dancing maidens! long may they continue to bound in tiptoe jollity adown the salient page. The glad creatures are as yet ignorant of the fact that Christine's noble lover is lying in a death-like swoon, and that Christine herself has just had an interview with the fearful demon who wishes to bear her off in triumph. Each one of them seems to be a kind of Provençal Minnehaha, and may be compared to one of those merry waterfalls which come tumbling down the mountain-side, leaping in joy from rock to rock, and quite heedless of the black precipices which surround them.

But enough. As Cleopatra's barge of old went sailing down the river Cydnus, with burnished hull and perfumed sails, and silver oars rowing in unison with dulcet flutes, so ever and anon, at long intervals, is launched into the world some rare poem, which moves sailing down the river of time, to the admiration of all beholders. It behooves us, when such an apparition heaves in sight, whether it be poem or vessel, to be on the lookout and not to miss the pleasure of saluting it with our heartiest cheers.

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ORIGINAL.

GENIUS IN A PARISIAN ATTIC.*

In a former article† we traced the course of Maurice de Guérin's career at La Chênaie; and left him in Paris, bewildered by the rush and whirl of such a city, one day to become so familiar to him. We will now let his journal and letters exhibit the curious change through which he passed in turning from the fair Utopian dreams of Lamennais to the work-day experiences of an unsuccessful author.

To do this fully we must retrace our steps to Le Val, the asylum thrown open to him by Hippolyte de la Morvonnais when he left Ploërmel. Guérin's record of that peaceful sojourn in Brittany is as distinct from our popular ideas of French life as Eugénie's sketches of Rayssac and Le Cayla. The brother and sister have successfully proved that all Frenchmen are not deceitful and unbelieving, nor all Frenchwomen vain and perfidious. Surely no young man in any country ever met with influences more sound and elevating than Maurice found in the society of Eugénie and Mimin; of Louise de Bayne, Madame de la Morvonnais, and Caroline de Gervain; or with friends more enduring than Hippolyte, Paul Quemper, Marzan, Trébutien, and D'Aurevilly.

There is in France an undercurrent of domestic life as pure and fresh as the superficial existence in her great cities is shallow and turbid. Indeed, the more familiar one becomes with French life and manners, the more one appreciates the truth of the *mot* of a certain cardinal: "There is no purgatory for Frenchmen; they go straight to heaven or hell." But we will no longer detain the reader, by moral reflections, from the perusal of the selections we have made from Guérin's writings.

Le Val, Dec. 7th, 1833.

After a year of perfect calm, but for interior tempests for which I must not blame the solitude that has unfolded me in such silent peace that any soul less unquiet than mine would have slumbered deliciously therein; after a year, I say, of absolute tranquillity, Fate, who had let me enter the holy house to rest awhile, smote on the door to call me forth again; for she had not gone on her way, but had sat waiting on the threshold till I should gather strength to resume the journey. "You have tarried long enough," she said; "Come." And she took me by the hand and tramped on like the poor women you meet in the road, leading a tired, lagging child. But what folly it is to complain; are there no troubles in the world but mine to weep for? I will say henceforth to the fountain of my tears, "Dry up," and to the Lord, "Lord, heed not my complaints," whenever I am tempted to invoke God and my tears in my own behalf; for suffering is good for me, who can merit nothing in heaven by my actions, and, like all weak souls, can earn nothing there except through the virtue of suffering. Such souls have no wings to raise them up to heaven, and the Lord, who would fain possess them, sends help. He lays them on a pile of thorns, and kindles the fire of grief; the con-

* In a private letter received from a member of the Guérin family—one whose name is held in gentle reverence by all the readers of Eugénie's Journal—we are asked if it would be possible to interest devout souls in America in the reconstruction of the little church of Andillac. We would gladly answer this question in the affirmative, for the restoration of Eugénie's parish church would be a monument that even her humility could not reject.

The smallest sums for this purpose will be gratefully received and forwarded to Andillac by Miss E. F. Cary, Cambridge, Mass., or Office of The Catholic World, 145 Nassau Street, New-York.

† See article in The Catholic World of June, 1866, entitled: Two Pictures of Life in France before 1848.

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suming wood mounts up to heaven like a white vapor, or like the doves that used to spring upward from the dying flames of a martyr's stake. This is the soul which has completed its sacrifice, and grown light enough in the fire of tribulation to rise to heaven like a smoke. The wood is heavy and immovable; set fire to it, and a part of itself will ascend to the clouds.

8th.—Yesterday the west wind blew furiously. I watched the shaken ocean, but to me its sublime disorder was far from equalling the spectacle of a calm blue sea, and yet why say that one is not equal to the other? Who can measure these two sublimities and say that the second surpasses the first? Let us only say: "My soul delights rather in serenity than in a storm."

Yesterday there was a great battle fought in the watery plains. On came the bounding waves, like innumerable hordes of Tartar cavalry galloping to and fro on the plains of Asia—on to the chain of granite islets that bar the entrance to the bay. There we saw billows upon billows rushing to the assault, flinging themselves wildly against the rocky masses with hideous clamor, tearing along to leap over the black heads of the rocks. The boldest or lightest sprang over with a great outcry; the others dashed themselves with sluggish awkwardness against the ledges, throwing up great showers of dazzling foam, and then drew off growling, like dogs beaten back by a traveller's staff.

We watched the great struggle from the top of a cliff, where we could hardly keep our feet against the whirling wind. The awful tumult of the sea, the rushing boisterous waves, the swift but silent passing of the clouds, the sea-birds floating in the sky, balancing their slender bodies on wide-arched wings; all this accumulation of wild, resounding harmonies, converging in the souls of two beings five feet (French) high, planted on the crest of a cliff, shaken like two leaves by the energy of the wind, and not more apparent on this immensity than two birds perched on a clod of earth. Oh! it was something strange and wonderful, one of those moments of sublime agitation and deep revery combined, when the soul and nature rear themselves in majesty before each other.

From this height we clambered down into a gorge which opens a marine retreat, such as the ancients could have described to peaceful waves that rock themselves to sleep there murmuring, while their frantic brethren lash the rocks, and wrestle among themselves. Huge blocks of gray granite, embossed with white lichens, are thrown in disorder on the slant of the hill which has hollowed out an inlet for this cove. They look, so strangely are they tossed about, half tipping toward the slope, as if a giant had amused himself with hauling them from the height above, and they had been checked by some obstacle, some a few feet from the point of departure, and others half way down; and yet they seem to have paused, not stopped, in their course, or rather they appear to be still rolling. The sound of the winds and waves pouring into this echoing recess makes glorious harmony. We stood there a long time, leaning on our walking-sticks, looking and listening and wondering.

9th.—The moon was shining with a few stars when the bell called us to mass. I especially enjoy this mass, celebrated in the early morning between the last rays of starlight and the first beams of the rising sun.

In the evening Hippolyte and I wandered along the coast, for we wished to see what the ocean is like at the close of a calm, gray December day. Mist veiled the distance, but left space enough to suggest infinity. We stationed ourselves on a point where a tidesman's hut stands, and leaned against the wall. To the right a wood, spreading over the slope of the coast, stretched its thin, naked branches out into the pale light with a faint, sighing sound. Far away to our left the tower of Ebihens vanished into the

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mist, and then appeared again with a faint gleam upon its brow, as some furtive ray of twilight succeeded in eluding the clouds. The sound of the sea was calm and dreamy, as on the fairest days, but with a more plaintive tone. We followed this sound as it swelled along the shore, and only taking breath when the waves that had poured it forth gave place to another. I believe it is from the deep, grave tone of the advancing wave as it unfurls itself, and from the shrill, pebbly sound of the retreating wave gritting against the shells and sand, that the marvellous voice of the sea is created. But why dissect such music? I could say nothing worth hearing on the subject, for I am no adept at analysis, so we'll go back to sentiment.

The shadows thickened around us, but we never thought of going away, for as the earth grew still, and the night unveiled its mysteries, grander grew the harmony of the sea. Like those statues set on promontories by the ancients, we stood immovable, fascinated and spell bound by the beauty of the ocean and the night, giving no sign of life except to look up when we heard the whistling wings of the wild duck overhead.

The thread of my wandering fortunes led me to a solitary headland in Brittany to dream away an autumn evening. There for several hours those interior sounds were hushed that never have been still since the first tempest arose in my breast. There a sweet, heavenly melancholy stole into my heart with the ocean chords, and my soul wandered in a paradise of revery. Oh! when I shall have left Le Val and poured my parting tears into the bosom of your friendship; when I shall be in Paris where there is neither vale nor ocean, nor any soul like yours; when I shall wander alone with my sadness and with an almost despairing heart; what tears I shall shed over the memory of our evenings; for happiness is a fine, gentle rain that sinks into the soul, and then gushes forth in torrents of tears.

21st.—For several days the weather has done its worst. The rain falls and the wind blows in gusts till it seems as if everything would be torn to pieces by the storm. These three nights I have started up wide awake as the gale swept by at midnight, besieging the house so furiously that everything in-doors shook and trembled. I spring up in my bed white, and listen to the hurricane, while a thousand thoughts that swept, some on the surface, others deep down in my soul, start into shuddering wakefulness.

All the sounds of nature; the winds, those awful breathings from an unknown mouth, rouse up the innumerable instruments in the plains or on the mountains, hidden in the hollow of valleys or massed among the forests; the waters with their marvellous scale of tone, ranging from the tinkling of a fountain through moss, to the wondrous harmonies of the ocean; thunder, the voice of that sea that floats above us; the rustling of dry leaves beneath a human foot or before a whirling breeze; in short, for I must stop short in enumerating innumerable sounds, this continual emission of tone, the floating rumor of the elements, dilates my thoughts into strange reveries, and throws me into unutterable amazement. The voice of nature has taken such hold upon me that I can hardly free myself from its perpetual influence, and in vain I try to turn a deaf ear. But to wake at midnight amid the cries of the storm, to be assailed in the darkness by a wild, tumultuous harmony, overthrowing night's peaceful empire, is something incomparable among strange impressions. It is ecstasy in the midst of terror.

CAEN, 24th January.

I have been wandering along the streets of this city by the dim light of the street lamps. What did I see? Black phantoms of steeples and churches, whose outline I could barely trace. The mystery of night, which enveloped them without limiting their dimensions

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like dear daylight, added to their impressive influence, and filled me with an emotion that was worth more, I believe, than forms. My thoughts soared up to heaven with the never-ending spires, and wandered awe-struck through naves that were mournful as sepulchres. That was all. The streets were crowded, but what is a crowd by night, or even by day? At night I enjoy more the sound of the wind, and in the daytime those grand assemblies, now silent and now rocking and roaring, called forests. Besides, I met several of that class of men who always put me to flight; students strutting along in gown and cap, and wearing in every feature a nameless expression that reduces me to rout and discomfiture. Oh! my dear journal, my gentle friend, how I felt that I loved thee, as I worked my way out of the multitude. And here I am with thee now, though the night is far advanced and I am half dead with fatigue; all alone with thee, telling thee my griefs, and letting thee peacefully into my secrets. Can I recall often enough those memories all steeped in tears, that will ever dwell incorruptible within my soul? Kind Hippolyte and his exquisite Marie! I bade her farewell; she answered me in a few words of touching kindness. I stammered out a few words more, and was running down the steps thinking that she had not come beyond the threshold, and that all was over; when I heard another farewell coming to me from above, and, looking up, saw her leaning over the balustrade. I answered very softly, for her voice had taken away the little strength I had to keep back my tears.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN TO M. H. DE LA MORVONNAIS.

PARIS, Feb. 1st, 1834.

You thought you would receive news of me by the end of this week. Your calculation has proved false, and you are feeling impatient, and thinking that I am neglectful, and that the tumult of Paris has dulled my ear to the sweet, lovely voice of friendship that sings unceasingly in the depths of my soul. Imagine no such thing, my dear friend. God knows that since I came to Paris I have listened to nothing but the two farewells that I heard on that black Thursday evening, one from her whom you must let me call your sweet Marie, who, as I went down-stairs thinking that everything was at an end, leaned over the balustrade to say good-by once more; and the other from you, on the steps of the carriage, uttered half aloud as you clasped my hand. I hear these two voices incessantly, and never fail to listen to them, while all other sounds pass by as if they were not.

I did not see Quemper until two days after my arrival, Tuesday morning, when I surprised him in bed, dreaming, between sleeping and waking, of music, dancing, fresh garlands of young maidens, and all the other vague and enchanting images that float through the imagination long after the magic of a ball has passed away. Our friend had spent the night at one of those radiant entertainments, whose brilliancy his pen, fresh as if dipped in a dew-drop, depicts with such sparkling charm. All of a sudden my pale and melancholy visage appeared to put these fair dreams to flight; but though it must have looked among them much like one of those crows that we used to see flying among flocks of white sea-gulls, he embraced me with all the cordiality that you remember in him I sat down by his bedside, and the vivacity of our first greetings having effervesced, a long and charming conversation gradually unrolled itself, of which this is the substance: remember that he was the speaker and that I interrupted him very seldom, so anxious was I to gather up all his instructions.

The most difficult task to accomplish at the beginning of the career which we have chosen *is to get published*, to bring one's name before the public;

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and he mentioned the names of several young men who had been vainly knocking at the gates of journals for several years past. We are already far advanced, since two are thrown open to us, Catholic France and the European Review. Booksellers have no faith in the unknown, and would refuse obstinately to have a masterpiece printed if it were the first attempt of its author, while if they have seen his name ever so little in reviews and journals they would prove facile and accommodating. Therefore we must devote our whole strength to making our names known through magazines and papers.

But in order to write acceptably for this sort of publication one must adapt one's self to its habits, speak its language, and become all things to all men—in matters of style merely, you understand. Let us strive, then, to catch their ways, as the saying is, and to throw our thoughts into the conventional mould, until we shall have attained to such independence of pen as will leave us free to clothe our thoughts after our own fashion. There is no use in disguising the fact that as long as we serve under an editing committee (I dwell upon this point because it is an important one, and Quemper insisted upon it very strongly), we must, to a certain degree, renounce the habits of style peculiar to ourselves, and adopt those of the journal; so that, while preserving our individuality, we may blend and combine it with customs foreign to our nature. It is hard for men like us, with characteristic traits of their own, proud and independent of the fashions they have railed at and disdained; it is hard for such men to muffle themselves in the livery of the day, to follow instead of leading, to copy instead of designing; but necessity with her iron nail stands before us. Finally, the committee of the European Review refused an article of Cazalès himself because it was in Germanic form.

As to the Review, we must share the editing of it thus: Each number should contain a leading article purely philosophical, an article of a high order of literary criticism, and an article, artistic or imaginative, of a light character fitted to relax the mind after reading the first two. You, Duquesnel, and I could share the labor and play into each other's hands, so that each number should have as often as possible three articles from us, conceived in the manner that I have just indicated; only remember that you must leave the light article for me, because I know nothing of philosophy or criticism.

. . . . . .

And now let me tell what my present position is. I have hired a little room at twenty francs a month, near my cousin. He could not take me into his own family; my friend, Lefebvre, could not accommodate me either; and besides, the fact is that one must be alone and quite independent if one would work well; it is better to have a house of one's own. I take my meals at my cousin's; in short, I am in a very tolerable position, and one that will allow me to try my fortune for three months to come, and I hope much longer.

Add to this a most charming perspective, from which I hope much for the advancement of my fortunes and the maintenance of my courage. At the end of this month Quemper is going to change his lodgings. He has in view, still, in the rue des Petits-Augustins, an apartment consisting of three rooms, two bed-chambers and a parlor. He proposes that I should take one of these rooms, which would cost me twenty francs, like the one I have at present, and that we should share the parlor. You may imagine that I accepted the plan with both hands, especially because it will be so delightful to live with such a friend. We have already laid out a life of uninterrupted happiness not to be described, a sort of Le Val for us two in the midst of Paris. Can dis-

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couragement seize upon me there? and if it comes, cannot we put it to flight? Quemper has drawn up a rule of life for me, and given lessons in a double economy of which I knew nothing—that of time and money; in short, as he says, he will pilot me through life and Paris, two paths where I lose myself completely, though I number twenty-three years of life and eight years of Paris. I begin to believe that in spite of myself or any evil genius, I shall accomplish something.

If I turn to the source of all these blessings, I find you, my dear friend, who by your exhortations and generous reproaches, sowed in my soul the first germs of the courage that I feel stirring within me now. You urged me to come to Paris when I was contemplating a cowardly retreat; you bound me in that ripe sheaf of friendship with yourself, Quemper, and Duquesnel, an endless blessing from which, perhaps, all the success of my life will grow; to you I owe two months of beautiful impressions and pure happiness. You let me look upon Le Val as a second Le Cayla, love it with the affection that belongs to one's birthplace, for it was the June of my second birth; weep for it in moments of sadness, and sing of its charms when I am glad.

My cousin's little girl is nine months old; she is charming, can stand alone already, without walking of course, has an enchanting smile; in short, would be a companion angel for Marie. When her tongue is loosed, I will teach her all the little words that her baby sister in Le Val can say, "*Bon jour, ma, à tantôt, le v'la lia,*" and I will swing her in a napkin; in short, I will do everything I can to make her another Marie, her faithful and bewitching likeness.

I have not yet written to my sister. I shall do so this evening with exhortations and entreaties. How happy it would make me to see a firm friendship grow up between Madame de La Morvonnais and Eugénie! those two souls so formed for mutual understanding, and to draw forth the wealth of sweetness from each other's souls.

Offer my homage to her who will, I hope, soon call my sister friend, and win the same title from her; as it is between you and me, my dear friend. Countless kisses to Marie. Don't forget me, I beg, when you write to Mordreux and St. Malo. Love to Duquesnel and François.

At the time the following idyl was written, the pernicious style of literature which it satirizes was confined to France. To-day, when our bookstores teem with works of the same class, we fear that the allegory may meet with less favor among American readers than it would have aroused thirty years ago.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN TO M. H. DE LA MORVONNAIS.

PARIS, February, 1834.

I fear me much that the month of May will bring us snow-balls instead of roses.

When I left you, dear friend, your solitude was just ready to burst forth into flowers and verdure. The reddening fruit walls in your garden, and the little chilly shrubs that love the sun, were trusting their tender foliage, in all confidence, to the benign and gentle winter, smiling upon them with the grace of spring. The wood that stretches over your sloping shore, dipping almost into the sea, wore that look of life and gladness that trees put on as spring-time draws near. The sticky, oval buds of the Indian chestnut, glistened in the sun; beech buds, sharp and slim, pricked themselves up with pert vivacity, even the small round oak buds were beginning to gather in bunches at the end of the branches, and yet the oak leaves out later than other forest-trees. We saw the young shoots of undergrowth blushing with the red tint that colors them at the awakening of vegetation, as if blood were purling through their veins instead of sap. The grass, pushing its way up through the bed of dead leaves and withered vegetation, thrown over

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it in autumn, was bordering the paths, and spreading a velvet carpet in every glade, decked with the enamel of a thousand Easter buds and daisies. Everything was gay in preparation for the great feast of nature. Oh! if nightingale, swallow, oriole, and sparrow knew all this, how they would bestir themselves to fly *dulcesque revisere nidos*. It may be that their European brothers have sent messengers to tell them that everything is ready for their reception, woods, groves, hedge, and bush; that seeds and berries will come early; that, morning and evening, the gnats are whirling in myriads in the beams of the rising and setting sun; that all is lovely here, and they must hurry home to enjoy the glorious festival. I don't know that our domestic birds have paid this attention to their travelled brethren, but at least they have given themselves up to joy and harmony in awaiting their return. Do you remember, Hippolyte, how the blackbirds whistle, the gay, sweet warble of the thrush, or the twitter of some wren perched on the top of a wall, used to beguile us from our study, tempting us forth to pleasant rambles?

Such was your Thebaïd, as you call it, the day before I left you, full of warmth and animation, vivid with rising sap and the labor of vegetation. To-day I will wager that the eruption of leaves and flowers is far advanced, that the birds are hopping about in search of moss, twigs, stray feathers, and bits of down, and that you are wandering in spring revery under the first shade of your chestnut trees. But, my friend, are you slumbering serenely on these fair promises? Does it never occur to you that this may be all a stratagem of winter, and that the old despot may have manœuvred, merely to draw out verdure and blossom, and kill them with his baleful breath? Do you never fear that thus the acme may be reached of our delusions? What if this balmy, perfumed air turned to a north wind; if a black, sharp cold condensed all this living sap, this fecundity now gushing through the veins of nature; if the frost crystallized your woods and their tender leaflets; if your little eddying brooks were to clasp in ice the flower, stems, and stalks of herbs that grow upon their beds and borders; if, instead of nightingales and singing-birds from southern shores, you should see triangles of long-necked geese and swans pouring down from the north, and files of those ducks that we used to hear cutting the clouds with whistling wings on December evenings; if the exterminator, winter, were to kill in one night all these first-born of the year; in short, if your Thebaïd were to turn into a Siberia, what would become of your dreams of plenty, fruits, and flowers, soft siestas under the shade of a tree, songs on the sea-shore, and of that whole existence, nourished upon sunlight, gentle breezes, and sweet odors, that you lead in your dear wilderness?

If you had power over nature, I should say to you: "Give your gardens and woods and birds a lesson of wisdom. Bid those buds that I saw gaping in the sunshine to hold back well in their envelope the leaves entrusted to their care, scare them with the rigors that may surprise them; the brightest sun is a deceiver. Put them on their guard against the wiles of a fair day, teach them to be austere, and tell them the thousand tales you know of flowers that have crumbled into dust because they heeded the lures of a passing breeze or of a glowing sunbeam. Tell them that, if perchance a few be saved amid the general havoc, they will one day bear shrivelled, meagre, tasteless fruit that no fair hand shall ever gather, and that shall wither on the branch or fall a prey to the vile appetite of insects. Tell them that their thin and pallid foliage shall draw disdain upon them from the panting traveller, the young maidens, and the winged musicians that take refuge under their shade to rest or dance or sing. Men will take them for useless cumberers of the earth, and one day

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perhaps the axe will be laid at their root." As to the birds, the best advice you can give them is, to leave their brothers in exile until the first day of true spring shines. It is better to bear banishment a little longer than come home to find their country the wretched slave of winter. Let your birds beware how they recall their brethren or begin to build their own nests. The brood would not prosper; the poor mothers would shiver on their eggs, and the bitter cold, stealing under their wings, would kill the chicks in the shell, despite the warmth of the maternal bosom. Oh! if you had power over nature, what a discourse I would send you for your Thebaïd, to save it from the seductions of this perfidious spring whose perils I know so well.

Do you take all this seriously, my friend? I fear not, and that you will dismiss it with a smile, as the prattle of a child. I even fear that you may regard my letter as very eccentric, and say to yourself: "What nonsense is this? Talking of woods and flowers to a hermit; wandering on into homilies addressed to birds and flowers, when he is writing from Paris, and not one word of what is stirring in the world! He deserves in punishment that I should send him an essay upon the dramas and romances of last year!" My friend, restrain your wrath, and contain yourself long enough to hear my reasons.

Horace said: "At Rome I prate of Tiber, and at Tiber I prate of Rome." Don't imagine that my taste is light and changeable as the wind, and thus explain to yourself my long tirades on your solitude. When I was in your Thebaïd, did I ever speak regretfully of the joys of Paris? Did I not, on the contrary, say always that a city life is repugnant to my taste, and that I care not at all for any pleasures to be enjoyed here? Don't you remember how the little rough huts of your tidesmen used to excite my envy, and that I used to have dreams of hollowing out a cool, dark grotto in the heart of a rock in one of your creeks, and letting my life glide away in the contemplation of the vast ocean, like a sea-god? If you recall all this, you'll easily understand why in Paris I talk of the country and forget Paris. Indeed, you will see that it cannot be otherwise; for having said to the fields, as you know,

"Le corps s'en va, mais le cœur vous demeure,"*

my discourse must turn on them, and I can only live in this mad tornado of Paris as not belonging to it.

If you know me well, these reasons will more than suffice to make you understand the beginning of my letter. But will you be able to resist the perpetual impulse that makes you look for mysteries in the clearest things, so insatiable is your taste for divining? No; you will look under the natural sense of my words, and think you have surprised a sly meaning, crouching like a serpent under flowers, beneath my sentences, which breathe only sweet images of spring. I'm not afraid of your discovering some political allusion in them, for you are too solitary, and hold yourself too much aloof from such things for that idea to occur to you. But, if your eyes turn from the arena of politics, they will settle on the noble field of literary doctrines; and because lately the combat has grown hot, and the noise of the *mêlée* is resounding far and wide, you will fancy that I am a passionate spectator of the struggle, amusing myself with winding the opposing party in subtle mocking allegories. Let me tell you that this interpretation, or any similar one given to my idyl on the precocious spring, misses its aim; that my idyl veils no satire; and that if it seems to you the least in the world insidious or guileful, 'tis only because you've breathed your own malice upon the innocent thing. I repeat, it comes merely to discourse with you about nature; and what can be more natural? Know that never has a ray of sunlight shone directly

* Froissart (manuscript note).

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into the room where I live; I receive it only by repercussion. Toward noon the sun strikes some garret windows opposite that send across to me a few pale reflections, without warmth or cheerfulness, like the rays of a lamp; and even this vague, languishing light vanishes in a quarter of an hour. These are the beams that gladden my eyes, accustomed to the broad overflowing liberality of a southern sky. A narrow, sombre court-yard, where there's not a blade of grass growing in the cracks of the pavement, nor a flower-pot on a window-sill to smile upon me—this is the horizon to which I am reduced; I, who so many, many times have scaled with you your rocks and downs and sea-cliffs, whence our eyes embraced the divine expanse of ocean, the marvellous indentures of your coast, and the wide fields all green with wheat and flax. And now that I've fallen from these fair heights into a hole that hardly admits the light of day, do you suppose I shall not try to live over again these charms in imagination, or that I shall talk to you of anything but yourself and your solitude? And you, you cynical recluse, would envenom these sweet, innocent recollections, and find some apologue or another in the images of nature among which I seek recreation? But as I have every reason to suppose that you are not attending to me, and are still working to disentangle the metaphors, let us see if perchance malice can make anything out of my precocious spring, and to what allusion it can be turned.

Interested as you are in literary matters, and attentive to the disturbances that have risen up lately among our authors, I am sure that it will not be long before the *facile literature* comes to your mind. Then you will think you have the clew, and with that thread you'll plunge into the labyrinth of my supposed allegory, hoping to emerge maliciously triumphant and content. I allow that, without any extraordinary flights, imagination might pass from the buds, opening prematurely on the faith of a brilliant winter sun, to this young literature, which has burst into blossom before its time, and innocently exposed itself to the returns of frost that I predict to your woods and groves. But, my friend, will you, who rejoice so ardently at sight of an almond-tree in flower, will you reproach severely these trusting souls that have opened in the broad-day light and displayed with touching faith their treasures to the graces of heaven? Blame rather the burning sun of our day, and the atmosphere all charged with fatal heat, which have hastened this development and perhaps reduced the harvest of our age to a few ears.

And the trees whose blossoms are only born to die, and those that bear bitter fruits which no one will ever pluck, or will gather only to throw away—ah! you'll not have much trouble in seeing in them the emblems of the many authors who have appeared once and vanished for ever; the many authors whose books, distasteful to a few grave judges, are welcomed by seekers after novelty and romance readers; and who, having filled these vain souls with vain ideas, often sink into the well of oblivion with hands relaxed by the lethargy that comes from dull satiety.

Will you have it that the trees shunned by travellers, young maidens, and birds figure those renowned books, worthy of their fame as works of art, which do not contain a grain of the hidden manna, nor one of the sweet, beneficent thoughts that nourish the soul and relax it after fatigue?—books that maidenly hands dare not touch, and that put to flight everything fresh and innocent—a thought to make one die of shame and grief! Will you have it so? I yield the point with good grace, for in truth my thoughts bear your interpretation as well as if I had really hidden it therein, and I will follow you no further in your suspicious investigations, feeling sure that my text will not suffer violence from you,

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and that you will go on to the end without losing your way.

What conclusion do you draw from all this? First, that, resolved to enter the lists, I am preparing in secret my lance and chariot, and kindling my wrath. But are my peaceful inclinations unknown to you, or the weakness of my arm and my very doubtful courage? I a combatant! Just remember that the least tumult scares and routs me like a flying prey, and that my strength bravely suffices to drag me out of danger; so how could it drag me *in*?

In the second place, you will suppose that I am nursing an aversion for the new school and calling out for a classical reform. M. Nisard, of course, does not wish the new school to perish, but to amend its ways; and it is with that belief, and, I dare to say, on that condition, that I pray ardently for the success of the campaign he is about to open. The Catholic faith would never allow me to sympathize entirely with a sceptical and fatalist literature, that sets no value upon morality. But, on the other hand, the same faith makes me feel a certain interest in it; for is not this disorderly, frantic new school a truant from our fold?

No, dear friend, I am not a prey to devouring anger; but I must groan in solitude over the wanderings of this literature, which has forgotten the home and the teaching of its father, and has so hopelessly lost itself, until the last and most terrible romance, in that style, would now be its own history. Amid these sighs there come to me a few reflections upon the cause of the evil and the means to remedy it; and that is what I meant to announce to you in this incoherent letter, in which I beg you to see only a whimsical prelude of my imagination, turning, as it always does, toward you.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN TO M. H. DE LA MORVONNAIS, AU VAL SAINT POTAN.

AU PARC, July 9th, 1834.

I wrote to you on leaving Paris a short letter, of which I begged you not to take any notice. To-day, dear Hippolyte, when I have all possible leisure, and the untroubled peace of the country is around me, I resume our talk with every intention of carrying my confidence to the utmost limits; that is, to the point where I shall begin to fear that my chattering bores you.

I announced to you a complete account of my affairs and my position during these five months past. Now I am going to begin and you must listen. You know what my hopes were when I left Le Val; I felt a decided taste for literary life, the profession of a journalist smiled upon me, and I was hugging some bright phantom or other of the future that had sprung up in my imagination; and in spite of the distrust that you know I mingled with my love, I had given myself up to this dream with intense ardor. For, let me tell you, *en passant*, that I throw myself impetuously into every new project that can modify my existence; and whether a walk is proposed to me for the next day, or whether I am told, "To-morrow your destiny is to be completely altered," I feel equally excited, and rush to meet the two events with equal impatience. A strange activity of thought possesses me, and I shake myself and champ my bit because time prevents me from seizing at a bound what I am already devouring with my eyes. You may imagine that, with a soul subject to such ardent cravings, I reached Paris full of enthusiasm and seized the journalist's pen with a quiver of delight. But, as usual, my enthusiasm did not last long, and difficulties, personal as well as external, made themselves felt. I saw the entrance to the journals bolted and barred by that selfishness which guards the gates of every place against the approach of poor young fellows who come to Paris full of innocent hopes. Catholic France alone admitted me within its circle; but this journal, notwithstanding the good-will of its directors, could not satisfy my needs. My articles were favorably re-

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ceived, but the narrow frame of the journal cut me off from frequent contributions, and in four months I had only appeared four times.

In the mean time expenses were not behindhand, and, although I lived in a very small way, my expenditure was large in comparison to my resources. I was exhausting fruitlessly time and money, my own patience and my father's. For several months I persisted in this disposition, holding my ground against adverse fortune in order to save appearances and not yield the field without making fight. But at last everything went so badly that I had to decide promptly upon a plan suggested by the extremity of the case. If I had been alone, I don't know what would have become of me in my utter failure of strength and courage; but God, as if for my preservation, has placed around my wavering soul friends who prop and sustain it, restoring me to myself with touching solicitude. I went to Paul, and laid before him the whole story of my painful position. I proposed to him the terrible enigma of my destiny and asked him for a solution. Without an effort he untied the Gordian knot with these words: "If you leave Paris, the future will slip through your hands. Do not let go your hold at any cost. Make your father feel that this concerns your whole life, that our last effort may save everything, and a first refusal may ruin everything." And thereupon we set to work to compute article by article all the necessities to be satisfied, all the debts to be paid, all the most threatening possibilities of the future; and the whole account, amounting to the sum of twelve hundred francs, I sent to my father, with a petition written by my cousin in order to give it more weight.

At the end of a fortnight my father returned it with his approbation and a gift of the sum I had asked. What happiness it was to go in search of Paul that I might thank him, triumph with him, overwhelm him with joy for my joy; for I knew his kindness too well to doubt that he would share all my transports. I was not mistaken; his rejoicings over my success were sweeter to me than my own, and I had the inestimable pleasure of seeing it communicated to my other friends, François, Elic, etc. How delightful it is to receive such proofs of pure, heartfelt sympathy! In short, my dear Hippolyte, here I am launched upon the waves, provisioned with money and courage, and walking with assured step to meet the future; I feel as if a light were guiding me, and as if I were advancing toward an unknown goal. For the present this is what I mean to do: I shall spend the end of August and the whole of September at the College Stanislas, where I shall have a class during vacation: when the term begins, I shall establish myself in the college if there is a place for me; if not, I can have quite an advantageous situation at my cousin's, by helping him to keep his little *pension d'elèves*. This is an abridged history of these last five months; it gives only a superficial view, but you are well enough acquainted with my inner life to understand the course of my thoughts during the time. Here I am at rest, dreaming of the future, giving myself up to the pleasures of friendship and conversation, and drinking in the country-life and all the dear idleness that one can never fully enjoy except in the fields. Our solitude is so profound that we do not even know the result of the elections. Another ignorance, harder to bear, is concerning all that is going on among our friends and affairs in Paris. I know nothing more than when I left them, and it is a very long time also since I heard from my sister.

Pray, present my respectful compliments to Madame Morvonnais, and my remembrances at Mordreux and Saint-Malo. I am going to write to Amédée. Ask Marie, who can answer me now, if she remembers M. Guérin, who sends her a thousand kisses.

TO M. H. DE LA MORVONNAIS.

PARIS, Sept. 21st, 1834.

I have just received your manuscript, my dear friend, and the letter

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it enclosed; it has only this moment arrived, and I write before reading, that my despatch may be ready for Paul, who leaves day after to-morrow in the morning. You are to possess this inestimable treasure of friendship, freshness of soul, and warmth of heart. He will rest from his busy, devoted life in the fair sanctuary of peace and friendship, of which you are the priest; he will bathe in the current of those easy, limpid days that murmur beneath your roof. What an interruption and vacuum in my life will be between his departure and the day of his return with the other brothers! What will become of me in my *ennui*. To-morrow evening we shall have our farewell *soirée*. Do you know what evenings we have now and then? We meet at dinner-time and have a cosy dinner, intimate talks, long wandering walks under the chestnut-trees of the Tuileries, through the perfume of orange-blossoms and flower-beds in the gleams of the setting sun. These talks come and go between Paris and Le Val, from one friend to another, from present to future, from melancholy to the liver, philosophy to poetry, weak sadness to firm and manly resolutions, from one thing in life to another. To paint these conversations for you would be like trying to render with a style the colors of twilight, the vague nonchalance of the breezes, or, a still more difficult task, what comes more softly shaded to our hearts. To-morrow will be the farewell evening, the close of these melodious evenings. How many things come to an end under our eyes! I will not speak of my own affairs; Paul will tell you where I stand, and how my hopes ebb and flow, rising to the chair of rhetoric of Juilly, and falling to a little school-room. He will tell you about my firm resolutions and the manly efforts of my will to seize the empire of my soul. It would be a long story to relate the history of my interior revolutions, changes of government, civil wars, anarchy, despotism, gleams of liberty. These are annals that write themselves in rude characters upon the soul and in wrinkles on the brow. Sometimes I feel that I *can no more*, like an old empire. O my charming hermit, my sea-swan, my poet-philosopher, how shall I express the jumble there is in my soul at this moment of pleasure and pain, the pell-mell of joyful and sad tears that rush from my eyes and roll over each other down my cheeks? I see you in my soul; I see Paul's departure and embrace him in farewell; I see Le Val, your meeting, the charm of your life, the isolation of mine, and my longings after my dear Brittany. My friend, sometimes the soul wanders out of sight, and is restless and troubled like the sea.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN TO M. H. DE LA MORVONNAIS.

PARIS, Oct. 19th, 1834.

At last, my dear friend, I can be with you, I can open my heart and confide my soul to you; a doubtful privilege, perhaps you think, but unluckily I cannot keep it to myself. To-day, then, this gray Sunday, a calm day, a day of decline quite suited to the fall of leaves and the emigration of souls, my busy life, heated with action, pauses to recover its strength, and resume its confidential intercourse so long interrupted; to give itself up to the genius of autumn and lend its ear to the memories whose rustling we hear so distinctly on certain days; and, all laden with impressions, reminiscences, and autumnal melodies, to retire into some lonely corner far from chances of interruption, and pour itself out to you. But I have left behind me the mystery that I wish to unveil to you: *My busy life, heated with action.* What! I a man of action! Some potent voice must have bade me take up my bed and walk! The day after Paul left me I was to go to Versailles, where I had reason to hope I could have a place as teacher in an institution. I went to Versailles, and this was what I found: four hours of teach-

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ing every day, *des salles d'études*, recreations, walks with the pupils, and a salary of 400 francs. The position I had hoped for in the College Stanislas having failed me also, there remained only my last plan, that of going to my cousin's. But, as if to complete and crown the lesson that she was resolved to give me, fortune decreed that my cousin should all of a sudden be absolutely without scholars. Thus for a time was I trampled beneath the feet of destiny. Then indeed I had time to write to you, I had a superabundance of leisure. To punish me for my sins—me, so long a rebel against the ancient condemnation to labor, God took from me the possibility of doing anything. He turned aside and removed from my reach all working tools at the moment when my hands were eager for them. Leisure on every side, far stretching, never ending, condemned to bury myself in unlimited leisure as in a doleful desert. Why did I not write to you when my whole life lay before me at my own disposal? My friend, I had nothing to tell but misfortunes, and my recital would only have grieved you. I preferred waiting for the wind to blow away these black days and clear my atmosphere. The tempest was short; the sky of my little world is tinged anew in the east, and it is by the light of its first gleams that I write to you. The professor of the fifth class at Stanislas asked leave of absence for a month; I have taken his place and shall have 100 francs for the work. I am looking for private lessons and have found several. Classes and recitations occupy my day from half-past seven in the morning until half-past nine in the evening; I sleep at my cousin's, the college dinner serves me for breakfast, and in the evening I get a dinner for twenty-four sous like a *débutant*. Such has been my life for the last three weeks; a sudden revolution in my existence, an abrupt transition from careless revery to breathless action. An urgent pressure, a little reason, a few grains of irritating self-love, supply fresh strength to my soul, which is exhausted at the first tug. However, I must say that in the deepest and most hidden recesses of my being, in the sanctuary of the will, lives a resolution, that is, I believe, firm and steady, to sacrifice half my existence to external things, in order to insure repose to the inner man; and therefore I have decided to prepare myself for the *agrégation* (corresponds to the expression, master of arts). I have explained to you the facts, accidents, and external circumstances; let us go deeper. Latin, Greek, and all the bustle of laborious life, absorb a certain portion of my thoughts; but it is that floating and least valuable portion which, without regret, I let flutter in the wind like the fringe of a cloak. These are the waves that break upon the beach; the sand drinks them in, men gather their spoils, the sea tosses them to any one who wants them. Thus, as I tell you, my mind near its shores is occupied by the cares and duties of active life; but far out at sea nothing touches it, nothing passes over it, nothing is lost from its waves, except by the continual evaporation of my intelligence drawn up by some unknown star.

It will soon be a year since from the heights of Créhen I hailed Le Val, lying all golden on the hillside beneath the beautiful autumn sun. Dear anniversary, full of gentle melancholy like the season that brings it. Every morning, on the way to college, I cross the Tuileries where the ground is covered with the heaps of autumn leaves, the wind sighs through the branches as in a desert, and, like the ring-doves that build their nests in ancient chestnut-trees, a few of the poems of solitude flutter about in these city groves. Sometimes the murmur of a breeze among the boughs recalls to me the sound of the sea, and I pause to possess myself of the delusion, and isolate myself with it from the whole world: these are the waves, I am walking along the shore with you, wandering over headlands in the evening twilight; I am sitting on La

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Rôche-Alain. Then when I feel the illusion is fading away, I resume my walk, all full of emotion, all full of you, and cry like the *Young Bard:* "Good God, give us back the sea!"

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN TO M. H. DE LA MORVONNAIS.

PARIS, Dec. 5th, 1835.

Your impatience to know how I dispose of my time, and all the turnings of the roads I am following, that you may go with me in thought, roused in me a very delightful feeling, and one that does not easily find expression in words. But your idea of my life is quite too elevated; you attribute to it a dignity with which it is not invested when you speak of my sufferings and the courage with which I bear them. No, my dear Hippolyte, my lot is not so beautiful as you would make it out. The difficulties of my life consist in a few material fatigues, to which the body easily becomes hardened, even deriving a certain strength from contending with them; and in the distaste for a profession which is conquering my antipathy through the slow but irresistible action of habit, which tames the wildest spirits, and reduces them to complete submission almost without their knowledge, everything becomes deadened, everything dissolves insensibly. The firmest revolutions yield each day something to the progress of the hours. All rebellions are absorbed again by degrees into the common soul. All things lie upon a declivity which opposes itself to continued ascent. I have chosen my course in life; I come and go in the leading-strings of habit, keeping my mind in the middle of the road, restraining it carefully from those thoughts that would draw it aside, and mar the blessed monotony which lends something to the pettiest existence. Being reduced to this state, I have no need of courage. I required, of course, some resolution to arrive at it, but it was not worth much and was borrowed from circumstances.

These are the principal features of my day: I set forth on foot at seven o'clock to give a lesson in the neighborhood; then I go to the College Stanislas, at the other end of Paris, and remain there until six in the evening. That leaves me an hour and a half to dine and retrace my steps again to the further extremity of Paris, where my last lesson awaits me, which ends at half past eight. My liberty claims possession of the night. Custom having worn away the asperities of this life, only one defect remains, but a capital one; and that is the difficulty of using the fragments of time that are left to me after using the larger portions for studies that are to raise me above my present condition. How to make the cares of self-subsistence agree with these exacting labors seems to me an insoluble problem in Paris. But time is so fertile in good advice, and sometimes unties knots so easily that would have defied a sword, that I await its solution in patience. You wish me to compose, to unveil the gifts which you think I possess. My friend, why interrupt the course of a wise resolution and mar a work that is so slow of formation and so costly? Let the waters flow in their natural hidden course, following their tranquil destinies in a narrow, nameless bed. My mind is a domestic animal, and shuns adventure; that of the literary life is especially repugnant to its humor, and excites its contempt, speaking without the least self-sufficiency. I see delusion in the career, both in its essence and in the prize we seek, charged often with the venom of a secret ridicule. Looking at life with the naked eye, in the severe, monotonous expanse she presents to some of us, seems to me more conformable to the interest of the mind, and more in accordance with the laws of wisdom, than unceasingly applying one's eyes to the prism of art and poetry. Before I embrace art and poetry, I wish to have them demonstrated with an eternal solemnity and certainty, like

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God. They are two doubtful phantoms, and wear a perfidious gravity that conceals a mocking laugh. That laugh I will not bear.

MAURICE TO MLLE. EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

PARIS, Feb. 9th, 1836.

I saw Madame —— (name illegible) day before yesterday. She is to leave Paris in a fortnight, and offered very obligingly to take charge of my commissions to Gaillac. I shall profit by her kindness to send you what you ask, the velvet neck ribbons, the net for your hair (but, pray, why have you adopted this very ugly coiffure?) and the albe that Mimi asked me to send her. I hope the little articles I send will suit you both and fulfil your expectations exactly. But why be afraid of being indiscreet in drawing upon my purse a little? Think, dear friends, that I am your treasurer here, and that I wish you to consider me as such. If you had reminded me sooner of the cloaks, you would have had them now. I would gladly have deferred getting one for myself until next year, and should not now be regretting the fact that my shoulders are well covered, while I know that cold and damp air are penetrating to yours as you go to Andillac. I am quite provoked with myself for not having thought of it. Am I not very ungracious, never beforehand with any idea, but waiting to be urged out of what looks like indifference? Are you annoyed with me for this, and could you ever judge me by mere external signs? Never, I am sure. You have too much penetration to deceive yourselves for a moment about my affection, when it is most hidden or most ungainly.

I am glad to know that the union which has been so long uncertain is at last secured. I have no doubt that all the conditions of happiness will be found in it, if only health can be added to them.

The time of papa's journey is drawing near. From a distance it is difficult to judge his course correctly; the moment itself must have arrived before one can appreciate it truly.

I am trying to find out at this moment what I may count upon in the future for the accomplishment of my dearest hopes.

The last sentences in this letter refer to Guérin's marriage with Mlle. de Gervain, which is so fully described in Eugénie's letters from Paris that it needs no comment here. Then followed a few months of tranquil success, a lingering illness at Le Cayla, a happy death-bed; and our story ends, as all true stories must end, in a graveyard. By the gateway of that old cemetery of Andillac, where Eugénie sunned herself one day sitting on a tombstone, while waiting for her turn to go to confession, is a white marble obelisk surmounted by a cross. Caroline placed it there as her last gift to her husband, and it bears these words:

Here rests my friend
Who was my husband
Only eight months. Farewell.
Pierre George Maurice
De Guerin du Cayla.
Born August 4th, 1810,
Died at Le Cayla
July 19th, 1839.

Close by stands the little church whose chief ornament is a delicately wrought statue of the Blessed Virgin, presented by Queen Marie Amélie at Eugénie's petition. The belfry is crumbling to decay, and the tottering porch under which the dove of Le Cayla passed so often appeals pitifully to those who have a zeal for the preservation of God's house.

A record has been made of Eugénie's daily life by one who had hourly opportunities of watching her actions, and we cannot refrain from laying it before our readers. Nothing concerning the sister of Maurice can be inappropriate in an article devoted to him, and it will be well to see how holy and regular a life may be led in the world without singularity or narrowness.

"She rose at six in the morning when she was not ill. After dressing she

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made a vocal or mental prayer, and never failed when she was in a town to hear mass at the nearest altar. At Le Cayla, after saying her morning prayer, she went into her father's room, either to wait upon him, or to carry his breakfast in and read to him while he took it. At nine o'clock she went back to her room and followed mass spiritually. If her father was well and did not need her assistance, she occupied herself with reading and writing or with sewing, of which she was very fond (fairy in hands as she was in soul); or in superintending the household, which she directed with exquisite taste and intelligence. At noon she went to her room and said the Angelus; then came dinner. When it was over, if the weather was good, she took a walk with her father, or sometimes made a visit in a village if there was any invalid to see or any afflicted person to console. If she resumed reading on her return, she took up her knitting also and knitted while she read, not admitting even the shadow of idle hours. At three she went to her room, where she generally read the Visit to the Blessed Sacrament by St. Alphonsus Liguori, or the life of that day's saint. This ended, she wrote until five o'clock if her father did not call her to be with him. At five she said her rosary and meditated until supper time. At seven she talked with the rest of the family, but never left off working. After supper she went into the kitchen for evening prayers with the servants or to teach the catechism to some little ignorant child, as often happened during the vineyard times. The rest of the evening passed in working, and at ten o'clock she went to bed, after reading the subject of meditation for the next day, in order to sleep upon some good thought. And, finally, it should be added that every month she prepared herself for death and chose some saint whom she loved best that she might imitate his virtues. Every week she went to communion, and even oftener during the last years of her life, when her failing health would allow her to go to the church, which was at some distance from Le Cayla."

The hour of release came at last for her too, after a lingering illness of which we possess few details. After receiving the last sacraments, she gave a key to her sister, saying: "In that drawer you will find some papers which you will burn; they are all vanity." She died in 1848 on the last day of the beautiful month of Mary, which she and Mimin had always observed with such tender devotion in the *chambrette*.

"All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience."

The dear old father survived "his angel, his second self and much more," only six months. Grembert died in 1850. Three graves now surround Maurice's, and on one of them, which is already regarded with veneration by the country people, is a wooden cross, bearing a circular medallion that encloses a virginal crown with these few words:

"Eugénie de Guérin, died May 31st, 1848."

"Soft as the opals of the east at dawn, and sad as the gleams that die away so quickly in the twilight, she will be, for those who read her, the Aurora of her brother's day; but an Aurora who has tears too! May these tears fertilize the grave over which she wept, and make the flower of glory spring up rarer than ever now for poets! The materialism of our times has thickened the earth, so hard to break at all times. We know there is a flower that pierces the snow, but one that can penetrate the mud of an age devoted to matter is harder to find." (Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly's unpublished notice of Mademoiselle de Guérin.)

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From The Month.

SYRACUSE AND ÆTNA.

TOURISTS bent on the ascent of Ætna leave Catania at the end of the long straight street which terminates in the Piazza Giorni. The ascent begins at once. On both sides of the road luxuriant groves of orange, citron, almond, and carouba trees alternate with vineyards and cornfields rich in the promise of future crops. Yet all are growing on the lava, and lava meets you at every turn: the walls, festooned with the "Bourgainviller," the passion-flower, and beautiful yellow roses, are still of lava; so are the pretty villas and the *riant* farm-houses and the lodges in the vineyards—all are built of it. The streets through the villages are paved with it. There is a sort of allegorical beauty and poetical justice in the way in which the great common enemy has been, as it were, conquered and subdued—at least for a time—and forced to repair the terrible mischief it has wrought. As the road ascends higher and higher, the vegetation diminishes, and you come at last to a wild waste of rock sprinkled with broom and dwarf oak. A twelve-miles' drive brought our travellers to Nicolosi, where their first visit was paid to the kind old professor and geologist, Dr. Gemmellaro, from whom every kind of assistance is obtained for the ascent of the mountain, which is, as it were, both his child and his home. He is a most good-natured and agreeable old man, whose whole life has been devoted to this one great interest, and whose greatest pleasure seems to be to make others share in the knowledge which he himself possesses. His house is a museum of curiosities, and contains a carefully arranged collection of all the geological phenomena of the mountain. Among other things, he showed the party a ptarmigan which had been "caught sitting" by the lava stream, and had been instantly petrified, like Lot's wife! the bird preserving its shape perfectly. The village of Nicolosi is composed of low houses built up and down a long straggling street, with a fine church in the centre. Horse-races were going on the day of our travellers' arrival, and causing immense excitement among the people, who were all in the street in holiday attire. The horses ran, as at the carnival in the Corso, without riders, and were excited to a pitch of madness by the shouts of their starters and the *bandeleros* stuck in their sides. After watching the races for some little time, our travellers returned to the kind professor's, who had seen the guides required for their ascent of Ætna, but who advised them to delay their expedition for two or three days to allow of a greater melting of the snow, the season being backward, and to procure the requisite number of mules for so large a party. It was also necessary to send some one beforehand to clear out the snow from the Casa Inglese, the small house of refuge which the professor had built on the summit of the mountain, at the base of the principal cone, and where travellers rest while waiting for the sunrise, or before commencing the last portion of the ascent to the crater. He is very anxious to have this house better built and provided with more comforts, and tried to enlist the interest of our travellers with the English Government in its behalf. Having arranged everything with him, our party retraced their steps to Catania, having decided to visit Syracuse first, and take Ætna on their return.

The following morning, consequent-

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ly, at half-past three, they started for Syracuse, so as to arrive there before the great heat of the day, and also in time for mass. A long marshy plain occupied the whole of the first stage; after which the road wound through limestone rocks and rich cultivation, till they reached the picturesque village of Lentini. The lake of Lentini is the largest in Sicily, famous for its wild fowl, but also for its malaria. There is a beautiful view of the little town, with its wooded cliffs and deep ravines, from the Capuchin convent above. The scenery increases in beauty as you approach Syracuse, the road descending into deep glens full of ilex, myrtle, oleander, and a variety of aromatic shrubs, and rising again over rocky hills scented with thyme and every kind of wild flower. From hence comes the delicious Hybla honey, which rivals that of Mount Hymettus. Over the wide downs which stretch seaward, the picturesque town of Augusta was seen, perched on the edge of the broad sandy bay.

Our travellers had excellent horses; so that it was not more than half-past ten when they reached the gates of Syracuse and found themselves in the comfortable little hotel near the port. One of the party started off at once to find a mass; but the good people of Syracuse are very early in their habits, and the lady wandered half over the city before she found what she sought in the beautiful little church of St. Philip, where there happened to be on that day the exposition of the blessed sacrament, and in consequence masses all the morning. On her return she found that the vicar-general had been kindly sent by the archbishop to show her the curiosities of the place. He first took them to the temple of Diana, now converted into a private residence, and of which nothing remains to be seen but some very ancient Doric columns. From thence they proceeded to the world-famed fountain of Arethusa. The spring rises from an arch in the rock, and is protected by a bastion, which defends it from the sea. The papyrus grows here in great luxuriance, and the party gathered some as a specimen, having first duly drank the anciently sacred water. Resuming their carriages, their kind guide now conducted them outside the town to the interesting church and crypt of San Marzian, the first church of Sicily, built on the spot where St. Paul preached during his three days' stay in Syracuse. It is a simple, massive building, of the shape of a Greek cross, and contains the episcopal chair of St. Marzian. Here also is the tomb of the saint, who was the proto-martyr of Sicily. Near the tomb is the rude stone altar where St. Paul said mass. A column of gray granite is shown as that to which St. Marzian was attached for the scourging previous to his execution: it is tinged with his blood. The crypt, however, is the most sacred spot. Here came the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, with the evangelists St. Mark and St. Luke, on their successive visits to the holy bishop, St. Marzian; where also the local tradition affirms that St. Mark was martyred. The curious font now in the cathedral was found in this crypt, and was probably used for the baptism of many of the early Pagan converts. Adjoining is the place of St. Marzian's martyrdom. The church itself is built over the site of an ancient temple of Bacchus. Leading out of a side door is the entrance to the catacombs, which are more extensive than even those of Naples or Rome, and abound in Christian emblems: crosses, palm-branches, the dove, and other Catholic symbols, are rudely carved on all the vaults and niches, with here and there an early fresco of the Blessed Virgin and Child, or a Greek inscription.

From the catacombs our travellers crossed the plain, thickly studded with ancient columns, sarcophagi, and remains of Greek and Roman buildings, till they came to the little church of St. Nicolo. Underneath is a reservoir with an aqueduct, leading to the great amphitheatre; the principal monument left of Roman work in Syracuse, and

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still in perfect preservation. Recent excavations have cleared the space, so that the seats and arena are clearly visible. From the amphitheatre, a five-minutes' walk leads to the Latomia del Paradiso—a quarry containing in its further recesses the famous Ear of Dionysius. This cavern was excavated by the tyrant for a prison, and so constructed that the faintest whisper could be heard in the chamber above, where he sat listening to the conversation of his victims. It is to be supposed that the listener, according to the proverb, rarely heard any good of himself. It is a wonderfully picturesque spot; the sides of the quarry being lined with fruit-trees and ferns and flowering shrubs, mingled with masses of fallen rock and fragments of ancient masonry. Pistols were fired off by the guides to let the party hear the full force of the echo, which is tremendous. Round a deep spring at the further end of the cavern grew the most beautiful maiden-hair fern. Close by is the Greek theatre, the largest in Sicily, hollowed out of the rock, and capable of containing more than 20,000 spectators.

Returning home to luncheon, the ladies visited on their way the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, who are lodged in one of the fine old mediæval palaces of Syracuse, with beautifully carved windows and doorways. But it is very much out of repair, and very inconvenient for their large orphanage. There are only six or seven sisters here. Their superior is a charming person, and only another proof, if one were needed in that wonderful religious order, of the way in which energy, zeal, and, above all, a burning charity can triumph over the sufferings entailed by a delicate frame and sickly constitution.

After luncheon our travellers started again to meet Monsignor B—— at the cathedral. It is built on the site of an ancient temple of Minerva, but has been ruined by modern churchwardenship and whitewash. There are two fine side chapels, however; one dedicated to the Blessed Sacrament, the other to St. Lucia, in which is exposed a large silver figure of the saint of great antiquity. The font, of which notice has been taken above, is of marble, supported by seven fine bronze lions. There is a beautiful renaissance doorway leading to the sacristy. A beautiful benediction service with litany was being sung; after which the relics and treasures were examined, which include a beautiful chalice of amber, cut out of one piece, and a pastoral ring of great size and value. In the Place, or court of the cathedral, are fourteen fine columns of Cipollino marble, supposed to have formed part of the ancient temple of Ceres. Opposite the north door of the cathedral is the museum, containing all the antiquities lately discovered in Syracuse and its neighborhood. The finest is a beautiful torso, a Venus of the best date of Greek art. There are also some very fine cameos and medals. The day was closed by a sweetly sung benediction at the orphanage of the Sisters of Charity.

The next morning, after a daybreak mass at the cathedral, one of the party breakfasted with the archbishop, who afterward showed her his palace and gardens, which are very fine. In the latter grew the largest citrons she had ever seen, very nearly equalling the gigantic oranges at Jaffa. Adjoining his garden-wall is a convent of Benedictine nuns, which was likewise visited. The good-natured prefect then insisted on taking the whole party in his carriages to the Franciscan convent of St. Lucia outside the town. There is an interesting Norman church attached to it, raised over the site of the saint's martyrdom; and a granite column is shown as that to which she was fastened on the occasion. Her tomb is cut in the rock at the back of the altar, underneath which is a fine statue of the saint by Bernini.

From this spot a narrow lane, traversing vineyards fenced by stone walls, leads to the convent of Sta. Maria di Gesù, in front of which is a fine stone

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cross. Passing by an aqueduct in very tolerable preservation, and by a succession of old tombs cut in the cliff, our party arrived at the Capuchin convent—a fortified building, with fosse and drawbridge and machicolated battlements. A little gate at the side led them into the Latomie, or quarries, from whence the stone was taken to build the city. Here is one of the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood of Syracuse. It is a vast pit, about a hundred feet in depth, and of many acres in extent, planted with oranges, citrons, pomegranates, figs, and cypresses, with an undergrowth of roses, arums, acanthus, ferns, and creepers of every kind, and overrun with ivy and wild vine. The whole is walled in by lofty gray cliffs hung with creepers; and from the midst of this wilderness of beautiful and almost rank vegetation rise two tall insulated masses of rock, with an ancient flight of steps cut in the side of one of them, but now inaccessible. The cliffs are hollowed into vast halls or caverns, in one of which the prefect told our travellers that he had given a *fête* to Prince Alfred on his first visit to Syracuse. The kind old monk who had been their escort brought them fruit, bread, and wine in this deliciously cool retreat, and sat a long time talking of the Holy Land, where he had been, and which he was delighted to find was equally well known and appreciated by his guests. Here and there, embedded in the rocks, are traces of ancient sepultures; and one or two Protestant epitaphs on the cliffs prove that the quarries have, even in late days, been used for purposes of burial.

Leaving this beautiful spot with great regret, and acceding to the request of the good old monk that they would first pray with him for a few minutes in the church for a blessing on the Holy Land Mission, our travellers visited one or two more of the antiquities in the neighborhood, including the recently excavated baths of Diana, full of beautiful marbles and mosaics; the sepulchral road, the perpendicular sides of which are lined with niches for cinerary urns; the tombs of Archimedes and Timoleon, and other interesting remains of Greek and Roman times; after which they returned once more to the city and to the museum, where the collection of natural history had yet to be seen, which contains everything most interesting of the kind in Sicily, and also the library. The latter contains priceless treasures, of which the most remarkable are—a rare copy of the gospel of St. John, of the twelfth century; a Koran on paper, of 1199, brought from Egypt by Lord Nelson, and given by him to the Cavalier Landolina, who was the real founder of the library; a very fine block-book, a replica of one of those in the Wilton library; and many beautifully illuminated martyrologies and missals.

Nothing can be kinder or more hospitable than the residents of Syracuse. The visit of our travellers was necessarily too limited in point of time to enable them to profit by it; but every one offered their carriage and horses, and put their palaces, not figuratively, but actually *à leur disposition*. There are still some beautiful mediæval palaces in the town, especially the Palazzo Montalto, with its pointed windows and dog-tooth mouldings. It bears also some curious Gothic inscriptions, like the houses at Avila, and with the date 1397.

A charming boating excursion was made by one or two of the party from Syracuse to the fountain of Cyane, up the river Anapus, the only spot in Europe where the papyrus still grows wild. Nothing remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, which one visits by the way, but two broken columns. But there is a lovely sketch a little further on of a ruined bridge, with a date-palm overhanging the stream, and a foreground of magnificent tangled vegetation of reeds, sugar-cane, acanthus, iris, and every kind of aquatic plants, and which the slow progress of one's boat through the weeds enables one fully to enjoy. The Ana-

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pus leads into the Cyane, which is a far clearer stream, but very narrow. Here the papyrus grows luxuriantly among flags and castor-oil plants. It was sent from Egypt by Ptolemy to King Hieron II., and has flourished ever since. Struggling up the narrow stream and through the choking mass of vegetation, which threatened to close the passage altogether, our travellers' boat at last arrived at a beautiful circular basin, fringed with papyrus and purple iris; the water, very deep, was clear as crystal, and swarming with fish. This was known in old times as the famous "dark-blue spring," converted by heathen mythology into a nymph; and an annual festival was held here in honor of Ceres. Now it is utterly deserted, save by an occasional traveller or sportsman seeking food for his gun from the multitude of snipes and wild fowl which resort to its banks and make their nests in its undisturbed and reedy shores. That same evening our travellers returned to Catania, charmed with their expedition, and full of gratitude for all the kindness which had been showered upon them.

The following morning found one of the party very early at the convent of her old friends the Benedictines, where the superior received her with his usual fatherly kindness, and presented her, as a surprise, with the deed of affiliation to their order, which he had obtained for her from Monte Casino; together with a picture of the saint and the miraculous medal or cross of St. Benedict, with its mysterious letters, *C.S.S.M.L.* (Crux sacra sit mihi lux), a medal always given by St. Vincent de Paul to his Sisters of Charity, as a defence in the many perils of their daily lives. Once more the traveller heard that glorious music, which, beautiful at all times, is so especially thrilling at the benediction service. The organ begins with a low, sweet, wailing sound, to which those beautiful and cultivated voices respond: and then bursts into thunder, expressing, as far as mortal instrument can, the glorious majesty of God. It was the feast of St. Monica—that saint so dear to every widowed mother's heart; and the fact, in connection with the English stranger, had not been forgotten by the kind abbate, who came up and whispered to her as she knelt before mass: "My child, the prayers and communions of the community this day will be offered up for *you*, that you may follow in the steps of St. Monica, and finally reap her reward."

Returning at seven to the hotel, the whole party started once more for Nicolosi, on their way to undertake the more formidable ascent of Ætna. Arriving, after a four hours' drive, at the house of their old friend Professor Gemmellaro, they found he had kindly made every arrangement for their start; and after about an hour's delay in settling the pack-saddles, packing up provisions for the night, and arranging everything with the guides, they mounted their mules and began the ascent. For some miles they passed through a tract of lava, sprinkled here and there with broom and heather, till they reached a cattle-shed, called Casa di Rinazzi, where they came to a picturesque wood of dwarf oak looking like the outskirts of an English park. From thence to Casa del Bosco the road is both easy and pleasant, and our travellers began to think that the difficulties of the ascent (to people who had crossed, as they had done, the Lebanon in deep snow) would be comparatively trifling. They soon, however, discovered their mistake. At the Casa del Bosco they stopped to rest their mules and make some tea, while the guides advised them to put on as much additional clothing as they could for the coming cold. The peasants were at work round them collecting the snow in reservoirs close to the cavern called the Grotta delle Capre —that snow so invaluable to the dwellers in the plain, and the sole substitute for ice to the inhabitants of Catania.

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But here the real toil of the ascent begins. It is only nine miles from hence to the summit; but those nine miles are terribly severe, not only from their steepness, but from the nature of the ground, composed of a black loose ash, interspersed with sharply pointed lava rocks, on which you tread and stumble, and seem to recede two steps for every one you take. As you ascend higher the snow conceals the inequalities of the ground, but does not make them the less fatiguing. The cold, too, increases every instant, and our travellers regretted that they had not followed their guides' advice and brought both overstockings and gloves. After toiling up in this manner for two hours, they came to a pile of lava which marks the distance halfway between the Casa del Bosco and the Casa Inglese. The snow here increased in depth—the rarefaction of the air became painfully intense; while the clouds of sulphur from the eruption, which still continued on the opposite side of the mountain, driven in their faces by the wind, made some of the party so sick that they could scarcely proceed. The cold, too, became well-nigh intolerable. The mule of one of the ladies sank in a snowdrift, rolled and fell some way down the precipice, compelling her to continue the journey on foot; but her feet and hands were so numbed and so nearly on the verge of being frost-bitten, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could go on. At last the Casa Inglese was reached. It is a low stone house, built on what is called the Piano del Lago, a small ledge of frozen water, 10,000 feet above the sea. In spite of the orders of the professor, it was still half full of snow when they arrived; and this had to be cleared out, and made into what the children call "snow men," before the frozen travellers could enter and endeavor to make a fire with the wood they had brought with them. The guides cautioned those who were still on their mules to descend very gently, as, in the semi-frozen state they were in, the least jerk or slip might occasion a broken limb. One of the party was lifted off her horse at last and laid on some rugs by the fire, which for a long time resisted all efforts to light; and then her limbs had to be rubbed with snow to restore some kind of animation. When this object was attained, the overpowering smoke—for there was no chimney or fireplace—made the remedy almost worse than the disease. All this time they had been well-nigh deafened by the detonations from the mountain, which, at regular intervals, sounded like artillery practice on a large scale. Everything they had brought with them was frozen, including the milk they had got at Nicolosi, and of which they were obliged to break the bottle before they could melt any for their tea. After a time, the younger portion of the travellers lay down to rest on some straw arranged in wooden shelves or layers round the inner room, one at the top of the other, after the manner of pears and apples in a kitchen-garden house in England. A French geologist and two other professors had joined their party, and of course had no other place to go to; but the appearance of the company, roosting in this way on the shelves, was comical in the extreme.

At three o'clock, however, every one rose, and commenced the ascent of the cone, so as to reach the top by sunrise. The distance is short, but intensely steep; it is like going up the side of a house; and the difficulty is heightened by the loose ashes in which you sink at every step, and the hot fumes of sulphurous vapor which pour out of the sides of the cone. Only a portion of our travellers persevered to the top; the others being reluctantly compelled by faintness and violent sickness to retrace their steps. On reaching the crater, they at first saw nothing but a deep yawning chasm, full of smoke, which kept pouring out in their faces. The eruption, which one of the party had

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seen in perfection two months before, was some miles off, and had burst out of a new crater on the Taormina side of the mountain. But with the dawning light the whole magnificent scene was revealed to them. It has been so admirably and accurately described by Mr. Gladstone, that any attempt at a fresh description could be but a poor repetition of his words. Sufficient, then, is it to say that the view at sunrise repaid all the sufferings of the ascent. Ætna, unlike other mountains, stands alone, rising straight from the plain, with no rivals to dispute her height, or intercept any portion of the glorious view below. The whole of Sicily is stretched out at your feet, the hills below looking like the raised parts of a map for the blind. Not only is the panorama unequalled in magnificence, but there are atmospherical phenomena in it which belong to Ætna alone. As the sun rises over the Calabrian coast, a perfect and distinct image of the cone is reflected —as on the sheet of a magic-lantern— on the horizon below, gradually sinking lower and lower as the sun becomes brighter, and finally disappearing altogether. As it was early in the season, the snow extended over the whole of the so-called desert region, while the wood below seemed to encircle the mountain as with a green belt, which added to the beautiful effect of the whole. Tired and exhausted, and yet delighted, our travellers descended the cone, and rejoined their companions at the Casa Inglese, who had been compelled to content themselves with seeing the sun rise from a green hillock just below the house. They determined on their way home to diverge a little from the straight route, in order to visit the Val del Bove, that weird and ghost-like chasm which had struck them so much when looking down upon it from the height of the cone. Floundering in the snow, which was a good deal deeper on that side of the mountain, their mules continually sinking and struggling up again, breaking their saddle-girths in the effort, and consequently landing their riders continually on the soft snow, the party arrived at last on the edge of this magnificent amphitheatre. It is of vast size, enclosed by precipices 3,000 feet in height, and filled with gigantic rocks, of wonderfully strange and fantastic shapes, standing out separately, like beasts—hence its name. The perfect silence of the spot reminds one of some Egyptian city of the dead. Smoke, explosion, dripping ice, or rushing torrents characterize the other extinct craters in this wonderful mountain; but in this one all is still and silent as the grave. It is stern as the curse of Kehama, and as if the lava had been cast up in these wonderful shapes in some extraordinary convulsion of nature, and then had been petrified as it rose. Our travellers lingered long looking over the edge of the precipice, vainly wishing to be able to descend into the enchanted valley, and at last reluctantly turned their muels' heads in the direction of Nicolosi. The descent was intensely fatiguing, from the continual jerking and slipping of their beasts; and they arrived more dead than alive at the kind professor's house, after being more than eight hours in the saddle. A few hours later found them once more in the burning sunshine of Catania, where the thermometer in the shade was 86°, while it had been 27° on the mountain, a difference in one day of 59° degrees of temperature. But no difficulties should discourage the traveller from attempting the ascent of Ætna, which is worth coming the whole way from England for itself alone. A few days later saw our party on the deck of the Vatican steamer, *en route* for Naples, carrying away with them recollections of enjoyment and kindness such as will ever associate piety in their minds with pleasant thoughts and grateful memories.

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From The Dublin University Magazine.

THE FIRST SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

JAMES'S FAREWELL.

THE fight at the Boyne was over; the English, Dutch, Danish, and French allies resting, or preparing to rest, as well as the ground near the Pass of Duleek would allow, and their defeated but not dispirited foemen marching wearily in the summer night toward Dublin. James accompanied by Sarsfield's horse was already far in the van, and in due time he reached the castle. We can scarcely fancy a more false or uncomfortable position than that in which James now stood, when, calling together his council, the lord mayor, and other notables, he addressed them for the last time. An ill-disposed historian might have invented this speech for him if no memory of the one really delivered had survived. "My dear and loyal Irish subjects, I believe I ought not to have risked the disastrous battle of yesterday against the advice of my judicious officers. After the fighting was determined on, I unhappily did much to discourage the undisciplined fellows who so well exhibited their loyalty and bravery at the Boyne. We are beaten, I am sorry to say, and I am getting away as fast as I can to place hundreds of miles between myself and the cannons and muskets of my callous relative. Make as good terms, my poor people, with William as he will grant you. I can do no more for you than leave you my blessing, to which you are heartily welcome. Adieu!"

There is an ill-natured tradition still afloat that in his greeting to Lady Tyrconnell he alluded to the agility of the Irish in running away from the field, and was in return complimented by that lady for having outstripped such very fleet runners. The anecdote bears every mark of a lie about it. The orderly retreat at the Boyne was nothing like a dastardly flight, and James's disposition would have been worse than his ill-wishers have ever represented it, had he cracked that bitter jest on his loyal supporters. We prefer the following sketch of the final interview from the pen of a writer whose Williamite leanings, though strong, are regulated by calm judgment and generous feelings:

"In the cold grey of the winter's morning it were hard to imagine a drearier or less inviting spectacle than this group of loyalists presented. While they were waiting thus, James, a man of punctuality to the last, was employed in paying and discharging his menial servants, previously to his taking final leave of his Irish capital. At last however the door opened, and James followed by two or three gentlemen and officers, including Colonel Luttrell who kept garrison as governor of the city, entered the apartment. . . . There was that in the fallen condition of the king, in the very magnitude of his misfortunes, which lent a mournful dignity to his presence, and which in spite of the petulance which occasionally broke from him, impressed the few disappointed, and well-nigh ruined followers of his cause who stood before him with feelings of melancholy respect.

"'Gentlemen,' said the king after a brief pause, 'it hath pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to give the victory to our enemies. . . . The enemy will be in possession of this city at least before many days are passed. . Matters being so, we must needs shift for ourselves as best we may. Above all we do command you, we do implore of you, gentlemen, in your several stations, and principally you, Colonel Luttrell, as governor of this our city, to prevent all undue severities, all angry reprisals, all violences . . . . upon the suspected within its walls. We do earnestly intreat of you all to remember that this is *our* city, and they our subjects; protect it and them as long as it shall seem wise to occupy this town for us. This is our last command, our parting request.'"

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The poor king was overcome during his speech by the part his own daughters were acting in the bitter drama then in progress. However, that does not excuse the reference to the want of capacity or courage which he was pleased to discover among his Irish supporters. For from the beginning they appeared more interested in his success than he did himself.

WILLIAM IN DUBLIN.

But the speech came to an end, and the king departed, and conflicting and varying hopes and fears agitated the citizens, as the Irish troops marched in with drums beating and colors flying, and again quitted the city, and proceeded to Limerick, and so on till the arrival of the Duke of Ormond and the Dutch guards on Thursday.

The king rode in from the camp at Finglass on the next Sunday, attended divine service in St. Patrick's cathedral, and returned to the camp in time for dinner. On the 7th of the month he issued a proclamation from which a few extracts are here presented:

"WILLIAM, R.

"As it hath pleased Almighty God to bless our arms in this kingdom with a late victory, ... we hold it reasonable to think of mercy, and to have compassion on those whom we judge to have been seduced. Wherefore we do hereby declare, we shall take into our royal protection all poor labourers, common souldiers, country farmers, plough-men, and cottiers whatsoever: as also all citizens, trades-men, towns-men, and artificers, who either remained at home, or having fled from their dwellings, shall return by the first of August. . . We do also promise to secure them in their goods, their stocks of cattel, and all their chattels personal whatever, willing and requiring them to come in, . . and to preserve the harvest of grass and corn for the supply of the winter."

Those who held from Protestant landlords were to pay their rent as usual, but tenants of Roman Catholics should hand their money to commissioners appointed to receive it. The term REBELS is applied in the proclamation to all in arms for King James, a proof that privy councillors dating from the royal camp at Finglass, 7th July, 1690, were determined to hold the adherents of James sternly to their constitutional position.

Devoted partisan as was our chaplain,* he was sometimes blessed with kindly feelings toward his master's foes. He thus continues after copying the proclamation:

"This *declaration* was published in the camp two days after, and had it been punctually observed according to the intent of it, we had had fewer enemies at this day by at least 20,000. For though the king was punctual in his observance of it, some officers and soldiers were apt to neglect the king's honour, and the honour of our country and religion, when it stood in competition with their own profit and advantage."

DOUGLAS'S SLOW JOURNEY TO ATHLONE.

On the 9th of July, William divided his forces, sending one portion under General L. G. Douglas to force the pass at Athlone, himself conducting the rest toward Limerick. Douglas did not tire his soldiers with rapid marches. The first night they bivouacked at Chapel *Issard*, which place a citizen of Dublin will reach easily on foot in an hour. The second night they encamped at *Manouth* (Maynooth?), but here we must quote our historian.

"Friday we encamped at *Glencurry* (Cloncurry?) about five miles further, and we had not got this length till we begun to plunder, though the general gave strict orders to the contrary. Saturday the 12th, we marched to *Clenard* (Clonard) bridge, and here we staid all Sunday. The soldiers went abroad and took several things from the Irish, who had staid upon the king's declaration, and frequent complaints came already to the general; but plundering went on still, especially among the northern men who are very dexterous at that sport. . . At *Mullingar* several of the Irish came in for protections, though when they had them they were of little force to secure their goods or themselves."

General Douglas and his soldiers arrived before Athlone, which our authority locates fifty miles north of Dublin, though it happens to be near-

* Rev. George Story, chaplain in King William's army.

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ly due west, on the 17th, having marched out of Chapelizod on the 9th (six and a quarter miles per day). Not a whit fatigued or daunted, they summoned stout old Colonel Grace to surrender. Story says he fired a pistol at the herald, to show the value he set on his request. We must pronounce the old warrior a recreant, unless the charge was mere powder, or the muzzle pointed upward, which we opine was the case. Colonel Grace expressed at the same time his determination to eat his old boots rather than capitulate; hence the application of *Boot-eater* to stout defenders of fortresses. So besiegers and besieged fired guns long and short, wide and small bores, at each other till the 25th, when General Douglas, hearing that Sarsfield was coming to the relief of the place, raised the siege, and marched southward to meet the main army near Limerick. Mr. Story says that about three or four hundred men were lost between Dublin and Limerick, of which number thirty only were slain before Athlone, say three men and three quarters of a man each day. Very indifferent gunners were those behind the walls of Athlone if this statement be true, Our observant author makes curious mistakes in topographical matters at times. In this portion of his narrative he mentions the Shannon as falling into the sea beyond Knoc Patrick. Every child exercised on the map of Ireland, is able to lay finger on Cnoc-Patrick in Mayo, seventy miles or so north of the Shannon's mouth.

After laying the deaths of the three or four hundred men missing to sickness, *hard marching*, six and a quarter miles per diem, surprises by Rapparees, and sundry other disadvantages, he cracks a gentle joke by way of cheering up his reader's spirits. "We killed," says he, "and took prisoners a great many thousands, but more of these had had four feet than two." Having brought this division of the army safe through the "Golden Vale," let us see what the other portion under the immediate attention of the king were about.

HOW WILLIAM ENFORCED DISCIPLINE.

On the 9th of the month, William encamped at Crumlin, and the next night between the *Ness** and Rathcoole. It was well for the inhabitants of the line of march that the king commanded in person.

"Little hapned remarkable except the king's great care to keep the souldiers from plundering, and every night it was given out in orders that on pain of death no man should go beyond the line in the camp, or take violently to the least value from Protestant or Papist. The 11th the army marched to *Kil-Kullen* Bridge, the king this morning passing by the *Ness* saw a souldier robbing a poor woman, which enraged his majesty so much, that he beat him with his cane, and gave orders that he and several others guilty of the like disobedience should be executed on the Monday following. People were so wicked as (to) put a bad construction on this action of the king's, but it had so good an effect upon that part of the army, that the country was secured from any violence done by the souldiers during that whole march. Two of the sufferers were *Iniskillin* dragoons."

Had General Douglas acted thus the worthy chaplain would not have had to record so much cruelty and injustice inflicted upon the harmless country people.

Story takes occasion, on Colonel Eppingar's proceeding with a party of 1,000 horse and dragoons† to Wexford, to inform his English readers about the people in the south of the county.

"Hereabouts were the first *English* planted in *Ireland*. They were a colony of west-countrymen, and retain their old *English* tone and customs to this day. I am credibly informed that every day about one or two o'clock in summer, they go to bed, the whole country round; nay, the very hens fly up and

* Naas was anciently the seat of the kings of North Leinster. The word means a fair or a commemoration. Rathcoole implies a lonely fortress.

† In 1660, Marshal Brissac, fancying or feigning dragons to be in the habit of spouting fire out of their mouths, got the muzzles of short muskets adorned with the effigies of these monsters, and therewith armed some troops of horse. The early dragoons discharged the duties of infantry and cavalry. The Scots Grays formed in 1688 were the earliest British dragoons.

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the sheep go to fold as orderly as it were night.*"

Good Mr. Story was as fond of a bit of picturesque or romantic hearsay as Herodotus himself. The well-to-do farmers really indulged in a siesta, but as to the degeneracy of manners among the hens and sheep we are altogether incredulous. Some time before the *Ninety-Eight*, household and village councils were held for a month in a townland of the barony to decide whether a farmer, to whom a legacy had been left in Dublin, should relinquish his right to it, or encounter the risks of the journey to the city. At last it was decided that prayers were to be solemnly offered up for his safety in all the neighboring churches and chapels, and then let him in God's name brave the perils of the way.

A good deal of irresolution prevailed at this time in William's proceedings. Ill news came rife across the water, and at one time he retraced his route even as far as Chapelizod with the intention of crossing to England. There, however, he received tidings which reassured him, and he returned to the camp at Golden Bridge, which he reached on the 2d of August. On the 8th General Douglas arrived, and on the 9th the united forces approached the Irish stronghold.

INTERIOR OF THE IRISH COUNCILS.

The Irish and French chiefs who had collected to Limerick after the day at the Boyne were far from being of the same opinions or aspirations. According to Colonel O'Kelly, Tyrconnell desired nothing more than to give up Limerick and all the other garrisons to King William, and Count de Lauzun was more anxious to get back to that centre of delights, the city of Paris, than co-operate in the defence of their present hold, which, he said, required only a smart discharge of roasted apples to be made listen to terms.

THE PARLEY BEFORE THE FIGHT.

Limerick, now apparently devoted to destruction, consisted of an island within two arms of the Shannon, and a smaller area outside called the Irish-town, both portions being connected by Ball's-bridge. King's Island was and is connected with the Clare side of the river by Thomond-bridge, and contains a legacy left by King John in the shape of a castle. William's people set to work forming batteries and trenches as well as the balls coming from the ramparts of Irish-town would allow them, and the moment they were ready they proceeded to exchange iron and leaden compliments with the folk behind the parapets.

Hostilities, however, did not really begin till some civil communications had taken place on both sides. A herald-trumpeter, blowing his instrument and displaying his white flag, entered the city with a polite request to the authorities to surrender the place. Monsieur Boiselieu, chief in command, calling the Duke of Berwick and Major-General Sarsfield to council, indited a politely expressed letter to Sir Robert Southwell, secretary of state, in which was implied some wonder at the request, and a determination on his part, and that of his officers and soldiers, to gain the good opinion of the Prince of Orange by defending the city against his forces while defence was feasible. On the return of the trumpeter firing began, the king inspecting the hot business from Cromwell's fort.

Story says that a Frenchman, escaping into the city the day the enemy sat down before it, gave accurate information to Sarsfield of the complete economy of the English camp, and of a battering-train, tin boats, wagons of biscuits, etc., approaching William's camp from Dub-

* The people of "the barony" are the descendants of a Flemish colony who had settled in Wales at the invitation of Henry I. Beans were the favorite crop, and dry bean-stalks furnished their chief fuel. If the gossip of the inhabitants of the northern part of the county could be credited, the barony of Forth formerly furnished priests for all Ireland.

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lin. Part of the sequel is given in his own words:

"Monday the 11th in the morning, came one *Manus O'Brien* a substantial country gentleman to the camp, and gave notice that *Sarsfield* in the night had passed the river with a body of horse, and designed something extraordinary. . . . The messenger that brought the news was not much taken notice of at first, most people looking on it as a dream. A great officer however called him aside, and after some indifferent questions, askt him about a prey of cattel in such a place, which the gentleman complained of afterwards, saying he was sorry to see general officers mind cattel more than the king's honour. But after he met with some acquaintance he was brought to the king, who, to prevent the worst, gave orders that a party of five hundred horse should be made ready, and march to meet the guns. . . . Where the fault lay, I am no competent judge, but it certainly was one or two of the clock in the morning before the party marched, which they then did very softly till about an hour after they saw——"

What shall be told further on.

SARSFIELD'S GREAT FEAT.

"From Limerick that day bould Sarsfield dashed away,
Until he came to Cullen where their artillery lay;
The Lord cleared up the firmament, the moon and stars shone bright,
And for the Battle of the Boyne he had revenge that night."

Poor John Banim inserted these stirring lines in his romance of the Boyne Water as belonging to an old ballad; we suspect them to have been his own composition. Whoever might have given Sarsfield information—a rapparee was as likely as the Frenchman mentioned by the chaplain—he crossed Thomond-bridge at the head of five hundred horse on Sunday night as soon as it was sufficiently dark, and the party moved up as noiselessly as they could along the western bank of the Shannon to Killaloe, or *Killalow* as Rev. Mr. Story spells it. There they crossed the river and penetrated among the Tipperary mountains, over which the Keeper and the "Mother of Mountains" towered in pride. Among the hills they spent the rest of the night and the whole of the next day, being kept aware of the movements of the convoy which meantime was working its slow way along the Cashel road. Toward evening Sarsfield and a few who were most in his confidence, lying among the dry grass and fern of the hill-pass since called *Lacken-na-Gopple* (*Lagan-na-Capal*, "Hollow of the Horses"), were inspecting the last stage of the convoy. At that hour the train had passed the village of Cullen, and were about taking their rest on and about the road leading up to the grassy platform on which stood the old fortalice of Ballyneedy. This was about five miles from the mountain pass where the Jacobite general was on the watch. He waited as patiently as he could till the sun had sunk some time behind the Galteigh mountains, and the watch-fires began to glimmer from the encampment.

The watch-word that night among the wearied men and their sentinels was SARSFIELD, an ill-omened coincidence. How the party conspiring their destruction found it out is not so very apparent; but when the officers were asleep in the waste castle, and the soldiers by their wagons, Sarsfield's men sung out the password to the sentinel placed in advance of the village, to the sentinels in the village, and to the sentinels immediately in advance of the unconscious groups. There the commander thundered out "Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man." Deafening shouts came from the rushing horsemen, and of the awakened slumberers some were slain gallantly resisting, a few escaped, and a few others got quarter. The spoils consisted of eight pieces of heavy battering-cannon, five mortars with their carriages, a hundred and fifty-three wagons of ammunition, twelve carts loaded with biscuit, eighteen tin boats for the passage of rivers, and all the cart and cavalry horses.

The commander, wisely judging that troops were at the moment marching from Limerick to interrupt his plans, had the cannons charged to the mouth and set in the earth, muzzle down-

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ward. These he surrounded with the wagons and their contents, and skilfully laid trains of powder were not neglected. The successful party then withdrawing to a safe distance—they needed a wide berth, taking the quantity of powder into account—set fire at once to the lines of powder, and at one and the same moment all the contents of the great guns and the ammunition-carts were ignited. There was an intolerable blaze, a roar and its reverberations, accompanied by a blowing up in the air of pieces of metal and blazing wood, and the combined effect was sublime and terrible beyond conception. The darkest recesses of the mountain glens were lighted up as in the summer noon, and the shock was felt for many miles in every direction. Sir John Lanier, who was hastening when too late to protect the convoy, saw the blaze and heard the terrible explosion at several miles distance, and comprehended the terrible disaster in a moment. The concussion was perceptible even in William's camp at a distance of about thirteen miles, and it is probable that the general who had "*askt*" Manus O'Brien about the prey of cattel, felt (to use a provincialism) very lewd of himself. Sir John Lanier directed his squadron of five hundred horse to the left to intercept the Irish party, but it was not his fortune to meet with them, and Sarsfield recrossed the Shannon without the loss of a man.

The Rev. Mr. Story relates that no one was made prisoner at Ballyneedy "only a lieutenant of Colonel Earle's, who being sick in a house hard by, was stripped and brought to Sarsfield, who used him very civilly."

While the Irish chief is snatching a short relaxation after his successful sortie, and all within the walls are filled with a momentary joy for the signal benefit, let us introduce a slight sketch of the career of the brave Earl of Lucan, whose memory is still held in love and veneration by the great mass of the Irish people, and of whom no disrespectful word is ever pronounced by the descendants of the brave men against whom he often waged battle.

SARSFIELD'S CAREER.

The first of the name known in Ireland was Thomas Sarsfield, standard-bearer to King Henry II. In the reign of Charles I., Patrick, the then representative of the family, married Anne, daughter of Ruaighré (Roger) O'Moore, and their children were William and the subject of our sketch Patrick, who succeeded to the estate on the death of his brother. "He had received his education in one of the French military colleges, and saw some early campaigns in the armies of Louis XIV. His first commission was that of ensign in the regiment of Monmouth in France, after which he obtained a lieutenancy in the Royal Guards of England." He commanded for James in one of those skirmishes which took place with William's Dutch troops on their march from Torquay. At the commencement of the Irish campaigns his estates produced £2,000 annual revenue, so that it did not inconvenience him much to raise a company of horse. We shall not here touch on his achievements during the war in Ireland, as these have found, or will naturally find their places in the course of our narrative. On arriving in Paris after the treaty of Limerick, "he was received with kindness and distinction by the ex-king of England and Louis XIV."

"The former appointed him colonel of his body guards, and his most Christian majesty bestowed on him the rank of lieutenant-general in the French armies. He might have obtained a marshal's staff had his life been spared. He fought under Luxembourg at Steenkirk in 1692, ... and on the 29th of July, 1693, a little more than one year and a half after his voluntary banishment from his own country, he was killed in the command of a division at the great battle of Landen. It was a soldier's death on a glorious and memorable field.

"There are few names more worthy to be inscribed in the roll of honour than that of

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Patrick Sarsfield, who may be quoted as a type of loyalty and patriotic devotion. In the annals of Irish history he stands as a parallel to Pièrre du Terrail, Chevalier de Bayard in those of France, and may be equally accounted 'Sans peur et sans reproche,' the fearless and irreproachable knight; in his public actions firm and consistent; in his private character amiable and unblemished. . . . (At the end of the war) William III. would gladly have won his services, and offered to confirm him in his rank and property; but he listened to no overtures, and left his native country attended by thousands of that gallant body, who, under the title of the Irish Brigade, filled the continent of Europe with their renown."*

In his Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation, Mathew O'Connor speaks thus of his military qualifications:

"As a partisan and for a desultory warfare, he possessed admirable qualifications; brave, patient, vigilant, rapid, indefatigable, ardent, adventurous, and enterprising; the foremost in encounter, the last in retreat. He harassed his enemy by sudden, unexpected, and generally irresistible attacks, inspiring his troops with the same ardour and contempt of danger with which his own soul was animated. . . . No general was ever more beloved by his troops."

A SIEGE INCIDENT OR TWO.

Whatever William might have felt on being made acquainted with the loss of his cannon and ammunition, he said very little on the subject. He was one of those whose fixed purpose is not to be set aside for defeat or check. With his battering-train augmented by two great guns and a mortar from Waterford, he continued to pound the walls day after day. The trenches were relieved at midnight till the following unlucky mistake occurred, all the particulars of which are not very intelligible to civilians:

"Monday 18th August at night the trenches were relieved by Lieut.-General *Douglas*, My Lord *Sydney*, and Count *Nassau*, as major-generals, and Brigadeer *Stuart*. We made our approaches towards the fort outside the wall, and Lieut.-General *Douglas's* and Brigadeer *Stuart's* regiments were posted towards the right. It was dark when they went on, and they did not perceive the enemy to be so near them as they really were. [What brought the enemy outside their walls?] for there was at that time scarce twenty yards distance between them. They were ordered to lye down upon their arms which they did, and a great part, both of the officers and soldiers, fell asleep. The enemy perceived this, and attacked them, which presently put them into a confusion, and several of them gave ground, but presently recovered themselves and fired, but did not know at what. The *Danes* to the left took our own men for the enemy sallying, and so fired upon them; they believed the *Danes* to be the *Irish*, and so returned the compliment. The *Irish* fired upon both, and they at one another. This confusion lasted nigh two hours, in which several men were killed; nor did the king or any body else know what to make of it. At last our men found their mistake, and the *Irish* were beat in, crying 'quarter' and 'murder' as they used to do. After this his majesty ordered the trenches to be relieved in the day, and our men marched always in and out in the very face of their cannon."

If truth lies in a well, it is a pity she should make choice of a muddy one, where her contours and lineaments are so admirably confused. Hear another version by John Banim, the novelist, from what, if any, authority we know not:

"While day after day the battering at this one point continued, the garrison made a midnight sortie upon the besiegers. Taken by surprise, and thrown into such confusion as to be unable to discern friend from foe, they attacked each other, and the Irish hav-

* "Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, a Biography;" Dublin University Magazine for November, 1853; the writer, John William Cole, Esq., formerly captain in the Royal Fusiliers. Mary, sister of the earl, was married to Colonel Rossiter, County Wexford, and to a lineal descendant of theirs, the gentleman just mentioned, we are indebted for the only life of Sarsfield yet given to the world. He could find but scant materials, though it is supposed they might be made available if the living representative of an old family of the Pale would take the trouble of a search among the archives of his house. Mary Sarsfield's great granddaughter was the wife of Lieutenant (afterward colonel) James Cockburn, who was on the personal staff of General Wolfe on the memorable day at Quebec. His portrait (to the right of General Moncton's) was introduced by West into his picture of the "Death of Wolfe." He afterward commanded the Thirty-fifth in the American war of Independence. Colonel Cockburn's daughter, Margaret, married Thomas Cole, Esq., of Callan, in the county of Kilkenny, major in the King's Fencibles. Our authority the issue of this marriage could not resist the martial impulses of his race; so he smelled powder along with Rev. R. Gleig at Washington and New Orleans and elsewhere. Since he laid aside the "spurtle blade and dog-skin wallet," he has usefully employed his leisure hours in literary composition of a healthful character. We suspect the papers in the University Magazine on ancient military tactics illustrated by plans of battles to be his. Among his other productions are biographies of General Vallancey, Tyrone Power, and other Irish theatrical celebrities.

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ing retreated unperceived, so continued until the morning light showed them their mistake and the shocking havoc that resulted from it."

Our chaplain did not much relish that classic and severe style of composition which critics assigned to a great historical work. Moreover he was ever as ready as Homer to introduce a gossiping or traditional episode, and repose his pen from the dry or terrible details of the main course of events.

On the 19th of the month King William had another providential escape. He was riding slowly up toward Cromwell's fort, when, as he was entering a gap, an officer stayed him about some business. Within a second or two after the pause of the horse's feet, a cannon-ball swept through the spot where he and his horse would have been but for the interruption.

All this time the people within the walls were in ill-condition, their diet consisting of beans, or very coarse bread, and the enemy's mortars throwing bombs and carcasses among them with little interruption. These things disturbed them much, as Mr. Story says, for they had not seen the like before. The round or oval iron carcasses which flashed forth through its holes a fierce and inextinguishable fire for some eight or ten minutes was nearly as terrible as the bomb. Still they doggedly held on, and made no complaint; Sarsfield's energy and hopeful spirits kept up their courage. The chaplain relates with a sort of remorseful feeling how his party and himself enjoyed the burning of a part of the town one night by the bombs and red-hot balls, "which made me reflect upon our profession of soldiery not to be overcharged with good nature."

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HOW LIMERICK WAS ASSAILED AND DEFENDED.

By the 27th of the month, a twelve yards breach being made in the wall of Irishtown, and William looking on from Cromwell's fort, the grenadiers, supported on either side by Dutch, Danes, and Brandenburghers, on hearing a signal of three cannon-shots, sprang out of their trenches, and cheering loudly, dashed forward to the glacis.* They were hotly received from the covered way, whose occupants mounting the banquette, and resting their muskets on the edge of the glacis, poured a shower of balls among them; and the guns on the ramparts, great and small, volleying fast and fiercely, made wide lanes among the brave fellows. However, the guns from Cromwell's fort, enfilading the ramparts, soon silenced the engines of death stationed there, and the grenadiers, undaunted by the thinning of their ranks, gained the glacis, sprang into the covered way, and after a terrible struggle forced the defenders from that post, from their trenches in the ditch, and over the breach into the city.

The guns on the ramparts to the right of the breach being silenced, the firing from the Danes and Dutch on the flanks of the storming party did considerable damage to those on the ramparts and in the ditch, but the guns of a fort constructed in King's Island opened on the foreigners, killed many, and afforded some relief to the defenders. While these were mowing each other down at a distance, the grenadiers, driving their opponents across the breach, cheered lustily, and flung in their hand-grenades, whose bursting and destructive iron shower were ill calculated to recall the self-possession of the fugitives. But the pikes and bayonets of their fellows in shelter, now levelled full at their breasts, were

* For the behoof of young readers not conversant with the outworks of besieged towns, a few explanatory words are given. Outside the strong walls is a wide and deep, dry ditch. The sloping side from which the wall rises is the scarp, the opposite slope is the counterscarp, its upper line meeting with the platform called the covered way. This covered way is about thirty feet wide, its outward boundary being the face of the glacis or sloping plane, this last so situated that men marching along it to attack the fortress are in the direct range of the guns. The level of the glacis is higher than that of the covered way by seven or eight feet. The defenders standing on a small terrace called the banquette at the base of the glacis, and resting their muskets on its edge, can fire on the advancing foe.

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as much to be dreaded as what they expected from behind. Over the breach and inward dashed Lord Drogheda's grenadiers, but a battery snugly placed in front of the yawning breach on stones, timber, earth, and other stuff, all at once belched out a storm of grape upon them, and after struggling for some time, a second discharge sent them back over the ruins and into the ditch.

But no dastard feeling was to be found among the survivors. Re-enforced by new comrades who had yet done nothing, they returned once more to the assault, flung their grenades, and cleared the tumbled masses of lime and stone. Undaunted by the havoc made among them by a fresh discharge, they rushed on the battery, effectually silenced it, and now looked on the capture of the town as certain. But here they were met by fresh and untired foes, who being kept to that moment in inaction by Sarsfield, now rushed on from either side, and a dreadful struggle commenced, the badly armed defenders showering volleys of stones where more effective weapons were not at command, the mere townsmen and their wives and daughters mingling fiercely in the desperate fray. Those who had pushed on the furthest were slain to a man, neither asking nor receiving quarter, and the others, after effecting everything in the power of energy and dauntless courage, were for the second time driven forth from the rescued city.

"From the walls and every place (we quote our chaplain) they so pestered us on the counterscarp (properly the covered way), that after nigh three hours resisting bullets, stones (broken bottles from the very women who boldly stood in the breach, and were nearer our men than their own), and whatever ways could be thought on to destroy us, our ammunition being spent, it was judged safest to return to our trenches. When the work was at the hottest, the *Brandenburgh* regiment, who behaved themselves very well, were got upon the black battery, where the enemie's powder hapned to take fire, and blew up a great many of them, the men, faggots, stones, and whatnot, flying into the air with a most terrible noise."

In some Jacobite memoirs mention is made of a sortie made by Sarsfield and his driving the wearied assaulters to their camp, and their rescuing many of the enemy from an hospital which had taken fire. The exploit is overlooked by the chaplain, who thus concludes his short account of the day:

"The king stood nigh *Cromwell's* fort all the time, and the business being over, he went to his camp very much concerned, as indeed was the whole army, for you might have seen a mixture of anger and sorrow in every bodie's countenance."

William thus disappointed of bringing the Irish issue to a conclusion, and his presence being much needed in England, drew off his forces, and he himself made little delay till he set sail from Waterford to make matters in London comfortable, and keep a sharp lookout on the unfriendly proceedings of his bitter foeman, Louis XIV.

In September Count Solmes, who was left in command after William's departure, went to England, and Ginckell succeeded to his office. A better choice could not have been made; he established his head-quarters at Kilkenny.

TYRCONNELL'S POLICY.

Tyrconnell, who all along was no better than a drag on his party, who desired peace in order to secure his own estates, and who was accused of holding secret correspondence with William, sailed to France soon after the siege of Limerick. Previous to his departure he appointed the young Duke of Berwick commander-in-chief, giving him twelve councillors to aid him with their advice. Some of these were men after Tyrconnell's own heart, such as in our own days are called *Cawtholics* by their own party. Sarsfield happened to be among them, because, if he were not, Tyrconnell's arrangements would have been little regarded by the men of heart and head among the loyalists. Count O'Kelly declares that Tyrconnell's reasons for repairing to the presence of Kings Louis and James were to nullify the

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effect that the gallant defence of Limerick might have made upon their minds. He would so twist and remould circumstances as to show that there was not a shadow of hope for ultimate success. James appears to have long entertained the notion of recovering England by losing Ireland, hence his enduring patronage of Tyrconnell. Berwick was influenced, of course, by what he knew were the cherished wishes of his father and his father's favorite, and by his inaction, and want of cordial co-operation with Sarsfield and the others, who, like him, were in earnest, did all that in him lay to make General Ginckell's task easy. On more than one occasion the Irish party were about deposing the young duke, but he managed by a show of compliance to still retain his power.

In September of this year the brave soldier but faithless adherent, Lord Churchill, afterward Duke of Marlborough, took Cork, which the Duke of Berwick had previously advised the brave M'Elligot to burn, and then retire to Kerry, as its defence seemed hopeless. He rather chose to hold it out for five days. The Duke of Grafton, a natural son of Charles II., and who bequeathed his name to the Bond street of Dublin, commanding the navy, perished at the siege, fighting against his uncle's supporters. Marlborough next marched against Kinsale, which he entered without opposition, but the new fort commanded by Sir Edmund Scott held out for twenty days.

THE RAPPAREES: UNCOMFORTABLE WINTER QUARTERS, 1690.

Those patriotic and troublesome light-armed irregulars, the rapparees, continued during the decline and fall of the year 1690 to do the English in Leinster and Munster much mischief by unexpectedly visiting places supplied with provisions, either cattle or corn, and carrying off all they could seize. So General Ginckell finding himself straitened, conceived the idea of effecting a settlement in Kerry, from which Limerick obtained much provender. With this object he directed Lieutenant-General Douglas to march on Sligo, and take it if possible, at all events to move down the west bank of the Shannon, and co-operate with Colonel Richard Brewer, then at Mullingar, in attempts to pass the river at Jamestown and Lanesboro' above, and Banagher below Athlone. While the attention of King James's generals would be drawn to these proceedings in the north and east, Major-General Tettau would quietly proceed from Cork into Kerry, and take possession of that ancient "kingdom," seconded in his expedition if necessary by forces from Clonmel under the brave Ginckell himself. The advance was really made, and skirmishes and attacks of forts ensued, and after all, the English forces were withdrawn, leaving matters pretty much as before, except the damage mutually inflicted. Some desultory encounters took place on the east bank of the Shannon between portions of the hostile forces, and the rapparees improved every opportunity of despoiling the English foe, and collecting munitions into their boggy or hilly retreats. There are sufficient materials for a dozen romances in the adventures of Maccabe, Grace, O'Higgins, O'Callaghan, O'Kavanagh, the White Sergeant, Galloping Hogan. The last-named worthy indeed figures in the two standard romances of the Jacobite wars which we are happy to possess. It may be supposed that the deeds of these heroes smelt unsavorily in the nostrils of our chaplain, who thus descanted both in sorrow and anger on their proceedings. He prefaced his remarks with an expression of Lord Baltimore to King James I., namely, that "the Irish were a wicked people, and had been as wickedly dealt withal," and conscientiously adds, "I make no application of the expression to ourselves, the most people that have been in that country know how to do it."

One expedition of some moment

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was made by Colonel Foulkes into an island in the Bog of Allen. This was connected by two toghers or causeways to two points on the dry land, one of them being furnished with twelve trenches. These the brave colonel, who brought three field-pieces along with him, was obliged to fill up one after the other. When he arrived he found Colonel Piper, who had approached by the other causeway. The rapparee garrison had all carefully retreated into the woods when they became aware of their danger, leaving, as Mr. Story says, "only some little things for the invaders."

Of course no quarter was ever extended to the poor rapparees. However, the usual forbearance was exhibited by the regular forces on both sides toward each other. Opposite Lanesboro', on the other side of the Shannon, were posted three regiments of Irish, with the duty of watching the English on the east bank, during some days in December; and (in Mr. Story's words) "then little hapned of moment only some small firings, and sometimes they made truces, Colonel *Clifford* and the other Irish officers drinking healths over to our men, and those on the other side returning the compliment."

It never entered the mind of the warlike chaplain to throw a halo of interest round one of his rapparee chiefs, though some were perhaps more worthy of the name of hero than Redmond O'Hanlon or Rob Roy. They were contemporaries of his, and were directing their chief energies to bring his master's rule in Ireland to an end. So it was against nature that he could see in them anything but "thieves, robbers, tories, and bogg-trotters."

The most distinguished of the heads of these free companies was Anthony O'Carroll, named *Fadh* from his great height. After the first siege of Limerick he fixed his head-quarters at Nenagh, and *discomforted* the English and their allies from that period to the beginning of the second siege. Though he or any of his followers if taken prisoners would be hung according to the laws of war, without mercy, he observed a different demeanor to his captives. Those who had money ransomed themselves; others were kept as prisoners. When he found himself crowded by his foes after the day at Aughrim, he set fire to the town, and brought his garrison of 500 men safe to Limerick. Mr. Story says that he was able to collect 2,000 men to his banner at any moment while he ruled at Nenagh.

ORIGINAL.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SERMONS PREACHED AT THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE, NEW YORK, during the years 1865 and 1866. 12mo, pp. 440. New York: Lawrence Kehoe.

The new volume of Sermons by the Paulist Fathers, which Mr. Kehoe has just issued in a very neat and tasteful shape, derives a special interest from the fact that it contains several of the hitherto unpublished discourses of the Rev. Francis A. Baker. In the earnest, vigorous, affectionate sermons on Penance, on the miracle of Pardon, on the power of the Holy Ghost as exemplified in good Christians, and on the duty of Thankfulness, it is easy to recognize the impulses of that beautiful soul which has now gone to its reward. We have spoken before of the characteristics of Father Baker's preaching. Here is an extract, taken at random from the first of the four discourses which we have mentioned:

"Do you know, my brethren, what it is that consoles the priest in his labors in the confessional? Why does he shut himself in that dark closet for hours? Ah! I will tell you. Like Elias in the cave of Horeb, he is watching for the manifestation of God; and as the prophet found the power of God, not in

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the tempest or the earthquake, but in the still small voice, so the priest finds the greatest work of God, the most beautiful, that which consoles him for every sacrifice; not in the works of nature, not in sensible things, however great; but in the still small voice of the trembling, self-accusing soul, that has really come to shake off the slavery of sin, and to claim once more, through the blood of Christ, the glorious liberty of the children of God. Beautiful is the earth and sky, and glorious is the jewelled city of God; but if I may say what I think, I do not believe in all God's universe there is a work so stupendous, so grand, so beautiful, as the conversion of a sinner.

"Well, then, does St. Augustine say, that to convert a sinner is a greater work than to create heaven and earth. Well do the saints cry out, Glory and empire for ever to Jesus Christ, who has loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood! Well do the angels in heaven rejoice over one sinner that does penance. It is a thing for heaven and earth to wonder at. But, my brethren, it does not speak well for us that we think so little of it. It shows that we have very imperfect ideas of the evil of sin, a very inadequate remembrance of what Christ has done and suffered for us, a very insufficient conception of the conversion that is required of us. It seems to me that some men imagine that God pardons sin in much the same way that a good-natured parent overlooks the slight offences of a child who owns his fault. Whereas, in fact, God is a holy God, who tries the reins and hearts, who demands of us, as the condition of preserving his favor, that we love him with all our mind and strength and heart. When I see a man who has recently been to confession, and who has had grievous sins to confess; when I see him no more thoughtful than before, no more watchful over himself, no more grateful to God; when I see him forget all about it, and take it as a matter of course, I fear that he has come away as he went; that no angel has smiled on his penance, no saint rejoiced over it; that no droop of the precious Blood has fallen on his heart. Surely if he had been pardoned he would think more of it. Let it not be so with us, my brethren. Have we been forgiven a deadly sin, then from reprobates and castaways we have become children of God. How sweet it is to receive any grace from God! To look on the sky and earth, and think that he has made it, to look on ourselves and think that we have come from his hands, fills us with delight.

"But to have sinned and to be pardoned, to have sinned and to be washed in the precious Blood, and then to belong to the family of God. To have tasted of the heavenly gift, and the powers of the world to come. To have the love of God, and the peace of God, once more to renew these dark and stubborn hearts. Where is our gratitude for favors such as these? Magdalene hath loved much because she was much forgiven. When is our love and our zeal proportionate to the pardon which we have received from God? Go, pardoned sinner—sin no more. Go, and ponder deeply the graces you have received. Go, and by your life show what great things he has done for you. Once in darkness, but now light in the Lord, walk as children of light, living with St. Paul in the faith of the Son of God, who hath loved you and given himself for you."

The same fervent spirit and the same vein of practical exhortation which we see so admirably combined in the passages which we have cited, are conspicuous in many other pages from the anonymous hands which have contributed to the authorship of this volume. The Paulist Fathers have little to do in their book with controversy, and not a great deal with dogma, except in so far as it has a direct practical relation to the duties of every-day life. They seem, in this collection of sermons, to care more for exhorting than expounding; more for arousing sinners to the comprehension and performance of what the church requires of them, than for setting forth the church's sacred attributes. As discourses addressed to ordinary congregations, made up of people of the common run who are burdened with the common imperfections of average humanity, we know of few specimens of pulpit literature which we rate higher. And they have also the great and unfortunately rather rare merit of being very impressive and effective when read in the retirement of the closet.

J. R. G. H.

LYDIA, A TALE OF THE SECOND CENTURY. Translated from the German of Hermann Geiger, of Munich. 12mo, pp. 275. Philadelphia: Eugene Cummiskey. 1867.

We are inclined to believe that the now world-renowned tales of Fabiola and Callista have prompted the composition of this beautiful story. The heroine is a young Christian of Smyrna, named Seraphica, who is cast into prison and condemned to death for her faith. A terrible earthquake, most powerfully depicted by the author, sunders the walls of her prison, and she is liberated; but learning that her-

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mother was carried off to Athens as a slave, she follows her thither. The captain of the vessel in which she embarks seizes her and makes a present of her as a slave to a wealthy Athenian lady named Metella, who names her Lydia from the place of her birth. In the service of this lady, who is a pious heathen, the Christian slave passes several years, exhibiting in her life many traits of that heroic patience, humility, love of suffering, and divine charity which were inspired by her holy faith, and which is beautifully contrasted with the pure, natural virtue of her heathen mistress.

Her Christian patience is rewarded at last by the conversion of Metella and her son. Freed from slavery, she goes to Rome to seek her mother, who she finds has in the mean time suffered martyrdom, and returns to Metella to become her bosom friend and companion.

We could scarcely wish anything added to the plot of this charming tale, but the impression made upon us during its perusal was that the different descriptions, scenes, and tableaux were wanting in a proper connecting link, being presented to us rather, as it would appear, for their own sake, than as necessarily united with, or dependent upon, the life and fortunes of the characters of the story. The translator has fallen into a common fault from a desire to be too literal; the intermingling of the historical present with the past. We have not observed it in any instance without feeling that it detracted very much from the force and beauty of the description. The volume does the enterprising publisher the highest credit, its typography and binding lacking in nothing that we could desire for elegance and taste. We predict and wish for it a wide circulation.

HISTORY OF A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD. By Jean Macé. Translated from the French by Mr. Alfred Gatty. New-York: American News Company, 121 Nassau-street.

This is a very popular work on the branch of physiology which relates to the organs and processes of nutrition. It is written in a pleasing, lively style, and with the express purpose of being readable by intelligent children. Excepting the absurd notion that the globules of the blood are animalculæ, and the grovelling definition of the body as a digestive tube served by organs, we see nothing worthy of censure in the book, which, otherwise, imparts valuable information respecting the merely physical facts of animal life.

GOODRICH'S PICTORIAL HISTORIES OF GREECE AND THE UNITED STATES, and CHILD'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. New editions. Philadelphia: Butler & Co. 1867.

These new and improved editions of very popular and well-written histories are very suitable for elementary instruction. We have examined the history of Greece with some attention, and find it an excellent epitome. The illustrations are remarkably good.

LAWRENCE KEHOE, New-York, has in press, and will soon publish, Lady Herbert's new work, which has just appeared in London, entitled Three Phases of Christian Love—namely, Life of St. Monica, Life of Victorine de Galard, Life of Venerable Mere Devos.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York. The New Gospel of Peace, according to St. Benjamin. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 343; price $2. Alderman Rooney at the Cable Banquet. Pamphlet illustrated; price 50 cts. Olive Logan's Christmas Story. Pamphlet; price 50 cts.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass. Oliver Optic's Magazine for Boys and Girls. No. 1, pp. 12; price 5 cts.

From the OFFICE OF THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana. The Ave Maria Almanac for 1867. Illustrated, pp. 32; price 20 cts.

From HURD & HOUGHTON, New York. The Riverside Magazine for Young People. No. 1, pp. 48; price 25 cts. Lalla Rookh, by Thomas Moore. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 332. Illustrated; price $1.50.

From P. O'SHEA, New York. The Rosa Mystica; or, Mary of Nazareth, the Lily of the House of David. By Marie Josephine. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 290; price $2. Spirit of St. Francis de Sales. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 372; price $2. The Manual of the Immaculate Conception, a collection of prayers for general use. Compiled from authentic sources. Published with approbation of the Most Rev. J. McCloskey, D.D., pp. 1122.

From JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore. The Southern Poems of the War. Collected and arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 456; price $1.50. Good Thoughts for Priest and People; or, Short Meditations for every Day in the Year, etc., etc. By Rev. Theodore Noethen, pastor of Holy Cross, Albany, N. Y. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 383; price $2.

From KELLY & PIET, Baltimore, Md. Sermons Delivered during the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, October, 1866. And Pastoral Letter of the Hierarchy of the United States, together with the Papal Rescript and Letters of Convocation. A complete list of dignitaries and officers of the Council; and an introductory notice, with plates. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 244; price $3.

From BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York and Cincinnati. School Recreations; or, The Catholic Teacher's Companion. Compiled for the use of Catholic Schools, with approbation of Archbishop Purcell. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 94.

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THE

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ORIGINAL.

THE CATHOLIC CEREMONIAL.

BY REV. M. O'CONNOR, S. J.

OUTSIDE the Catholic Church there is a general opinion that we Catholics make all devotion to consist in the performance of a certain routine of ceremonies, and are entire strangers to what is called vital religion. These ceremonies to which we are supposed to attach such excessive, or rather such superstitious value, are looked on by those outside the church as an unnecessary and worse than useless display, or as an empty pageant. Our love of them is set down as one of the damning ingredients in that bug-bear which they have conjured up, and designated by the name of "Popery." We, on the contrary, look upon our ceremonial as one of the most beautiful things in the church, one of those that most clearly mark the finger of God, and operate most efficaciously in the work of true vital religion.

The point, therefore, is a most important one, and well deserving our most serious consideration. To understand it rightly, let us consider the principles on which ceremonial is based, and its practical working.

It has been admitted by all nations, that worship is due to the deity; that this worship needs an external and a public expression. Not only the people of God under the old and new dispensations have admitted this, but the Turk and the Pagan of every shade have admitted and acted on it. Many have erred egregiously, and have had recourse to disgusting and execrable means to put it in practice; but the feeling itself is universal, and, therefore, may be enumerated among the first promptings of reason.

Its necessity is based on our relation to God, and on our own nature. God, as in himself infinitely perfect, as our creator, our ruler, and provider, is entitled to our acknowledgment of his perfections and of his dominion over us, to thanks for benefits conferred, to supplication for their continuance. We owe him this duty not merely as beings having souls, but as that which we are—beings, having a body and soul—as men. The feelings of the soul, especially if earnest, cannot be pent up in it. They need expression. When strong and earnest they flow over into the body, they express themselves in bodily action. Man, as such, acts with the body and the soul. Moreover, we owe God worship not merely as individuals,

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but as society. God made society and all that gives it charms. He is the author of the bonds that hold it together; he gave us those faculties that force us into it; the wants that in it alone are satisfied; and the powers that contribute to their satisfaction. Society, as well as the individual man, is one of those beautiful and bountiful works that call forth our admiration and demand our gratitude. Society can recognize and thank its author only by external and common public worship. The internal feeling needs something to lean on, as it were, to give itself strength and almost to give itself an existence. The internal act is, of course, the soul of true worship, but, like the soul itself of man, it needs a body in which it may become incarnate to fill the end of its being. Without this it has neither life nor power. It needs this to give itself intensity.

The external act becomes as it were a depository in which the soul lays what is produced at one moment, while it is adding more and more. As the iron receives in deposit the powers of each of the circles of the magnetic wire that turn and turn again around it, and is ready to discharge their combined force at any moment, so the external act catches as it were the fire of the internal emotion, holds it until that of another is added, and enables the soul to seize again the power of those that have vanished and resume its work with redoubled vigor. Thus going on from faith to faith, from worship to worship, from virtue to virtue, all these rise higher and higher, strike their roots deeper and deeper, until the internal feeling becomes intensified and strong and as worthy of the great object to which it is directed as it can be in a mere creature.

The ceremonial is nothing else but this external expression of inward worship. It is an expression that gives it consistency and strength. It intensifies and preserves it. It transmits it from one to another, and to succeeding generations. In it society expresses itself. The individual man has his own organs of expression. The organ of the Christian body is the minister of the church. Through him she acts as a body; she expresses herself as a unit. On this account she very properly regulates minutely how he shall discharge this duty. This gives his actions a meaning and a value over and above, and to some degree independent of, the value they possess, as expressions of his own individual devotion.

Worship does not consist, properly speaking, in receiving instruction. This is, of course, a good thing, but it is only a means to an end. It is like the ladder to ascend, or the scaffolding used in the erection of a building. To receive it with respect and other dispositions due to the word of God, may imply faith in him, and submission to him; but, properly speaking, in as far as it is mere instruction or information, it is not worship. Worship is our submission to God, a performance of the duty we owe him. As far as instruction shows us how, and leads us to do this in a proper manner, it is good, but in itself—as a mere expansion of the mind, or the storing of it with knowledge, it is not worship. In paying worship, we must act, not merely be acted upon; we must do, not merely hear. For this, the ceremonial affords most useful aid; not, of course, as far as it is a mechanical movement, which if it stop there would be useless, but inasmuch as it is the instrument of the inmost soul. Light and instruction must precede to give it significance, but when life has thus been breathed into it, it becomes itself an action, a practice of virtue, a discharge of the highest virtues, which are those that have God himself for their immediate object.

This ceremonial consists of the words that are used, and the acts that are performed. Words, said or sung, are a part of it, but only a part. Many acts often express the feelings more effectually. These are some-

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times more or less natural; at other times they may be said to be conventional. But though arbitrary as words themselves, when they receive a determined meaning, they become capable of effectually and powerfully expressing the internal feelings of the individual and of society. Kneeling or standing erect, raising up or clasping the hands or striking the breast, an uplifted glance to heaven or a reverent bowing of the head, will express adoration, reverence, sorrow, or supplication as well and often better than words. When you walk in a procession with torch in hand, accompanying the blessed sacrament, or to honor some other mystery of religion, you are professing your faith in it as effectually, and impressing that faith in your soul, perhaps, more deeply than when you recite the creed, just as the citizen expresses forcibly his political principles by analogous acts. These, of course in particular cases, may be acts of hypocrisy or hollow pageant, just as words may be a lie or an empty sound, but this takes nothing from their intrinsic appropriateness. Nay, acts of this kind would seem to draw the soul into what is intended to accompany them and be expressed by them more powerfully than words.

Some of the acts of this worship have, in themselves, a power and efficacy apart from any impression they may produce on the beholder. Such is the case in all the sacraments. The sacred rite, duly performed, may be compared to the spark, which, however powerless of itself, when falling on the proper material, awakens a great power of nature, that will rend mountains, and hurl into shapeless masses, the proudest works of man. The sacred rite has been chosen by omnipotence as his agent and instrument, and its power has only the limits which omnipotence has been pleased to assign. It is the same thing in the celebration of mass. The words of Christ, pronounced by his minister, effect a great change. For he who first took bread and said, "This is my body," and by his infinite power made true what he said, addressing his apostles, added, "Do this"—yes, even this, great as it is—"in commemoration of me." And they "do" it, and by doing it, "show forth his death until he come." The effect follows by the power of God, no matter who is present, no matter who is instructed or edified, even though no heart beat more in unison than did the hearts of the Jews, who stood by while the great offering was made on Calvary. But other parts of the ceremonial, which, though not of equal importance, occupy more time, realize their end only when they express our feelings of reverence, or give them strength and light. Many are directed to aid the priest alone, in the proper performance of his high duties. Many, while they have this object also, are likewise directed to instruct, and become expressions of the devotion of the people. The ceremonial, therefore, first of all makes provision for the priest. It is important for himself and for the people that he be a worthy minister of Christ; that he discharge the duty of offering up the holy sacrifice with all the reverence, the humility, the fervor which so great an act demands. The ceremonies become a means of his doing this. In performing them properly he exercises all these virtues. The church makes him descend to the foot of the altar, and there acknowledging himself a sinner before God and the heavenly court, express by words and acts his sorrow, demand pardon before venturing to ascend the altar on which is to be laid the holy of holies. He then ascends with trembling step, and having again silently prayed for forgiveness, he intones the noble hymn, "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo.*" Whether the voices of the choir take up its thrilling notes and make the vault resound with a call to give glory to God on high or he continue it in a subdued tone, every word he utters, every motion he is called on to make, enables him to express more and more

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earnestly his desire for God's honor, his homage to Christ, "alone holy, alone Lord, alone most high."

Prepared by this introduction and having admonished the people to turn to God, he pours out in simple but touching words his supplications for our various wants. He then reads choice extracts from the sacred volume conveying the most important teachings of our holy religion. I will not stop to describe to you the ceremonies at the offertory, nor speak of the sublime "Preface" preparatory to the most sacred part of the sacrifice. Having prayed for all conditions of the church, having appealed to the blessed in heaven with whom the church on earth is in communion, he approaches the solemn act of consecration. Every word he utters, every glance, every motion, is directed to fill him with awe, with reverence, to express a demand, an act of homage, of gratitude or of invocation; and when the sacred words are pronounced, and he stands before the incarnate God truly present, though not visible to corporal eyes, with profound inclination he expresses his adoration, while the victim is raised up, that all present may, like him, kneel down and adore. And so all through the holy sacrifice.

While these lessons are taught and put in practice by the priest, the people, before whom they are performed, learn from them to cherish similar dispositions, and to unite their spirit in the expression of his devotion. It is the same thing with all the ceremonies, which, like those alluded to, are expressive of the feelings we should entertain for God. They frequently express them more forcibly than words could. Even ordinary feelings often become too strong for language and seek expression in some action. The fond mother would find words too tame to express the love she bears her child. She hugs it to her bosom, and impresses warm kisses on its face. We meet a long-lost friend. Words would not express all we feel. We clasp him in our arms, and press him to our heart. The model of repentance, the prodigal, when he meets his father, forgets a part of the discourse he had resolved to pronounce, and folded in his father's arms, expresses his sorrow more forcibly in silent tears and heart-breaking sobs, and is forgiven. Even anger, which cannot find an adequate expression in the most impassioned language, seeks to manifest itself in the uplifted clenched fist, if it cannot gain its object by striking a blow. Do not tell me, then, that all this action in the church ceremonial is mummery. It is often a higher expression of devotion than words would afford.

If you wish to test this, look at a devout congregation of Catholics kneeling before the altar. The organ that had lifted up their hearts when singing the "Glory to God in the highest" is silent, or a few low notes are heard that make the silence of the congregation more sensible. No voice, scarcely a breath, is heard, when the priest, having raised his eyes to heaven, is now inclined over the sacred elements. Thousands are kneeling around in awe. A slight stroke of the bell announces that the act is done. The priest prostrates himself in silent adoration, and then elevates the consecrated host. Every head is bowed in the presence of a God. Will any one who has witnessed that scene, who has tried to enter into the feelings of that congregation, please tell me the words, or write out the speech, that would have expressed so powerfully their reverence, their adoration, their gratitude, and their love? Yes, ceremonies are a noble expression of our highest feelings. They are even more; for they intensify them, embalm them, and preserve them from evaporating. They communicate them and spread them abroad, and transmit them from generation to generation.

All this is a consequence of human nature, and this is so true that it is made an objection to our system. It is said that we build too much on human nature. But if worship be made for man it must accord with his nature

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—not, indeed, with that which is corrupt in it, but with his nature as it came from God. Now, this need, this power, this efficacy of the expression of feeling by outward ceremony, is no effect of the fall: it is in the very nature of man. Hence we have recourse to it in everything else. What is the shake of the hand when we meet a friend, or the salute, or the banquet to which we invite him, but a ceremony to express friendship or esteem? Look at our processions and various political demonstrations. What are they but ceremonies in which political or other feelings seek expression—an expression which we know will strengthen them, deepen them, communicate them to others by creating and giving force to what may be called a contagious influence? What are our national and party airs, our national and party festivals, but expressions of a similar character looking forward to similar results?

In these things, as I said in the beginning, the feelings of the soul seek an embodiment, that will give them consistency and duration.

No matter what the external manifestation be, even though it be merely conventional, when it expresses a feeling, it becomes an instrument for all these purposes. It becomes, as it were, a permanent part of a structure, to which another stone is added as often as the act is repeated, until the building grows up in solid beauty that defies the ravages of time. This is the case with our political or social sentiments, because it grows out of our very nature. Why then should it not be the case, or rather is it not evidently the case, with those also which are connected with religion? These external rites not only express and intensify the interior feelings, but let philosophers explain it as they may, they become as it were a depository in which they may be laid by to be recalled almost at pleasure, nay, even to be drawn out by others who wish to acquire them.

Look at that piece of bunting hanging from a flag-staff and flying before the breeze. What is it? A first glance will tell you that it is a piece of stuff purchased for a trifle a few days ago from the merchant, on whose shelves it lay unnoticed and uncared for, except as far as it was capable of producing some day a few dollars for its owner. But now it has received a new destiny. It bears the national symbols, and it is the flag of the country. And, oh! what a change has taken place! It recalls the glories of the past, the hopes of the future; it is the symbol of the majesty of the nation. The patriot heart warms in beholding it; the warrior-breast is bared to do it honor. Through a hail of fire he stands by it or bears it on, and will see unmoved a thousand of his companions strewed o'er the battle-field while this yet floats before the breeze. And, when victory has crowned his efforts, he salutes it as the genius that nerved his right arm during the contest. Though torn almost to tatters, he bedews it with his tears of joy. It is his pride in life. He looks forward to descend in honor into the grave wrapped in its folds.

Wherever that flag is raised, one glance leads us to behold the genius of our country standing up before us with all her claims to our devotion and our love. Let it receive but the slightest insult, and a thrill vibrates throughout the land, every heart is wounded, every hand is ready to be raised in its defence. Yet it is, after all, but a piece of bunting, worth so many cents per yard. But by becoming a symbol, by being the object of a rite, it has become the depositary of the enthusiasm of the nation. It is made capable of evoking this, of quickening and communicating it, whenever it is unfurled.

Look at our national airs: what are they? The scientific musician will find little in them that is soul-stirring; but the feelings of our fathers are deposited in them. They were the tunes in which we expressed our gladness in days of triumph, by which we were aroused on the national holiday, in which we sung our joy on all im-

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portant occasions. Our love of home, of kindred, of fatherland, has been embalmed in them; and when they fall on our ears, all these dear and stirring feelings, as if buried in their notes, are sent forth, now unlocked, and again take possession of our souls. They thus arouse the warrior and the patriot, calling out all the feelings that cluster around what is most dear.

The Swiss soldier in foreign lands was so vividly recalled to the memories of home, by the airs to which he listened in childhood, and the recollection of his native mountains, and the associations revived by them, had such power, that a special disease, called "home-sickness" was frequently the result. As this proved fatal to many, the playing or singing of such tunes was forbidden in Swiss regiments in foreign service. And who does not know the stirring effect produced on certain occasions, when Yankee Doodle or Patrick's Day has been struck up, no matter what musical professors may say of their artistic merits.

In a similar manner our feelings of devotion are consigned to some homely religious tune. They are first expressed in it. They cling around it. They become identified with it. They are recalled vividly when we hear it again. They all come back in their original freshness, with accumulated force. They are transmitted to others, and thus we inherit the treasure of the devotional feeling of preceding generations.

Though *our* being supplied with music by great artists, who are constantly changing, if not improving their compositions, deprives us in a great measure of the advantages that might arise from this source, we can feel it at times, in what is allowed to retain this traditional force. Who is there that does not feel the devotion so often experienced in assisting at the benediction of the blessed sacrament, or on other occasions renewed by the tones of the Tantum Ergo or other familiar tunes, when the performers do not destroy, or at least smother the old airs by their exquisiteness? Where the songs of the church are in more general use, the intonation of the Miserere or the Stabat Mater or the Pange Lingua and many other tunes is like the opening up of a flood-gate, through which feelings of devotion rush as it were in a torrent and take possession of a whole congregation.

What is said of songs may be applied to other rites. The feelings of the past are deposited in them; they express them, they arouse them, they communicate them. This occurs, though they may be chosen arbitrarily. What more arbitrary, generally speaking, than the meaning attached to words? The word "home," for example, for all that is in the sound, might as well have been adapted to signify anything else of the most different character. Yet now having received a definite meaning, it recalls uniformly a whole definite series of ideas and feelings. So it is with a rite—say that of anointing with oil, that of sprinkling with water, burning incense, the use of candles, or the making of the sign of the cross. Many rites were established primarily for this purpose, others had their origin in necessity or convenience or usage; but the church, anxious to make even these things a source of edification and an instrument of devotion, gave them a meaning, attached to them a lesson which they reproduce forever after. Even those which have a certain intrinsic fitness to signify what they are established for, derive their chief efficacy in this respect from their having been chosen for the purpose, or having gradually received a social meaning, well understood in the Christian family. These have the additional advantage of speaking out, as it were, a whole instruction at a glance. The moment you look at one of these acts, a lesson is presented which could scarcely be communicated in many words, and in performing them the heart says more, and that more simply and more effectually, than it could in a long discourse.

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I have referred to the flag of the country; of its being raised, and how a look at it, or a salute, powerfully expresses at once the most important emotions and lively enthusiasm. Well, we do the same through the Christian's glorious standard, which is the sacred symbol of the cross. Be it of wood or of the most precious metal—be it the production of the most unskilful or the most cunning workman—it is for us the symbol of man's redemption, and around it cluster our most tender feelings of veneration and love. It is placed over our altars, over our churches; it hangs in our rooms; where Catholic feelings can save it from insult, it is raised up in the highways, and is made to meet our eyes wherever we turn. We impress its form on our persons whenever we call on God in prayer, whenever we find ourselves exposed to temptation or danger. In that one act the faith, the hope, the love of the church for Christ and Christ crucified, are all expressed. All these feelings are imbedded in it. All are called out again whenever that sign is made. What we have heard of him from the pulpit, what we have read in our private study, what has occurred to our own minds in meditation, is all brought before us with the accompanying sentiments and feelings as soon as that sacred symbol presents itself to our eyes. All are awakened, are revived, and seized again at its glance. No wonder, then, that the Catholic loves the cross; that he loves to prostrate himself in adoration before it; that he looks to it when he seeks consolation in suffering, support in affliction, light in his difficulties, purity of spirit in his joys. Do not tell me that it is of lifeless wood or of metal, that it is but the work of the craftsman. Oh! this is like stopping the soldier in battle, to direct his attention to the price per yard of his flag, or to the name and address of the store where it was bought, while he is advancing enthusiastically under its inspiration against his country's foes. Yes; who does not know that it is of wood or metal? but to me it is the symbol of my Saviour's love. As such, I love it; as such all my most sacred feelings cling around it: I impress kisses on it; I bathe it with my tears. And when, on Good Friday, the priest after bringing before us the whole scene of Calvary, having led us, in the service, to look on the death of Christ as the great turning-point in the world's history, having shown us the woes of the past that were there to find a remedy, and the blessings for the future that were thence to spring forth, holds up the crucifix before the prostrate multitude, and sings out, in a solemn tone, "Ecce lignum Crucis," "Behold the wood of the cross on which did hang the salvation of the world," will we not all send up our whole souls in the deacon's answer, crying out, with him, "Venite adoremus," "Come, let us adore"? And when the priest looses his shoes, and on bare feet approaches the sacred symbol of redemption, that he may kneel down and kiss it with fondness, on the anniversary of the day on which the tragic scene was enacted; who is there that will not vie with him in kneeling and pressing the sacred symbol to his lips?

The same thing can be applied in different degrees to the various rites throughout the year, when succeeding festivals bring before us the other great mysteries of religion, or when we are called on to express the ordinary feelings of Christian devotion. He who has studied the simple devotions of the rosary, or the way of the cross, will be astonished at the mine of devotion, of enlightened piety contained in them, and at the treasures that are drawn from them by faithful souls, simple and unpretending as they are, and puerile as they appear to the self-sufficient.

But these acts and exercises intended to express and nourish our Christian feelings, can only be appreciated where there is faith. It is only into

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hearts animated by faith that they can enter. It is only in such they can be aroused. A certain amount of instruction is even necessary to understand the conventional meaning of many. This instruction and training is received by the Catholic almost with his mother's milk. As he learns the meaning of words, which is still more arbitary, and acquires a practical skill in the use of language, notwithstanding its complicated laws, so he learns the meaning of the ceremonial, and is initiated into its use. With clasped hands the child kneels before the crucifix, and imprints kisses on it. Little by little he learns the history of him whose figure is nailed to that cross, and knowledge grows in him with reverence and love. He goes to the church, and is struck with what he beholds. He catches reverence from those around, and infuses it into his own imitation of their mode of acting. As he learns more and more of what is there done, this reverence becomes more and more enlightened, and he grows up a devout and enlightened Christian, performing the acts expressive of worship with the same ease and intelligence with which he uses the ordinary expressions of social life. The looker-on who is without faith or instruction, who has no sympathy, and wishes to have no sympathy, with him, thinks his acts a mummery, if he do not give them a harsher name. Such a person may be compared to one who has no ear for music, to whom the enthusiasm of those who are aroused by a beautiful composition is incomprehensible; or to one who listens to an eloquent discourse in a tongue which he does not, and cares not to understand; or he is like Michol, who laughs at David dancing before the ark, because she has no sympathy with his jubilant gratitude. The Catholic ceremonial is made for Catholics. If it enable them to express and strengthen their reverence, it answers its purpose. Those who have no such feelings to be awakened cannot be surprised if it strike them without producing emotion. The ceremonial is useful, not only as an expression of feeling, it is eminently instructive and educational, if I may use the expression, by instilling and developing both the knowledge and the devotion it is intended to express. While it teaches, it leads to act in accordance with the teaching; properly performed it is itself such action. It thus instils truth into the mind, and shapes the heart in accordance with it, which is the highest aim of the best education.

Some are pleased to look upon the mass of our people as very ignorant in matters of religion. If by this it be meant to say, that all are not experts in quoting texts of scripture; that they know nothing of many controversies that appear of great importance to our separated brethren; that they do not understand the meaning of many phrases that have become households words amongst them, though, sometimes, I fear, passing round without any very definite meaning, I am willing to acknowledge the charge. But if it be meant to say that they are ignorant of those great facts and truths of religion which it is necessary or important for men to know, I repudiate it most solemnly. Nay, I contend that there is a better knowledge of these amongst many or most Catholics who can neither read nor write, if they have only followed in the paths where the church led them, than amongst many of our opponents who are considered learned theologians; and this they owe chiefly to this very ceremonial of which I am treating. They may know nothing of Greek particles, or of many other things good enough and useful in their place, but which God has not required any one to learn; but they know that the incarnate God died for the salvation of man. They know the mystery of the Trinity, which is implied in that of the incarnation. They know the sinful character of man, their need of such a Redeemer. They are led to thank him, to love him, to

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obey him. They know his sufferings, one by one; they are familiar with his thorns and his nails; they have pondered over his wounds and mangled flesh; they penetrate into the side pierced for their love. He who knows even this much is not ignorant. Yet all this, and much more, is familiar to every one accustomed to look with faith on the crucifix. He sees in the face of the crucified One patience, resignation, compassion for sinners, love even for his enemies. He sees the consequences of sin, and he beholds their remedy. Looking on this, the Catholic finds support in his trials or afflictions and moderation in his joy. Show me the volume he could ponder over and learn as much. All that he heard at his mother's knee and from the preacher's lips is brought before him in a single glance at his crucifix. All is brought up again when he makes the sign of the cross. Yet the cross, so fraught with instruction and moving appeals, is that which is presented to him a thousand times in the rites of the church, inasmuch as it is the great pervading principle that must animate all his devotion and all his actions. It is brought before him, not in a cold way, merely teaching him a lesson. He is taught to know and to believe; he is led to adore and to confide; he is brought to invoke through it all the graces of which he stands in need. All this is done every time that he makes the sign of the cross, pronouncing the blessed words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

While many of your learned expounders of scripture are comparing text with text on these subjects, trying to remove, but scarcely removing the doubts which they know to exist among their hearers, which they feel, perhaps, rising up in their own breasts, or what is worse while they are proposing theories in a Christian pulpit which make nought the cross of Christ and the mystery of redemption as ever taught in the Christian family, the poor Catholic, on whom they look with contempt, is making his starting point what others are but trying to prove, and while signing himself with the cross, believing, adoring, penetrating into the depths of the love of the incarnate God, and endeavoring to shape his own soul into conformity with its teachings. And you call him ignorant. Indeed, a pure though simple faith among these people enables them to see the great truths of religion with a clearness that supplies frequently an apt reply to difficulties that seem very embarrassing to their opponents.

Yet, this is the first lesson that the Catholic child learns at his mother's knee. As he goes on, he learns more and more of God's works of mercy toward man, of his institutions for our salvation and our sanctification, and all he learns he sees reproduced in a glance in the ceremonial of the church, which speaks to him in accents more and more eloquent, as his knowledge expands and his heart is brought more fully into conformity with God's holy teachings. In the liturgy and the various other rites of the church, she has enshrined all the great dogmas of religion. There she teaches them, there she keeps them beyond the reach of the innovator. The priest himself, the bishop, and the pope, there see them inculcated, and from thence, as from a rich treasury, draw them out to present them to the faithful. This teaching by rites in use from the beginning of the church, addresses itself to all with power, for in it they find the teaching of the saints and the sages of by-gone ages, and feel themselves breathing the same atmosphere with them. The martyrs, who bore testimony to their faith with their blood, the apostolic men, who by their preaching, their labors, and their prayers, brought nations to the knowledge of Christ, the holy confessors and virgins, who, in frail vessels, showed forth his power in every age, practised these same rites, and were therefore animated by the same faith. The church, throughout the whole world, uses them, and therefore believes as we do. What

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more powerful for bringing home to each one the faith of the universal, everlasting church!

There is great security for the faith of a Catholic in his receiving it through the teaching of a pastor in communion with the church of the whole world, and sanctioned by its highest authority; but I would venture to say that there is something even more solemn in this voice of the ceremonial, which is a voice of the living and the dead—of the church of the Catacombs, and of the church of this day—throughout the world. With all the force which this gives, leaning as the church does upon Christ, who died to sanctify her in truth, we are taught the great dogmas of the Trinity and the Incarnation; of the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ; the plan and means of the redemption, the need in which we stand of divine grace, and the means of obtaining it. We are taught the character of the great Christian oblation, the nature and effects of the sacraments, as well as the dispositions they require, and the duties they impose.

Far be it from me to undervalue the oral teaching of the ministry. That found in the ceremonial presupposes it, and is based on it. Both are, as they should be, combined in the ministrations of the church; but the ceremonial fixes the oral teaching. It gives the Christian system a body, as it were, in which it enables it to prolong its life beyond the moments of the passing voice. When once embodied in a rite, the impressions of oral instruction, which otherwise so easily pass away, live for ever. They are seized in their whole entirety at a glance; they are brought down to the comprehension of the lowest; they are put forth with a majesty that the highest may admire. Men are taught there, and what is most important they are led to act on the teaching, and thus conform their hearts, as well as their minds, to the holy dogmas of faith, which is the best and most useful way of imparting Christian instruction. But I will be told that this teaching, however useful for those who understand it, is lost for the great mass of the people, as the language used is a dead one, which few understand. But, in the first place, it is not lost, even though the clergy alone should understand it. Is it not an important thing that the clergy themselves should have something to keep alive powerfully amongst them the one, universal and everlasting faith? Will not all the faithful find strength in their strength, and light in their light? If they are kept right, the truth spread abroad by them will easily be preserved pure among the masses of the people. Almost all heresies—be it said to our shame—either had their source in the sanctuary, or could not have succeeded if they had not found support there. And is it not a great thing that he who would become a prevaricator, must first brand himself as unfaithful, must cease to minister to-day, as he did yesterday, and thus give public notice, as it were, that he seeks to devour the flock which he had undertaken to feed; that instead of keeping the deposit which was the first duty of his office, as dispenser of the mysteries of God, he is substituting some new-fangled theory of his own, palming it off as an institution of heaven? Luther can establish a new system only by ceasing to say mass. The church of Cranmer is not at ease until it has formed for itself a new liturgy. The Greeks and other orientals by preserving their ancient rites and ceremonies, have preserved almost all their ancient dogmas, and to re-enter the church have little else to do but to submit to the authority of its supreme pastor. But apart from this, the ceremonial itself speaks to all the people in a language which all understand. The rites are themselves a language easily learned, and speaking with silent eloquence to men of every tongue. They are to some extent what the learned have been so long looking for, a universal language. In fact, when the priest raises up the host, the Irishman and the German, the Greek and the Armenian, *see* the presence of Christ

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preached to them, and they kneel down and adore. When the water is poured on the head of the child that is baptized, men of every clime know that the regenerating rite is being performed. The rite once properly explained ever after expresses to them better than any combination of words, the internal change that is effected in the soul. Then, it must be remembered that the main thing in the public service is what is *done*, not what is *said*. Every moderately instructed Catholic is fully aware of what there takes place, and with this knowledge he can assist, not only devoutly but intelligently, though he may not understand or even hear one word.

The great source of mistake, in this connection, with our separated brethren, arises from the fact that they go to church merely to hear instruction, or to have words put into their mouths, in which to address Almighty God. The Catholic also often goes for instruction, and this he receives in the language which he understands. But he goes for what is even more important—he goes to take a part in the great act that is performed in God's holy temple. He knows the nature and ends of this, and the dispositions required of him, and as I said before, he can perform his part though he may not even hear, much less understand one word that is pronounced. I will suppose a case of the surrender of a large army. The vanquished soldiers march to the place appointed. They lay down their arms, they lower their flag. The victorious general, with his warriors, stands by and receives them. A speech perhaps is made. But all who are present take an intelligent part in the proceedings, though many may not hear one word that is uttered. So it is with the great action at mass. I will not have recourse to the common reply, that all that the priest says at the altar is translated and published; that any one who desires may read and know for himself; for though the fact be true, it is not the true solution of the difficulty. I have no hesitation in saying that in assisting at the most solemn part of the celebration of the divine mysteries, it is best not to attend to the particular prayers recited by the priest, whether one hear them or not whether he be or be not capable of understanding them. It is better to assist with an enlightened faith in the action that is performed, and then give full play to such sentiments as this faith will awaken in each individual soul. This is evidently the view of the church. For this reason, after the offertory, that is, when the most important portion begins, the priest is made to recite almost all his part of the liturgy in a low tone, so that those present cannot hear him even if they be capable of understanding what he says. Among the Greeks a curtain is drawn across the sanctuary, so that they cannot even see him, but merely know by some signals, if I may so call them, given from time to time, in what part of the sacred act he is engaged.

The church, by this, evidently tells us, that by an assistance in faith, each one yielding to the promptings of his own devotion will derive more profit than by following the priest's words. Indeed, the parts of the priest and people in this sacred act are so essentially different, that it is scarcely to be expected that the same prayers should be best for both. While the church has minutely arranged the rites and prayers used by him who offers the sacrifice, she is satisfied with awakening the faith and enlightening the devotion of others who assist: and then leaving it to their enlightened faith what each shall say to God on such occasions. She acts like the master of the house, who prepares the banquet, where each guest finds abundance of everything agreeable to the palate, and nourishing to the body. With great care he has prescribed the parts of those who are occupied in preparing or serving it up, so that all present may receive substantial proofs of his interest; but when this is done, he

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leaves the invited to partake of what is prepared, as their own tastes will prompt. It is thus that the Catholic system, which is accused of tying men down to a performance of mere routine, is that which really gives more scope to individual liberty in public worship, while public decorum and dignity are effectually secured by an established ritual. With your extempore prayers, he who utters them has indeed full scope for his feeling and his fancy, but he is liable also to their vagaries, and his hearers are at his mercy. As he weeps or rejoices, all must weep or rejoice, or he becomes to them a hindrance. Their hearts move or try to move, not as the spirit, but as the leader willeth, and not unfrequently may he lead them into paths from which their instincts will recoil. They, whose whole time is engaged in following a prescribed liturgy, must ever go on in the same groove. Whatever be the feelings or the wants or the temper of mind of each individual habitually or at the moment, the same unchanging road is chalked out for all. What they hear may be beautiful, but it may be far from being the best suited for many at that moment. Hence disgust or cold indifference is sure to follow, of which beautiful forms may be only a pompous covering. Amongst Catholics on the other hand, while the church to secure order and truth and public decorum, has carefully regulated every word and act of the priest, and presents in the celebration of the divine mysteries the most powerful incentive to faith and devotion in all its bearings, she leaves each one else who is present to assist as his own wants and dispositions may prompt.

The ingenious zeal of pious men has provided helps for all in manuals of various kinds, and each one will select what he finds best suited for himself. He will use it or interrupt its use, or drop it altogether as experience will show him to be most useful in his own case. When it is not done through apathy or listlessness, he may find it better to dispense with them all, being satisfied with a look, with vivid faith, and such other interior acts as a faithful soul will soon learn to perform with alacrity. Knowing what he himself is, and who is before him, he will not be at a loss what to say. At one time he will weep over his sins; at another he will give thanks to God; at another he will lay open his wants, or ask pardon for his transgressions. Where can he do any of these things more effectually than in the presence of him who died for our sins, and to procure for us every blessing.

And many, in fact, thus assist in silent prayer, but with more intelligent and true devotion, though they neither use a book nor hear a word, than others who are pondering over most beautiful manuals.

The danger of cold formality from the steady use of prescribed forms, and nothing else, is so thoroughly realized by the church, and this fear is so fully justified by her experience that the priest himself is warned over and over against it. The remedy that is given him, is the practice of what might be called private individual prayer. All spiritual writers tell him that if he be not fond of this, if especially he be not careful to renew his spirit by it, in immediate preparation for the exercise of his sacred functions, they will degenerate into mere formalism. With this private preparation he will prepare and carry into them a proper spirit and will then find them a heavenly manna, having every sweet taste; without this, he will be but as the conduit pipe, carrying to others the refreshing waters, but retaining himself none of the effects of their invigorating powers.

These remarks apply to the most sacred and most important part of the mass. If the church do not wish us even to hear them, much less require us to understand them, if she be right in believing that we may thus assist most advantageously, it is a matter of no consequence what language the priest uses in addressing the Almighty

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God, for he understands him, and that is enough. The rites he performs give all the instruction or admonition that is useful at that moment, and this instruction does not disturb our individual devotion. On the contrary, whatever turn it may take, it enlivens, supports, and directs it.

As to the first parts of the mass, to which these remarks are not so applicable, the "Gospels," which vary at every festival, are required to be read at least on festivals in their own language, and explained by each pastor to his people. The "Collects," are known to be all substantially supplications for grace, to which, therefore, we may heartily answer, *Amen*, though we do not understand each word. Little else remains but the "Kyrie," the "Gloria," and the "Credo," and these like the "Pater Noster," and a few other things sung by the priest, might be easily learned, so as to be understood by any diligent person. Indeed, I may say it is the wish of the church that all should learn them. She would be glad that all would take a part in singing them, as the people do in many countries. The study of Latin required for this is not much; for all that I have referred to might be contained in two or three pages, and is not beyond the reach of any one, not even of those who cannot read. Many such learn it by heart, and understand what they have learned. Doing so would be but a light task in view of the many advantages gained. All might then join in the public chants of the church and be gainers in spiritual life, even if they did not discourse equally elegant music; or, if our apathy compels the church to let our parts be discharged, as it were, by deputies in the choir, we would assist and join in the beautiful sentiments which are expressed, and not merely sit inactive to receive the sweet impressions of their melodies.

But though this would better accord with the spirit of the church, if these parts also through our own apathy are unintelligible, the intrinsic character of the act for which we are preparing will suggest pious sentiments that will enable us to pass the time with substantial profit to our souls.

But, be it that there is some little disadvantage in having the mass in a dead language, what I have said, I think, abundantly proves at least that it is not very great. Look, on the other hand, at the immense advantages gained by keeping it uniform and without change, which implies keeping it in the language in which it was first established. By this, uniformity and steadiness is secured in the faith. The faith of every nation embalmed, as I said before, in the liturgy, is before the eyes of the universal church; it is transmitted untarnished from generation to generation. This uniform and steady liturgy becomes as an anchor to which every church is moored. As long as it clings to this, it is safe. And can any one who knows the value of faith, of that faith for which legions of martyrs shed their blood, deem the little loss that is sustained, if any, by our Latin liturgy, not well compensated by the stability of faith which it secures. For this reason, though the world in the apostolic days was even more divided in language than it is now, yet in those times, as we know from all antiquity, the liturgy was celebrated only in three languages—the three languages of the cross. These are, the Hebrew, in its cognate dialects, which are but branches of the one Semitic tongue, as a homage to the ancient dispensation; the Greek, which was the language of the civilization of that age, and that adopted in the New Testament; and the Latin, which was the language of the people whose capital was to be the seat of the government of the Church of the New Dispensation. In these three languages was written the inscription over the bloody sacrifice on Calvary; in these, and in no others from the beginning, was the unbloody one offered to God by the church. No others having been adopted was a clear proof that in the apostolic

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view it was not deemed necessary that all should understand the language used in the sacred mysteries; and, when even these ceased to be popular languages anywhere, what had always been the condition of the great number became the condition of all.

In after ages a few exceptions, and only a few, were permitted or rather tolerated. The liturgy was allowed to be celebrated in one other language in Asia, the Armenian; in two in Africa, the Coptic and the Ethiopic; and in one in Europe, the Slavonic. No others were used. But these were exceptional cases—they occurred at a later period, and under peculiar circumstances, showing rather the sufferance than the genuine spirit of the church, while she cordially adopted from the beginning, and ever clung to the three languages of the cross.

It is both beautiful and useful to the Catholic to assist at the divine offices in the same language, and in the main, with the same rites, in which they have been performed for eighteen hundred years. They seem like the voice of the martyrs, the confessors, the saints who have lived through these eighteen centuries. They echo their faith and their devotion. We feel that in them we are breathing the life of a church now and ever spread throughout the whole world, everywhere offering to God one sacrifice of praise.

A dignitary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country has lately written an angry letter against those of his brethren who are called "Ritualists," because they are anxious to introduce into their church many Catholic, or, as he calls them, "Romish" ceremonies. His ground of complaint is that behind these ceremonies stand the doctrines of the Catholic Church. "Their course," he says, "means return to what the reformation cast out with indignation." "It means Romanism in all its strength and substance," and he enumerates the various doctrines which it implies, which he considers abominations. I do not wish to pronounce an opinion on the extent to which his remarks are justifiable in their application to the parties against whom he writes; but he is certainly right in believing that behind the Catholic ritual stands Catholic doctrine, which is nothing else but Christian doctrine; and as the reformation "cast out" many of the rites in use in the Christian family from the beginning, with them it "cast out" a great portion of the Christian dogma. The good man's charge will only make those who preserve the dogma see more clearly the value of the rites in which it is enshrined, and cling more tenaciously to dogmas thus shown to be coeval with Christianity.

Every rite has thus a lesson, and becomes an act of devotion. The cross above our churches and our altars, continually reappearing in all our ceremonies, impresses on us the incarnation, death, and atonement of Christ crucified, as the great central point of all religion. To this we are constantly brought back in every prayer which concludes by asking what we demand, through Jesus Christ, the familiar closing of which, the "*per omnia sæcula sæculorum*," known to every child, calls forth from all the heartfelt *Amen*! To this, and to what should accompany it, the Catholic is constantly directed by the ceremonial. The church bell, signed with the cross, and anointed with oil, which is a symbol of Christ, swings in the tower, and as his messenger, calls us in his name to his house—now, ringing out with joy, when some great mystery is to be commemorated—now, in deep solemn notes, to pray for one of his departed members. Three times every day it summons us to the recital of the Angelus, in which we commemorate the great mystery of the incarnation, and invoke the merits of the Saviour's death, and ask the benefit of his resurrection. If we enter the

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church, the font at the door, from which we take a drop of blessed water to sprinkle our foreheads, is itself a sermon on the purity with which we should approach, and bids us cleanse our souls before we come near to him in prayer. The burning lamp speaks to us of him who is the light of the world, now dwelling on the altar, as well as of the constant fire of devotion, and pure adoration, due to the present God. The priest whom you see at the altar, clad in those quaint old vestments, tells you at a glance that you are in the presence of a worship that has come down from the remotest ages. The burning lights on the altar, which have now become an emblem of gladness, speak to you of the catacombs, in which our fathers took refuge, and preserved for us the sacred deposit, at the cost of property, of liberty, and of life.

Like old heirlooms, with their quaint old forms and their several indentations, these vestments and rites tell at the same time of their real antiquity and of the many vicissitudes through which they have passed. They are not like those imitations of the antique in use amongst some of our friends got up by studying ancient drawings and descriptions, having all the inconvenience without anything of the venerable character of what is truly ancient. With us they are inherited through uninterrupted use from the beginning. Whatever changes have occurred in minor details, only render them more venerable, for if on the one hand we are brought back to ancient days, these are marks of the many ages through which they have passed. Everything in the rites of the church is fraught with instruction, with devotion. It enables you to know, and what is better, to practice—for while it teaches, it leads you to love and adore. Do you wish to know the efficacy of that ceremonial? Look at those who have been nursed under its training. See the all-pervading influence of religion, that exists among them. Long and powerful discourses may make men skilful talkers and ardent partisans. Those who have been reared under a divinely inspired ritual have religion deeply engraven on their hearts. It takes possession and enters into the whole nature of the man; and even when he gives way to the allurements of iniquity, it retains its hold on him. This may indeed make him appear, and be, an inconsistent object of pity or of scorn. But, happy inconsistency! For if he will not be consistent in good, far better that he be inconsistent or not consistent in evil. He would otherwise become a monster. The links by which he is yet bound to what is good, may one day draw him within the pale of that mercy to which no sinner appealed in vain, before which no sinner is too great to be pardoned.

To the Catholic, in every position, the ceremonial is light and nourishment—a plentiful source of vigor and life.

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From Le Correspondant.

MADAME DE SWETCHINE.

BY REV. FATHER LACORDAIRE.

MANY times already have I rendered to illustrious Catholics who have died in our day, a funeral and a pious homage. In turn, General Drouot, Daniel O'Connell, and Frederic Ozanam have heard my voice above their tomb, a voice far below that which their glory merited, but which, nevertheless, holds from a sincere admiration the right to praise them. To-day, after these familiar names for which praise can do nothing, I pronounce another name, a name which may appear almost unknown, perhaps even that of a foreigner, which, however, belongs to the nation of the great minds of our age. A superior writer, Madame de Swetchine published nothing; a conversationalist of the first order, the fame of her *salon* never penetrated beyond that circle which, though not public, is more than privacy; a woman of antique faith and of active piety, she neither founded nor presided over any orders; and yet, for more than forty years she swayed an empire, to which the Count de Maistre submitted, before which Madame de Staël inclined, and which retained around her, even to her last days, admirers accustomed to act on public opinion, but still more accustomed to enlighten their own by hers. To the Count de Maistre succeeded M. de Bonald. The Abbé Frayssinous, M. Cuvier, to these M. de Montalembert, the Count de Falloux, Prince Albert de Broglie, and many others, a younger generation, but not less submissive to the ascendency of a soul where virtue served genius.

Why should we be silent? Why not tell the living what they have lost in the dead? While a man lives, modesty should guard all his actions, and friendship itself should be restrained by it; but death has this of admirable, that it restores to memory as to judgment all its liberty. In taking away those from whom it strikes the double rock of weakness and envy, it permits those who have seen to lift the veil, those who have received to acknowledge the benefit, those who have loved to pour forth their affection. Even the obscurity of merit adds to the desire of making it known; and if this merit was illustrious, being all hidden, it is almost a religious duty to draw it forth from the tomb, and to render it before men the honor it has before God. So I hope I shall be pardoned these few pages; but did I not, yet I should still write them. I owe them to a friendship which began in the shadows and perils of my youth, and which since, through all the vicissitudes of a quarter of a century, never ceased to open to me perspectives of honor so difficult to recognize in the confused and agitated times when faith itself is troubled by earthly events, and seeks a route worthy of its mission.

Madame Sophie Jeanne de Swetchine was born in Russia, on the 4th December, 1782. Her family name was Soymonoff. She had a sister who married the Prince de Gagarin, a former Russian ambassador at Rome; she herself was united at the age of seventeen to General de Swetchine, Military Governor of St. Petersburg. She belonged by birth to the Greek religion, but her education had abandoned her to the scepticism of the eighteenth century, and accord-

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ing to the natural course of things, she would have died an unbeliever or a schismatic in the depth of some half-oriental estate. God willed it otherwise, and hence arises from the first the lively interest attached to her life. For a Christian, a soul's predestination, and the mysterious ways by which God conducts it to its end without infringing its liberty, are a spectacle that has above all others an inexhaustible charm. The secrets of grace and free will, so intimate in our own hearts, are less enlightened in a history which is not our own; and the communion of saints which makes us all, believing and loving, one in a single light and a single goodness, gives us, in the account of a difficult conversion, the feeling of a conquest in which we ourselves have shared.

The young Sophie de Soymonoff was then a Greek and an unbeliever. She had been beguiled from her birth by the illusions of rationalism, and the snares of the most singular fortune which error ever had; for the Greek religion has this trait solely its own, that it presents a much restricted and very firm negation to the true faith, under an authority cut loose from its base; yet which, however, preserves all the rest with a profound respect for antiquity. In seeing this exact episcopal succession, this unaltered symbol, this inviolable discipline, these sacraments which Rome herself recognizes, we ask if an error, respecting so long and so well the limits which it traced when it first arose, does not seem like those rocks which an irruption has thrown from their foundations and which remain immovable under the eye and the action of ages? Whilst in the West, Protestantism is unable to create either dogmas or discipline or hierarchy, and floats as a wandering cloud from mind to mind, the East, on the contrary, sees produced the fixity of error. Here dissolution, there petrifaction; and between the two the truth which is immutable without being inert, progressive without being subject to change. However surprising may be this contrast, it is not difficult to account for it, if we consider, on the one hand, the difference of nature between the eastern man and the western; and on the other, the diversity of the political destiny assigned them. The eastern man contemplates and adores, while his rival, less happy in contemplation, is more so in acting. Thus the one has created generous institutions, under which he has from age to age extended his empire, while the other has passed from servitude to servitude, incapable of seating himself in the shade of a regular authority, and of developing in a free atmosphere either the evil or the good which he has conceived. Hence in Europe error takes a character of life which conducts it to its most extreme logical consequences, at the same time that it wears at Constantinople a character of death, which leaves it what it was, by impotence, not by virtue.

Nevertheless, it is easy for a vulgar intelligence to be deceived, especially where family and national traditions give to error the reflex of patriotism, and when an absolute government, the jealous guardian of a religion of which it is the head, suffers no emanations of the truth to reach the soul. Sophie de Soymonoff was born a prisoner in an empire of seventy millions of souls. She was six hundred leagues from St. Peter's, and a thousand years from the true faith. But, however vigilant despotism may be, however thick its dungeon walls, God remains ever near, and he draws therefrom, when he wills, the instruments which his Providence uses to preserve for man the share which he assigns him in all his works. At an age when Madame de Swetchine could not yet sound either the poverty of the Greek schism or the abyss of unbelief, a man of God came to her. He was not a priest, but an ambassador of a king despoiled of the greater part of his possessions, shut up in an island of the Mediterranean, and who, in sending to St. Petersburg a repre-

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sentative of his misfortunes, thought not that he sent there a *chargé d'affaires* of divine grace, marked with the seal of the elect. Count Joseph de Maistre, for he it was, detested with all his soul the two Colossuses of his day, the French revolution and the French empire, because in the one he saw the oppression of European nationalities; and the other, because he thought he saw it imprinted forever with an anti-Christian spirit. But he loved France, because, though it was the seat of the revolution and of the empire, he disdiscerned there an indestructible faith, the faith of Clovis, of Charlemagne, and of St. Louis, and I know not what predestination that ravished his judgment, and rendered him the prophet of that very country which he esteemed so culpable and yet so great. Born in Savoy, in the country of St. Francis de Sales, and of Jean Jacques Rousseau, he was French like them in his genius, but even more so by his faith and his heart, which had but two pulsations, one for the church, the other for France; generous mortal who silenced his antipathies by his convictions, in whom blindness did not extinguish the light, and who, like Philoctetes, wounded by the arrows of Hercules, could be separated from Greece, neither in his accusations nor in his affections. Madame de Swetchine soon met this extraordinary man in the saloons of St. Petersburg, and it was the first great event of her life. A positive spirit, but amiable, as his posthumous correspondence proves, M. de Maistre loved conversation. He did not love it as a throne from which his genius could display its brilliancy, but as a free and delicate interchange of thoughts, in which grace unites with intelligence, taste with boldness, freedom with reserve, bringing together in an hour all times and all gifts, and forming a bond of union between men who are pleased with sentiments of kindness and esteem. Generous focus of cultivated minds of all countries, conversation is the last asylum of human liberty. It speaks when the tribune is silent; it supplies the place of books when books are not to be had; it gives currency to thoughts which despotism persecutes; finally, it warms, and agitates; it moves, and is, where it can live, the principle and the all-powerful echo of public opinion. It is not astonishing then that great men find in it a pleasure which is for them like the accomplishment of a duty. So long as society converses it is safe.

It did not look much as if the Count de Maistre could find at St. Petersburg an aliment for this noble want of his heart. The Russian is endowed with facility of expression, a quickness of apprehension, and it is no flattery disrobed of justice which has named him the Frenchman of the North. But he is closed up as soon as he comes into the world; deprived of all political liberty, he has not even in his religion room for his breast to expand, and the Christ he adores appears to him only under the sceptre of his masters and behind their implacable majesty. A fortress encloses at St. Petersburg the temple where sleep the Czars, and, once dead, their people cannot even freely visit their ashes. Fear, suspicion, doubt, all the shades of inquietude dwell in the Russian, and are translated on his brow by a calm which nothing destroys, on his lips by a reserve which nothing dissipates. To converse it is necessary to be open; and to open one's self, one must possess his life, his goods, his honor, his liberty. When therefore the Count de Maistre entered St. Petersburg, he might say that he entered the capital of silence, and that his genius would be there only a monologue.

He was deceived. I knew Madame de Swetchine only during the last twenty-five years of her life, and she was fifty when I first rested my eyes on her benevolent countenance. Doubtless age had ripened her art of thinking and speaking, but it is impossible that she should not have had something of it in that young outburst which early announced to others, and to herself, the treasure which was carried in her bosom. Certain it is that M. de Maistre had soon discovered it. In

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the midst of that society of great lords and diplomatists, he discovered a young woman who bore in her language the marks of superiority, and whose conversation, springing from a source still purer than the mind, touched with remarkable tact the frontiers of liberty, without ever passing beyond them. Confidence is an irrepressible want of our poor heart; it cannot live alone; it opens itself unconsciously, and when life's experience has revealed the peril of abandoning it to itself, it becomes wiser but no fonder of reserve, and counts it a supreme happiness to meet with security in the intercourse of society. Less happy, however, than the greater part of men, the man of genius has need also of a certain elevation in the minds that come in contact with his own; and, though the crowd has its charm and its power, were it only in hearing him who rules, yet it is in the shock of two intelligences, each worthy of the other, that conversation has its highest flight, and reaches the last fibres of our being, and réveals to it the eternal pleasure of minds speaking with minds. Demosthenes discoursing before the Athenians, Cicero pleading in the Forum or the Senate of Rome, did not make, as perhaps some may think, a monologue: the multitude responded, and their eloquence was the fruit of a great soul heard by a great people. There is no solitary eloquence, and every orator has a double genius, his own and that of the age that hears him.

Madame de Staël, who was the first conversationalist of her time, said she was unhappy because of the universal mediocrity, and yet she conversed at Paris among the people the most prompt in the world to speak, and the most confiding: what would she have said at St. Petersburg? M. de Maistre was there, but he was there with a Frenchwoman, born in Russia, who would one day, recognizing the mistake of her birth, live and die in her true country, the country of an incorruptible faith, and of a liberty which had only an eclipse, because conversation has always sustained it. Louis XIV. conversed at Marseilles without suspecting that conversation would kill his despotism. In the East, the destined seat of absolute power, the prince does not converse; he gives his order, and is silent.

It is impossible for two souls to meet each other in a conversation which mutually pleases them, without having religion, sooner or later, enter into their discourse. Religion is the interior vestment of the soul. There are some who tear this vestment to tatters; there are others who soil it; but there are a few who despoil themselves of it all save some shred, and this shred, such as it is, is sufficient to prevent them from appearing absolutely destitute of divinity. Madame de Swetchine was an unbeliever, and she had behind her, and beyond her unbelief, the Greek schism. The Count de Maistre was a Catholic, not only by faith, but by direct mental intuition. He was at that point where a man can say, so obvious was the truth to him: I believe not, I see. What were the talks of these two souls on a subject in regard to which they had nothing in common, except their genius? What did they say from 1803 to 1810, from the day when they met for the first time, to that on which one of them bent before the other, owned herself vanquished, and, on the bosom of friendship, sighed the last sigh of error? Doubtless God alone knows. God alone knows the stratagems which suspended for seven years the efficacy of an eloquence sustained by divine grace, and disputed with it, step by step, the victim and the victory. However, two immortal books of the Count de Maistre: Soirées de Saint Petersbourg, and the book Du Pape, may give us the secret of that controversy lost to the memory of man, but which we shall one day find in that of God.

It is manifest that the wife of the Governor of St. Petersburg opposed from the first to the ambassador of Sardinia all the negations of the eighteenth century, those shadows which Voltaire had invested with all

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the transparency of his mocking spirit, and around which Jean Jacques Rousseau had thrown the poetry of his melancholy imagination. Doubt, which in all men is a profound abyss, is still more so in the heart of woman. Nature cannot be denied with impunity, and the nature of woman is to believe, for it is her vocation to love. Happily Madame de Swetchine was strong and sincere; she could follow with her mind's eye her friend's thought, and penetrate, little by little, as she became accustomed to it, into those regions of truth where mockery had not left even a trace, and where imagination raised not a single cloud. Laughter ceases as we ascend nearer to God, and so also do tears without cause; the intellect becomes serious, and the heart contented.

When the Count de Maistre had dispelled the phantoms, did Madame de Swetchine see at a glance the whole reality of Christianity, or did the Greek Church interpose itself, as a half-light between a doubt which was no more, and a faith which was not yet? In considering the slowness of her progress it is natural to believe, and the Count de Maistre's correspondence confirms it, that the neophyte took the longest route, and that she did not give herself up to any sudden illumination. It was then the book Du Pape which succeeded to the Soirées de Saint Petersbourg. M. de Maistre had dictated it with one eye on Russia and the other on France. Not that there was any relation between the two countries in the point of view of religion. France, since God had made her the eldest daughter of the church, had not been for a single day a traitor to the sacred unity of her mother; and from the battle-fields of Tolbiac to the scaffolds of the Reign of Terror, she held herself faithful on the only and immovable rock where God had sealed in this world the mystery of truth. But it is true that she was withdrawn from the public law of Europe, which during several centuries had accorded a political supremacy to the Roman pontiff and that she had derived from this sort of resistance, I know not what of personal independence, which without detracting from her theological submission, had given her in certain matters a more apparent reserve. Yet if Louis XIV. had not taken it into his head to establish as a maxim what was only a national instinct, regulated by a profound faith, the sentiments of France would never have assumed in the eyes of Christendom the doubtful coloring which after the ruins of the revolution struck the genius of the Count de Maistre and inspired him with the book, Du Pape. He saw in Russia the immense fall of the Greek Church, caused by this single point of infidelity to St. Peter, and without fearing for France what no one feared for her, he erected to the papacy that beautiful and proud statue, which posterity will ever regard with honor, even though they should accuse the artist of having known the past less well than the future.

Thou art Peter, and on this rock I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. These simple words, regarded in the gospel and in history, taught Madame de Swetchine that the Greek Church, although preserving the traditions of episcopal authority, was detached from the centre of unity, and consequently from the throne itself of life. After this it was easy to recognize its effects in the spiritual miseries she had under her eyes. The clergy are not the whole church; they are only a portion of it. The church is the assemblage of all souls who know God, and do not consciously reject either the words he has given the world, or the authority which he has founded to preserve and propagate his words and his grace. Though a visible body in the faithful exteriorly marked with his seal, she yet embraces under the eyes of God, who penetrates and judges all consciences, a multitude unknown to herself, in whom invincible ignorance cre-

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ates good faith, and who live unknowingly the truth of which she is the depositary. This is the church. As to the clergy, all is said in these words of our Lord ascending to heaven: *Go and teach all nations, baptizing them and teaching them to keep my commandments.* The clergy are the apostolate of the church; they are the venerated summit of faith, the army of souls called by God to spread the only law which is infallible, the only force which conquers the flesh, the only unction which gives humility. "*Who hears you hears me,*" our Lord has said: "*who despises you despises me.*" All may and must befall the clergy, hate, exile, torture, death; there is but one thing which they cannot and should not merit, contempt. When Christ suffered in the judgment hall under the blows of the vilest executioners, when he bore his cross from Jerusalem to Calvary, when he was raised on it in the face of the whole world, there was against him from heaven to earth, from Satan to man, a hate deeper and broader than the ocean. But respect survived; and Pilate in washing his hands, the centurion in beholding the cross, the virgins in weeping, the sun in hiding its light, were the revelations of a conscience greater than the punishment, and which held the astonished universe in expectation and awe. Now, by a judgment of God, which is the chastisement of a fault of centuries, the Greek clergy are despised. They are despised not only by the unbeliever but by the believer; they are despised by the penitent whose confessions they hear, by the purified Christians to whom they give the body and blood of their God. This contempt is striking and universal; the pope or Greek priest bears it on his forehead as an avenging sign, and even the kiss of the Czar confirms and enlarges it.

Placed between this spectacle and the vision of the Count de Maistre, the whole light came to Madame de Swetchine, and then commenced for her the second struggle, the struggle of the truth against the holiest affections of the heart. Truth is, no doubt, the great country of the mind; it is father, mother, brother, sister, and native land; but man has on earth another family and another country, the better he is the more he loves them, and virtue, in so far as it is human, makes them the cherished centre of all that is good, amiable, and generous. To these ties already so strong, religion adds its divine influence, and from the same table to the same altar man leads his happiness, and there attaches by a single chain time and eternity. What a blow is that when some day, by an evidence which leaves no possible retreat, the daughter shall see God standing between her and her mother, between her and her husband, between her and her native country, and there shall be said to her in the same voice which Abraham heard: "*Go out from thy land and thy kindred, and from the house of thy father, and come to the land which I shall show thee.*" There are some, it is true, who think this voice should never be heard, but for three thousand years, since Abraham, it has commanded and been obeyed. God is stronger than man, and man is great enough to sacrifice to truth more than himself.

Madame de Swetchine had not only to fear the rending of her heart, she had before her an intolerance which the opposition of our century had only irritated. The Emperor Nicholas did not yet reign, but the conversion of a Russian soul to the Catholic Church was none the less an act of high treason, which exposed her to the severities of the morrow, if she escaped the inattention of the evening. After having endured this stormy situation for six or seven years, Madame de Swetchine turned her eyes toward France, and obtained from the Emperor Alexander, a generous prince, himself agitated by an unknown inspiration, the permission to live there. France received her in 1818 at the age of thirty-four, in the plenitude of her faculties ripened

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by a long intercourse with men and events.

It is not without a purpose that God draws to himself a creature condemned to error by all the ties of family and country, and transports her far away to a foreign capital in the midst of a new people. Much less so is it when this grace falls on a choice intelligence, placed in the first ranks of society, and who unites in herself all the gifts of nature, and all those of the world. Paris since 1750 had been the centre of the European mind. It had by half a century's crusade against Christ, drawn the nations from those old certainties to which they owed their existence. An unheard of revolution had been the chastisement of this fault, a chastisement so much the more remarkable, as France had invoked just principles, conformed to its ancient traditions, and as it was the defect of a superior light to restrain herself, that she had traversed everything with a devastating impetuosity. She had remained faithful only to her sword, and still after twenty-five years of victory, worthy of her happiest days, she had just succumbed by excess in the battle-field, and twice the foreigner had soiled with his presence that superb city, the mistress, by the ascendency of her intelligence, of the modern world. It was there on the day after its reverses, that Providence conducted Madame de Swetchine. The question was to know if France, aware of the need she had of God to reconstruct her, would hear the voice of her misfortunes; if recalled to her ancient kings, and reconciled in her old temples, she would consent to be again Christian in order to give her liberty the sanction of the faith which had always guided and always served her.

Few minds in either camp discerned this relation of Christianity with the institutions of a liberally governed people. The example of England, where the church had always supported the commons, said but little to the publicists who were the most charmed with her Parliament. Madame de Swetchine herself had had in the author of Considerations sur la France, a master who saw plainly the vices of the French revolution, but who without betraying civil and political liberty, did not well comprehend, perhaps, either all its necessity or all its future. Happily she had lived under absolute power; she had had under her eyes for nearly forty years a Christian Church in a servile land, and this lesson could not be lost on a mind as true as hers. The evils of liberty are great among a people who do not know how to measure it, who at every moment refuse it by jealousy, or go beyond it through inexperience. But these evils, great as they may be, belong to the apprenticeship of liberty and not to its essence; they still leave it daylight, space, and life, a resource for the feeble, a hope for the vanquished, and above all the sacred emulation of good against evil. Under despotism good and evil sleep on the same pillow; souls are invaded by a dull degeneracy because they have no longer a struggle to sustain, and Christianity itself, a protected victim, expiates in unspeakable humiliations the benefits of its peace. Madame de Swetchine saw this. Her great heart was full of this when she entered Paris, and amid the roar of tempests she knelt, for the first time in her life, at altars combated, but esteemed. It is necessary to have suffered for liberty of faith to know its price. It is necessary to have passed under the gibbets of schism, to be able fully to know what it is to breathe the atmosphere of truth. How often have I seen Madame de Swetchine's eyes fill with tears at the thought that she was in a Catholic country! How often has she been inwardly moved at seeing a good priest, a good religious, a good brother of the Christian Schools, in a word, our Lord's image on a sincere brow or in a virtuous life! Ah! this it is which here we never lose. We

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can dishonor I know not how many human and even divine things; but in the shipwreck Christ remains visible to us in many who worthily love and serve him.

The life of Madame de Swetchine during the forty years she passed in our midst was one continual thanksgiving. More than once under a reign of persecution, like that of the Emperor Nicholas, she had fears for the security of her sojourn in France. Once, notwithstanding her great age, she believed it necessary not to leave it to the zeal even of her most tried friends, and rushed to St. Petersburg to implore the forgetfulness of the Czar. God still saved her. She had acquired such a prestige, that it might be said that she represented at Paris the honor and intelligence of Russia, and this, it is probable, was what, in the most difficult times, saved her from being recalled.

This dependence which she still had on her country, because her estates there might be held to answer for her personal conduct, imposed on her an extreme prudence in a saloon which was frequented by her compatriots and by men of all ranks and all opinions. But this reserve, which she had acquired as a habit in her own country, detracted nothing from the grace and sincerity of her discourse; whether she was silent or whether she expressed her thoughts, according to the degree of confidence inspired by those present, she never betrayed it; and in her silence even, she seized things on the side which remained accessible, and gave them clearness enough to instruct without displeasing. An exquisite naturalness covered her speech, though tact and unexpectedness were its most usual characteristics. When she met Madame de Staël for the first time, each knew the other without being told; and happening to be placed at opposite corners of a large hall, they observed each other with curiosity. Madame de Staël, accustomed to homage, waited for Madame de Swetchine to come to her. Seeing she did not, she all at once crossed the long space which separated them, stopped before her, and said in a lively and caressing tone: "Do you know, Madame, that I am much hurt by your coldness toward me?" "Madame," was the reply, "it is for the king to salute first." This remark can give some idea of the ingenuous and submissive style of Madame de Swetchine's conversation. Different from Madame de Staël, who disserted rather than conversed, Madame de Swetchine raised her voice but slightly, and had no accent of domination; she waited her time without impatience, without caring for success, always more happy to please than ambitious to dazzle. An inexhaustible interest in those whom she had once loved, gave to her intimacy a sweet and maternal character. Her genius was approached as a focus of light, no doubt, but with a filial disposition which endeared its brilliancy, which was the fruit of a goodness as manifest as was her intellectual superiority. Introduced into the highest French society by the Duchesse de Duras and the Marquise de Montcalm, sisters of the Duc de Richelieu, she was not long in making felt around her that attraction which is produced in society by acknowledged eminence of character. What she had been when young at St. Petersburg in her husband's *salons*, she was in the heart of France; but what at St. Petersburg was only a conquest of suffrages and of admiration, became at Paris an apostolate.

When a soul passes to God's side, that is to say, to the side of Christianity, the only expression here below of the divine life, she can find nowhere else the principles and motives of her actions. All in her proceeds from the sacred height and returns to it, Madame de Swetchine lived in the world, but was not of it; she was held to it only by its good—only to make her protest for God, and to serve him; an admirable office in which the world assumes all its grandeur; in which fallen under the strokes of a mind that

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knows what it is worth, it arises and occupies with him every instant of thought, and every vibration of the heart. He who is disabused by the simple experience of life, despises the world, while he who is disabused by light from on High esteems it. Being then no longer in the world for the world, Madame de Swetchine was more than ever there for God; she followed his course with all-powerful interest, attentive to seize whatever might remove or approach her to the principle of all life. M. de Maistre was no more. A different school from his was forming; Madame de Swetchine saw unfold its first germs, and she surrounded with her counsels and her affection the young representatives of an idea which her recollections, perhaps, would have repulsed, but which the freedom of her mind rendered her capable of judging, for this was the character as the temper of her genius. In a time of intellectual dependence, in which parties bore away everything in their train, Madame de Swetchine made no engagement, and submitted to no attraction; she isolated every question from the noise around her, and placed it in the silence of eternity. Thus was one sure after having heard all that was said, to encounter on crossing her threshold something which had not been heard, an original view of the truth; and evenwhen she was mistaken, a proof that her thought did not belong to herself alone, because she sought it in God.

It was after the failure of L'Avenir that I first saw her. I approached the borders of her soul as a seaweed broken by the waves, and I remember yet, after twenty-five years, how she placed her light and strength at the service of a young man unknown to her. Her counsels sustained me both against despondency and exaltation. One day when she thought she noticed in my words a doubt or lassitude, she said to me with a singular accent, the simple words: "Take care." She was wonderful in discovering the point to which one inclined, and where it was necessary to bear assistance. The measure of her thought was so perfect, the freedom of her judgment so remarkable, that I was long in comprehending to whom and to what she was devoted. Where in others I should have known in advance what was to be said, here I was almost always ignorant, and nowhere did I feel myself more out of the world. This charm from above was not diffused over me alone. Other minds, my predecessors or my contemporaries, felt its action, and it is impossible to say for how many souls this single soul was a lamp. Not only the day, at fixed hours, not only the evening until midnight, but at almost every moment, confidence sought her with an importunity which was never complained of. Thus was formed around a foreigner I know not what country, which was of all times and of all lands, for it was the truth which was its ground, its atmosphere, its light, and its motion.

Nature, it is evident, could not suffice of itself to feed this inexhaustible conversation. It was nourished by an assiduous reading of all that was remarkable which appeared in Europe. No book, as no man, escaped her ardent curiosity. After the example of the Count de Maistre, who inspired the taste, Madame de Swetchine pencil-marked every page which struck her, and in her first leisure hour between two conversations she engraved on a light leaf of brass the thought which had illumined hers. She added her own reflections with the rapidity of a first glance, and this triple commerce with books, men, and herself, which was never interrupted, gave to her intelligence a spring which was never exhausted. What, however, in the midst of the contradictions of her century, were the principles which guided her, and of which she shed around her the unfailing clearness? In recalling my recollections of her, I should say they were Our Lord the life of heaven and earth; the Catholic Church, the only society of the mind, because it alone possesses the foundation of faith and the inspira-

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tion of charity; Rome, the centre of the world, because she is the centre of the church; the human family progressive on a basis that does not change; civil and political liberty, the daughter of Christianity; commerce, industry, science, all grand things, but under things grander still, honor and justice; all man's toil powerless to diminish poverty without virtue; France, a people loved by God—its revolution a vengeance and a mercy, a germ under ruins; philosophy, as old as man, the vestibule of Christianity when not as yet enlightened by faith, and its crown when faith has transformed it; reason, the inborn light whence philosophy proceeds, and which Christianity perfects; the future, an uncertain abyss, but in which God is ever found; error, a crime sometimes, a weakness oftener; tolerance, an homage to the truth, a proof of faith; force, which is next to impotency; authority, an ascendency which has its source in antiquity and in right; property, the union of man with the earth by labor, the first liberty of the world, without which no other subsists; liberty the guaranty of right against whatever is not right. These, if my memory is faithful, are the sound which at every hour and under every touch was given forth by that harmonious lyre which we now hear no more. A constant simplicity in an equal elevation, a goodness which came from Christ, gave to her doctrines, apart from their merit as truth, a personal influence. In hearing her this double charm might be resisted, but she could not be hated or despised; she could not but be loved, and inspire the desire to become better. Happy mouth, which for forty years made not an enemy to God, but which poured into a multitude of wounded or languishing hearts the germ of the resurrection and the rapture of life.

Yet, perhaps I deceive those who read me. They may persuade themselves that the friend of the Count de Maistre and of so many eminent Christians won their friendship only by the merit of a superior intelligence. That would be much, but in Madame de Swetchine it was not all. Intellect, when it comes from God, is inseparable from charity. Madame de Swetchine loved the poor. Like Frederic Ozanam, another blessing of Providence that we have lost, she knew how to forget science in presence of misfortune, and her lips, accustomed to things profound, had only divine things in the face of suffering and death. In entering her dwelling this might not be believed. Pictures by the great masters, dazzling candelabras, precious vases, books enclosed under crystals richly encased, flowers and drapery, all suggested the idea of costly magnificence hardly compatible with the secret love of the unfortunate. But, as I have said, Madame de Swetchine had in all things, even in duty, a point of view which was her own. Persuaded that she owed it to her family and to her country, to represent them worthily in the capital of a great people, she had the art of being simple in the midst of a splendor which she considered necessary, and to find economy in unseen privations. Long before her death, for example, she had no carriage. She walked with scrupulous exactness to the offices of St. Thomas of Aquina, her parish church, although she had a private chapel, and though her age as well as her infirmities would permit her to remain at home or go out only in a carriage.

One day her secret escaped her. Troubled, I imagine by something she had read, or some discourse which I had made her, she asked me with a kind of anxiety if I believed that in giving a sixth part of her income to the poor, she accomplished the precept of almsgiving. Another time, when some early vegetables were served at her table, at which I appeared surprised: "What would you?" she said to me; "there are people who raise these for us; would it not be ungrateful for those who can, not to recompense them for their labor?" This remark opened to me a new order of ideas. I understood that riches should not be

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used simply to support those who cannot gain their own living whether from want of strength or want of work, but that they should also, according to their amount, be used to protect all the honest developments of human toil. It is thus that in the beautiful days of Venice, Genoa, Florence, and of Pisa, so many Christian merchants raised immortal monuments to their country, and that at Rome so many cardinals have built palaces. Magnificence is a virtue, says St. Thomas Aquinas, when it is regulated by reason, and very different from luxury, which is vanity and ruin.

At Madame de Swetchine's house was seen a mute, whom she had adopted as if in return for the gift of speech, which she had received in so eminent a degree. It was her custom to associate the care of the poor with the happy events of her life. Each of them recalled a happiness which he represented. She visited them on fixed days; she herself carried them assistance, and above all the light of her presence. This intercourse kept alive in her the memory of the man, so quick to be effaced from those who have not the memory of God. She continued it even to the last days of her life; and when already the breath was uncertain and trembling on her lips, she asked for accounts of her poor. I saw, when we were seated around the sad couch of this beautiful light, her dear mute watching from an adjoining chamber, a vigilant sentinel of a life which had given her so much of itself, and which was fading away between friendship remaining faithful, and poverty remaining grateful.

Shall I speak, after the poor, of that beloved chapel, where the former unbeliever of St. Petersburg opened her heart before the God of her maturity? It was there, above all, that she lived, and there that she had gathered into a narrow space all that taste and riches could do to express and satisfy her love. Charming and pious sanctuary! you could not contain many souls, but there was one which sufficed to fill you, and which you filled also. Now you are no more. Death has despoiled the seats where so many friends came to pray; where prayer was so sweet, and peace so profound. We shall see you no more, nor your images, nor your precious stones, nor the tabernacle where at the side of the Lord reposed the virtue all entire of our friend. You had her last thought; it was of you she murmured at the moment eternity seized and carried her before God. Can I, then, better end than with you? For whom should I still ask a remembrance, a tear, an admiration?

For several years Madame de Swetchine had had preludes of her end. The consequences of a fall had left on her face a serious hurt which at intervals and without warning, rendered speaking very painful. This pain did not arrest the rapture of her communications. She remained what she had ever been, the mistress of herself, and occupied with all, winning hearts as in the days of her youth, when the Count de Maistre sent her his portrait with these words, written by his own hand:

> "Docile à l'appel plein de grâce
> De l'amitié qui vous attend,
> Volez, image, et prenez place
> Où l'original se plaît tant."

Happier than this great man who saw only the first dawning of Sophie de Soymonoff, we have enjoyed her perfect day; he formed her for us, and happier herself than her master, she could, by the clearness of a tempered reason, bring to her age a judgment in which hope surpassed fear, and which best indicated the true route to minds desirous of knowing and serving it. But at last we had to lose her. Every star below fades, every treasure vanishes, every soul is recalled. God did not spare his servant the agonies of death, but he left her to surmount them the influence which she had acquired over all things by seventy-five years of combat. Seated in her parlor to the last hour, she continued to receive those whom she loved, to speak

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to them of themselves, and of the future, to foresee all, and to animate all. Her reclining figure raised itself to smile, she kept the accent and the thread of her thought, and her eyes with their serenity still brightened the touching scene in which we disputed for her with God. A last shock took her from us on the 10th September, 1857, at six o'clock in the morning, having a few days before received the viaticum and the unction of eternal life.

Alas! dear and illustrious lady. I cannot attach to your name the glory of those Roman women whom St. Jerome has immortalized, and yet you were of their race: you were of the race of those women who followed Christ through all the stations of his pilgrimage, who watched him as he died, who embalmed him in his tomb, and who were the first to salute him on the morning of his resurrection. You believed all and saw all. Born in schism, brought up in unbelief, God sent you to open your eyes, one of the rarest minds of this century; his hand touched your eyelids, and the sight which your country refused you, came to you from foreign skies. A Christian, you aspired to the liberty of Christ; conquered for God through the language of France, you wished to live under the French speech, and quitting a country you always loved, you came among us with the modesty of a disciple and of an exile. But you brought us more than we gave you. The light of your soul illumined the land which received you, and for forty years you were for us the sweetest echo of the gospel, and the surest road to honor. No failure annoyed you, no success ensnared you; you were ever the same, because truth and justice do not change. Ah! doubtless your mission was to do us good in our pale West, but you had another mission, I believe; you were near us as an advance guard of the conversion of the East. Daughter of Greece! God wished to show us in your person, as he already had in several of your compatriots, what will, one day, be that old church of our first fathers in the faith, when, brought back from a fatal separation, she shall receive from the might of St. Peter that emission of unity which she formerly sent us from Jerusalem and Antioch, and of which we guard for her with fidelity the precious deposit. Yes, we trust the love which you preserved for your country; trust the presentiments of your Evangelist, the great Count de Maistre; trust in the long hopes of the Latin Church, and its constant respect for Christian Greece. Yes, sooner or later, the East will bend before the West, as a brother before a brother. St. Sophia will hear resound again in the two languages the symbol which has not ceased to unite us. Liberty of conscience, acquired by the human race, will no longer permit error to guard itself by persecution. Veils will fall; the obscure victims of political fear shake off their chains; all minds from one end of Europe to the other will follow the inclination of nature and grace; and if there remain, as there must, unbelievers and Protestants, at least there will remain no longer a nation crucified for error. In those days, dear and noble friend whom we have lost, and live here to weep—in those days, you will raise a little your cold stone at Montmartre, you will breathe an instant the air in which you lived, and recognizing at once the balm of your first and of your second country, you will bless God who called you before others, and to whom you responded with that faith without stain which enlightened us ourselves, and by that unconquerable hope which sustained us against all the failures of a century so fruitful in lapses and abortions.

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ORIGINAL.

THE CRY.

I SAIL on an ocean at midnight,
With darkness above and below;
And never a star in the heaven
To pilot me where I would go.

Fierce tempests that roar in the midnight,
The tempests both cruel and strong,
Are driving me hither and thither;
What wonder if I should go wrong?

Many thousands of others are sailing,
Like me, o'er this tempest-vexed sea,
All bound for the very same haven,
All bound to the same land with me.

But some to the leftward are sailing,
Whilst others they steer to the right;
I oft hear the voice of the captains
Who hail me aloud through the night.

Each one, though so diversely sailing,
Calls out to me, "You are astray!
For *this* is the course you should steer by
To enter the kingdom of day.

"See, yonder the light shineth clearly,
Right full on the way that we go."
But which is the right and the true way,
Oh! tell me, for how can I know.

I look where they're pointing before them,
But never a star do I see;
Where they tell me the beacon is shining
Is nothing but darkness to me.

My soul is athirst with its longing
To rest on the beautiful shore,
Where is felt not the surge of the billows,
Where the tempest is heard nevermore:

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Where the gardens of amaranth blossom,
And meadows of green asphodel
Fill the air with a fragrance immortal;
Where the satisfied voyagers dwell

Who have passed o'er this ocean before me,
And rest with the holy of old,
In the city whose walls are of jasper,
And roofs of the finest of gold.

O Lord of the wonderful city!
O King of the kingdom of day!
Let the light of thy truth shine out clearly
To pilot me safe on my way!

E. Y.

THE ANSWER.

I hear thee, my child, in the darkness;
I know where thou wishest to be:
But why in a pilotless vessel
Didst venture alone on this sea?

Thy way is in doubt and in darkness,
Because thou dost voyage alone,
Rejecting the old Ship of safety,
To choose a frail bark of thine own.

That vessel is sailing beside thee,
Its course the great Pilot controls,
The tempest will ne'er overcome it—
It never will wreck on the shoals.

Who sail in this old Ship of safety,
Know nothing of doubt or of strife.
How can they with him who commands it—
The Way, and the Truth, and the Life?

And all through the mist and the darkness
Faith shows a mysterious way,
O'er which sails the good ship of Peter
Straight on to the kingdom of day!

A. Y.

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ORIGINAL.

THE GODFREY FAMILY; OR, QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEATH OF MRS. GODFREY.

A MISSIVE soon brought M. Bertolot to the trio. He came as secretly as possible, and departed in the same way; not so secretly, however, as to prevent his visit being shortly made known to Alfred Brookbank, who, with the view of making a final breach between Sir Philip and his wife, had set spies to watch the movements of the party. He discovered from the jealousy of the neighbors the intimacy at the Irish cottage, and surmised the attraction which produced these visits, but could make no use of this surmise until his agent recognized in M. Bertolot the French priest who had accompanied the countess to England. The secrecy of the visit told its purport. Alfred now informed Sir Philip, as if he had just made the discovery, that Annie had been in Eugene's company all the time she had been away; that Catholics were their only society, and that a priest visited them in secret, adding that there could be no rational doubt that Lady Conway and her mother were both Catholics.

Sir Philip's indignation was excessive. Without taking time to consider the matter at all, he ordered his carriage and drove post-haste to Estcourt Hall, to which place the family were now summoned in consequence of the increasing weakness of Mrs. Godfrey.

Mrs. Godfrey had been brought there by short stages, and had arrived the night before. Mr. Godfrey and Hester were there to meet her, and to Hester's great joy she was once more pressed lovingly to her mother's heart, who was more than happy to see her children united again in affection. Adelaide was hourly expected; and when Sir Philip made his appearance he was supposed to come in obedience to a similar summons. Mr. Godfrey received him; but Sir Philip's agitation was such that he made no answer to the customary greeting. He looked round the room, and seeing they were alone, he said in a choking voice:

"Is Lady Conway here?"

"She is; she arrived last night."

"And her brother Eugene?"

"Is here also."

"And have they been together all this time? O Mr. Godfrey, how you have deceived me!"

Mr. Godfrey was puzzled. He was constitutionally timid, and certainly was just now in no mood for quarrelling; so he said quietly: "Why, has any harm come of it?"

"Harm! What can be greater harm than that Annie and her mother should both of them be papists?"

"Is it that which frightens you? Be composed, my dear friend; put such thoughts from your mind; Annie has too much sense for that. And my poor wife, she has been a little weak in the head lately, it is true, but she is not given that way in the least degree; besides, I greatly fear she cannot live long; her strength is less than I could have imagined. Come and see her."

But Sir Philip was absorbed in one idea. "I tell you," said he, "that the mischief is already done; that your wife and mine have both been on their knees to a priest, and that the secrets of both families are already on the way to Rome."

"Impossible!" said Mr. Godfrey.

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"Try," said Sir Philip; "ask the question; if they dare deny it, I will produce the proofs."

Mr. Godfrey laid his hand on the bell-rope. A servant appeared. "Request Mr. Eugene to come to me immediately." The man bowed and disappeared. Eugene soon entered. The door was carefully closed. Sir Philip could scarcely keep himself from springing on him; but Mr. Godfrey stood between them, and said in a hollow voice: "Eugene, answer without circumlocution or disguise, say yes or no, are your mother and sister Annie Catholics?"

"They are."

Mr. Godfrey pointed to the door; he could not speak. Eugene left the room. The two strong men trembled with impotent rage.

"A curse has fallen upon the house," muttered Mr. Godfrey at length, as he paced the room. "Who could have dreamed of this?"

"Mr. Godfrey," said Sir Philip, in tones of thunder, "you will tell your daughter that she never again will enter my doors. Prepare what settlements you please, send them to my lawyer; anything in reason I will consent to, but see her again I will not."

He quitted the house, nor did he ever see his injured wife again.

Scarcely had Sir Philip's carriage driven away when another drove up, containing Adelaide, the young Dowager Duchess of Durimont. She entered the house in a scarcely less agitated state than Sir Philip had left it in; but her excitement proceeded altogether from a different cause. Among Adelaide's numerous faults, want of affection for her mother certainly did not form one. On the contrary, she was accustomed not only to love but to reverence her mother as a very superior woman. Through the sunshine of youth, while enjoying the warmth of a mother's fondness and protection, Adelaide's affections had strengthened without that sentimentality of expression which Mrs. Godfrey would have taught her to repress had she seen it manifested, but they were none the less deep or tender for having hitherto found no occasion of great display. On the first intimation she had received of her mother's illness, Adelaide had hastened at once to Estcourt Hall, and was with difficulty persuaded by Mr Godfrey to retire. He feared that Adelaide's presence would but increase the excitement under which Mrs. Godfrey labored, and as the doctor's opinion was to that effect also, Adelaide was compelled, however reluctantly, to yield. They gave her no clew whatever as to the cause of her mother's malady, and though she had a general idea of some unworthy transaction in which Eugene was wronged and Hester enriched, she did not enter into particulars, nor mentally connect the facts with her mother's illness. The only effect it had upon her was to estrange her from Hester, and in a slighter degree from her father also.

When she heard that Eugene and Annie were summoned to her mother's side, again she endeavored to share their cares; but Mr. Godfrey was fearful of suffering too great intercourse between Adelaide and Eugene, and used his utmost endeavors to dissuade her. He insisted that the physicians absolutely ordered that none should approach her save those she asked for. The father dreaded the judgment of the daughter when she should know the cause of her mother's trouble. He was accustomed to be looked up to by his children, and shrank from incurring the disapproval of this one in particular; for Adelaide had ever been considered the most talented and the most intellectual of the family. He had a sort of consciousness that to the mother's influence in veiling his foibles from his children's eyes, he owed much of that reverence with which they habitually approached him; and he could but feel that he had made but a poor return for a life of devotedness, when he refused to yield to the first

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important demand she had ever made him, and that in favor of his own son.

But now Eugene had written to Adelaide to say her mother was calm, and would welcome her. Adelaidè entered her father's house pale and trembling, an attendant supporting her.

"Is she still alive?" she whispered, as she saw her father; then, as if fearful he would still oppose her seeing Mrs. Godfrey's, she refused by a gesture to enter the sitting-room, but made her way at once up the broad staircase to the room her mother had ever been wont to occupy. She opened the door, and flinging herself on her knees by the side of the bed, took the pale hand, and, as she kissed it, said, with streaming eyes: "Ah! dear mother, why was I not permitted to come to you before?"

"And who forbade you, my love?"

"My father said the doctors—"

Mrs. Godfrey looked at her husband, who had followed Adelaide into the room; there was surprise and sorrow, but no anger on her countenance. She pressed Adelaide's hand and whispered, "Perhaps he was right. I was unconscious and delirious a long while, my poor child; but now you will stay with me the little time that I remain on earth."

"You feel better to-day, my dear mother," said Annie, hopefully.

"I do, but it cannot last; we must not deceive ourselves. I am glad to see my dear Adelaide, but I cannot talk to her yet."

The effort of saying even so much exhausted her; she lay back, and they watched long hours in silence by her pillow.

Day after day passed away, the loving children surrounding her, and Mr. Godfrey sharing their watch. All traces of excitement had gone, in the solemnity of that watch. Mrs. Godfrey seemed so thoroughly in peace, that that peace seemed to pass into the circle of hearts surrounding her. She became, however, perceptibly weaker every day. Ten days after Adelaide's arrival she whispered to her one morning: "Tell your father I wish to speak to him."

Adelaide summoned her father. Whatever were the words spoken, they appeared to distress him very much. He gazed at his wife as though in a stupor. She held his hand and faintly whispered, "My last wishes, can you refuse them?" "No," said he, half choked, "he shall be sent for;" and he left her to seek Eugene. That evening a stranger was ushered by Eugene, as it were by stealth, into his mother's room. Annie alone was present. The last sacraments of the church were administered, and the stranger priest passed down the back staircase so secretly that none knew of or suspected his visit save those present and Mr. Godfrey, who had insisted on such secrecy being observed.

Adelaide had at length gathered all the facts concerning her brother being disinherited, and the effect the transaction had produced on Mrs. Godfrey's mind. A great feeling of repulsion for Hester was the consequence, and her manner soon betrayed symptoms of the feelings that swayed her.

"I can never again call her sister," she whispered, half-aloud, one day, in her meditation by her mother's side. Mrs. Godfrey's eyes opened. "My children, love one another," she said. "Love, for he loved even sinners; forgive, for he forgave those who crucified him." She sank to sleep after pronouncing these words, and when the watchers bent over her to see what prolonged that sleep to so unusual a time, they found that the sweet purified spirit had already winged its way to the mansions of the blessed.

Of all the mourners there, perhaps the grief of Adelaide was the most violent. The feelings of Annie and Eugene were tempered by the hope that their mother was now happier than she had ever been before. Hester's were modified by the deep meditation in which she was plunged by the fact that her mother had received full insight into that faith of which she had caught but a glimpse, and of which

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she so earnestly desired to know more. But she dared not question Eugene or Annie, for fear of angering her father and her mother! "O mother, pray for me!" was in her heart, and checked the outward demonstration of her grief.

They were standing round the coffin, those four children, whom she had brought so faithfully through the cares and dangers of childhood! No pride of station had withdrawn her from fulfilling her nursery duties; no sloth, no command of riches had caused her to delegate to hireling hands the cultivation of their infant minds; riches to them had been as an accessory, not, as too often happens, causing a withdrawal of maternal offices. How had they requited her? Oh! happy they who can stand by the bier of those to whom they are bound by duty or by love, and feel no remorse for duty oft neglected.

Adelaide was standing on one side at the head of the coffin, rapt in grief, Eugene and Annie were on the other side. Hester at the foot absorbed in intense thought, but tearless and as it seemed to Adelaide not paying homage in her thoughts to that dear mother. "Was she even then dwelling on her own wild schemes?" The thought maddened Adelaide, and forgetting the self-control for which she was usually so remarkable, she in the overmastering impulse of the moment seized Hester's arm; led her to the head of the coffin, and, pointing to the sweet pale face before them, said in a frenzied tone, regardless of the presence of Mr. Godfrey, who just then entered the room: "And did you dare to wring the heart of that most noble woman? Was it for you, whom she loved so dearly, to crush her loving spirit, and then stand by so calmly contemplating her remains? How my heart loathes you!"

"Hush! hush! dear sister," said Eugene tenderly, as he disengaged her clasp from Hester, who fell nearly fainting into her father's arms. "Hush! Adelaide, hush! she bade us love each other; you have misconceived this matter. Come with me, I will explain it"—and he took her to another apartment, and tried to make her understand Hester's intentions of ultimately settling all according to equity, while Mr. Godfrey and Annie did their best to restore Hester to her usual equanimity.

Mr. Godfrey was so much moved by this affront put upon his darling that he forgot his intention of keeping Mrs. Godfrey's change of religion secret, and in the evening he called Adelaide to his private study, and there explained that the delusions under which her dear mother had labored had no particular reference to Hester, but were caused by religion. "In fact," said Mr. Godfrey, "what she wanted the day you came to summon me to her, was a Catholic priest. Of course I refused her nothing; the priest came that night, but secretly, out of respect to the reputation of the family."

"Was my mother a Catholic?"

"She became one latterly."

"And was it for her religion that you persecuted her?"

"Persecuted her! Why, Adelaide, how dare you apply such words to your father? Your mother was never persecuted; even when out of her mind she had everything she asked for, and as I tell you, a Catholic priest attended her the other evening. Persecuted, indeed!"

Adelaide cared not to pursue a theme which brought her out as her father's accuser, though the impression still remained on her mind that injustice had occasioned the illness and subsequent death of her mother, and this prevented her from recalling the offending words.

The father and daughter parted somewhat coldly that evening, nor were matters much mended by the family consultation held shortly afterward as to what was to become of Annie. Sir Philip's message was now first delivered to her, as Alfred Brookbank had arrived as his agent, with offers of settlement for Mr. Godfrey's approbation.

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"And is Annie not to see her own children again?" asked the duchess, as she gazed on the speechless, the agonized face of her sister.

"So says Sir Philip."

"But have you reasoned with him on the subject? Have you protested against such a monstrous piece of tyranny?"

"It were useless, may it please your grace," interposed the soft low tones of Alfred Brookbank, who was secretly gloating in the agony of his victim. "It were perfectly useless. Sir Philip's hatred of papistry—"

"Please to speak with more respect of the Holy Catholic Church, Mr. Brookbank," interrupted the duchess.

"I beg pardon; I knew not that your grace—"

"It matters not what you knew," haughtily rejoined the duchess. "It behoves every man of common sense, or of common education, to speak respectfully of a faith which for so many centuries has formed the religion not only of the commonalty but of the heroes of the race. The names of Alfred the Great and Charlemagne, of Copernicus and Michael Angelo, with countless others, may weigh a little perhaps against the opinion of so enlightened an individual as Sir Philip Conway."

The withering sarcasm of tone with which this was uttered made Mr. Godfrey bite his lips. He felt at once that he had not lowered her mother in Adelaide's estimation by informing her of that mother's becoming a Catholic; and he began to wonder which would be the next seceder from rationalistic principle. "A curse is fallen upon our house," he again muttered between his teeth.

The conference was necessarily a painful one; but it was with indescribable surprise and emotion that the assembled family heard Mr. Godfrey propose that Annie should take refuge in the convent in which dwelt her friend Euphrasie.

"Why, papa," whispered Hester, "have you changed your opinion of convents? You used to call them sinks of iniquity. Why do you wish to imprison Annie in one?"

"Hush, my dear," answered her father, in the lowest possible whisper, "all convents are not alike. I happen to know the antecedents of the superioress and of several of the nuns in this one; they are all ladies of high birth, and are altogether above suspicion. They are austere fanatics, that is all. Annie will take no vows, and there she will see the extent of the folly to which religious enthusiasm lays us open. If a twelvemonth's residence among the poor Clares does not set her brain in order, then she is irrecoverably lost to us—we may set her down as incurably insane."

While this little dialogue was going on, Eugene and Adelaide, jointly and severally, were urging Annie to make a home with one or other of themselves, each promising to do the utmost to regain for her the custody of her children; but Annie, while she mournfully thanked them for their kindness, decided that, at least till she had taken time for reflection, she would abide by her father's advice, that is, provided the sisterhood would consent to receive her.

After vainly endeavoring to shake her resolution, the duchess resolved on accompanying her to the north to see whether suitable arrangements could be made for her comfort.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE JOURNEY—THE CONVENT.

It was well for Annie that the care of a sister watched over her during that sad journey, for sometimes her mind seemed almost to have lost its balance, and she would weep frantically over the loss of her little ones, as one who would not be comforted; then with a sudden revolution of feeling she would stop, and say, "Thy will be done, O Lord," and would begin to say her beads, as Eugene had taught her, with most edifying resignation. After awhile the thought of her little ones would make her weep anew, and again

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the thought of God would check her tears.

These alternations were for Annie alone, however. Adelaide felt unmitigated disgust at the barbarity which could sever a loving mother from her infants.

"As if those babes were safer with that bigoted, soft-pated Mrs. Bedford than with my intellectual, high-minded sister!" she thought. Certainly the duchess's horror of Catholicity had wonderfully abated of late. There was little said at first between the sisters on that three days' journey. But once or twice the exclamation on Adelaide's lips, "My mother a Catholic!" showed which direction her thoughts were taking. Once, when Annie was a little calmer than usual, she suddenly asked her: "What made my mother desire to be a Catholic, Annie?"

"The grace of God, as I humbly hope," answered her sister.

"The grace of God! What do you mean by that, Annie?"

"I mean the special provision with which God deigns to bless every human soul that desires it with knowledge and love of himself. Adam had this grace conferred on him at his creation. He lost it, not only for himself, but for us also. But Christ has repurchased it for all who come to him. My mother heard this voice pleading within her for a higher life. She listened and obeyed. This is what theologians call co-operation with grace. The grace of God needs man's co-operation to be efficacious, because God will not compel the human will. He desires free service."

"Ah, yes," said the duchess, "all other were a mockery. Nature is bound by stern, inevitable law; that is easily seen: but intelligent love must have freedom for its sphere of action, or it ceases to be the love of intelligence; that, too, I comprehend. I thought your words intended to convey some mysterious action of God on the soul not given to all men."

"All do not correspond with it, by a large majority, I fear," said Annie.

"And think you God speaks to all alike?" asked Adelaide.

"Theologians say that a grace corresponded to merits another," answered Annie, "and that one rejected or unused often loses that grace, so slighted. This, at least, we know: God loves us all, and places at our option higher degrees of spiritual attainment than we oftentimes profit by."

"God! What is God?" murmured Adelaide. "Truly a *Deus absconditus* for man."

"'He who followeth me walketh not in darkness,' said the Man-God," replied Annie. "God was a hidden God for the nations of olden time, perhaps; but for us, Adelaide, he is God manifested in the flesh! and to as many as receive him gives he power to become 'sons of God.'"

Where was Adelaide's sharpness at repartee as of old? She meditated now instead of replying, and Annie solaced her own sorrows by praying for her sister's conversion. It was in something like tranquillity of spirit that she reached the district in which the convent was situated.

The next day the duchess accompanied her sister to the dwelling of the sisterhood. They found it even poorer than they had anticipated. When it had been first contemplated, Eugene had handed over a well-filled purse to M. Bertolot with strict injunction to procure everything needful; but Eugene's idea of what was needed differed from that of the superioress. "We did not take vows of poverty," she said, "to live with every elegance like ladies. The spirit of our holy father, St. Francis, as also that of our beloved mother and foundress, St. Clare, requires the utmost plainness and poverty compatible with existence." Eugene's large offering was refused, and when he on his part refused to replace it in his pocket, it was distributed among the sick poor.

Euphrasie received her friends with

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open arms, and conducted them to the superioress with love and respect. Many of the sisterhood had now gathered together, and even postulants were not wanting. The superioress greeted the ladies with calm dignity, and entered with much feeling into the account given to Euphrasie in her presence of Mrs. Godfrey's conversion and happy death.

"And am I to understand, dear ladies," said the superioress, "that you also share these blessed dispositions?"

"Annie is a Catholic," answered the duchess, "and a persecuted one. Sir Philip has shut the doors on the mother of his children because she has embraced Catholicity."

Euphrasie, by a sudden impulse, rose and knelt by Annie's side, kissing her hands and bathing them with her tears. "Now, God be praised for all his mercies!" she said. "How shall we welcome you, dear martyr, for his sake?"

Annie could only reply by returning Euphrasie's caresses and affection. She placed her arm round her friend, and compelled her to sit by her side.

"Will you ask the reverend mother to let me stay with you awhile, dear Euphrasie?" she said.

"What! Here? here in the convent? in this poor place?" replied Euphrasie. "You who have been cradled in luxury and reared in abundance? You know not what you ask, dear friend; it is impossible."

Annie looked at the superioress; she read more promise there. "Dear reverend mother," she said, "Almighty God has seen how unfit I am as yet to train my beloved children in the narrow path of mortification and of humiliation, trodden by our Divine Master. He has sent me to learn it of you. Will you accept me as your disciple in Jesus Christ? At least, I can promise you reverence and submission."

"You are welcome, most welcome, my daughter," said the superioress, "and may Almighty God, in his own good time, restore your children to you, to be brought up in the faith and love of Christ."

"Thank you, dear mother; and if you and the dear sisters will assist me by your prayers, doubtless he will. He has but sent me here to school awhile, that I may be able to teach them rightly. I stand as yet but on the threshold of the church; I have looked in and seen her glories, but selfish and worldly as I have been from childhood, I scarce know how to share in her unworldly triumphs."

"Dear cousin," said Euphrasie, "you must not defame yourself. You were ever kind and generous, and now your humility will surely bring you a blessing. We will try to make you happy here."

"Indeed, yes," said the superioress, "it is a great consolation to us to receive you. Your heart, so long accustomed to the incredulity of the age, needs rest—such rest as is produced by dwelling on the love of Christ for us. After a while it will become for you a necessity to reciprocate that love, by pouring yourself out as it were in deeds of charity and kindness for the pure love of him who died for you. Once accustomed to converse familiarly with him, you will no longer regard him as divided from yourself, but as one same self with you, so that with St. Paul you may be able to exclaim, '*I* live now, not *I*, but Christ liveth in me.' Yes, my dear daughter, from him you may hope all things for your children as well as for yourself. Detach yourself from this world, seek Christ crucified, that you may repose surely in his love."

Adelaide listened and wondered. She looked around at the bare walls, the uncarpeted floor, the plain deal tables, and the common rush-chairs. "Is the rest of the house like this?" she asked of herself: "and am I to leave Annie here?"

Begging the superioress to excuse her for an instant, she drew Annie apart, and urged upon her that it was useless for her to subject herself to such privations as these.

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"Come home with me, dear Annie, I beg of you."

"Nay, sister, think not so meanly of me, as to deem that I cannot endure for a few weeks or months, privations which these dear ladies suffer always."

"Oh! they are nuns, you know."

"But that does not alter their nature, and once they were in the world, rich, titled, honored. I would learn of them what has given them power thus to trample the world beneath their feet. Leave me for a while, my sister; if I find the life too hard for me, I will come to you."

"You promise?"

"I do, believe me, Adelaide."

And with this promise Adelaide was obliged to be content. She prepared to wend her way homewards. As she rose for that purpose, the superioress said: "Your grace will have a solitary journey. May I venture to offer you a book to beguile the tedium of the way?" Adelaide smilingly assented, and on getting in her carriage. Euphrasie placed into her hands Avrillon's meditations for every day in Lent. Absorbed at first in her own thoughts, Adelaide heeded the book but little: but after a while, to relieve ennui, she began its perusal, and was soon astonished at the interest it excited within her breast.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On the morning of Annie and Adelaide's departure for the convent, Mr. Godfrey had ordered breakfast for himself in his library, and had summoned Hester to attend him, on the pretext of not feeling well, but in reality to avoid a parting scene with his children. Hester, on the other hand, dreaded nothing more than they should depart without farewell; she had keenly felt Adelaide's words beside her mother's coffin, but in despite of her efforts could not effect an interview which should dispel the ill-feeling that oppressed her. Her father's jealousy of her holding any private intercourse with the rest of the family on the one hand, and the coldness of Adelaide on the other, seemed to present insurmountable obstacles. At length she heard the carriage draw up, and the voices departing; hastily she quitted the breakfast table, and rushed into the hall. The travellers were already there; she approached Annie with tears in her eyes. Annie was too sad herself to be angry just then, she imprinted on her sister's forehead the silent kiss her gesture pleaded for; but Adelaide went forward and seated herself in the carriage, waving her hand for a general adieu, and Hester fell back weeping on her brother's shoulder as the vehicle drove away from the door.

"O Eugene! I had no hand in this; tell me at least that you believe me," sobbed the poor girl.

"I do believe you, and so will Adelaide after a time; take comfort. Hester."

"I cannot, with them all against me. Oh! who could ever dream our love for each other could melt away to this?"

"It is not melted away, dear sister, only obscured; it will one day return warmer and brighter than ever."

"Then you, you will write to me, you will not cast me off?"

"Never, never will I cast you off! never cease to love you!"

"Then, Eugene, you will help me also; I want to read, to know the cause of these unhappy divisions."

"And my father?"

"O Eugene! that is the misery my father must not know. Eugene, I love my father; there can be nothing wrong in that, he has only me now. We cannot help that; but I must be true to him, I cannot break his heart. He must not know we correspond or that I read your books, or that I am thinking on the subjects he hates so much. He *need not* know it; I am a woman now, I have a right to my

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freedom. If I conceal my thought, it is out of love to him; you know well how it would pain him were he to suspect I read a work that treats on religion."

"Our correspondence must be secret, then?"

"I fear it must; at least till my father gets over this miserable prejudice. You can write and send to me under cover to Norah, my little maid. I will send her to you presently for some books, and now good-by, my father will be wanting me. Pray for us both, Eugene."

Mr. Godfrey was considerably unhinged by the change that had taken place in his family, and he watched Hester closely. She had truly said she was now his last hope. That she was dejected at her mother's death could not surprise him or any one, but that her sprightliness had altogether departed, that her energy was depressed, her color faded, and her appetite gone, were sources of great anxiety. Again he took her to Yorkshire, to endeavor to reinspire her with interest in the promotion of the "March of Intellect."

Hester did not feel justified in withdrawing her interest or exertions from the institutions which she had raised and fostered; but it must be confessed that these institutions were gradually assuming the character of mere money-making factories. Mr. Godfrey, dissatisfied with certain losses, had engaged a man of business to overlook the whole concern, and in addition to a stipulated sum, this person was to receive a certain percentage on the profits. This rendered him particularly sharp-sighted as to doing matters economically; that is, with the fewest number of hands, at the lowest rate of wages, and oftentimes employing children in lieu of adults.

"This is altogether foreign to our first idea," said Hester, "and I do not approve of it at all."

"It cannot be helped, my dear; no enterprise that will not pay can be proceeded with in the long run."

"But these children shut up in the close rooms at eight or ten years of age, for such long hours! it will numb every faculty they possess."

"If their parents are willing to permit it, I do not see what we have to do with it."

"O father! ignorant people often sell their children, without knowing the harm they do; but this cannot be the way in which the world is to improve."

"You were not satisfied with the results of your new plan, which did not make money. I have put the matter into Mr. Fisher's hands for a while, because I know that in his hands, if money is to be made, it will be made: his talent for business is unrivalled."

"Money is not the principle of progression."

"Nothing can be done without it, at any rate."

These discussions annoyed Mr. Godfrey the more because he felt the inconsistency between the past idea and the present practice. On the other hand, Hester was not in possession of the principle she was seeking; that was acknowledged with regret on her part, though she by no means gave up the search, and still less rested contented with the inferior motive of placing all development, all future improvement on the mere basis of money-making.

Among Mr. Godfrey's friends, one of the most intimate, because the most scientific after the fashion of this world's science, was a Mr. Spence—a gentleman whose works had already acquired for him a great share of reputation, and who was gradually acquiring great influence over Mr. Godfrey. He was a man of about five-and-thirty years of age, being some twelve years older than our Hester, whom he greatly admired, notwithstanding that he found her mind a little difficult to understand. Perhaps he liked her the better that she puzzled him, that she took different views from him. Certain it is that he haunted her society whenever he could find an excuse, and Mr. Godfrey seemed particularly well pleased to find them together, as he

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hoped that interviews with such a learned man would dissipate any tendency to religion, especially the Catholic religion, that Hester might be fostering in consequence of the proclivities of her mother and of the rest of the family in that direction.

. . . . . .

'Twas autumn, a walk through the woods had brought the trio together, and together they returned to the house; the gusty and fitful wind scattering in their path the tinted leaves that fell like showers from the trees beneath which they were passing. Wild clouds were hurrying through space, as if summoned suddenly to assist at some tempestuous commotion, and though many miles distant was the sea, the roar of waves was heard beating on the far-off shore; every sign betokened that a storm was at hand. The pedestrians hurried to the house, and scarcely had they reached it, than impulsively they went to the window to gaze in mute amazement at the scene. A sudden wind was uprooting trees, unroofing houses, and carrying off all things before it. An old barn long doomed to be pulled down, which was but awaiting hands to perform the work suddenly reeled like a drunken man, and in a few moments more fell to the ground with a great crash. The servant girls screamed in the hall, "the men went in for shelter, they must be crushed to death!" The door was opened that the serving-men might rush to the rescue, but the wind swept like a tornado through the hall, tiles were rattling from the house-top, bricks tumbling from the chimneys. To leave the house was impossible, none could stand against such a blast. A large boarded roof that was being prepared by the carpenters was carried off the scaffold, and after being for some time balanced in the air as if it were a paper kite, fell at length with a loud splash into the lake some quarter of a mile distant from the spot whence it was first uplifted. The scene was at once terrific and sublime, and but for the screams and sobs of the girls, who feared to have some father, brother, or friend buried beneath the fallen building, Hester could have enjoyed the spectacle; but she was occupied in endeavoring to soothe the panic-stricken tremblers, and for consolation what could she say? She could but stand by and sympathize, and utter words of hope, meaningless because unfelt. It was a relief when the storm abated to find that all the men had been able to quit the building at the first creaking of the rafters, and by crawling on all fours had reached a place where they lay safely till the storm had passed—all save one, and he was protected by the manner in which the beams fell over him, they being prevented from falling perpendicularly by some obstacles, and formed a sloping defensive shelter for the young man who happened to find himself in that particular corner, from which, when the storm abated, he was extricated by his companions, with no other injury suffered than the alarm endured for several hours; and in this alarm he had many sharers, for few of the neighbours could rest in peace until he was drawn forth unhurt.

A feeling of relief pervaded the party as with closed shutters, drawn curtains, and every appurtenance of comfort, they drew round the bright coal fire, which shed a glowing, cheering warmth throughout the apartment—while the rain which had succeeded to this storm of wind was pattering against the windows, enhancing the comfort within by a sense of dreariness without.

"How remorseless is nature!" said Mr. Spence, as at length the silence which had pervaded the three friends became almost painful; "decay, change, transition, pain, with transient gleams of beauty, as if to render the surrounding gloom more painful still, and no escape: how remorseless is nature!"

"All things have their bright side, I believe," she said, "even so terrible a storm as to-day's. It is good to feel a grand sensation sometimes, it stirs up the very depths of one's being."

"How would it have been if those

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men had been crushed to death, or worse, hopelessly maimed for life?"

"That did not happen. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

"But similar events often do happen. The battle-field, the pestilence, man's evil passions, or the remorseless sea tossing man's feeble bark in sport against the rocks, cause many a grand sensation that is not good. See in that newly settled swamp the settler's wife surprised amid her household drudgeries with a startling shriek, and, hurrying to the water's edge, to find a rattlesnake coiled round her prattler's leg, inflicting the painful sting that causes the innocent child to expire in torture: do you call that good?"

"It does not follow that there is no good because we see it not! The design of the creation may involve a hidden good to be evolved out of what seems evil."

"And meantime the longer we pursue our researches, the more we become convinced that an all-pervading inexorable law governs events by necessary connection; that there is no resisting the force of this law, no disarming it. All that we can do is to study it, and take what comfort we can individually by an intelligent application of it to ourselves."

"And our neighbor's happiness is to tell for nothing?"

"You will do no good by forcing any system on men for which they are not prepared," said Mr. Spence. "Ideas remain inoperative when the civilization or intelligence to which it is addressed is unequal to its realization; practice does not depend on theories, but on development, on individual assimilation of the principles, if I may be permitted to use this word. For instance, moral theories are ever the same. The Hindoo, the Chinaman, the follower of Zoroaster and the transcribers of the precepts of Menu, declare with the Jew and the Christian, that the law is to be honest, virtuous, heedful of others' pleasure or good, to seek justice, love mercy, reverence age, and submit to all lawful authority, etc.—each precept requiring a willing obedience: yet where are the fruits to be found?"

"But do men believe these precepts to be the rule of right?"

"Theoretically they are not disputed, but practically man is made by the external objects that surround him. Give society a system below its advancement, it rises superior to it; give it one above it, it does not come up to it. This is observable in nations. Among the lower order of French Catholics there is less of bigotry and civilization, with more of the real charity enjoined by religion, than among the lower order of Scotch Protestants, despite the theory of their theology.* Again, the Swedes and the inhabitants of some of the Swiss Cantons are less civilized than the French, and therefore it avails them little that they three centuries ago adopted a creed to which the force of habit and the influence of tradition now oblige them to cling. Whoever has travelled in these countries will see how little the inhabitants have benefited by their religion, while in France you will see an illiberal religion accompanied by liberal views, and a creed full of superstitions professed by a people among whom superstition is comparatively rare."*

"That would rather go to prove Catholicity to be better than Protestanism," said Hester; "at least, if liberal views and tolerant actions be a proof of the advancement of society."

Mr. Godfrey bit his lips, and Mr. Spence, suddenly mindful of certain proceedings in his friend's family not exactly of the tolerative description, hastily essayed to cover his mistake:

"Practically," he said, "men's religious demonstrations are a thing apart from their theory, and are governed by the character of individual mental development, rather than (what they are assumed to be) a power governing development."

"I think that proposition illogical. If religion acts at all, it must act ac-

* See Buckle's Civilization in England. Vol. i. pages 191–198, from which above is extracted.

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cording to its character as a power. Granting that with many it is a dead letter, without any action, yet with those it does influence, its action must be the legitimate result of its doctrine; and if the civilization resulting from Catholicity is superior, is not that the superior agency?"

"You forget how the guardians of the Catholic faith have ever persecuted science; that proves them intolerant."

"Not necessarily. The guardians of a faith, amid a crude, undeveloped people, may well be jealous of novel notions, dispersed out of their connexion amid an unthinking, unreflecting populace. If the object is to raise people from the phase of their present existence to a higher phase, our late experiments have shown that it needs caution in disturbing present moral influences. The mass are not philosophers; they will not travel the whole round of a series to trace the whole chain of what you call the necessary connection. Were I to begin my experiment again I should take the highest motive then active on the mind, and try to build higher on that. The first results of science are usually destructive, and therefore not fit for the masses; something must be built up again ere we present it to them. As it is, these masses seem only to amuse themselves by hurling the stones of the ruined theory at the world and at each other, destroying much, but advancing nothing good."

"But philosophy must not be controlled. Science must not be impeded in its onward march; the hopes of ultimate civilization lie in free investigation. The evil is transient—the good permanent."

"Yet you admit that a system may be in advance of a people?"

"Yes, and forerunners are martyrs, sacrificed to the ignorance, to the inaptitude of the age in which they live; yet there is a sort of necessity for their existence, the law for which is not as yet discovered. Future ages will probably be more enlightened on this head. All that we know is, that there is a law for all evolutions, a practical principle—if we could only trace it—to which every action, every development may be referred. Statistical tables show us that even crime follows method. In a given number of people in a given state of civilization there will be a certain percentage of murders, a certain percentage of thefts, robberies, and the like; nay, a certain average number of suicides. You may verify these facts by comparing the statistical tables of large cities such as London and Paris,* for a definite series of years.

"And through what agency is this effected?" asked Hester, in amazement.

"Nay, that I can scarcely answer save in general terms. The cause of law, the cause of evolution, the cause of everything is utterly unknown. The most we can do is to observe phenomena, to class them, and then note the sequences which form necessary connection together; in this way we discover the law, but beyond that science can affirm nothing. The cause we can know nothing, and affirm nothing of, save its bare existence as the incomprehensible cause of all phenomena. The sole possible predication is merely that he, or more properly it, is."

"Why, surely the cause is God," said Hester, who, new as she was to a personal recognition of God's rights to her own devotion, had never dreamed of doubting that "absolute intelligence" ruled "as cause."

"God," said Mr. Spence, "is too indefined a term for science, or rather there are ideas connected with the term which we cannot scientifically apply to the unknowable. We cannot affirm of this unknowable that he is either matter or mind; because this would be to degrade him, by representing him in terms of our finite and human conceptions. Matter and mind are in fact but phenomena of which the unknowable is the unknown cause.

* See Buckle's Civilization in England. Vol. I. page 17 *et seq.*

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He is of a far higher nature than matter or mind, for he is the common cause of both. Of this nature we can form no idea whatever. We cannot attribute to the unknowable *reason;* since that would represent him as finite, for all reasoning is limitation. We cannot affirm of him either justice or mercy; because these are words borrowed from the human, and to express the unknown in such terms is anthropomorphism and blasphemy. Such a religion is but one grade higher than the ancient theologies that represent God with hands and feet and other human members."

"Stay," said Hester, "I cannot admit all your assumptions. That the cause is the great I Am, of whose essential being we know nothing, is doubtless true, as also that finitude cannot comprehend infinitude: but that it is wrong or blasphemous to speak of him in the language of earth, I cannot see. We know the expression is inadequate, that it is metaphorical, an application of the less to signify the greater, but it is the only voice we have, and the degree of worship depends on the spirit of reverence which prompts the utterance, as the freedom from idolatry must depend on the spirit of appreciative love and submission with which that worship is offered.

"But," said Mr. Spence, "all theologies set out with the great truth, that the deity is incomprehensible. But they immediately contradict and stultify themselves by proceeding to assign him attributes. In this way all religions become suicidal as well as irreligious. The only true religion is to worship God as the unknown and forever unknowable. True religion and science agree in this, that the cause of all phenomena is the unknown. Science, in affirming the cause to be material or mental, becomes unscientific, just as religion, by pretending to reveal his nature or attributes, becomes irreligious."

"Pardon me," said Hester, "I think you are begging the question. Because we know nothing of the interior being of God, it does not follow that we may not discover the relationships which he wishes to establish between himself and ourselves, and to the manifestations of these relationships we may in all reverence and with consistency assign attributes. Within himself God is the great I Am, unknown and unknowable to us. Reason, justice, mercy, probably find there no exercise. Their exercise is outside in creation; for all creation is outside God, an expression of his power, as of every other attribute justly assigned him. Creation itself is limited: man's expression more so yet: but we do not therefore believe in the limitation of the deity. We cannot conceive infinity, still less express it; still the idea exists, and our minds invest the deity with it in reverential awe, not in blasphemy."

"You have given the modern theology assuming God to be a spirit and a creative spirit; and assuming also that the creation is a work of his design. You do not perceive that you make God the author of evil as well as good, and that you assume matter was created. Now, the eternity of matter would be no greater enigma than the eternity of mind; and we do not know whether the cause be 'matter or mind.' It is unknown, as it is also unknowable."

"Why this is sheer Atheism," said the startled Hester.

"Not so! This doctrine is neither Atheism nor Theism. It is merely the highest and last formula, at once, of science and religion, ceasing to represent the unknowable in any conceptions of human thought, and thus leaving free scope for worship, which (worship) is not assertion, but humility and transcendent wonder."

"Nay," said Hester, "religion, as far as I can make it out, consists in acknowledging the relationships which God has established: first, between himself and man, and secondly, between man and man. Religion, if true, is a manifestation or revelation if not of God's essential nature, yet of his will

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in man's regard. The discrepancies between our conceptions of what is evil and evil itself may explain your difficulty about God being the author of evil. It may be that mere change, mere transition, is not evil, even when accompanied by some pain. I read yesterday that the only real evil was, a voluntary act on the part of a rational creature, performed contrary to the known will of God."

"That is so evidently a theological subtlety," said Mr. Spence, "science deigns it no reply."

"And yet," said Hester, "your last and highest formula, which refuses to represent the unknowable in any conception of human thought, bows down in worship and transcendent wonder to the 'cause' which makes murder, suicide, and every species of human wickedness result from 'A Law'!

"Because we believe that ultimately that law will evolve good. It appears a fact now thoroughly established, that all the organisms we are acquainted with, have been evolved by a gradual process rather than produced by a series of special creations, as has been so long the theory. And the evolution tends upward; that is, to produce new and more complicated organisms as time speeds on. This must in the end evolve higher good."

"Do you mean that the lesser is ever producing the greater; and that in the aggregation of insentient matter life is evolved?"

"Does not the infant grow into the man by the aggregation of insentient matter assimilated into his being in the shape of food?"

"Yes, but life was there already; character and power, expansion and development it receives, but no new function."

"That is not so certain; or rather it is certain that evolution constantly manifests changes, which can only be accounted for on the ground of a great universal law, a law ever producing diversity of phenomena in unity of operation."

"But I do not see that it explains anything of the ultimate cause."

"Have I not already said that the cause is unknown and unknowable?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.—THE SOUL WITHOUT GOD.

Eternity and space! Remorseless law!
Without a voice or tone of love to man,
Without a sign to soften into awe
The terrors of necessity's dark plan.
Oh! what a wail of dark despair
Rent the unblest, unhallowed air,
As through the spheres the last dark utterance ran—
There is no God! no deity for man!
The glowing thoughts that thrill man's frame,
And bid him glorious kindred claim
With all of brilliancy divine
That through the dazzling circles shine;
The thoughts unspeakable that swell
The heaving breast to ecstasy,
And cast their sweet and mystic spell
Until, attuned to harmony,
The wingéd soul is borne throughout all space
To read the symbols of celestial grace;
Tracing the wondrous lore from sky to sky,
Inflamed by consciousness of Deity
Though veiled, yet present still, and still
"Educing good from seeming ill"—
That thought is quenched in deepest night!
Vanished each ray of holy light!
The wingéd soul, all tempest-tost,
Rushes in vain throughout all space;
Amid dark waves of horror lost
No sign appears, her course to trace
In speechless agony, alone,
Finding rest—never!
The wearied spirit hurries on
Wandering forever!
All, all is lost! a dark despair
Fills up the void, the tainted air.
A Upas tree with poisoning shade
Monopolizes every glade;
And shadows flit and utter: "Woe!
Remorseless nature rules below."

. . . . . .

Throughout all space—no rest—
No ray
By which the human heart is blest;
No day
Breaks th' interminable gloom
Around—
A foul, dark, loathsome tomb!
A burial ground!
Without a star
To light th' abyss!
Stern, elemental war!
No bliss!

The evolution of a vast decay;
Its beauty transient, as the fleeting ray
That gilds the clouds on fitful April's day.
Eternity! Immensity!
All unillumined lie.
No trace of high design
Doth through their glimpses shine:
Destruction and decay
Repeated day by day—
Music forgets to joy the earth,
Beauty to give the flowerets birth,
Banished all providence, banished for ever—
What from the fainting heart sorrow shall sever?

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One charnel-house is the all-teeming earth;
That Fetid Vapor rising sickly bright
To which foul rottenness is giving birth,
Is now man's *only* source of mental licht!
And shadows flit around and utter, "Woe!
Remorseless nature rules *Alone* below!"

. . . . . .

Such were our heroine's reflections.

Poor Hester! With no settled principle, with no defined religion, it was little wonder that the gloomy speculations of a conceited science should overpower her imagination, and that she should become melancholy and dispirited. Indeed, it became evident that the false philosophies, the exposition of which she was constantly called upon to hear, and from which her heart recoiled, even when she could find no reply to its specious reasonings, were preying on her health, and the gentleman who had acted as medical attendant to Mrs. Godfrey, now warned her father that Hester must be looked to, unless he would see her also fall into despondency.

Not that Hester believed in a theory which contradicted her instincts, annihilated for her the use of a faculty. No; but the very enunciation of such dogmas oppressed her, seemed to spread a snare for her, raised doubts of disturbance, at the very moment she was seeking to gain from works her brother had lent her the peace of mind she so much needed. In spite of herself her mind recurred to the theory which tormented her, and which she saw was favored by her father. "And yet," mused she in sadness, "can high ideas spring from the evolutions of matter? Is matter creative? This panting after justice that I feel, the love of order, beauty, moral harmony, for which so willingly I'd give my ease, my leisure, my exertions, nay, to forward the permanency of which I should esteem my life well bestowed, does that proceed from blind necessity, from evolution of organic life, itself unconscious of the boon conferred? Impossible! Idea is as real as is the brain: and there were mighty minds in days of old, who left examples men have not yet equalled. He who died upon the cross, and left twelve laboring unlettered men to propagate his most unselfish lore, was he evolved from matter's slow progression? And the men who roused the souls and waked the intellects of poverty, who preached the gospel to those lowly ones who live a life of toil and weariness, who kindled thoughts that raised them high above the tyrant's might to claim their heirship as the sons of God, inheritors of freedom, justice, truth, which naught save their own act can rob them of, were they evolved from rottenness? And if they were, why since that time, two thousand years ago, have there no nobler souls than these appeared, who could show finer instincts, higher views? Why, amid the luxury of Roman proud patrician life, did there spring up so suddenly a class who conquered by defeat, and laid foundations among the lowly of the earth cemented by their blood, that to this day proclaim their origin to be something different from the world's natural influences—a class whose leaders sought renunciation rather than gratification of the senses; who wore the chains themselves to free the slave, faced death to solace the plague-stricken, and abjured riches to feed the hungry with their stores? Why, among this class alone of all the earth's various classes, is woman honored, and protected alike in her virginity, her maternity, and her widowhood? Why, here alone, are we taught passion is to subject itself to the great idea of good, and why here alone is found that power is given to act on the idea?—that hundreds and thousands borne above this earth by that idea, have lived a life such as the poets deem belongs to angels only, justice and truth their path illumining, and love divine inspired by heaven (so deemed by them at least) infusing love of all humanity, to bear them nobly through the world's rebuffs and contradictions, toil and want? That so empowered, by no exterior means, they walk superior to earthly types, to earthly influence, erect

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as sons of God, though meanly clad; their sorrow only, that amidst this earth good does not reign supreme, that passion's sway so oft usurps that power to quell high thoughts and sink their brethren's souls to misery. No! no! it cannot be that all those glorious acts of heroism, which bore witness to a higher existence than that lived by the majority of men, an existence which realized that truth and love could bring down heaven to dwell upon the earth, amid all untoward exterior appliances, that a power exists independently of exterior surroundings, a happiness independently of materialisms—it cannot be that those acts were evolved from the polluted state of society in which they were performed, but which they tended to amend, and to guide into a new channel. I do believe in justice, truth, and love, as motive powers, irrespectively of selfish gratification to myself. I do believe in a state of being in which they reign; and as I am not a creator, I must believe in a higher ideal of this justice, truth, and love, than the one in my own mind, as also that from that higher ideal my own is derived, for the greater cannot derive from the less: nor can a newly formed organism, whether evolved or created, originate."

Thus mused Hester as she pondered over the lives of the saints which Eugene had sent her, and as she read that book of books—the gospel. Yet she dared not confess even to herself the impression she received. Her father! that source of dread was ever in her thought.

Meantime that father was uneasy at the evident disturbance in Hester's mind. Once or twice he had observed a light in her room at late hours of the night, and yielding to his uneasiness he had softly turned the handle and opened the door; books were on the table, but the light was very low, and Hester! could he believe his eyes? Hester was on her knees, so absorbed as neither to perceive his entrance nor exit. He closed the door as silently as he had opened it, and turned to think. What did this mean? Verily, wonders were heaped upon him! What should he do? That very day Mr. Spence had proposed for Hester's hand, because of her supposed freedom from superstition. What was to be done?

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CHANGE OF SCENE. THE SISTERS.

ADELAIDE was wondrously desolate on her return home. Her noble mansion, replete with elegance, what was it worth to her now? The famed Pantheon, for which a splendid gallery had been built, she never entered. The thought of it seemed to sicken her. Company wearied her, solitude distracted her. Miss Fairfield, the daughter of a decayed noble family, who acted as humble companion to her grace, was quite at a loss. What could be the matter with the lady? The poor humble lady companion did her best, her efforts were altogether unheeded. The duchess remained for the most part plunged in a profound reverie.

Adelaide was reviewing the past; comparing characters; examining principles. She had not loved the duke, but none the less his death had proved a loss to her. Rich as she was, powerful as she was, she was neither so rich nor so powerful as she had been while he lived. But there was a bitterer feeling far than this. It was, that she had never been an object of love to him, or to any one. She had coveted honor, power, wealth. She had these; but there were times when she would have given them all for the consciousness of having been loved as Ellen had been. She was jealous of the affections now laid in the grave, and would ask herself whether, had she been the one whom the duke had seen first, had they met ere his affections were engrossed, would he have loved her as he had loved the injured one? "I had youth, beauty, and intellect," thought she; "why should he not have loved me as he did that orphan girl?

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Strange that these thoughts should come upon her now; but only now had she compelled herself to acknowledge the great depth of feeling as well as the power of intellect which the duke had possessed.

Until she had read the mystery of the "Passion" in Avrillon, she had not understood the profound heavings of a contrite heart, which she had "mocked at" when he lay dying. Her eyes were beginning to open now; the world to wear a new aspect, although as yet a cloudy mist hovered over her higher visions; for she understood not the yearning of her own heart.

She was in this softened mood when she received a letter from her father. Six months had elapsed since her mother's death, and Mr. Godfrey complained that he could not yet rouse Hester to become anything like her usual self. He had taken her to Yorkshire, but she no longer cared to interest herself in "progression;" she had been disgusted at some scenes of immorality, and had voted that intellectual improvement without the observance of the moral law was a failure. "In fact," said Mr. Godfrey, "she is absorbed in discovering a 'new principle,' and more than once I have found her on her knees, bathed in tears. What can this mean? Has she also been tampered with? I am uneasy: I am coming next week to pay you a visit, and shall bring her with me. Help me to rouse her from her melancholy, and above all to banish fanaticism, if it is that disease which has taken hold of her."

Adelaide was not altogether reconciled to Hester, in spite of Eugene's explanation; but the moment that she realized from this letter that a restraint was likely to be put upon her sister's freedom of thought, the images of her mother and Annie rose before her, and she determined to use such influence as she could to prevent "persecution." "It is but a mistaken method after all," pondered she, "persecution can only tend to engender obstinacy, and rouse the pride of our natures. If Hester has any tendency to Catholicity, it can only be combated by reason, by showing its absurdity. My father will have to bring out his learned friends, and we will have the arguments of both sides plainly propounded. It will be an excitement, if nothing else. What was it that disgusted Hester with her 'march of intellect' scheme? She is not fickle-minded naturally; there is something fermenting in her mind which must be worked out. I am curious to see the termination; and if Hester makes a friend of me, she shall have freedom to *think*, and freedom too to act according to her conscience. There shall be no more persecution in the family."

Ah! Adelaide, you have learnt a lesson then from sorrow; it was not thus the proud young duchess reasoned when at the zenith of her power.

Adelaide received her visitor most kindly, and soon made Hester feel at home, though there was a sedateness, almost a melancholy, about her, quite foreign to her previous deportment. Mr. Godfrey fidgeted concerning her in a manner quite unusual with him, and seemed to make it his principal occupation to provide her with interest and amusement.

One morning, to the surprise of the sisters, as they were sitting together Mr. Godfrey entered, accompanied by the rector and his lady. Adelaide had certainly done the indispensable before, in receiving and returning a formal call with these parties, but nothing like intimacy had existed. Adelaide was so rarely at church, that the reverend doctor and lady did not feel encouraged to push themselves into her society. However, Mr. Godfrey now insinuated that his youngest daughter had taken a religious turn, and that he hoped from the doctor's reputation for learning that he would be able to give that turn a right direction, since unfortunately some developments in his family in religious matters had not been satisfactory.

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Dr. Lowell had looked somewhat askance on hearing this, as Mr. Godfrey's latitudinarian opinions and Eugene's Catholicity were both pretty well known, and had immediately enquired if Hester were a Catholic also. On receiving a decided negative he complied, though with some hesitation of manner. Controversy was not to the reverend gentleman's taste, and but that his wife offered to accompany him, and do her share of the talking, he would probably have backed out; but the lady possessing at once more earnestness of character and more confidence in her power of suasion than her husband, was anxious not to lose this opportunity of setting forth the value of Protestantism, and thus preserving Miss Hester Godfrey from following the pernicious examples set by Eugene and Lady Conway.

With these dispositions Dr. and Mrs. Lowell were ushered into the presence of the duchess and her sister, not altogether at ease at finding themselves in such aristocratic society. Adelaide received them with her usual quiet dignity, and turned the conversation to flowers, paintings, sculpture, literature, everything, in fact, save the topic which they came to discuss. At length, turning to Mr. Godfrey, she asked if he had introduced Dr. Lowell to the Pantheon.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Godfrey, laughing, "the doctor is more anxious about another subject just now; he is desirous of restoring his church, which has fallen out of repair."

"Indeed," said Adelaide, "then I must have the pleasure of assisting him," and she placed a well-filled purse before the doctor.

"Your grace is very good," said the reverend gentleman. But Adelaide had risen to seek a volume of engravings on church architecture, which she placed in the lady's hand, telling her, as she presented it, that she presumed it would interest her, and might give her a hint or two to the style of embellishment suitable.

The doctor now took courage. "I am glad to see your grace so much interested in our church," he said. "I feared—" but here he stopped. Adelaide waited, perhaps a little maliciously, for the conclusion of the sentence, but it came not.

"May I ask what you fear, Dr. Lowell?" she said.

But as the answer did not seem quite ready, the lady of the reverend gentleman took up the word. "Your grace will pardon us," she said, "but as we have so seldom the pleasure of seeing you at church, the doctor feared that its reparation would not interest you so much as your kind acts now prove that it does."

Adelaide bowed, but replied simply by turning to an engraving. "I think it was in this style our church was originally built," she said; "do you propose to restore it in any way similar to the primitive idea?"

"I think not," said the doctor, "we only intend thoroughly to repair and cleanse it, unless, indeed, your grace desires your own pew altered."

"Oh! I will leave that matter to Miss Fairfield, she goes to church every Sunday, I believe, and I wish she should be made as comfortable as possible. If you will be kind enough to consult with her in this matter, I will agree to any arrangement she may make." And the duchess rang the bell, to request the attendance of the lady named.

"But," said the doctor, unwilling to lose the opportunity that seemed now to open, "I cannot believe that one so kind, so considerate, can be indifferent to matters of religion."

By this time Adelaide was amused, so she answered with a quiet smile: "It does not follow that one is indifferent to religion, because one does not consult the statute-book to find it. Great as is my reverence for English kings, queens, parliaments, and prime-ministers, it is not to them I should go to learn religion."

The rector stared; his wife was equally confounded. The latter spoke first. "It is to church we were in-

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viting your grace, to hear the word of God."

. "The word of the preacher you mean, expounding what is termed the word of God, according to act of Parliament, and varying according as Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, James, William, Anne, or the Georges have dictated. You must excuse me, Dr. Lowell, I am a loyal subject, and as such duly uphold church and state, and you will ever find me willing to assist your wishes; but to take my religion by act of parliament home to my heart, to regulate my private motives, and unite my being to God, is quite another affair. Ah! in good time, here comes Miss Fairfield. My dear Lucy," continued the duchess, "Dr. Lowell wishes the advantage of your good taste in rearranging his church; I give you *carte blanche* to act in my name on the subject. I must also beg your kind offices in entertaining him and his lady this morning. They will like to visit the hot-houses, the conservatories, the gardens, perhaps, also the picture gallery and the hall of sculpture. Dr. Lowell, Mrs. Lowell, I hope at my return from my drive I shall still find you here; you will favor me with your company to dinner."

Adelaide swept from the room like a queen who had issued commands none dared to gainsay, carrying off Hester with her.

Mr. Godfrey accompanied the rector and his lady on their tour through the house, but neither he nor any one of the parties made the slightest allusion to Adelaide's remarks respecting the state religion; nor was the subject ever broached by them in her presence again. The dinner passed off pleasantly enough, and in the evening the carriage of the duchess conveyed the married pair to their homes, they feeling themselves honored by the gracious reception which on the whole they had experienced.

Mr. Godfrey could not but perceive from this attempt that it would be useless for him to attempt giving any direction to a religious movement, should such be the subject that occupied his daughter's mind; though in truth she was habitually so silent now, it was difficult for him to discover what did interest her. Suddenly he took it into his head he would like to go to London, and he asked Adelaide if she would not open her town house, and go too.

"Certainly, if you wish it, father. It might amuse Hester also. for as yet Hester has never gone through the campaign of a London season."

But on their arrival in town Hester did not seem in any way eager to launch forth into the great world of fashion; its frivolities disgusted her, some of the fashions shocked her, particularly the ball dresses of some of her young compeers. She could not reconcile her native modesty to do the like, and was soon voted a prude by the exclusives of *bon ton*. However, as she made no effort to shine, and had "no success" in attracting the attentions of the gentlemen, she was soon forgiven and most times overlooked.

But this latter fact she did not even perceive; she was living within herself for the most part just now, and looking for a principle when she took a glance outside. It was not perhaps at Mayfair, among the sons and daughters of dissipation, that she might expect to find it. The only thing that was remarkable about her was her propensity to take a walk before breakfast; this in London was unusual, and but that the duchess imperiously forbade her household to comment on the subject, and jealously contrived to conceal the matter from Mr. Godfrey, threatening dismissal to any one who spoke to him about it, it would have been a never-ending topic of discussion. Hester was accompanied in these walks by her little maid, Norah, but Norah could never be brought to tell where they had been. "Sure 'twas sometimes this way and sometimes that, and how should she know the names of all those fine London streets?"

Mr. Godfrey was not often up on

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her return, so did not perceive that she had been absent. One day, however, when Hester came in later than usual, Adelaide met her in the hall, took her bonnet and cloak from her, and whispered that Mr. Godfrey was already in the breakfast-room.

Hester entered, but she found Mr. Godfrey so busy unfolding the newspaper that he did not perceive her entrance. She passed behind him ere he was aware, and impressed a kiss on his forehead; it was her usual morning's greeting.

"Ha! Hester, so you're up at last. I have a letter on your account."

"A letter for me?"

"No! yet one that you must answer; the great philosopher of the day is smitten with the charms of the fair vestal; he asked me ere we left Yorkshire if her heart was free."

"And what did you answer him?"

"That I did not know, but would enquire; this letter is a sort of reproachful remonstrance for not having fulfilled my promise."

Hester smiled, and Adelaide enquired who the gentleman was.

"A man," said Hester, "who thinks we have evolved into human beings from worms or bats or lower creatures still. By-the-by, father, he never told us why so many lower creatures remain unevolved."

"You piece of mischief, be serious; what answer shall I give him?"

"That I don't like his pedigree: I am looking higher than worms for my forefathers."

"But seriously, Hester—"

"But seriously, father, he says the character of the ancestry often reappears in the posterity, even after the lapse of many generations; and as he may have had a tiger, a hyena, or even a boa-constrictor in his genealogical tree, I do not feel well inclined to trust myself to his keeping."

"Is that the new philosophy?" said Adelaide; "the vicious propensities of so many of the race are then accounted for, they are but beasts of prey in tailor's clothes."

"And yourselves, ladies?" said Mr. Godfrey.

"Oh!" said Adelaide, hastily, "please do not put us into the same category, Hester and I are well content with the old story. We are daughters of men and women, created in the good old style; reigning over the brutes by special privilege, and claiming no sort of kindred with them whatever."

"And Mr. Spence, Hester—"

"Mr. Spence, father, must seek a mate among his kindred, I am of another order of beings."

"Is that your final answer?"

"It is."

"You will revoke it, Hester; I will tell him to come and plead for himself."

"It will be useless; I shall tell him as I tell you, that I do not like his pedigree."

"Is that your only objection?"

"It is sufficient for a lady to give one objection, I think, especially when that one is insuperable."

Mr. Godfrey seemed disappointed, but he made no reply: the entrance of Miss Fairfield to pour out the coffee summoned the party to the breakfast table.

Mr. Godfrey took up the newspaper, and sipped his coffee in silence; it was his habit to read in company when annoyed. Suddenly, however, he laid the paper down. "De Villeneuve dead," he said, "my first, my earliest friend!" He rose and went to the window, but shortly afterward he left the room, evidently overpowered with the sudden news. Adelaide took up the paper. "It is the father, the old marquis, and his eldest son, drowned on Lake —— in a sudden squall of wind. Why, Hester, our old acquaintance now succeeds to the property and title."

"Was not the elder brother married?"

"The paper says not; or at least it says he was a widower and childless, and that the estates now devolve on the second, the youngest son, the one who was in England last year."

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"Yes, and it says that he was about to start for England again when this event detained him, and that he is expected shortly; why, it is three months ago since the old marquis died."

"It's strange the news did not reach us before, but what business can our M. de Villeneuve have in England now?"

"There is some talk of his coming over to take the 'Poor Clares' back with him. He was Euphrasie's guardian, and I know he wished to get her and the community established in America. It was that wish that took him back, to see what arrangements could be effected."

"But will they go?"

"Nay, that I know nothing about; I suppose he talked with them on the matter ere he made his plans."

By this time the breakfast table was cleared, and the sisters were alone together, and Adelaide suddenly turned the conversation into another channel. "Hester," she said, "you must make me your friend; you know that you are pursuing a path of difficulty. You are my father's idol, have you thought what it will be to break his heart?"

"O Adelaide! forbear; I have thought of that, and the thought is nearly killing me, but I must on in spite of myself."

"It is true, then?"

"What is true?"

"That you go to mass every morning, and weep yourself to sleep every night, my poor, dear sister!"

"How did you discover this?"

"Your attendant showed your pillow to Lucy Fairfield, it was no longer fit to use; and Lucy followed you more than once, and saw you enter the Bavarian Ambassador's chapel in Warwick street."

"But she did not tell my father?"

"No, I have threatened with dismissal any one who makes a remark on the subject; meantime tell me, are you a Catholic?"

"No! but I must see the end of this. Adelaide, out of Christianity there is no 'power;' and 'power' it is that we want to effect good. Science is taking the form of Atheism more and more. It represses rather than elevates. The masses are awakening to consciousness of possessing a right to intellectual culture under influences that will finally subject them even more to tyranny; for when man seeks only sensuous gratification by his science, he must eventually fall under the empire of the appetites, and then barbarism results. Is not this the history of all anterior civilization? Our modern rise has been the gradual growth of intellect evolved under the restraining influence of religion; and though men have very imperfectly submitted to these resraints, they have produced immense fruit among the masses. Even indirectly, the consciousness of the possession of soul, of immortal power, has elevated the ideal, and the laborer assumes a legitimate place in humanity. And woman, Adelaide, what is woman out of Christianity? What was she in Pagan Greece and Rome; what will she be again if Christianity is abolished? I see but three phases for her. The Turkish harem, the Mormon polygamy, or that worse than either state, which consigns an immense number of our sex to debasement utter and desperate."

"There is too much truth in this. But, Hester, be cautious; I will not hinder you, rather will I help you, and study with you, but you are not yet a Catholic. I must then say again, be cautious: I dare not think on the result of my father's knowing your present study!"

"Indeed it has troubled me more than a little. O Adelaide! why should there be such a prejudice against any one form of religion?"

"I cannot answer that, still less can I tell why men of science should hate it so supremely; but it is so, and you know, dear Hester, that the shock of your conversion might occasion a terrible convulsion in my father. Let us proceed quietly, until the result is decided. Have you ever considered

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what is the first step to take in the investigation of truth?"

"I am inclined to think the process must be a moral one, as well as an intellectual one. I heard a preacher say lately: 'Souls who would come to Christ, must first be gathered to the Baptist!'"

Adelaide hid her face in her hands. "There is a deep meaning in that," she said. "Hester, I too have my secret. Do you remember the Catholic priest whom I ordered to quit the house as soon as the duke was dead? His visage haunts me, he looked up from his prayers at my words, and his face seemed so full of pity, pity for me, that I half relented; but matters had gone too far. Well, I wrote to Eugene lately to inquire about him, and Eugene says he is at H—— on a mission among the poor Irish laborers, and that young Henry, the duke's son, is with him. The mother too, the Ellen of the duke's romance, lives in the neighborhood. I have an intense desire to pay the place a visit; had you not come, I should have gone alone; now will you go with me?"

"Willingly; you are, then, in communication with Eugene?"

"Slightly; I dare not tell him all that is in my thoughts, lest I should raise false hopes. I have not faith, but I feel it would be a great gift."

"So great that it would be worth any sacrifice; but Catholics say it is a supernatural gift, and that it must come from God."

"And Eugene insists that the presence of sin blinds the soul, by obscuring the spiritual faculty, thus hindering the reception of faith."

"If so," said Hester, "we must do what we can to get clear of sin, even at the price of confession."

"It is therefor I intend to see the abbé, to make reparation. I will not voluntarily put an obstacle to the reception of God's gifts. If grace comes, it shall find me ready to receive it."

Hester looked at Adelaide in surprise. The haughty duchess had disappeared; another spirit so gentle looked from those eyes, that Hester could only throw herself into her sister's arms and weep.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGINAL.

ON THE CURE OF BARTIMEUS.

"Bartimeus, the blind man, sat by the wayside begging. And they say to him: Be of better comfort: arise, He calleth thee."

Out of the windows of my mind—
From my heart's idly open door,
My gaze the wide world wanders o'er,
And yet, alas! how blind, how blind!

My sight of things divine how dim!
Though there be not a single day
But Jesus passeth by the way;
All else I see, but blind to him.

Though rich, I seek the beggar's mite—
His beauty only do I prize;
And all is darkness to my eyes
Whilst he is hidden from my sight.

I hear a voice within my soul—
"Arise, of better comfort be,
And come: the Master calleth thee—
Thy faith shall also make thee whole."

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From the Dublin Review.

ORIGEN AT CÆSAREA.

Origenis Libri contra Celsum (inter Opera omnia). Ed. Migne, 1357.

In concluding our survey of the character and work of Origen, it will be useful to recall the leading dates in the chronology of his life to the date of his exodus from Alexandria. Born in or about 186, he became the head of the Catechetical school at the age of eighteen. About 211 he visited Rome. From that year till 231, he labored at Alexandria, with no other interruptions than short journeys into Arabia, to Cæsarea, and into Greece. In 231 he left Alexandria never to return, and thenceforward the chief place of his residence was Cæsarea of Palestine. In the fourth or fifth year of his sojourn there (235), Maximin's persecution compelled him to flee to Cæsarea of Cappadocia. Returning to the other Cæsarea in 238, he remained there for about eleven years, that is, until the commencement of the Decian persecution. During these years, however, he made another journey into Greece, and two more into Arabia. After the cessation of the persecution he lived a short time in Jerusalem, and thence removed to Tyre, where he died in 253, or 254, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. The chief divisions of his life after attaining manhood are therefore the following:

1. The twenty years (211—231) of his Alexandrian teaching.
2. The twenty years (231—251) of his life at Cæsarea.
3. The three or four years from the end of the Decian persecution (251) till his death (254.)

In our present essay we shall be concerned chiefly with the second of these periods. It was the time of Origen's most active and dignified labor. He was now not so much the teacher of disciples as the teacher of teachers and the doctor of the whole East. The church was, on the whole, at peace, her numbers were increasing, her organization developing, and her doctrines becoming daily more and more a subject of inquiry to intellects, friendly and hostile. We have before taken notice (Dublin Review, April, 1866, p. 401) how Cæsarea was an important centre, political, literary, and religious; and here Origen spent the twenty years of which we now speak, in intercourse with such bishops as S. Alexander, S. Theoctistus, and Firmilian, in training such pupils as Gregory Thaumaturgus, in preaching such homilies as those on Isaiah, Ezechiel, and the Canticles, in writing such apologies as the Contra Celsum, and in carrying through such an enterprise as the Hexapla. It is to this period that we must refer the emphatic testimony of S. Vincent of Lerins. "It is impossible," says he, "to tell how Origen was loved, esteemed, and admired by every one. All that made any profession of piety hastened to him from the ends of the world. There was no Christian who did not respect him as a prophet, no philosopher who did not honor him as a master." The word piety (εὐσέβεια) is worth noticing, because something much more wide and broad was meant by it then than now; indeed, the original word would be better translated religion or religiousness. The term, prophet, is also worthy of being remarked; a prophet means one who is at once a teacher of the most exalted class and an ascetic who has perfectly trampled this world under his feet. Finally, the philosophers looked to him as their

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master, though he professed to teach no philosophy but Christianity, and quoted the Hebrew scriptures instead of Plato and Aristotle when men came to him with difficulties about the soul, the logos, and the creator.

In the present article, therefore, we shall be concerned with his Cæsarean life; and as it is impossible to compress within moderate limits all that might be said of the literary productions of this exceedingly rich period of his labors, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to the consideration of the great work Contra Celsum. First, however, let us take a glance at the events of the twenty years, for they are not void of events which give us a notion of the man.

Since his principal charge at Cæsarea was to preach the Word of God to the people, perhaps the largest part of his extant writings has come to consist of the homilies that he delivered in the discharge of this honorable duty. It was the bishop himself who, as a rule, preached in the church, and no priest was substituted whose learning and piety were not beyond all question. We have before quoted the strong words in which Eusebius has handed down the opinion of Origen held by S. Theoctistus, bishop of Cæsarea. On the Sunday, therefore, as we learn from himself, on festivals, and sometimes, it would seem, on Fridays or other week-days, he stood forth from among the clergy with all the weight of his bishop's mandate and of his own character, to interpret and comment on the Holy Scriptures. It would be interesting to be able to picture to ourselves that church at Cæsarea in which the great light of the east spoke, Sunday after Sunday, to the mingled Greek and barbarian Christians of the capital of Palestine. It would probably be a building designed and founded for the purpose. Yet it cannot have been grand or sumptuous, or in any way resembling a heathen temple, for Origen himself allows that the Christians had no "temples." What it was inside we can better guess. We know from Origen's own hints that there existed in it the usual distinctions of position for the various ranks of faithful and of clergy that are so well known from writers of a century later. We may therefore conclude that the chancel or altar part was clearly separated from the rest of the interior, and perhaps elevated above it; that the altar itself stood at some distance from the eastern wall, and that round the apsis behind it ran the *βῆμα*, or presbyters' bench. Here, in the centre, stood the chair of the bishop, and here he sat during the sacred liturgy in the midst of his priests, all in a semicircle of lofty seats. The deacons and inferior clergy occupied the rest of the sanctuary, which was separated by a railing from the nave. In the nave, immediately outside the rails, stood the *ambo* or reading-desk, sometimes called the choir, for here clustered the singers and readers whose place it was to intone the less solemn parts of the liturgy. Hangings, more or less magnificent, according to circumstances, suspended above the rails, were closed during the canon of the mass, and shut out the holies from the sight of the people. Over the altar was the canopy, on four pillars, and upon the altar a linen cloth; and the chair of the bishop was usually covered with suitable drapery. When the bishop preached, he stood or sat forward, probably in front of the altar, but within the chancel-rails; it was a very unusual thing to preach from the *ambo*, though S. John Chrysostom is recorded to have done so in Sancta Sophia, in order to be better heard by the people. Origen, therefore, would preach from the sanctuary on the Lord's-day; bishop, priests, clergy, and people, in their places to hear him; the pontiff in his flat mitre with the *infulæ* of the high priesthood; the priests in the linen chasubles that came down and covered them on every side; the deacons and others in their various tunics and albs; the singers and readers with the diptychs and books of chant laid

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ready open on the desk of the *ambo;* the faithful in the nave, men on one side and women on the other; the virgins and the widows in their seats apart; the various orders of penitents in the nave or in the narthex, and the band of listening catechumens in front of the "royal gates" (of the nave) that they hoped soon to be allowed to enter. His hearers would be of all degrees of fervor, and of many different ranks; they might include Greek philosophers and poor *vernæ* or house slaves, patricians of Roman burghs, and Syrian porters; doubtless the bulk of them were the poor and the lowly of Cæsarea. He had to say a word to all, and he found means to say it, in the word of Holy Scripture. He had, by this time, dispensed himself from previously writing his discourses; and hence many of those that have come down to us are the shorthand reports that were taken down as he spoke, and afterward corrected by himself. The text or subject of the discourse was that portion of Scripture which had just been recited by the reader, or part of it; though sometimes we find that he had a text given him by the bishop or by the presbytery, and that occasionally he selected a particular subject at the desire of "some of the brethren." He held his own copy of the Scripture in his hand; for we find him comparing it with the version just used by the reader. His discourses were not set pieces of eloquence; they were true homilies, that is, familiar and easy addresses, almost seeming to have developed themselves out of an earlier style of dialogue between priest and people. They have all the abruptness, all the questionings and answerings, all the explanations of terms and sentences, and all the appreciation of difficulties that suggest rather the catechist with his class than the preacher with his auditory. We miss the poetry and fine fancy of Clement, but we gain in orderly and connected development. One is certainly tempted to think that more artistic and ornamental treatment might have been expected from the son of Leonides and the teacher of rhetoric. But Origen tells us more than once that he studiously avoids worldly and profane eloquence. His reason seems not far to seek. Rhetoric was the main profession of the pagan teachers that abounded in every town of the empire; and S. Augustin's expression, that rhetoric meant the art of telling lies, was not exaggerated. Rhetoric in those days did not mean the sound and immortal precepts of Aristotle, but the vain heaping together of empty words. It was the necessity of protesting against this that has undoubtedly given much of their ruggedness to the homilies of Origen. His watchword was, edification; his rule and law, as he expressly says, was, not completeness of exposition, not parade of words, but the benefit of those who listened. Because he was a speaker, he rejected tedious and minute disquisitions, which were more suitable for "the leisure of a writer." Because he was a speaker of the truth, he avoided, even to austerity, the imitation of profane and perverted art. He was rich in matter, and poured forth a stream of doctrine, of exhortation, of reproof. His name and character did the rest. A word from Origen had more weight than a treatise from an unknown mouth. We have no record of how his audience took his discourses, save what is implied in the general testimony to his prodigious reputation. But, on the other hand, he presents us with a few facts about his audience. We learn that some were readier to look after the adorning of the church than the beautifying of their own souls. It appears that it was difficult to get an audience together on common week-days, and that they were somewhat remiss in assembling even on festivals, though he speaks of a few as "constant attendants" on the preaching. Those who did come to church, too often came not so much to hear God's word, as because it was a festival, and because it was pleasant to have a holiday. And

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some escaped the sermon altogether by going out immediately after the reading. "Why do you complain of not knowing this and not knowing that," he says, "when you never wait for the conference, and never interrogate your priests?" Moreover, many who were present at the discourse in body, were far away in spirit, for "they sat apart in the corners of the Lord's house and occupied themselves with profane confabulation." He did not preach to an immaculate audience: there were many who were Christians in name, Pagans in life; many who turned the house of prayer into a den of thieves; many who preferred the agora, the law courts, the farm, before the church; and many who could provide pedagogues, masters, books, money, and time, that their children might learn the liberal arts, but who failed to see that something of the same diligence and sacrifice was necessary on their own parts if they wished to become true disciples of the word of God. But from all this it would be wrong to infer that Origen's hearers were worse than others in their circumstances. Doubtless they listened with reverence both to his teaching and to his rebukes. Perhaps even they applauded him by acclamation; such a thing was not unknown a century or so later. It would be little to Origen's taste to have his audience waving their garments and rocking their bodies in ecstasy or calling out "orthodox!" as they did to S. Cyril, of Alexandria, or "Thou art the thirteenth apostle!" as the excitable Constantinopolitans did to S. Chrysostom; like S. Jerome, he preferred "to excite the grief of the people rather than their applause, and his commendation was their tears." S. Vincent, of Lerins, two centuries after Origen's preaching at Cæsarea, speaks of the way in which his "eloquence" affected himself. If his audience were as well satisfied, they must have listened to him with great pleasure and profit. "His discourse," says S. Vincent, in the Commonitorium, "was pleasant to the fancy, sweet as milk to the taste; it seems to me that there issued from his mouth honey rather than words. Nothing so hard to believe, but his powers of controversy made it plain; nothing so difficult to practise, but his persuasiveness rendered it easy. Tell me not that he did nothing but argue. There has never been a teacher who has used so many examples out of the Holy Writ." The homilies of Origen did not pass away with the voice that delivered them. Till he was sixty years old he had generally written them out beforehand. After that time the shorthand writers beside him caught every word as it fell, and so the discourses became a treasury for ever. Fortune and time have indeed destroyed far the greater part of the "thousand and more tractates" which S. Jerome says he delivered in the church, and of what remain some only exist in abbreviated Latin translations. But though their letter is diminished, their spirit pervades the whole field of patristic exposition, and many of the greatest of the Greek and Latin fathers have not hesitated over and over again to use at length the exact words of Origen. And so the sentences first uttered in the church of Cæsarea have become the public property of the church universal, and while Cæsarea is a ruin and its library scattered to dust, the living word and spirit of him who spoke there, speaks still in cities far greater, and to auditories far more wide; for every pulpit utters his thoughts, and Christian people, though they may not know it, are everywhere "edified" by that which was first the offspring of his intellect.

Origen had been laboring at Cæsarea for barely four years when one of those interruptions occurred that he had already become familiar with at Alexandria. The Emperor Maximin (235), a barbarian giant, whose unchecked propensities for cruelty and blood seem to have driven him absolutely mad before the end of his three years' reign, followed up the murder of his bene-

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factor Alexander Severus by a series of horrors, in which were involved both pagans and Christians alike. Any man of name, character, or wealth, in any part of the world that could be reached by a Roman cohort, was liable to confiscation, torture, and death in order to appease his frantic suspicions. Cæsarea was an important Roman post, and as no one in Cæsarea was better known than the head of the Christian school, we soon find that Origen is marked out for a victim. He escaped, however, by a prompt flight, and reached the other Cæsarea, of Cappadocia, the see of his friend Firmilian. He had no sooner arrived there than the capricious persecution fell upon the city of his refuge, under the auspices of Serenianus the governor, "a dire and bitter persecutor," as he is called by Firmilian. In these straits he managed to lie hid for two years in the house of a lady called Juliana—a house, indeed, to which he was attracted by other considerations beside that of safety; for this lady was the heiress of the whole library of Symmachus the Ebionite, one of those learned translators of the Hebrew Scriptures whom Origen incorporated in the Hexapla. He himself mentions with great satisfaction the advantages which his biblical labors derived from the opportunities he enjoyed in his Cappadocian retirement. We are also indebted to this period for two, not the least interesting, of his works. Maximin's informers seem to have contrived to implicate the good Christian Ambrose in some trouble. That Ambrose was a man of wealth we have seen, and he was undoubtedly, also, in some considerable charge or employment which necessitated his journeying frequently from one Roman city to another. Whether this persecution caught him at Alexandria or Cæsarea, or elsewhere, is uncertain; but he had received notice of his danger and was preparing to place himself in security when the insurrection of the Gordians broke out in Syria and Asia, and in the confusion and trouble that ensued he became the prisoner of Maximin's troops, and was immediately sent, or destined to be sent, to Germany, where the emperor had just concluded a triumphant campaign. The news of the danger of his zealous friend and patron drew from Origen the letter that we know now as the Exhortatio ad Martyrium. It was accompanied by another, the De Oratione, which he had perhaps already composed. These two works, into an examination of which we cannot enter, show more of the interior spirit of their writer than anything else that has reached us. When a history of the early methods of prayer comes to be written, the treatise on prayer will have to be thoroughly examined. The Exhortation to Martyrdom is full of the true Adamantine vehemence and piety. Though addressed to Ambrose, it is really, and would be accepted as a general call to the Church of Palestine to stand fast and do manfully in the dangerous times on which they had fallen. The name of Protectetus, a priest of Cæsarea, which is associated with that of Ambrose in the dedication, as he was also in danger of death, felicitously localizes it, and we may look upon it as a homily, delivered in writing and from a distance, and on a new and stirring subject, to that church which he had been accustomed to edify with his words during the three or four years preceding. We unwillingly omit to enter upon it at large. At Maximin's death (238) he returned to his own Cæsarea. After this, his literary enterprises, completed and undertaken, come thick and frequent. Among other works we meet with the commentaries on Ezechiel and Isaiah, on S. Matthew and S. Luke, on Daniel and the twelve minor prophets, and on several of the epistles of S. Paul. It is to this time also that belongs the celebrated exposition of the Canticle of Canticles, of which S. Jerome has said, that whereas in his other works he surpassed all other men, so in this he surpassed himself. But little of the original has come down to us, and the translation

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of Rufinus is too free and abridged to enable us to understand how this high praise was deserved.

About the same period he made a second journey into Greece. What occasion brought him to Athens we are not informed. We find, however, that he thought very highly of the Athenian Church. In his reply to Celsus, speaking of the influence and weight that Christians were everywhere acquiring, he instances the Church at Athens, and boasts that the assembly of the Athenian people was only a tumultuous mob in comparison with the congregation of the Athenian Christians. Since Athens was even then the central light of the whole world, we may perhaps conclude that Origen's journey thither was caused by some phase of the conflict between Philosophy and the Gospel with which he had been all his life so familiar. On his return to Cæsarea he wrote the answer to Celsus, with which we shall concern ourselves presently. It was written during the reign of Philip the Arabian. We are told by Eusebius that Origen wrote a letter to this emperor. What this letter can have been about is somewhat of a puzzle in history. Eusebius, to be sure, a couple of chapters before he mentions the letter, relates a story, rather coldly, about Philip's coming to the church (at Antioch) one Easter time as a Christian, and his seating himself among the penitents when the bishop (S. Babylas) refused to admit him on any other terms. S. Babylas might well reject him and place him among the penitents, for his career, which commenced, as that of most of the Roman emperors, with the murder of his predecessor, the young Gordian, had been anything but innocent. Certain it is, however, that the story was current of Philip's being a Christian. Even if he were not, which seems the more probable, there is no improbability that he may have questioned such a man as Origen about Christianity. It must be recollected, moreover, that this Emperor Philip was by birth an Arabian, being a native of Bostra. He was the son of a robber-chief, and we are first introduced to him as taking an important part in the campaign of Gordian in which the Persians were driven out of Mesopotamia. The important Roman city of Bostra, though not within the boundaries of Arabia, was sufficiently near them to be considered the metropolis of the upper part of Arabia, as Petra was of the middle. Philip, therefore, was evidently nothing more than a powerful Bedouin Sheik, such as may be seen at this very day in the countries of which he was a native, and had succeeded his father in the possession of wide influence over the predatory tribes that ranged over all Palestine, Syria, and Arabia, except the actual spots occupied by a Roman military force. His character is significantly illustrated by the incident that raised him to the purple. When Gordian's army was in Mesopotamia, his dangerous captain of Free Lances took care to have the whole of the commissariat supplies intercepted, and thus caused the mutiny which terminated in Gordian's death. Such a feat was easy and natural to a chief whose wild horsemen commanded every part of the great Syrian desert that lay between Mesopotamia and the Roman stations off the Mediterranean coast. But what is more to our purpose is, that Origen was frequently at Bostra, and was there at the very time of Gordian's campaign and Philip's accession. Bearing in mind the extent to which the name of Origen was known among the pagan men of letters, as well as among the Christian churches, it seems impossible but that Philip must have heard him mentioned. Only let us grant that the emperor had a leaning to Christianity, even though in no better spirit than that of an eclectic, and the occasion of Origen's letter becomes clear. The mention of the Syrian desert reminds us of another celebrated name. Palmyra, or Tadmor of the Wilderness, was, at the time of which we write, almost in the zenith of her beauty, though it was not till

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twenty years afterward that her splendor culminated and collapsed under Zenobia and Longinus. Origen knew the great philosopher, who had been his auditor at Alexandria, and whom he had most probably met again at Athens. It is quite possible that Longinus may have become the guest of Zenobia before Origen left Cæsarea for the last time, and, therefore, during the time he was so familiar with the Arabian Church. We know that he had more than a mere acquaintance with the author of the Treatise on the Sublime, and, perhaps, there were no two minds of the age more fitted to grapple with each other. Of their mutual influence we have no certain traces, but it may be noted that amongst the lost works of Longinus there is a treatise Περὶ ἀρχῶν. Can it have had any relation to that of Origen under the same name?

It was at Cæsarea, between the years 243 and the breaking out of the Decian persecution in 249, that was written the famous Contra Celsum. It is justly considered the masterpiece of its author. Ostensibly an answer to the gainsayings of a heathen philosopher, it really takes up, with the calmest scientific precision, the position that Christianity is so true and hangs together with such completeness of moral beauty, that the barkings of Gentile learning cannot confute it, nor the violence of Gentile hatred stop its inevitable march. With no rhetorical passion, with profound learning, with a knowledge of Holy Scripture truly worthy of Adamantius, with frequent passages of noble and profound eloquence, the Christian doctor builds up the monument of the faith he loved and taught; and the work that has come down to us through all those ages since it was written, has been recognized for fifteen hundred years as one of those great, complete, finished productions that are only given to the world by the pen of a genius. Eusebius, his biographer, speaks of it as containing the refutation of all that has been asserted, and, "by pre-occupation," of all that could ever be asserted on certain vital matters of controversy. S. Basil and S. Gregory Nazianzen strung together a series of favorite passages mainly from it and called their work Philocalia, "love for the beautiful." S. Jerome, whose praise cannot be suspected of partiality, puts him by the side of two other great apologists his successors, and exclaims that to read them makes him think himself the merest tyro, and shrivels up all his learning to a sort of a dreamy remembrance of what he was taught as a boy. Bishop Bull takes the Contra Celsum as the touchstone of Origen's dogmatic teaching; "he meant it for the public," he says, "he wrote it thoughtfully and of set purpose, and he wrote it when he was more than sixty years of age, full of knowledge and experience."

It must have been about the time when Marcus Aurelius was engaged in persecuting the church (160–180) that a certain eclectic Platonist philosopher called Celsus, in order to contribute his share to the good work, wrote an uncompromising attack on Christianity, and called it by the title of The True Word; or, The Word of Truth. We have called him an eclectic Platonist; but, in fact, it is very much disputed among the learned what sect of philosophers he honored with his allegiance. Some call him a Stoic, others an Epicurean, and this latter opinion is the common traditional one; and what would seem to settle the question, Epicurean is the epithet given to him by Origen himself. That Origen, when he took up The Word of Truth to refute it, thought he was going to refute an Epicurean, is quite evident; but it is no less evident that he had not read many sentences of the work itself before he began to doubt and more than doubt whether the name of Epicurean was a true description of its author. In one place he is amazed to hear "an Epicurean say such things," in another he charges him with artfully concealing his Epicurism for a purpose, and in a third he sup-

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poses that if he ever was an Epicurean he has renounced its tenets and betaken himself to something more sound and sensible. What made Origen hesitate to state plainly that he was no follower of Epicurus seems to have been the broad tradition that had attached the epithet to the name of Celsus, thereby identifying the writer of The Word of Truth with the writer of a certain work against magic, well known to literary men, which was beyond all doubt from the pen of an Epicurean Celsus. This latter was also probably the same as the Celsus to whom the scoffer Lucian dedicated his Alexander, in which he shows up that impostor's tricks and sham magic; and Lucian, in his dedication, alludes to the works against magic, just as Origen does. As Lucian died some years before Origen was born, the works against magic must have been very widely known, and their author must have been accepted as *the* Celsus, and, as he was certainly an Epicurean, that designation fastened itself also upon the other Celsus, the author of The Word of Truth, who had not had the advantage of an admiring Lucian to fix his proper title in the memory of the literary world. But an Epicurean he certainly was not. One proof is quite sufficient. The subject of magic was a decisive test of a true Epicurean. Not believing in Providence and professing, in fact, a sort of philosophic atheism, he considered that gods and demons never interfered in the concerns of the earth and the human race. Human and mundane atoms, as they got created by a species of accident and came together fortuitously, so they continued to blunder against each other in various ways, and thus caused what men foolishly called the cosmos, or order of the universe; whilst the divine nature of the immortals, serene on Olympus

> Semota a nostris rebus, sejunctaque longè,
> Jam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
> Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nil indiga nostri,
> Nec benè pro meritis capitur nec tangitur irâ.
>
> Lucretius, de Rerum Naturâ, I. 59.

The Epicurean, therefore, laughed alike at the notion of benevolent god and malignant demon, at providence and at magic, and crowned himself with flowers and drank and sinned, if his means allowed it, under the soothing persuasion that "to-morrow" he was "to die." When, therefore, we find that the author of The Word of Truth not only attributes miracles to Æsculapius, Aristeas, and others, and magic to Christ, but also considers that this world and its various parts are committed to the custody of demons, whom it is, therefore, proper to propitate by worship and sacrifice, we need no other evidence that he was no follower of Epicurus.

On the other hand, a prominent belief in the agencies of unseen powers was a mark of the Platonist of the day. Whatever Plato may have thought of the inferior gods and demons (and on some occasions, as in the Timæus, he speaks of them with considerable levity), the followers, who revived his doctrine in the first centuries after Christ, gave them a very large share of their attention. A creator or first father of all things was a Platonic dogma, and man and matter must have in some way come from him; but in order to bridge over the interval between two such extremes as God and matter, recourse was had to an immense army of intermediate beings, of which the highest was so dignified as to be little more than an abstraction, and the lowest shaded off into a species of superior animal. It is this multitude of good and bad demons that makes its appearance in modified shape and number in Platonist and Gnostic cosmogonies, and which is so puzzling to follow through all its fantastic intermarriages and combinations. When Celsus must have been writing, that is, about the time S. Clement of Alexandria began to teach, the spirit of Plato was abroad, not only at Alexandria but at Athens and in Rome. Theurgy was openly professed by the most reputable teachers; their enemies called it sorcery; but whatever it was, it meant some intimate communion with

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the invisible world. A writer, therefore, who puts the moon and stars under the guardianship of heavenly powers, who pathetically defends the case of the demons and deprecates their being deprived of the gratification they derive from the "smell" of a sacrifice, and who attributes supernatural powers to friends and enemies—calling them in the one case miracles, in the latter, magic—is evidently closer to Saccas and Porphyry than to Epicurus and Democritus. Celsus, however, though he says all this, cannot be called a real Platonist or Neo-Platonist. He came in the early days of a revival, and his philosophic pallium hung rather loosely about him; he was not above following a new leader on an occasion, provided he saw his way to a new stroke against the Christians. It must be admitted that he shows a fair share of learning, some acuteness, and some acquaintance with a variety of different peoples and customs. On the other hand, he is occasionally guilty of the most absurd and transparent sophisms, his conceit is unbounded, and his tone generally sneering and often very offensive.

It was this philosopher then, Eclectic, Platonist, and man of the world, whose Word of Truth seemed to the pious and indefatigable Ambrose to be so dangerous and damaging that no time ought to be lost in answering it. With this view, he attacked Origen on the subject, and by dint of prayers and representations made him take in hand its refutation. Origen was by no means eager to undertake the work; and we can partly enter into his objections. The book of Celsus was not a new one: it had been in the hands of the reading world and in the centres of learning, such as Athens, Antioch, Cæsarea, and Alexandria, for at least sixty years, and it is to be supposed that answers to its most important objections were common enough in the Christian schools, though perhaps it was itself ignored. Then, it was not the sort of book that could do the faithful any harm, for they could not read it, or, if they did, they distrusted it even where they could not refute it. It was too late in the day for an open-mouthed pagan to have any chance against the gospel of Christ. The dangerous people were those who, like the heretics, came with the elements of this world disguised under the sheep's clothing of Christianity; but an honest wolf only lost his trouble; and so Origen, whilst promising to comply with the wishes of his friend, plainly says that what he has undertaken to overthrow, he cannot conceive as having the least effect in shaking the orthodoxy of a single faithful man. "That man," he says, "would be little to my taste, whose faith would be in danger of shipwreck from the words of this Celsus, who has not now even the advantage of being alive; and I do not know what I should think of one who required a book to be written before he could meet his accusations. And, yet, because there might possibly be some professing believers who find Celsus's writings a stumbling-block, and would be proportionally comforted by anything in the shape of a writing that undertook to crush him, I have resolved to take in hand the refutation of the work you have sent me." The expressions, "a book to be written," "writings," and "hand-writing," are noticeable, for they show clearly enough, what has not been much observed, that Origen's chief objection to answering Celsus was that Celsus was already answered in the oral teachings of the church. In this also we have the explanation of the contempt in which he seems to hold his antagonist—a temper which is seldom advisable either in war or polemics. But Celsus had been, and was daily being answered, and the only question was, whether it was worth while to put formally on paper what every Christian catechist had by heart. Was it not better to imitate the majestic silence of Jesus Christ, who spoke no word, but let his life speak for him? "I dare affirm," he says, "that the defence you ask me to write will be swamped and disappear before that other defence of

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facts and the power of Jesus, which none but the blind can fail to see." And he adds, that it is not for the faithful he writes, but for those who have not tasted the faith of Christ, or for those weak believers who, in the apostle's phrase, must be kindly taken up.

And yet Ambrose seems to have been quite right in insisting that Origen should answer the book of Celsus. Its arguments might be stale, and its influence small, but there it was, a formal written record of some of the ugliest things that could be said against Christianity and its founder. What seemed more becoming, than that the foremost Christian doctor of his day should take in hand, at a time when external peace and internal growth seemed to warrant it, to give a formal, written answer to an attack that was a standing piece of impertinence, even if it did no harm? Besides, some harm it must have done, at least in the shape of keeping well-meaning pagans from the truth; and though Origen is always more fond of working for the spiritual welfare of his own household than of direct proselytizing, yet Ambrose, as a convert, knew what prejudice was, and what was the importance of a work from the pen of a Christian doctor who had the ear of the Gentile world. And Ambrose, moreover, was perfectly aware, as was every one except the Adamantine himself, that even if the refutation embraced only the common topics that were handled daily in the Christian instructions, yet the result would be as far above the ordinary catechetical lesson as the master was above the ordinary catechist. Perhaps he hardly knew, as we know, that his instances would produce a master-piece of polemical writing, from which all ages have borrowed, and in which the immense knowledge of Scripture, the beautiful and tender piety, and the sustained eloquence of expression were unrivalled until, perhaps, Bossuet wrote his Histoire Universelle.

It is by no means our intention to give a detailed analysis of this wonderful work: it is described at great length in easily accessible authors. But it will be interesting to seize on some of its most salient characters, and thus to throw what light may be possible upon the subject of our discussion. And the first remark that occurs seems to be a contradiction of Origen's own statement. The Contra Celsum was written more for the faithful than for the philosophers, and was less aimed at the dead and gone Celsus than at the living children of the church. It may be true that it was not meant precisely to confirm tottering faith or to prop up consciences that the objections of Celsus had shaken; but its effect would naturally be to encourage the devout Christian by showing him how much could be said for his profession, and exposing to scorn with irresistible logic the best that could be said by his gainsayers. If Origen had not had in view the same audience as that to which he preached on Sundays and Fridays, he would hardly have dealt so abundantly in the citations from Holy Scripture which are such a marked feature of the work, and he would not have cared to expand as he does the bare polemical branch into the flowers and fruit of homiletic exhortation. But the faithful were always his first thought, and the ground-color of all he has written is warm and outspoken piety. He knew much about pagan philosophy and worldly science, but when Porphyry (quoted by Eusebius) says that Plato was never out of his hands, we can only say that Plato is never mentioned in his writings save where an adversary or an error compels him. A far truer picture of himself is given in his own words to his favorite pupil, Gregory Thaumaturgus. "You have talents," he says, "that might make you a perfect Roman lawyer, or a leader of any of the fashionable sects of Greek philosophy; but the wish of my heart is, dear lord and my most honored son Gregory, that you make Christianity your last end" (τελικῶς—alluding to the *summum bonum* of the stoics), "and that you

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use Greek philosophy and all its attendant sciences as handmaids to the Holy Scriptures, and as the means (ποιητικῶς) toward Christianity." This was written, of course, long after Gregory had become a Christian, and, indeed, about the very time that the Contra Celsum would be in progress. Not a little, therefore, in the work which would seem to beg the question, as against an enemy, becomes an eloquent development, as toward those who already believed. And this remark will be found not unimportant in explaining more passages than one.

The attack of Celsus is that of a clever, well-informed, travelled man. It is to be feared that we cannot call him a well-meaning one. The extraordinary impudence of one or two of the leading sophisms and a general tone of rancor and rabidness, very different from the politeness of Numenius and Porphyry, seem to force the conclusion that we are dealing with a man who ought to have known better but whose heart had been hardened by the world and the flesh. He goes over a large variety of topics, is not at all remarkable for order (as his opponent complains), and repeats himself more than once. Several German writers have published accurate accounts of his philosophic tenets, as far as they can be ascertained. For the present, in order to arrive at some definite knowledge of the sort of people who opposed Christianity from the time of S. Clement to the Decian persecution, we shall present Celsus in a few of the chief characters that he assumes in his onslaught on Christianity. For he is very many-sided in his anxiety to get at all the vulnerable points of his enemy, and perhaps it might be said that his memory is not so good as a polemic's memory ought to be, and that he contradicts himself once or twice. At any rate he acts with some success more parts than one.

The Scoffer was a character in which Celsus had the advantage of a few recent traditions. Perhaps the thorough pagan scoffer, who really laughed at Christianity because he believed it deserved to be laughed at, was rather out of date. But Lucian (and he may have known Lucian) could have let him see how a man of genius may scoff impartially at religion in all its shapes. Celsus was not a scoffer of this latter sort. Either he was really too conscientious, or else he instinctively hated Christ more than Zeus, and therefore tried to ridicule and crush the former, while he waived hostilities against the latter. The scoffer, as impersonated by him, is a decent, lawfearing citizen, who is quietly engaged in doing his duty to society and making what he can out of the queer problem called Life, when suddenly a man that calls himself a Christian bursts in upon his calm existence with the intelligence that he must believe in a person called Christ, or expect to burn everlastingly. Of course, the first thing the amazed Gentile does is to think the man mad. His second, and more charitable idea, which is the result of some little inquiry and of a comparison of notes with other amazed acquaintances at the bath and the theatre, is, that the obtrusive person is an adherent of a new and peculiar sect of philosophers. He, therefore, resolves to examine the tenets of these philosophers with the serene impartiality of one who sets small store by any tenets of philosophy. He finds that their doctrines are not new, but most of them quite old—the immortality of the soul and a future life, a rather strait-laced verbal morality, and so on; ideas which many respectable philosophers have held, and do hold. But is there any reason in the world for making such a parade and noise, merely because another philosopher, called Christ, has chosen to teach them also? How impertinent, absurd, and unpleasant it is for these people, instead of keeping their doctrines to the schools, to force them with threats upon practical men! Of course, practical men and good citizens do not regard them. If the gods do interfere in the concerns of the earth

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(a doctrine which Celsus, in his character of scoffer, is inclined to waive rather than to admit), why all this indispensable dogmatism about a Son of God? Let it be enough that we do admit that there is a God, who in some way is supreme; as sensible people you can demand nothing more. We call him Zeus; you call him the Most High, Sabaoth, Adonai, or what else you please, just as the Egyptians call him Ammon, and the Scythians, Pappæus. Doubtless you talk of miracles; so do all these new-fangled sects, but they mean in reality Egyptian magic. You appeal, moreover, to your intellectual teaching; we know about that also: no sect is good for much in these days which does not hang on to the skirts of Plato. Besides, what is this we hear about disputes among yourselves? This makes the absurdity of the thing better still! The Jews say the Messiah is to come; the Christians declare he has come. Pray, which are we to believe? On what side are we solemnly to arrange ourselves in this momentous dispute about a donkey's shadow? Why, here we have a squadron of bats—or an army of ants swarming from their nest—or a congress of frogs in solemn session on the banks of their ditch—or a knot of worms assembled in full ecclesia in a corner of their native mud, in hot controversy which of the lot are the wickedest. We are the ones, they keep saying, to whom God has foreshown and announced all things; he has left the whole universe, the broad heavens, and the earth, to look after themselves, and makes his laws for us alone; to us alone he sends his heralds, and us he will never cease to prompt and to provide for, that we may be united with him for ever. He is God; and we are next to him, as being his sons and like him in all things. We are lords of all things, earth, water, air, and stars; on our account is everything, and all is ordained to minister to us. If some of us sin, God will come, or he will send the Son, to burn up the wicked, that the rest may live with him eternally. One could listen to worms and frogs going on in this fashion with more composure than to you Jews and Christians.

It is not Origen's object to prove directly the importance of Christianity. He says that it was no barbarous system of doctrine, and challenges any philosopher, fresh from the teachings and the schools of Greece, to come and examine it. "He will not only pronounce it true," he says, "but he will work it up into a logical system, and will be able to supply it with a complete demonstration, even to a Greek. But I must also add this: our doctrine has a certain method of demonstration peculiar to itself, and far more *divine* than any that the Greeks have in their schools. It is that which the apostle calls the demonstration of spirit and of power; of spirit, that is, by prophecies, which abundantly prove our whole system, especially those parts of it which concern Christ; of power, by the miracles which can be shown to have taken place among us, and traces of which still remain among those who live according to the will of the Word." And as Christianity was now well known to the whole world, to scoff at it either for its insignificance or its absurdity seemed very foolish: it was a standing fact, and challenged examination. This is partly taken for granted partly incidentally expressed throughout the reply. But the impudent scurrility of the passage about the bats, frogs, and worms, rouses Origen's indignation. "The Jews and the Christians," he says, "because they hold dogmas which Celsus does not approve, and which he does not seem to be very well acquainted with, are worms and ants, are they? The peculiar opinions in which the Jews and Christians differ from other men, are not unknown to the world. If a man, therefore, feels inclined to call a part of his fellow-men worms and ants, I will show him whom to call so. The men who have lost the true knowledge of God, whose religion is all a sham—the worshipping

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brute beasts and graven stocks, and lifeless matter—creatures whose beauty should have led them to glorify and adore their Creator—these are the worms and ants. But those who, led on by reason, have risen above stocks and stones, above silver and gold, and everything material; who have risen above this whole created universe unto him that made all things; who have confided themselves wholly to him; who recognize him almighty over every creature, seeing every thought and hearing every prayer; who send up their prayers to him only, doing all that they do as though he saw it, and speaking all their words that none may be displeasing to him who heareth them all—these, surely, are *men;* nay, if it were possible, more than men. They may have been worms once, but shall not such religion (εὐσέβεια) as this, that no trials can shake, no danger, not even death itself, destroy, no persuasiveness of words overcome, be their shelter against such jibes for the future? What! shall they who restrain the appetites that make men soft and yielding as wax—and restrain them because they know that by continence alone they can obtain familiarity with God*—shall they be called the brothers of worms and the kindred of ants, and the near neighbors of frogs? Forbid it Justice! glorious Justice, that gives social rights to fellow-men, that guards the equitable, the humane, and the kind—forbid that such men as these should be likened to birds of night! Call those worms of the slime, who wallow in lust—the common herd of men, who do evil and call it right—but surely not those who have been taught that their bodies, inhabited by the light of reason and the grace of the omnipotent Lord, are the 'temples of the God whom they adore.'" It is a subject that warms him, and he pursues it at some length. He does not imitate the scurrility and abusiveness of his adversary, though he must have been sorely tempted sometimes, to say some plain things about paganism. Celsus shows all the liveliness of language of a man who carries on a personal quarrel. He is not above calling his enemies "drunken" and "blear-eyed;" he hardly takes the trouble to mention that they are irrational fools; and for a specimen of his more fanciful bad language the passage quoted above will suffice. Origen sometimes complains of this, as well he may. He says that Celsus "scolds like an old woman," that he shouts calumny like the lowest of a street-mob, and, as a sort of climax, that he reminds him of a couple of "women slanging each other in the street." But the scoffer and the reviler is after all not our philosopher's favorite *rôle*. Perhaps he will show better as the man of intellect.

The man of intellect has a face of severely classic mould, whereon sits normally a thoughtful frown, as though he were ever asking himself the reason of things, varied by a pitying smile when he finds it necessary to recognize the existence of a non-intellectual being. His hands are very white, his pallium neat, his hair scented, and his whole appearance bespeaks him to be on the most distant terms with the profane multitude. When Christianity first had the bad taste to talk to him of penance and hell-fire, he did not deign to speak, but only scowled disgust; but in a century or two he began to see he must say something for his own credit. He therefore began to utter lofty sentences and to employ his smile of pity, though the early look of disgust was so very deeply printed on his countenance that it never afterward left him. This is the sum of his case:—"This foolish system called Christianity makes some little noise, it is true. But a philosopher has only to glance at it, to despise it. I have read and examined the books and writings of the sect; I have conversed with its learned men, and I find that it is essentially low, grovelling, and vulgar. It repudiates wisdom altogether; it formally forbids the educated, the learned, and the wise to be numbered among its

* The expression of the contemporary Platonists.

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members. On the other hand, it energetically recruits its ranks from among the uneducated, the weak-headed, and the imbecile. These are the sort of men the Christian teachers declare to be most acceptable to their God, thus showing clearly that they have neither the ability nor the wish to make converts of any but the feeble-minded, common people, and country boors, slaves, women, and children. They are wary; they are like the quacks and cheap-jacks of the agora, who take care not to obtrude themselves upon those who could find them out, but show off before the children in the streets and the loitering house-slaves and an admiring mob of any fools they can collect. They are mean and underhand. You shall see, in a private house, your slave, your weaver, your sandal-maker, or your cloth-carder—a fellow wholly without education or manners, and silent enough before his master and his betters—the moment he finds himself alone with the children and the women, beginning to hold forth in marvellous style. Parents and preceptors are no longer to be obeyed, but he is to be believed implicitly; they are mad and doting, immersed in fatuous trifles, and incapable of seeing or doing what is really good, he alone can impart the secret of virtue; let the children believe him, and they will be happy themselves and bring a blessing on the house. Meanwhile, let father or tutor make his appearance, he mostly gets frightened and stops; but if he be a determined one, he just whispers in parting, that children of spirit should not submit to parental tyranny; that he has much to explain which the presence of others will not allow him to utter; that he cannot bear the sight of the folly and ignorance of such corrupted and lost men, who moreover are seeking every pretext for punishing him; finally, that if the dear children want to hear more, they must come, with the women and as many of their companions as they know of, into the women's apartment, or into the carding-room or the leather-shop—and so he contrives to get hold of them."

Perhaps there was nothing in Christianity that disgusted the philosophers so much as the fact that it went out after the poor, the lowly, and the sinful, and offered them a share in all that it could teach or promise. That the common herd had no need and no right to philosophy was an accepted tenet with the new Platonists. The passage just quoted is interesting; through its transparent misrepresentation we can see the poor man and the slave, in the second century, in the actual process not only of having the gospel preached to them, but also actively preaching it as well as they could to others. The sophism of Celsus, that Christians prefer fools and sinners for converts, therefore they must be all a foolish and wicked set, must have been stale, we may hope, by the time Origen undertook to answer it. He enters into the whole accusation, however, and refutes, almost word for word, the whole of what we have just given and more to the same purpose.

But the intellectual objector has something positive to say, as well as something negative. He announces, therefore, with almost ridiculous solemnity, that he will have pity on these poor Christians, and tell them how they are to obtain union with God, what masters they are to follow, and what heroes they are to imitate; in short, he will provide them with a theology, a gospel, and an assemblage of saints. For the saints, they are our grand Grecian heroes—Hercules, Orpheus, Æsculapius, and the rest, from Anaxarchus, who encouraged the tyrant who was having him bruised in a mortar to "pound away on the mortal coil of Anaxarchus," to Epictetus, who made a cheerful remark when his master broke his leg. For the gospel, it is the most powerful teaching of the divine and immortal Plato; and for the theology, it is the following sentence from the Timæus: "To discover the maker and the father of the universe is a hard

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thing; to make them known to others, when discovered, is impossible." This last doctrine he is afraid the wretched Christians will not be able to take in. They are such a poor frightened set that the sublimity of Platonic dictum scares them into their holes; they are such a body-loving race that they must have a God with a body, and be able to see him with the eyes of their flesh, which all philosophers pronounce to be impossible. Origen, in his reply, first of all disposes of these two sneers: "The Christians a timid set! when, rather than renounce a syllable of their Christianity, they are prepared to suffer torture and death in its worst shapes! The Christians a body-loving race! when they are readier to lay down their bodies for piety's sake than a philosopher is to put off his pallium! and when the injunction to be dead to sense and living to soul lies upon the very surface of their teaching! But let it pass. We must speak to Plato's theology." Here is the answer, as terse as an epigram, as luminous as the sunlight. "Plato, when he said God was hard to find, impossible to impart, said a sublime and a wonderful thing; but *our* Scriptures give a message from God to man that changes all the facts, and it is this: God the Word was with God in the beginning, and the *Word was made flesh.* It is not only hard for man to find God; it is impossible for him to seek him at all, or to find him in an elevated order (*καθαρῶς*) unless he whom he seeks assist him. The knowledge of God is indeed far above man's nature; but God, out of his kindness and *philanthropy*" (Origen's usual expression when speaking of the incarnation), "through his wonderful and godlike grace, has willed that his knowledge appear unto those whom he foresees will live worthily of it, and whose piety will be firm even against death itself, though they who know not what piety is may jeer and ridicule. God, I think, seeing the arrogance and the insolence of those who, with all their boasted philosophical knowledge of the divine nature, are idol-ridden and temple-ridden and mystery-ridden as much as the most ignorant of the mob, has chosen the foolish things of this world, the poor, simple Christians, whose life is purer than the lives of most philosophers, to put to the blush those wise men who can unblushingly treat a lifeless thing as a god or the likeness of a god. Surely the man of sense must laugh to see the philosopher, after all his sublime talk about God and things divine, go and ogle his idol and pray to it, or think there is some being behind it that requires prayer to be offered up with such a ritual as that. But the Christian knows that God is everywhere; no image limits his vision, no temple bounds his power, for the whole world is his temple; and his servant, therefore, shutting the eyes of his body, raising on high the eyes of his soul—transcending all this world, piercing the concave of heaven itself, out of the world and above the heavens—makes his prayer to God: no sordid or grovelling prayer, for he has learnt from Jesus to ask for nothing little or sensible, but he prays only for what is great and really divine—for such things as lead to that blessedness which is in him, through his son, the Word, who is God." He has no wish to disparage Plato; Plato has spoken very beautifully, but the Christian Scriptures have not only beauty, but they have, what is much more important, plain morality and the divine virtue of changing the heart. The "ambassadors of the truth" propose to themselves to convert the whole world, the clever and the dull, the Greek and the barbarian; not a rustic, not a poor unlettered simpleton will they consent to abandon. Of what use is Plato in such a work as this? His brilliant and polished periods may possibly be of use to the few literary men that can understand them; but in the art of attracting the attention of the rude populace he is outdone even by Epictetus. But the Scripture has something in it that not even Epictetus can show. Its doctrines may possibly in certain cases seem to repeat the teachings of Grecian philosophy; but

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it has the power of making men act on those doctrines, which never a Greek philosopher yet could boast of. And now as to the heroes and philosophers, the fathers and saints of paganism. "Let us see what leaders Celsus wishes us to follow, to the end that we may not be without ancient and reverend models of heroism. He sends us to God-imbued poets, as he calls them, the sages, and the philosophers, whom he indicates in a general way, without naming particular names. He sends us, also, to Hercules, Æsculapius, and the rest, to learn heroism from their brave contempt of death, not unfittingly rewarded by the myth that has deified them. Where he does not mention names it is hard to refute him. Had he named his divine poet or sage, I should have tried to show him to be a blind guide; but since he has not done so, I must content myself with appealing to what every one knows of the divine poets as a body, and asking whether they can be compared for a moment to Moses, for instance; to the prophets of the creator of all things; above all, to him who has shone forth on all the race of man, and announced to all the true way in which God would be served; who, as far as lay in him, has willed that none should be ignorant of his secret teachings, but, in his superabounding philanthropy, has both given to the learned a *theology* that can raise their souls above all things here below, and yet at the same time condescends to the weak intellect of the untaught man, of the simple woman, and the household slave—himself assisting them to lead a better life, each in his degree, according to the teachings about God that *every one of them* has been enabled to share. He mentions Hercules. Has he forgotten the ugly story about that hero's base servitude to Omphale. It would take some persuading to make us pay divine honors to the ruffian that seized the poor farmer's ox by main force, and devoured it before his eyes, whilst the owner cursed him, and he seemed to enjoy the curses as much as the meal itself; whence is derived the edifying custom of accompanying his sacrifices by a rite of powerful execrations. He mentions Æsculapius. I have already dealt with Æsculapius: he was a clever doctor, but he did nothing very extraordinary. He puts up Orpheus. Of course, Celsus is aware that Orpheus wrote about the gods far more impiously and fabulously than Homer ever did. Now, he considers, with Plato, that Homer's poems are unfit to be permitted in the model republic; so that it is perfectly evident that he introduces Orpheus here for the sole purpose of defaming us and disparaging Jesus. Poor Anaxarchus in his mortar undoubtedly affords a great example of fortitude; but as this happens to be the solitary fact that is known about Anaxarchus, it would be difficult to make him a model hero and absurd to make him a god. Then, as to Epictetus: there is no need of depreciating him; it is enough to say, that his words and deeds are not worthy of the most distant comparison with the words and deeds of one whom Celsus despises; for the sayings of Jesus *convert* the wise and the simple. Celsus asks: 'What did your God say in his sufferings like to this?' I answer that his patience and his bravery in his scourgings and his thousand ignominies were better shown by his *silence* than by any word ever uttered by suffering Greek. But he did speak." And then he touches on some of the words of Jesus in his agony. It is to us like a new revelation of the gospel, like a new Epiphany, to read the comparison of the life of Jesus with the lives of the best and noblest of antiquity. It brings vividly to our imagination the brilliancy of the dawn of that day of Christ Jesus (into whose light we are baptized, and in which we live with little appreciation), when we can call back again the shades of paganism, and watch the gross darkness as it lifts and moves slowly off before the sun of justice. We can realize something of the feelings of earnest hearts as they came within the reach of that light, and share a little in the

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excitement of a conflict wherein the victor overcame, not, like Perseus, by displaying the horrors of a Gorgon's head, but by unveiling, philosophically, artistically, enthusiastically, the charms of a "theology" upon whose beauty and truth there were no drawbacks, and in whose abysses of gladdening hope there were resting places for every want and wish of a human heart. Origen lets the light in upon the poor heroes and purblind sages of a Cimmerian night, and he forgets the scoffings of wretched philosophy, as he expiates on the love, the kindness, the philanthropy, the condescending grace of the Word, who is God. We cannot follow him far. The intellectual objector has much to say about the unreasonableness of faith; and the Christian doctor vindicates scientific theology, whilst he shows how the crowd of men must simply believe or be without any teaching whatever. He says deep and pregnant things about faith, science, and wisdom, that would bear fruit if reproduced in an age like ours. Then he enters at great length into the critical objections of the man of intellect against the life and actions of Jesus, more especially against the great corner-stone of faith, the resurrection. And throughout the whole of his demonstrations on intellectual grounds, he is fond of calling attention to two grand arguments of fact, that no amount of subtlety can explain away, and that the dullest wit cannot help seeing: first, that Christianity has changed and reformed men's morals in a way totally unexampled; second, that such a system of dogma and morality can never by any possibility have been the product of human thought, especially seeing what sort of men have propagated and professed it, "not many wise, not many noble;" therefore its origin is divine, and its author is the great creator of whom Plato spoke in stammering words, and whom all philosophy has sought.

Celsus, after having laughed at Christianity, and argued against it, and having sometimes laughed argumentatively, and at other times argued by a laugh, appears toward the end of his book in the entirely new character of the citizen, or patriotic opponent of impious innovations. He defends the old faith in the gods and the myths, the old sacrifices, in a word, the old civilization, from the awful radicalism of a sect that were upsetting the very foundations of social order, and endangering what little religion the common people could be got to practise. "All this private association and sectarianism is clearly against the law of the empire. They repudiate temples, they despise statutes, they mock at the offerings of incense and the sacrifices of living things; and they tell decent templegoers and frequenters of the sanctuaries that they are doing an abomination and worshipping devils. Now, the proper, sensible, and right thing is, that each nation preserve its own customs and laws. One people has found the advantage of one set of institutions, another of another; let each keep what is once established by due and competent authority. The Jews are perfectly right in being tenacious of their particular laws." (This is cool, in one who had just been abusing the Jews with all his powers of ridicule and logic—but then he is now speaking in a different character.) "Besides, there is another and a deeper reason for this. It is probable that in the beginning of things the diverse parts of the earth were committed to diverse powers and dominations to be presided over and governed according to their pleasure; it must therefore be wrong to attack those institutions which they have established from the beginning in their several prefectures. It seems, indeed, perfectly certain that there is nothing in the world that is not given in charge to some demon. Man himself, the moment he enters the prison of his body, passes under the power of the keepers of this prison-house. Nay, the Egyptians, who are unexception-

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able authorities here, tell us that to look after the various parts of a man's body, there are told off no less than six-and-thirty demons or aërial powers (some say more); and they even mention their names, as Chnoumen, Chnachoumen, Cnat, Sicat, and others, by invoking whom you obtain health in your various limbs. Certainly, therefore, if a man prefer health to sickness, and happiness to misery, there is no reason why he should not deliver himself from evil by propitiating these beings who have him in charge. One or two things, therefore; either the Christians must live in this world and worship those who rule this world, or they must abjure marriage, never have children, take no part in the affairs of men, in fact depart from the earth altogether, and leave no seed behind them. If they are to share in the goods, and to be protected from the evils of this world, then it is both unreasonable and ungrateful not to render tribute to the guardians of what they enjoy and the powers from whom they have so much to fear." The proud and fastidious philosopher has fallen low. What an interval between the grand sentences of Plato and the humiliating confessions of the apologist of idol-worship! And yet both extremes must be duly considered, before we can realize the Paganism of the Neo-Platonic revival. The demonology of Zoroaster, which was the practical religion of the whole East, had encountered the Platonic philosophy and engrafted itself upon it; and the sages of such Greek cities as Cæsarea found themselves seriously defending the devil-worship of the wandering Arabs that roved over the plains of Syria and Asia, ignoring the centres of civilization that Alexander's conquest had erected in their midst."

The first part of the objector's patriotic appeal on behalf of established "institutions" is easily disposed of. The argument, carried to its lawful lengths, becomes ridiculous. "The Scythian law kills all the old men; the Persian law sanctions incest; the Crimeans sacrifice strangers to Diana; in one part of Africa they immolate their children to Saturn. One national law makes hanging a virtue, another commends death by fire. Some nations reckon it pious to worship crocodiles, others pay divine honors to cows, others again make gods of goats, and one people adores what another eats. This is making religion, not a truth, but a whim and a fancy. This is making piety, holiness, and righteousness, affairs of opinion, and not ascertainable, fixed realities. Suppose some one were to get up and say the same of temperance, prudence, justice, or fortitude, would he not be considered an imbecile? The truth is, there are two sorts of laws; the unwritten law of Nature, of which the author is God, and the written law of the state. If the state-law is not at variance with God's law, it ought to be kept and to be preferred before the laws of strangers; but if it oppose the law of God, it must be trampled upon, even though danger, ignominy, and death be the consequence.' Thus much for the sentiment of nationality, and the common and obvious reasons, as Origen calls them, that will make plain men repudiate it. But the demon-theory and the alleged distribution of things to the aërial powers, leads to a deeper and more serious question. Knowing, therefore, that his book will fall into the hands of some who will be inclined to examine such questions to the bottom, he undertakes to speak more at length on the matter. This gives him an opportunity of showing, by the history of the dispersion of Babel, how it is that we find such diversity of peoples in different parts of the earth. Their dispersion was a punishment; the ministers of this punishment are the wicked spirits, acting as the instruments of God. One nation alone remained in God's favor, and even it had to be punished through the "princes" or spirits of other nations. Of God's mysterious dealings with this nation, and of the redemption that was to come

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through it to all the other nations, he says he cannot speak out, on account of the *disciplina arcani*, which forbade the Christian teacher to enter into explicit details about the evil spirits, and this for the sake of not affording encouragement to idolatry.

The time had now come when all the nations were called to the one saviour, the one lawgiver Jesus Christ, who "issuing a master and a teacher from the midst of the Jews, feeds with the word of his teaching the universal world." For punishment, therefore, were the peoples of the earth delivered to demons; for salvation they must all return to the law of God, through Jesus. Then, as usual, the Christian doctor lays down the grand principle that withers with its first breath all this base and futile service of devils. "The Lord our God do we adore, and him only do we serve." If demons punish men, or if angels rule this lower world, it is by his supreme will that they act. "God, therefore, the one Supreme Lord of all—him we must conciliate and make propitious, by religion and all virtue. Is not this simple? Is it not reasonable? Bethink you for one moment. There are two men, of whom one devotes himself entirely to the Almighty God, the other busies himself in searching out the names of the demons, their powers and their deeds, the rhymes that raise them, the plants that please them, the magic gems and the wizard characters that will elicit their answers; which of these two, think you, will be most pleasing to the Lord of All? But little wisdom is required to see that the former, in his simplicity and trust, will be accepted of the Almighty God and his familiars; whilst he who for the sake of his health and his comfort and his base and mean wants, deals in demon-worship and magic, will be rejected as evil and impious, and be left to the tender mercies of the devils he invokes, to the confusion and despair of diabolical suggestions, and to infinite evils. For Celsus himself owns that these demons are wicked, that they are covetous of blood, of the savour and smoke of a sacrifice and of the singing that evokes them; let their worshipper, then, beware lest they prove slippery in their faith to him, and lest the adorer of yesterday be abandoned or ruined in favor of the more ample offerings of blood and of burnt odors that are brought by the adorer of to-day. And let not Celsus accuse us of ingratitude. We know perfectly well what true gratitude is, and to whom we ought to be grateful for all that we possess; and we fear not to be ungrateful to the demons, our adversaries and our enemies; but we fear to be ungrateful to him with whose benefits we are laden, whose workmanship we are, whose Providence has placed us in our varied lots in life, and at whose hands we look for life eternal when this life shall be ended. And we have a symbol of this our thankfulness; it is the bread that we call the Bread of thanksgiving—the *Eucharistic Bread*." This last sentence would read commonplace to the infidel or the catechumen that might fall upon this answer of Origen to Celsus. They could not know what the faithful Christian knew, and what the writer himself knew and must have felt to his innermost heart, that these passing words were a veil that covered nothing less than the Tabernacle of the Blessed Sacrament. The great central mystery, for well-known reasons, does not meet the eye in the pages of Origen, save in suggestive passages like this; but we Christians of to-day can pierce the mystery because we have its key, and can respond with our Catholic sympathies to a Catholic voice that speaks to us in veiled accents across the expanse of sixteen centuries. "For our citizenship," he concludes, "we are no rebels or traitors. You say, quoting the words of an ancient—

'King there is but one, whom Saturn's son hath established.'

We say with you, King there is but one; but in the place of Saturn's son

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we put him who 'raiseth up kings and deposeth them,' and 'who provideth a wise ruler in his season upon the earth.' The kingly power is from God, and by God's will we obey it; would that all believed this as we do! You exhort us to enter the imperial armies and fight for the state. But no men serve their country as the Christians do. They are taught to use heavenly arms in behalf of their rulers, and to pray to heaven for 'kings and all those who are in high places;' and their prayers, their mortifications, and their self-restraint are of more avail than many soldiers set in array of battle. And beyond all this, they teach their countrymen the worship of the Lord of All, and there is no earthly city so little and mean but they can promise its citizens a heavenly city with God. You exhort us to enter the magistracy and protect our country's laws and religion. We have in every city an organization that is to us a second *patria*, created by the word of God, governed by those who are powerful in word and sound in work; excuse us if we concern ourselves mainly with the magistracy of the church. The ambitious we reject; those whose modesty makes them refuse the solicitude of the church of God, these we compel to accept it. The presidents of God's state are called by God's will to rule, and they must not defile their hands with the ministry of human laws. Not that a Christian refuses his share of public burdens; but he prefers to reserve himself for burdens and for a service of a diviner and more necessary sort, wherein is concerned the salvation of men. The Christian magistrate has a charge over all men; of those that are within, that they live better every day; of those that are without, that they may be numbered among those who act and speak the things of God-service. Serving God in very truth, instructing whom he may, he lives full of the divine word and law, and so he is able to lead to the Lord of All every one that is converted and wishes to live in his holy law, through the divine Son of God that is in him, his word, his wisdom, his truth, and his righteousness."

With this description of the Christian bishop, we conclude our remarks on Origen. It will doubtless have occurred to most of our readers that we have too completely ignored the charges of heterodoxy that have so often been made against the name of Origen. But we do not admit that Origen was unsound in faith, much less that he was formerly heretical. Although not unprepared to justify this conviction, we cannot do more at present than invoke the authority of a new and important contribution to the Origen-controversy, which was notified in our last number.* Professor Vincenzi, it is confessed by competent and impartial critics, has totally dissipated the notion that Origen denied the eternity of punishment. As to the other accusations, he goes through them one by one and confutes them, without admitting anything whatever in the genuine works of Origen to be theologically unsound, "excepting a few points on which the fathers of his age were as doubtful and uncertain as himself, since the Church had not then defined them."† Thirdly, he undertakes to prove that S. Jerome was completely mistaken, through no fault of his, with regard to the merits of a controversy in which he played so memorable a part; and, lastly, he maintains that Origen was never condemned by Pope or council, discussing especially the alleged condemnation by the fifth general council. Under shelter, then, of the authority of a work that comes to us with the approval of the Roman censorship, and which on two separate occasions has been warmly praised in the Civiltà, we cannot be wrong in waiving, at least, all discussion, in articles like the present, on the alleged errors of Origen. What has been said, though it has left the greater

* In S. Gregorii Nysseni et Origenis scripta et doctrinam nova recension, per Aloysium Vincenzi. 4 vols. Romæ, 1865.

† "Dummodo tamen nonnulla exceperis, quæ pariter apud Patres cœvos adhuc dubia manebant et incerta; quippe nonduma ab Ecclesiâ definita."—*Vincenzi*, ii. 524.

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part of his work unconsidered, may perhaps have served to draw attention to one who is in some respects the greatest of the Greek fathers. He did not live long after the completion of the Contra Celsum. As he had been the faith's champion from his orphaned boyhood to his old age, so he merited at least to suffer as a martyr for the Truth he had served so long. His tortures in the Decian persecution did not immediately cause his death, but they hastened it. He died at Tyre in 253 or 254. The cities where he taught are now mere names. Alexandria is a modern Turkish town, Cæsarea is a heap of broken columns and ruined piers, Athens is the capital of a pitiful nation of mongrel Hellenes, Bostra and Petra are tombs in the deserts of Arabia. But two things are not likely to grow less in their greatness or to lose the vividness of their importance, the faith of Christ and what Origen has done for it. In another region of the world, and in cities with names that are different, yet with histories as grand as belonged to the cities of the East, unbelief seems to be bringing back a condition of mind, to encounter which the Catholic writer will have to put himself into the circumstances of those ancient giants who met and overthrew scientific paganism in the second and third centuries. Faith, and what is faith, and why men must believe, occupied Clement and Origen. The same questions are occupying the thought of our own day; and many a hint may be gathered and many a suggestive argument started, by those who will take the Alexandrian stand-point and look at faith as it is looked at in the polemical works of the great Alexandrian school.

ORIGINAL.

THE TALE OF A TOMBSTONE.

BY D. O'C. TOWNLEY.

It is quite true to say, that the American makes a mistake who, in his European tour, leaves Ireland out in the cold unvisited. He at least fails to make an acquaintance which could not prove otherwise than interesting, and possibly to find a burying-place where, if he had them, he might dispose of his superfluous prejudices bearing upon that island and its people—prejudices for the most part begotten of ill-directed reading or formed with the hasty conclusions of a very limited experience.

If a politician, he cannot fail to learn, ere he travels many miles, whether in Connaught or in Ulster, what he ought *not* to do with a people having a desire to see them prosperous and contented. If a historian, he may find food for a chapter unwritten by Hume and Smollet, or even by the more impartial Macaulay; a chapter which may throw some light upon the cause, ever obscurely and often untruthfully given, whose effect is that spirit of retrogression which hovers over the unhappy island and lays its blighting hand upon every acre from Cork to the Giant's Causeway. If he be a painter, a poet, or a novelist, he may find in Ireland and her people an Eldorado with mines as inexhaustible as the ore is rich. If a tourist merely, even such a one as does London in a fortnight, Paris in a week, and the Rhine on the fastest steamer upon that ancient river—that brilliant soul who takes his sleep o' moonlit nights, and on the days which follow, sits yawning over dinner till the shadows fall, and the storied head-

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lands have been passed unseen —even such as he, stupid or *blasé*, as the case may be, may find in Ireland something to awake to momentary energy, at least, his sleeping thought and action.

Approaching the fall of 18—, having done the continental celebrities the year before, and having been in England since early in the month of May, I concluded, before returning to New York, that I should pay a flying visit to the emerald cradle of that prolific race, which is, in the language of the stump, when it suits the orators to say so, the bone and sinew of these States; the great lever which uproots our forests; the great spade which hollows our canals; the huge pick and shovel and barrow, that lay our iron roads over mountain and morass; and the mighty polling power which develops the peculiarities of legislators, contributes most generously to the revenue of the excise, and to the sustenance of the many good and bad people whose business of life it is to get this truly erratic people into all manner of trouble, including jails, and out of it.

With no prejudices against the Irish people, and some clear-sightedness as to the causes of their proverbial discontent, unthriftiness, and frequent turbulence, I went quite ready to sorrow or be glad, just as either mood was suggested by my surroundings; neither to sneer at their emotional enthusiasm nor to turn disgusted from their hilarious mirth.

Crossing from Holyhead to Dublin, I remained in that city for a few days, then visited the south and west, leaving the industrious north to finish off with. But as the purpose of this sketch is not to retail either impressions of the country or its people, or all the personal experiences of my journey, I must proceed to the narration of the single incident, the object of this writing, referring the reader, if his appetite lean in the direction, to the pencillings of Mr. Willis or the much more truthful story-telling of Mrs. Hall. My immediate purpose is gained if I have in a slight degree awakened the reader's interest for that which follows, and if he understands that I had now almost reached that period which I had set down for the close of my tour and my return home.

Of the month I had set apart for Ireland—the *bonne bouche*, or, if you like the Celtic better, the "*doch an durhas*" of my feast—I had but one week left when I found myself at Warrenpoint, a pleasant watering place on the margin of the bay of Carlingford, going northward to Belfast. Here I had been two days, rather longer than I had proposed to remain, but the season and the place at this time of the year are especially attractive. So near Ireland's highest mountain as I then was, it occurred to me how discreditable the confession would be that I had not seen it save in the purple distance, and I concluded to do myself the honor of a near acquaintance—sit upon its topmost ridge, and rifle a sprig of heather from its venerable crown as a relic of the nearest spot to heaven on the Isle of Saints.

"No," said mine host, "your honor must never say good-by to Ireland until you see her only living monarch who has not emigrated or been transported to a penal colony!"

Slieve Donard, the king in question, was but twelve miles distant, or rather the village nestling at its foot. The road to Newcastle, the name this village bears, was one of peculiar beauty all the way, and I chose, to me, the most enjoyable of all ways of reaching it—I determined to walk there. So, about eight o'clock on a beautiful autumn morning, the dew still upon the grass and glistening upon the rustling leaves of the beeches in a grove of which my rustic hotel lay shadowed, armed with a stout blackthorn, a book in either pocket, and a light breakfast in its appropriate department, I set out upon my journey; accomplished it most enjoyably, arriving with but a

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faint remembrance that I had eaten any breakfast whatever, and just in time for the *table d'hôte* at Brady's.

The hotel was full with the motley occupants peculiar, there as elsewhere, to hotels by the seaside in the bathing season. Among the guests were reverend gentlemen assorted in the nicest manner, lean kine and fat; the good-natured parish priest and the more sanctimonious and exclusive curate of the orthodox persuasion; surly country squires who had rushed down to please their wives and the girls—"what did they want with salt water?" the city shopkeeper and his prim property, exulting in evidence of *ton* in every word and movement. Even the eye-glassed, red, and wiry-whiskered Cockney could be seen and heard, possibly attracted there by the reputation of the "Hirish girls for fine hiyes and hintellects," or probably from a peculiar horror, for private reasons, of other watering places nearer home, where landlords were less generous and accommodating, being more experienced. These, and such as these, with a few who came to see rather than to be seen, made up the guests at Brady's.

After dinner I joined a party of the class last mentioned who purposed devoting the rest of the afternoon to an excursion upon the mountain, ascending as high at least as would enable them to enjoy a scene pronounced by travellers to be one of the finest in a land praised alike in song and story for its scenic beauty. The unmingled enjoyment of that ascent—for the labor of the journey was a pleasure too—is one of the most pleasant of the many happy memories which I owe to the "Isle of Tears." The landscape which unrolled itself like a scroll as we ascended was of remarkable beauty. Rich with all the gorgeous coloring of the season was spread out as far as the eye could reach the unshorn wealth of corn-field and of meadow. Here and there a clump of beech or chestnut sheltered, half hidden among the foliage, the snow-white walls of a farm house. Liliputian figures crept stealthily along through lane and over pasture, more like the tiny figures in a Flemish painting than men and cattle at their labor. The rock-bound bay was alive with its freight of toy-like fishing-boats, whose white sails borrowed the golden hues of evening as the sun stole down toward the heathery forehead of Slieve Donard. The whole scene, embraced from an altitude of fourteen hundred feet, is again before me, and I revel for a moment, whilst the illusion lasts, in the unspeakable emotion which was born of it.

But as I set out to tell a story whose theatre is not the mountain but the valley underneath, I must e'en come down again to supper and to prose, leaving, however reluctantly, Slieve Donard and its poetry behind me.

Leaving Newcastle with that regret which all must feel who leave it at such a season, I started next morning after breakfast for Castlewellan, where I intended taking the coach for Newry, having ordered my luggage to be forwarded there from my hotel at the Point.

Castlewellan is but four miles distant, and the journey thither was said to be one of the most enjoyable walks in this romantic region.

The road, for the entire distance, is one uninterrupted ascent toward the summit of one of the lesser hills on which the village stands, affording from every point—unless when now and then a jutting mountain crag overhangs the path, and for a moment, intercepts the vision—a view of the broad expanse of sea, the valley widening as you rise—each footstep of the ascent adding some new beauty of form and color, light and shadow to the scene.

Half way upon my journey I sat down to rest for a minute or two by the road side and lighted a cigar. Under its soothing influence and that of the scene beneath me, I dropped into one of those blissful reveries in which we sometimes forget our earthliness for a while, our souls absorbed in ecstatic

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contemplation of the wondrous beauty, yet still more wondrous mystery, of the Creator's handiwork.

I had been thus but a short time indeed when the sound of approaching footsteps broke in upon my thought, followed by the customary salutation, "God save you, sir, 'tis a heavenly morning that we have."

Replying in the country phraseology, "God save you kindly," I raised my eyes to see the passing figure of a stooped old man, with a spade upon his shoulder, moving slowly onward 'neath his weight of years and in my direction. Always fond of a companion, when wandering in this way, being usually fortunate enough to meet with those to whom the scenes around me were familiar, and from whom I often learned much indeed that was new and interesting, I arose to resume my walk. Strongly impressed by the venerable form of the old peasant, as I deemed him, and thus attracted, I joined him, making some casual remarks about the appearance of the country, which easily opened the way to conversation. Enough of years have passed since that autumn morning to have worn out the then feeble thread of the old man's life, but palpable to my memory as the recollections of my wedding-day is every lineament of that expressive face. I hear again, as I write, the gentle music of his voice, his white hairs float before me stirred by the morning mountain breeze, and I greet again his expressive salutation, felt again if again unspoken, "God save you kindly."

To all my inquiries touching the country round about, and the harvest, then all but gathered from the fields, he replied in that simple yet lucid manner common to the most uneducated Irish peasant, when he speaks of things familiar to him, chastened in his every remark by expressions of his gratitude to God for bounties received, and of his reliance upon his wisdom and goodness in affliction.

His calling, he told me, was a sad one. He, too, was a laborer in the field, but the harvest he gathered was moist with the tears of many. Death himself was the reaper. He was the village sexton.

I had often before met men of his melancholy occupation, but the hearts of these seemed to have been hardened by the very nature of their handicraft, as they became familiarized with that sorrow, bitterest to human nature—the parting for ever in this world with the truest and best beloved; but in the good old man beside me the keenest sympathy for his suffering fellow-mortals seemed to have found a meet and fitting resting-place.

I learned from him that a few rods further on my way stood the chapel and burying-ground of Drumbhan, where, for some fifty years back, he had made the last dwelling-places of his friends and neighbors. Five minutes' walking brought us to the open gate and to the pathway leading to the modest village church, within whose sacred walls a number of the villagers had already gathered to early mass.

Guided by my new acquaintance, I also entered, joining in the sacred ceremony, which began soon afterward.

How is it, I ask you who have accompanied me thus far, reader, how is it—and the feeling is common to almost all of us—that in such a simple edifice as that I knelt in, paintless and unpictured, unadorned by the bright conceptions of genius or the cunning fingers of art; with naked floor and whitewashed wall; window untinted with Scripture story, itself suggestive of devotion; no ornament save the simple embellishments of the altar; no music save the solemn voice of the priest, distinctly audible in the respectful stillness of the place; how is it, I ask you, that in such a sanctuary our souls seem to reach nearer to their God in silent adoration, than when we kneel on velvet cushions in the temples of the city, with their graven oak and marble pillars, their lofty domes of painted glass, their frescoes and their statuary, their mighty organs and their hundred choristers?

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On leaving the church at the conclusion of the mass, I rejoined the sexton, who had stopped a moment at the porch for his spade, where he had left it in an angle as we entered. I followed him across the yard and through the wicket which separated us from the burying-ground. Calling my attention to some of the more imposing monuments of the place, he passed forward along the narrow pathway to perform the melancholy task which he had told me was his first duty of this morning — to make a grave for the last, the very last, of the companions of his boyhood; one, he said, whose death, like his life, was all peace, and that was part of the reward of the gentleness of his nature, the fulness of which was hereafter.

Passing from stone to stone, to linger for a moment at this which told its tale of the early call of the young and innocent, or at that which spoke of many years and mayhap of many sorrows, I stopped near to one which, from the quaintness of the inscription and chaste simplicity of its form had a peculiar attraction for me. It was a cross in granite with a wreath not unskilfully chiselled crowning the upper limb, whilst along the extended arms was a single line, "The Widow and her Son."

Leaning on a more aspiring tombstone near, I read again and again these simple words, all the while imagination doing its work of making a history for the mother and her child, when from this my second reverie of the morning, I was again aroused by the voice of my aged friend.

"I see you have been reading that inscription, sir," he said. "I have," I replied, "and it has stirred my curiosity rather strangely. It seems to me that there is much which the tombstone does not tell."

"Very much indeed, sir," returned the sexton; "look around me as I may at these familiar forms, there is not one amongst them tells as sad a tale as this one."

"Your reply does not lessen my curiosity," I said; "and even if it be the saddest of your sad experiences, and that I did not fear to trespass too much upon your feelings or your time, I should ask you to tell me the story of those whose resting-place is thus beautifully, yet strangely marked."

"No trespass, sir, no trespass," the old man replied. "If the story be one to recall a scene which will make my old eyes weep, it will just be such a one as suits my heart this morning. So having yet an hour to spare before the remains of my old friend can reach the ground, we shall sit down upon this grave here whilst I tell you the story of Mary Donovan and her boy."

Glancing around to see that no unexpected duty called him, he seated himself on the mound proposed. I sat down beside him, an eager listener to that which follows, given to you in words as near his own as may be, but wanting in that richness of accent and figurative expression peculiar to his class and to his country.

Had business or pleasure called you to Castlewellan some six years ago, began the sexton, you could hardly have failed to meet a good-natured innocent,* some seventeen or eighteen years old, ever to be seen the first at Blaney's when a traveller pulled up his horse for refreshments or coach or car to set down or to receive a passenger. Ere the rattle of hoof or wheel had ceased in the courtyard before the inn, the voice of poor Ned Donovan was sure to fall upon the stranger's ear in a greeting, wild, yet musical, and with that peculiarity of expression which told the story plainly that he was one of those to whom, for his own wise purpose doubtless, God had been but sparing in the gift of mind. And yet there was a childish joyousness in his every look and tone that compensated in some measure for his misfortune, evidence as it was that he was saved from the cares and anxieties common even to those of his early years.

* Synonymous with "Idiot" among the Irish peasantry when used in this way; they rarely use the word idiot unless in derision.

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Ned loved the horses and the cars, and knew every professional driver that came that way to fair or market for miles and miles around. He reserved, however, especial affection for the regular roadsters, man and beast; those I mean that drove daily to Blaney's from Newry, Rathfriland, or Dromore. The men, well acquainted with his ways, never spoke a hasty or unkind word to him, although he was occasionally self-willed in the matter of the horse-feed and the watering. The horses naturally returned the affection of one whose attendance upon them was untiring. He talked to them incessantly in public or in private; their comfort occupied the first place in his thought. He curried, whisked them down, patted and praised their best points with all the enthusiasm of a connoisseur, or, when the like happened, mourned over a broken knee or a windgall as over some serious domestic trouble, as indeed to him it was. All this and more of the kind was done without fee or reward, save the privilege at all hours of the kitchen fireside and the stables, with an occasional ride down to the river, "wid the creatures for a drink," as he would say, or "to wash the mud from their legs, and bad scran to it."

Few days passed, however, failing to bring him a chance horse to hold for a fine gentleman "wid boots and spurs bedad," or when he had not an errand to run or to lend a helping hand with the luggage of some generous traveller; and with these opportunities came sixpences, sometimes even shillings, for his trouble, but oftener still just because he was Ned Donovan. Many to whom his story was unknown often wondered at the glistening eager eye with which he counted his earnings over, and at the happiness an additional sixpence seemed to give him; all this was so unlike the hourly evidences of his most unselfish nature. Strangers, less charitable in mind than in pocket, led astray by this seeming love of money, not unfrequently thought that much of the boy's idiocy was put on, and they said so; but they did not know him, nor happily he the meaning of their sneer. It was amusing to follow him at the lucky moment when he got a shilling or so in this way, when he invariably made straight for the bar of the inn to deposit it with the utmost gravity of manner in the safe keeping of good Mrs. Blaney. He had learnt from bitter experience how unsafe it was to be his own banker, as he had frequently lost his earnings in the hay loft or the stable, before the happy thought had struck him to find a better keeper for them. You would have heard there, too, how he invariably came at night to withdraw his funds, and how he always had money given him, more or less. For there were unlucky days for Ned, when travellers were few or forgetful; but his memory was far from faithful in this regard, and good Mrs. Blaney was more than kind.

The reason for this seeming selfishness of Ned is easily told. He had a mother whom he loved with all his strange impassioned nature, a widowed mother. To receive her grateful smile in return for the wages of his industry each evening when he reached his home was the crowning happiness of the day.

God was kindly with him—he was not alone, poor boy! He had a mother, and all that mother's love. Had you travelled that way you must have noticed their little cottage at the turning going up the hill to St. Mary's. You may see it even now as you pass, but the roses Mary trained there are dead and gone, the little latticed window broken, the garden weedy and desolate, telling its tale of sorrow like the tombstone.

Mary Donovan had lived there for many years—since her boy was quite a child. She came one morning, so the gossips said, a passenger by the coach, somewhere from the North. Her child was then but four years old, and then, as ever after, an object for the sympathy of the kind of heart. She took humble lodgings and applied to the

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shopkeepers and the neighboring gentry for employment at her needle, with which she was wonderfully skilled, they said. The prejudices which met her at the first, from all save the kind landlady of the "Stag," soon gave way before her patient, unbending uprightness of character and the unfathomable sorrow that weighed her down, for sorrow is a sacred thing; even the voice of scandal hushes in its presence. Her past history was her secret. Whether it was one of shame or of suffering virtue no tongue could tell. Silent as the grave to all impertinent inquiry, meek and humble before her God, and gentle as gentleness itself with every living thing, her mystery became respected, and she and her boy beloved.

From that evening, when wet and weary from her journey, she first awoke the kindly sympathies of the hostess of the "Stag"—the same good-natured Mrs. Blaney—for twelve long years the widow pursued her peaceful way, earning for herself and for her child not merely a livelihood, but many of the comforts of dress and food, which were looked upon as luxuries by those around her; and never did mother receive more fulness of reward in the passionate love of offspring than she in that of her all but mindless boy.

When he was yet a child often have I watched him sitting at her feet, as she sat at the cottage door or window plying her ever busy needle, listening to the strange stories of the fairies and the leprechauns of the olden times she could tell so well. Of Heaven and its glories, too, she would sometimes speak, to be interrupted by some strange remark, suggestive of more than human wisdom. Then the startled mother would fix her eyes upon his face so earnestly, as if in hope that God at last would shed light upon the shadowed mind of her bereaved one, to meet ever and always the glance of childish adoration, but with it, alas! the vacant smile that spoke forgetfulness already of the transitory ray of reason that a moment rested there.

Often have I stopped, as I passed that way, to listen to some quaint old ballad full of the melancholy music of her voice, and make my friendly inquiries for herself and child, sure to find him in his usual resting-place. My welcome was a warm one always, and my grey hairs—for they were grey even then, sir—often mingled with the yellow curls of the boy as he clambered up my knee to kiss me. We were warm friends, sir, Mary and I, for I and I only, of all living beings, knew her secret and the story of her sorrow—and this was the way I learned it:

One day, soon after her arrival in the town, I had just risen from early mass in the chapel and turned in here upon my morning round, when the voice of some one weeping bitterly, and the sad wail of a child accompanying, drew my attention to a corner of the yard and to the kneeling figure of a woman and that of a little boy, seated among the long grass of the grave beside her. Mourners were no unfamiliar sights to me, even at such an early hour, but the woman's dress bespoke the stranger and awoke my curiosity. I neared the grave and recognized it as that of a good old man, once the village schoolmaster, who had died two years before. I knew him well; for many years he had dwelt amongst us, respected for himself as for his calling. He had been happy in the affections of an only child—a daughter, the very picture of her mother, he used to say, whom he had buried amongst strangers. In her was centred his every earthly hope. She was his pride, and her pleasure all the reward he sought in a life laden with all the petty vexations of the teacher. She forsook him and her happy home, and fled to England with one whom she had known for a few weeks only, who had met her at Rostrevor, where her father's fond indulgence had sent her for the season; forsook all for a husband—scandal said, a lover—who, whilst enamored of her beauty, scorned her father's poverty. The old man never raised his head again in the village. Two years of sorrow, and the grave closed over him.

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I made it. The savings of his industrious life still lay in the hands of the village pastor in safe-keeping for the lost one should she ever return to claim it; but Mary never claimed it.

I drew nearer, for my heart told me who the mourner was. I, too, had loved the girl, as who indeed had not? I, too, had shared the sorrow of her honest father, and many a time had yearned to know the fate of the fair-haired daughter of his affection.

I drew still nearer; my step was noiseless upon the grass. I leaned upon a headstone near me. I spoke the words that pressed for utterance, "Mary, Mary," I said, "You come too late, too late!"

She started from the grave; an exclamation of terror and surprise broke from her. She looked me wildly in the face as if the spirit of her injured father stood in shape before her, and recognizing the sad features of that father's friend, she sank, sobbing convulsively, upon the grave again, hiding her pale face in the long grass which covered it.

I raised her kindly in my arms, and sitting down beside her, her wondering yet gentle boy between my knees, I heard her sad tale of passion and remorse. No other ever heard that story; she asked my silence and I spoke not.

From that time forward, year after year, the penitent paid frequent visits to her father's grave; her gentle manner asked for no inquiry, and none was made, and there was nothing left of the once joyous daughter of the schoolmaster to challenge recognition. The boy, too, seemed to love the place, and oftentimes accompanied her. For her sake it was he loved it, seeming to comprehend that here there was something sharing with him her affection, some link which bound them both to the place for ever.

Well, years passed on, and, as I have said, the voice of scandal had long been hushed; the child had almost reached to manhood, and the silver threads of time and sorrow had stolen in among the once golden locks of the mother. Childlike ever, and uniformly good and cheerful, Ned rose each morning, and as it had been for some years, the daylight was not more certain to enter the pleasant bar-room of the "Stag" than was the shadow of the innocent to fall across its threshold, its earliest visitor. Evening brought him home with his caresses, his childish chat, and his petty earnings to his mother, who, happy at the pleasure his employment gave him, was profuse in the praises that he loved to hear.

And so matters had gone on for years, just as if they might have done so for ever, when God in his wisdom brought that sore affliction upon us all —the famine and the sickness of '47. Who that has lived through that year of misery and horror, but shudders at the remembrances its very name recalls? Who but wails some beloved one snatched away with scarce a moment's warning?—the child from its mother's arms; the mother from the child's caresses; the youth standing full of hope on the threshold of his manhood, when the warm blood froze suddenly in his veins, the glad visions of his future faded before him as the relentless hand of death seized him with a grasp of iron, leaving him upon the earth but one hour of agony, and the breath to say farewell; the aged flung into the grave upon whose brink they had, trembling, stood for years clinging to life with more than the tenacity of the young;—all, all stricken with that horror of dissolution; bowed down as if a curse had fallen upon us for our sins as once came the plague upon the Egyptians.

First amongst the victims was the long-tried, patient Mary. With sufficient warning only to bring the good priest to her side, to receive the last rites of her faith, to press in her enfeebled arms her terror-stricken son, and upon his lips one agonizing kiss—and her soul was with its God.

The agony of the boy when once he realized the great grief that had fallen upon him was, they told me, so fearful and so wild as to wring with horror the

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hearts of all who heard him. After a time he was somewhat pacified by the gentle persuasion of the priest and the kind soothing of some good-natured neighbors, who, disregarding the danger of the infection, had gathered in, out of love and pity. They strove to lead him from the death-bed; but no! the first paroxysm of despair once over, he sat him down, silent yet stern, by the bed side. He spoke not, he wept not. Apparently unconscious of the presence of others as of his own existence, the icy fingers of one hand clasped in his, he thus sat gazing, motionless as stone, upon the dead face of his mother.

On through the long hours of that autumn night sat the stricken mourner, and though daylight came, aye, even the sunlight that he loved stole in and crept up upon the bed till it fell upon the placid features of the, dead illumining them as with the glory of immortality, still he moved not. Dead as the dead he seemed, in all but the strange, weird evidence of being in his eyes. Stolid he remained to all remonstrances; silent as motionless to all words of comfort.

The hour came at last for preparation toward the removal of the body—for the cholera did not spare the poor body after death, decay set in so rapidly—when, contrary to the expectation of all, the innocent voluntarily arose and even assisted at the necessary duties, duties which must have conveyed to him the knowledge of his approaching parting with her to whom he still clung as lovingly in death as he had done in life.

It was the afternoon of the day following that of Mary's death when a few neighbors gathered to see her home, poor girl! I should not say a few either, for they were many at such a time, when the dead cart rattled hourly past the door, and sorrowing and desolation was in every home.

They bore her from the cottage and along the way leading to the burying ground of Castlewellan, the parish she had lived and died in. The wailing orphan walked stealthily behind, his head low bent, unearthly pallor on his face, his fingers interlaced before him every motion and expression speaking of the sorrow unto death, of the mortal agony of desolation.

Mournfully the procession passed along till it reached the cross road leading to this village here; but continuing their journey, those forming it were suddenly interrupted by a wild unearthly cry from the lips of the idiot.

"Where are yez goin', men, where are yez goin', men, I say? You must take her to Drumbhan, you must take her to Drumbhan! She said she would *lie* there some day beside her father; do you hear that, men? So bring her to Drumbhan, I say!"

His agony was fearful, his shriek inhuman in the fierceness of its passion. The bearers stopped, the mourners gathered around the boy, but vain was every effort to appease him, and still his cry rose far above their words of comfort: "Bring her to Drumbhan, oh! bring her to Drumbhan!"

None there knew, as I have said, the mother's story, and all believed this but a wild unreasonable fancy of poor Ned's; but had it been otherwise, what could they do? The grave was already made, and the good priest waiting to give the last religious rite to the body of this patient and enduring Christian.

Seeing that they again moved on, Ned suddenly ceased his cry, as if he had formed some strange resolution which pacified him, and relapsed into the sudden gloom that had preceded the outcry of his anguish. They buried her; he came away quietly with them. They sought, some of them, to bring him to their houses, thinking to save him the agony of returning home just then to miss her presence; but all efforts to lead him any way but that toward his desolate home were fruitless. He returned to the cottage. He sat down by the vacant bed and rocked himself to and fro, singing with mournful pathos snatches from an old ballad, a favorite of his mother's.

An old neighbor promising to remain with him that night and care for the cottage till next day, when arrange-

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ments were to be made for the disposal of its contents and for the future of poor Ned, the others went to their homes.

The shadows of the night came down. In and near the cottage all was silent. The old woman crept toward the boy to rouse him from his lethargy, and to urge him to take some food which she had prepared for him. He was asleep. Thanking God for this, his greatest gift to the sorrowing heart, the old woman sat down, and, covering her shoulders with her cloak, dozed away an hour or two, then awoke and watched, then slept again, again awoke to find the idiot still asleep, then slept again.

About an hour after sunrise she started from her seat, alarmed by an outcry at the door, her name being loudly called. "In God's name, what's the matter? who's dead now? is it the priest, alanna?"

"Oh! may the Lord be betune us an harum," said a voice from amongst a crowd of excited people at the door, "if they haven't raised poor Mary's body in the night! Here's Brian an' myself saw the empty grave as we passed by the chapel yard just now. Sure never was such a thing as that ever heard of before in Castlewellan anyhow."

"Whisht, whisht, for the love av God," said the old woman, "or Ned will hear yez," and turning toward the bedside, hoping that he still slept quietly, she saw but his vacant seat—the boy was gone.

"I know it all, I know it all," she cried. "As sure as God's in heaven this day, he's gone and raised her up himself. I heard him in his sleep, the crature, but thought nothing of his demented talk. Go after him, men! Go after him, I say! He has gone wid her to Drumbhan."

They hurried off with many others who now heard this extraordinary story. They ran eagerly down the hill toward the village here. You know the distance, maybe? Two long miles at least. Well, when they had reached within half a mile of this spot, sure enough, God knows, they overtook the crazy boy, wheeling before him on a barrow the coffin containing the dead body of his mother.

Never did human eye see sight like this before. He heard their hurried footsteps coming on behind him, and setting down the barrow gently on the road, he turned suddenly upon them with all the frenzy of the fiercest madness in his face, and raising up the spade that lay beside the coffin, and brandishing it above his head, he cried, "Back, back, I tell you all; touch her one of you, and I'll cleave him! Didn't I tell you to bring her to Drumbhan? Didn't I tell you she wanted to sleep down here beside her father? You thought that you were good, did you, and Father Connor, too, to put her up in the hill beside the big church there? But what did you know? what did you know? Did she tell any of you last night that she couldn't rest there; did she do that, I say? No, no, she came to me who loved her, to her own poor Ned—she came and asked me to bring her to Drumbhan; and so I will—so I will, I say, in spite of you all! in spite of you all!"

So saying, he raised the barrow once again and passed onward with his burden. They spoke not. They made no effort to turn him from his purpose. Many there were who would gladly have eased the exhausted creature of his burden, but, awe-stricken, they feared to approach him, and silently fell behind a second time in sad procession at the widow's funeral.

At last he reached the gate there. I was standing at it when he came. He wheeled his burden along that path behind us, and to the grave here. I followed with the rest, as powerless to interfere as they. He laid down the barrow gently again, and taking up the spade he had carried with him, began to dig the grave. I joined him. He looked at me at first inquiringly; then recognizing me, muttered something to himself as if approvingly. Other hands besides ours were soon at work, and a

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few minutes more found Mary resting by her father's side and the last sod carefully replaced—when, failing only when his task was done, the worn-out boy sank senseless upon the grave.

They carried him away gently, and when consciousness returned, they soothed him with kind words. The women blessed him and praised his mother, and his love for her, till recollection returned, and tears for his loss stole silently down the idiot's cheeks. All traces of passion had disappeared, and in its place there seemed the evidence of a new-born intelligence in the mute yet expressive sorrow of that pale face.

He went with them without a murmur; several times turned hastily whilst in sight of the graveyard to look back, then disappeared.

All that day the picture of that poor creature and the scene in which he played so strange a part, haunted me at every step. Still I saw him coming as he did that morning down the hill; the barrow, the coffin, the crowd walking solemnly after. Still I saw it through that long, long day, and leave my fancy it would not. That night I could not rest True, I had loved poor Mary and I had loved her boy; still I had laid away in their narrow beds many, very many that were dear to me, linked to my affection by the closest ties of kindred, but I had never sorrowed, old man as I was, as I had done that day; never felt such awe at the untold mystery of our nature and the wonderful ways of my God.

In the morning I arose early, early for me, and although no duty called me here till after early prayers, I took my spade upon my shoulder and came upon my way, feeling drawn toward the place, I knew not why.

The morning was as beautiful as this one, and, as I think I have said before, the season of the year the same. Already here and there I noticed, as I came along, familiar faces in the fields, and some, too, of my neighbors I met upon the road; but contrary to my usual custom I avoided the familiar chat so frequently indulged in when we met each other at such an early hour, passing on with a "good morrow" only, eager to reach Drumbhan.

Some twenty minutes brought me to the chapel, for I lived then as I do now, a short mile below there. I went in to say a prayer, conscious of my weakness, in the hope to shake the weight from off my shoulders that pressed me down so heavily. Thence passing into the graveyard here, I turned my eyes in this direction to behold, prostrate upon the grave of his mother, the loving, harmless boy.

My knees trembled as with palsy. How came he here? I said, and when? Why, I asked not; I knew too well of this love that was more than earthly. Tottering, I drew near; I called him by his name. He answered not. I called again. No voice replied; nor sound, nor motion was there save the echo of my voice and my hurried footfall as I neared the spot. I stooped, I raised him in my arms, I parted from his brow the long hair damp with the dew of morning. I gazed upon that pale, pale face, which, in the holy peace that rested there, spoke of the goodness and the mercy of our Heavenly Father, into whose holy keeping the spotless soul had passed. He was dead.

The sexton's tale was told.

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ORIGINAL.

LIGHT.

Gaudium lucis Æternæ.

When the twilight veil is closing
Gently o'er each darkening scene,
Love we not the shades reposing
Underneath its misty screen?

When, like ruins dim and hoary,
Forms are outlined on the sky,
See we not surpassing glory
In the day-god's closing eye?

Yes! But from the LIGHT is given
All the grace of coming night;
And the change from day to even
Is a change of varied light!

Silent midnight reigneth over
Scenes so lately bright and fair,
Shades like gliding spectres hover
Round each faint-traced image there;

And the darkness onward stealing
Shrouds the earth with dusky pall,
But from LIGHT, the dim revealing
Even of midnight's glories fall.

And the purer spirit-vision
Is a world all fair and bright;
Ever in the dream elysian
Joy is of "eternal light."

MARIE.

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From The Dublin University Magazine.

MEDIÆVAL BOOKS AND HYMNS.*

THE fall of Rome was the annihilation of a great dominant power, a power which had been supreme; and when the barbarians marched into her streets and devastated her homes, the world sunk back into a tenebrous night of social, intellectual, and moral darkness. Her mighty empire, held together like one country by her genius, was broken up and divided amongst the different tribes who had poured down from the north and overrun Europe, divided just as the fortune of war or the caprice of choice indicated. It was the approach of a moral chaos; but the hand whose guidance is to be felt in the life of individuals, and may be traced in the history of nations, did not abandon the world to the utter confusion of its own impulses. As the imperial power of Rome fell away and died out like an effete thing, wasted by its own corruption, a new power was springing up in vigorous youth by the side of that which was declining. Christianity was advancing toward the west with rapid strides, victorious through the persecution of tyranny and the jealousy of philosophy; it was then taking its stand in the world as an influence; but if at this moment amid the vast changes and subversion of things which took place after the fall of Rome, Christianity had been merely a reformed philosophy, and had been left to the mercy of pagan barbarians, it would have been extinguished in its infancy. That was avoided by a remarkable concatenation of circumstances. For centuries there had been an apprehension in the Roman empire of an advance of the barbarous nations in the north of Europe, symptoms of which had manifested themselves in the earliest period of the Christian era. Toward the latter end of the second century the most powerful of these tribes, the Goths, impelled by some influx of other barbarians, advanced from their position near the mouth of the Vistula, invaded the Roman frontier, and took Dacia, where they were found by the Emperor Caracalla at the opening of the third century, in the middle of which they were allowed by Aurelian to settle along the banks of the Euxine, when they were divided into two parts—the "Ostro" or Eastern, and the "Visi" or Western Goths. In the next century a terrible alarm was raised amongst them, which even penetrated into the Roman empire, and up to its capital, where it was related that an awful race of beings—savage, ugly, inhuman, begotten of the devil—were pouring in thousands out of the deserts and plains of Asia into Europe. Such were the Huns. Already they had reached the territory of the Ostrogoths, whom they compelled to supply them with guides to lead them on toward the Visigoths. These latter at their approach fled in the extremity of terror toward the Danube, and implored the protection of Valens the emperor, who allowed them to settle in Mœsia, upon the condition that they should defend the imperial frontier. In less than forty years afterward from defending the Roman frontier they sacked Rome. But during this interval an incident took place which had a great influence upon the destinies of Christianity. After the settlement with Valens, an intercourse of a somewhat friendly character sprung up between the Romans and

* The reader will bear in mind that the author of the following paper is a Protestant minister.—ED. CATH. WORLD.

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these barbarian defenders of the frontier. The church was suffering from her great Arian apostasy—a form of scepticism exactly parallel to that *new* light of modern times called Rationalism. Valens was an Arian, and, wishing to convert these pagan barbarians, sent a missionary amongst them in the person of the renowned Ulphilas, whom he made bishop of the Mœso-Goths. This great bishop labored assiduously for the conversion of the barbarians, invented an alphabet, and translated the Scriptures with his own hand into their strange idiom. His labors were blessed with success; the Goths embraced Christianity, though in the Arian form; and fifty years afterward, when Alaric led them into Rome, amid the tumult of the unfettered license of the soldiers, an order was issued to respect the churches of the apostles and the sacred places. In the midst of the devastation of the city and through the very thick of the riot, a band of priests and devotees were seen marching under the protection of Gothic soldiery, carrying on their heads the sacred vessels of St. Peter, and mingling with the shoutings of the ravagers the chant of solemn psalms. Under Gothic protection, and by the express order of the Gothic king, the sacred vessels were deposited in safety at the Vatican; numbers of Christians joined the procession and received shelter, whilst many who were not Christians also availed themselves of the opportunity to join the band of believers and escape in the general confusion.* This was the first indication of the new life which was to dawn upon the world under the influence of Christianity. Gradually all the tribes of barbarians yielded to its influence—the Burgundians in Gaul, the Vandals in Africa, the Suevi in Spain, the Ostrogoths, the Franks, and then the Saxons in England; but the early conversions of these barbarians were to the Arian form of Christianity then in the ascendant. Its principal tenet was the denial of the equality of the Son to the Father; and the heresy spread until the error, after being vigorously combated, was suppressed, and the new nations won back to the orthodox faith. Thus was this compensation for the overturn of civilization effected; the world was not abandoned to utter destruction, it was indeed given up to the hands of rude barbarians, but they in turn were subjected to a new influence which accompanied them to the various kingdoms founded upon the ruins of the extinct empire, and formed the basis in each of those kingdoms of a new and higher civilization. With the fall of Rome the gods of the pagans were overturned, their temples destroyed; and in the midst of the devastation, the ruin, and the despair into which the world was sinking, the Church of Christ arose as the guiding spirit, the pioneer of the new life. Another incident in connection with the establishment of Christianity, which saved the lore of ancient times from destruction, was the adoption of the Latin language by the church; for although that language had made a settlement in many of the countries subject to the Roman arms, yet a tendency soon sprung up, from the mixture with barbarian invaders, to the degeneracy of the Latin tongue and the rise of new and separate idioms. But it was preserved in comparative purity in the church, which naturally led to the preservation of its most noble monuments; and it ultimately became, when the modern languages were in their infancy, the tongue especially devoted to the transmission of learning. History, poetry, science, and what little there was of literature, found a medium of communication and a means of preservation in the Latin language. Had it not been adopted by the church then for some centuries, whilst the new tongues were gradually developing and settling into a form, the world would have been dark indeed, not a book, not a page, not a

* Orosius Hist., lib. vii. c. 39.

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syllable would have reached us of the thought, the life, or the events of that period.

From the fourth to the seventh century there would have been an impenetrable gap in the annals of humanity—the voice of history would have been hushed into a dead silence, and the light of the past which beacons the future would have been extinguished in the darkness of a universal chaos. In England, however, the case was somewhat different. From the earliest period of the Saxon domination there was a struggle for a literature in the vulgar tongue. The Saxons had brought with them a vast store of traditional poetry out of which one specimen has been preserved, consisting of an epic poem in forty-three cantos, and about 6,000 lines—the oldest epic of modern times, It is called, "The Gleeman's Song," and was composed by Beowulf in their native wilds and brought over with them in the fifth century. It is a strange poem, impregnated with the vigorous air of the North; strength and simplicity being its chief characteristics. The principal personage is Hrothgar the king, and the poem is full of incidental descriptions of manners and customs which afterward became native to England, and linger about among us even now: there are great halls, ale-carousals, fighting with giants, the elements of a rude chivalry, and an invincible prowess which dares both dragons and ghosts. But the first native writer in Anglo-Saxon after the conversion to Christianity is Cædmon, who lived in the latter part of the seventh century (680). The story of his miraculous inspiration is recorded by Bede.* He was born in Northumbria and was a monk of Whitby. He paraphrased large portions of the Scripture, and has aptly been called the Anglo-Saxon Milton; indeed it is more than probable that the Puritan poet borrowed the ideas of his sublime soliloquy of Satan in Pandemonium from this Saxon monk; After Satan's overthrow, Cædmon says*—

"Then spake he worde:
This narrow place is most unlike
that other that we formerly knew
high in Heaven's kingdom,
which my master bestowed on me,
Though we it for the All-powerful
may not possess.
We must cede our realm."

So Milton—

"O how unlike the place from whence they fell!"

and in the words of Satan—

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
That we must change for heaven, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right."

Cædmon's notion of Pandemonium is the prototype of Milton:

"But around me lie
iron bonds;
presseth this cord of chain,
I am powerless!
me have so hard
the clasps of hell
so firmly grasped.
Here is a vast fire
above and underneath;
never did I see a loathlier landskip;
the flame abateth not
hot over hell.
Me hath the clasping of these rings,
this hard polished band,
impeded in my course,
debarred me from my way.
My feet are bound,
my hands are manacled
. . . . . .
About me lie
huge gratings
of hard iron,
forged with heat,
with which me God
hath fastened by the neck."

Nearly all these ideas are incorporated in Milton's sublime picture—

". . . . . down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire."
. . . . . *Line* 48.
"Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild?"
. . . . . *Line* 180.
"A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed."
Line 61.
". . . . torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed."
Line 67.

But after the death of Cædmon (680), there must have been a great deal of poetry written which is now lost, for we read that Bede, on his

* Eccl. Hist., lib. iv., c. 24.

* Thorpe's edition of Cædmon.

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death-bed, repeated several passages from national poets, one of which is preserved in that interesting description of the last moments of the great historian, written by S. Cuthbert, who was with him to the end.* But the chivalrous poetry of tradition gave way to that of religion, which is the characteristic of Saxon song after the sixth century.

We are also told that Aldhelm, bishop of Sherbourne, who died in the year 709, was one of the best poets of his day. But still at this period, although there was a struggle after a national literature, the great works were all written in Latin; and Bede, much as he admired the Saxon poets of his country, intrusted his Ecclesiastical History to the only idiom sacred to learning. Gildas and Nennius, who preceded Bede, also wrote in Latin. But the Saxons were the first out of all the barbarians to acquire a vernacular literature. Of that literature we are scarcely competent to judge; but from what has come down to us, from allusions in history, from the state of education among them, we may safely conclude that although little has survived, it was not a poor literature. We must remember the continual scenes of devastation which took place during the period of their domination; when monasteries were rifled, books burnt, and manuscripts wantonly destroyed. From the time of Alfred, only one Anglo-Saxon writer of any consequence has come down to us, Olfric; but from what we know of Saxon progress we may be assured there were many others. It is evident from the state of education among them. Before the middle of the seventh century schools had sprung up, and toward the latter end an impetus was given to learning by the labors of Theodore and Adrian, of whom Bede asserts that they gathered together a crowd of disciples, and taught them not only the books of Holy Writ, but the arts of ecclesiastical poetry, astronomy, and arithmetic, and adds in proof that some of their scholars were alive in his day who were as well versed in the Greek and Latin tongues as their own.* Even the ladies among the Saxons were well educated, for it was to them that Aldhelm addressed his work De Laude Virginitatis, and Boniface corresponded with ladies in Latin. In the ninth century also we find that schools were flourishing in various parts of the kingdom, especially the one at York, under Archbishop Egbert, who taught Greek, Latin, and Hebrew to the scholars, amongst whom was Alcuin the friend of Charlemagne. From the letters of Alcuin, but more especially from his History of the Church of York, we may learn that for the same there was a renowned library there, and as it is the earliest list of books—the first catalogue of an English library extant—we may as well subjoin it. Alcuin says that in his library were the works of Jerome, Hilarius, Ambrose, Augustine, Athanasius, Gregory, Pope Leo, Basil, Chrysostom, and others. Bede and Aldhelm, the native authors, of course were there. In history and philosophy there were Orosius, Boethius, Pompeius, Pliny, Aristotle, and Cicero. In poetry, Sedulius Juvencus, Prosper, Arator, Paulinus, Fortunatus, Lactantius; and of the classics, Virgil, Statius, and Lucan. Of grammarians there was a great number, such as Probus, Phocas, Donatus, Priscian, Servius, Eutychius, and Commianus. Boniface was a great book collector, and used to send them home to England. So that we may fairly conclude that if the Danish depredations and the internal dissensions of the country had not been so fatal to the treasures hoarded up in monastic libraries we should have had much more of Saxon literature. The influence of Dunstan, too, gave an impulse to learning both in the country gener-

* Asseri Annales (Gale's Collec.) ann.: 781.

* Eccl. Hist. lib. iv., c. 2.

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ally and in the church. He himself was a scholar, a musician, an artist, an illuminator, and a man of science;* but the most prominent figure is Bede, who, as we observed, wrote in Latin; he was well versed in Greek and Hebrew. He wrote many works—thirty-seven according to his own list, including compilations; but the most important was his Ecclesiastical History, which traces the course of the national church from the earliest times down to 731, within four years of his own death. In his introduction he honestly gives us a list of his materials, from which we can gather that in all parts of the country the bishops and abbots had instinctively turned their attention to historical writing; for he says he was indebted to Albinus, abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, for the particulars of the Augustinian mission and the history of the Kentish Church generally, and to Northelm, a priest of London, who had discovered at Rome the epistles of Pope Gregory upon the subject; from Daniel, bishop of the West Saxons, he received much assistance as to the history of that province and the adjoining. Abbot Esius, of East Anglia, and Cunebert, of Lindsey, are also mentioned as contributing valuable materials. So that this history of Bede is compiled from the most authentic sources, and forms one of the most valuable collections of ecclesiastical annals extant in any nation. It is a fact worthy of note in the history of letters, that these early prelates of the Saxon Church, and in fact the monks in the various monasteries scattered over the country from the earliest period, and even down to their decadence, silently and patiently recorded the events of their times and of their church, and that their labors, such as have been rescued from the ravages of the past, form the only true "materia historica" of modern writers. But we pass on from the time of Bede to that of Alfred, under whose influence the Saxon language almost displaced the use of the Latin. The extraordinary vicissitudes of his life have been elsewhere recorded, but in literature he was an historian, a theologian, a commentator, and a transcriber. His principal works were translations of Gregory's Pastoral Care, the Universal History of Orosius, Boethius's Consolations of Philosophy, Bede's Ecclesiastical History, and several parts of the Bible; but he not only translated, but interpolated whole pages of his own. In the Pastoral Care he has inserted original prayers; in the History of Orosius there is a sketch of the state of Germany by him, and the translation of Boethius is tesselated with profound and pointed thoughts, which fairly entitle him to the name of philosopher. The greatest achievement of King Alfred was perhaps the reviving and restarting the Saxon Chronicle. It is probable that from the earliest times of the Saxon rule a national record of events had been kept somewhere, either from the instinct of preservation or by concert. The evidence of Bede proves that it was done in the church as regards ecclesiastical matters, and we know that in the time of Alfred there was a short record of bare events, with now and then a genealogy treasured up and handed down from age to age. It was his thought and care to reform these records and restart the Chronicle as a great national archive. For this purpose, he enjoined Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, to collect what could be found, write it out fairly, and commence his labors as the chronicler of the period. From that time the records are fuller and more in detail, and down to the year 1154 it was kept up by different men in different monasteries, who were eye-witnesses of the events they recorded, and out of whose labors there are only six original MSS. extant of this great national work. The first is called the Plegmund, or Benet MS., because it was, as we have said, compiled by Plegmund at the instigation of Alfred, and is preserved in Benet

* "Artem scribendi necne citharizandi pariterque pingendi peritiam diligenter excoluit.—Cotton MSS. —Cleop., B xiii., fol. 69.

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(Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge. From the year 891 it is written in different hands and by different people down to the year 1070. The second copy is in the Cottonian Collection at the British Museum (Tiberius. A vi.), written apparently by one hand, which has been attributed to Dunstan, and it terminates at the year 977, eleven years before his death. The third copy is in the same collection (Cotton Tiberius, B i.), and is thought to have been written in the monastery of Abingdon; it reaches down to 1066. The fourth copy is also in the Cottonian collection (Tiberius, B iv.), written by different men down to the year 1079. The fifth manuscript is in the Bodleian library at Oxford (Laud. E 80), from internal evidence, written in the year 1122, compiled from older materials, and carried down in different hands to the year 1154, showing the gradual degeneracy of the Saxon language under Norman influence, from 1132 to the end. The sixth and last manuscript is in the Cottonian library (Domitian, A viii.). It has been accredited to a Canterbury monk; it is written in Latin and Saxon, and terminates in 1058. Besides these six, one other MS. is mentioned as of great value, being a transcription of a Cottonian MS., which perished in a fire at Dean's yard in 1731. It is in the Dublin library (E, 5–15). and was written by Lombard in 1863–64.* Scarcely any country in Europe possesses such an historical treasure as this, so authentic and so characteristic. It is a very interesting study to note its many peculiarities; there are sad gaps in its records, as though the sorrow of the land was too great to be recorded, and the hand had failed; there are songs of triumph at the defeat of the enemy, and pathetic lamentations over desolated homes; there are noble panegyrics upon men of blessed memory, who had fought up bravely for their church and country, and words of bitter scorn for traitors, cowards, and profligates; it contains pious reflections, ejaculations, and aspirations; it is a most vivid picture of the manners, the thoughts, the joys, the sorrows of the most interesting and important period in the history of our country, as though the life itself, with its characters and incidents, were made to pass before our eyes in a rapid panorama.

Such was the result of one of Alfred's many plans for the good of his kingdom. His own diligence as a writer and translator told vitally upon the language, then rapidly improving. Latin manuscripts had for some time previously been interlined with Anglo-Saxon "glosses"—that is, interpretations of Latin words and passages in Anglo-Saxon—and this gradually led to the complete transcription of Latin MSS. into Anglo-Saxon, and the writing of original matter in the vernacular tongue.*

Although only one writer of any consequence has been handed down to us from the time of Alfred, yet we may fairly infer that many others lived and wrote, whose works were destroyed in the ravages made by the Danes from that time to the Norman conquest, and afterward when Norman monks looked with contempt upon Saxon MSS., and used them for other purposes, such as binding or transcription after erasure. The Latin then once more became the language of literature in this country. Still the Saxon lived, and would not be trampled out by the Normans, though it degenerated sadly until, in the fourteenth century, an idiom sprung up by a mingling of the two, which has been called Semi-Saxon. Out of this came the early English, from which, after an additional Saxon infusion from Puritan times, came the idiom we now use, whose strong Saxon basis bids fair to make it live through all time, and is

* For a more detailed account of these MSS. see Preface to Bohn's edition of the Translation of Bede and Saxon Chronicle.

* A specimen of this interlinear translation may be seen in the Cottonian collection—Vespasian, A i. —a Psalter written in the year 1000, in Latin capitals, with an Anglo-Saxon interpretation between the lines.

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spreading it in every quarter of the world.

It will be interesting to note at this point that two men managed to preserve a great deal of literary matter out of the gross Vandalism which was rife, Archbishop Parker and Sir Robert Cotton. Parker's collection is in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and those of Cotton in the British Museum, the present reference to which, under the titles of Roman emperors, arose from the circumstance that in his own library they were arranged on shelves, over each of which was a bust of one of the Roman emperors. In this way, and by the diligence of these two men, many valuable MSS. were rescued which had passed into the hands of private individuals and booksellers.

All hopes of a national vernacular literature were, however, frustrated by the advent of the Normans. Centuries before, the French had ceased to sing their mournful litany, "A furore Normannorum libera nos Domine," and had found it advisable to give these troublesome strangers a settlement. Here they had multiplied and thriven until the middle of the eleventh century, when they were the most promising people in Europe. There are traits in the Norman character not unlike the Roman. The Gothic tribes generally adopted the language and, to a certain extent, the customs of the countries they conquered; but the Normans, like the Romans, always endeavored to graft their own language and customs upon their vanquished. As soon, therefore, as William had made his tenure sure in England, he began the work of Saxon extermination by ordering that the elements of grammar should be taught in the French language, that the Saxon caligraphy should be abandoned, and all deeds, pleadings in courts, and laws should be in French. Saxon then sunk into contempt, and those of the old race who were more politic than patriotic set to work vigorously to acquire the elements of the favorite tongue. Then also the custom of writing books in Latin was revived, and continued, as regards all important works, down to the sixteenth century; for although books were written in English before that time, the language was in a very crude state; for as in Germany and other countries, so in England, the event which first fixed the language was the translation of the Bible into the vernacular; the book, which everybody read, soon became an authority, and was appealed to on points of language. Still the influence of the Normans was beneficial, both upon the manners and the literature of the country. The Saxons, with all their greatness, were not a very refined people; they were given to carousals of which we can scarcely form any conception, their diet was coarse, and their manners unpolished; but the Normans, if not more simple in their habits, were more refined. Norman extravagance found vent, not in drunken orgies and riotous feasting, but in fine buildings, horses, trappings, and dress.* The importation of provincial poetry in the shape of Trouvère poems, romances, and fabliaux, had a refining effect upon the literature, and laid the foundation of English chivalry. But the most beneficial effect was the introduction of two or three master spirits into the country, whose friendship William had formerly cultivated. Of the two most important we will give a rapid sketch.

In the early morning of a day in the first quarter of the eleventh century, a poor young scholar walked through the gates of Pavia, staff in hand, into the open country, and made his weary way across the Alps. He was heavy in heart and light in purse; he had lost his parents, and had left his native city to seek the scanty livelihood of a vagrant scholar, and yet bound up in that ragged form, as it were in an undeveloped germ, were wealth, power, and influence; he was making his way,

* There is a very good comparison of the manners of the two races drawn by William of Malmesbury in his Gesta Regum; and, being related to both, he is likely to have given a fair estimate.

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as far as he knew, to some of those French schools of disputation which had sprung up, where a poor scholar whose wits had been sharpened by scanty fare, might, by a happy sophism or a crushing conclusion, earn a bed and refreshment for the night; but he was in reality making his way to fame, distinction, and wealth, to a conqueror's court, and to the episcopal throne of Canterbury. This ragged scholar, who thus left his native city, was Lanfranc, a name familiar to English ears and ever memorable in English history. For some years he led this vagrant life, travelling from place to place, disputing and studying, when he once more returned to Pavia and established himself as a pleader. His eloquence soon brought fame and competence; but urged by some hidden impulse, he threw up the prospects open to him; once more left the city, and once more took his way across the Alps and settled at Avranches in Normandy, where many schools were established. He soon found disciples; but the secret yearning of his heart developed itself — the monastery of Bea was not far distant, and to it he bent his steps, hoping to find that peace which the cloister alone could afford. But he was not allowed to remain in obscurity, his scholars and others, attracted by his fame, crowded around him, flocked to his lectures, and the school of Bea became so renowned that the attention of the young Duke of Normandy, who also had in him the germ of a glorious career, was attracted to this rising dialectician, and through the medium of intellectual intercourse a friendship was engendered which procured for the conqueror of England a wise and trusty adviser, and paved the way to fortune for the poor student. The remainder of his career may be summed up in a few words. William had just founded a new monastery at Caen, and over it he placed his friend as abbot. But during the twenty years which had elapsed between the time of his settlement at Bea and his elevation to the abbacy of Caen, the school he had founded had become most renowned, and some of the great men of after times boasted of having sat there at Lanfranc's feet. Among these were Bishops Guimond, Ives, and another Archbishop of Canterbury, Anselm. On one occasion after the elevation of Lanfranc to the primacy of England, he was obliged to visit Rome and have an audience of Pope Alexander II., who paid him such marked respect that the courtiers asked the reason, and the Pope replied, "It is not because he is primate of England that I rose to meet him, but because I was his pupil at Bea, and there sat at his feet to listen to his instruction."

While at Caen, however, he entered into the renowned controversy with Berenger upon the doctrine of the real presence in the Eucharist, Berenger admitting the fact but denying the change of substance. The results of this controversy, however, were anticipated by neither party. It led to a thorough change in the mode of investigation of truth, more especially of divine truth. Berenger had adopted the course of arguing the point upon the grounds of pure reason, a course not unfamiliar to an expert dialectician like Lanfranc, but utterly novel in theological disputation, where authority was omnipotent. Lanfranc himself says of his opponent that he desired "relictis sacris auctoritatibus ad dialecticam confugium facere." But like a true athlete, he meets his adversary with his own weapons, and for the first time in Europe men beheld a vital theological dogma being discussed by champions who had agreed to throw aside all the weight of authority and rely upon the strength of their own logic. This was the first signal for the union of scholasticism with theology, which prevailed in Europe for centuries, tingeing even the writings of the early reformers. What Lanfranc had done in the pressure of controversy, Anselm took up with all the ardor of a convert; and the change which passed over the thought of Europe

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amounted to a sort of intellectual revolution. But to return to the fortunes of Lanfranc;—soon after William had been consecrated he returned to Normandy, taking with him Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose deposition he ultimately procured, when he immediately installed his friend and adviser, Lanfranc, into the see of Canterbury. At first, however, Lanfranc declined the post, upon the grounds that he did not know the language; but his objection was overruled, and in the year 1070 he was consecrated and took up his residence in England.

To him at Bea succeeded as teacher Anselm, who made great advances in the scholastic mode of teaching. He was also prior of the monastery, and during this period he wrote six treatises —on the Fall of Satan, on Truth, on Original Sin, on the Reason why God created Man, the Liberty of the Will, and the Consistency of Freedom with the Divine Prescience. These great questions were then uppermost in men's minds, and they were treated by Anselm in the new and more attractive mode of appeal to pure reason. Whilst in the midst of these studies he was appointed abbot of his monastery, which he reluctantly accepted, and in the year 1093, fifteen years afterward, four years after the death of Lanfranc, he was appointed by William II. to the archbishopric of Canterbury. His relations with the king were not happy; he opposed that obstinate and rapacious monarch, and a series of misunderstandings ensued, which led him to retire to Rome to consult with the Pope. During his absence he wrote that book by which he is most known, Cur Deus Homo, Why God was made Man. He also took a prominent part in the Council of Bari, in 1098, where he procured the decision against the Greek delegates, upon the question of the Procession of the Holy Ghost. Upon the death of William he returned; but the rest of his life was occupied in continual disputes on points of privilege with the king, Henry, and he died in the year 1109.

But we will now advance to the consideration of that great change which came over the thought of Europe, and bears the name of scholasticism. The controversy of Lanfranc with Berenger on the doctrine of the real presence, may be accepted as the point where the new method was applied to theology; from that time it became the favorite mode. But although the scholastic philosophers professed to rely upon bare reason, they appear to have instinctively felt that great want of human nature, the want of an oracle, and they found their oracle in the works of Aristotle, then in use in the university and schools of Spain, sadly perverted by being filtered through an Arabic translation. Men flew to Arabic grammars, and to Spain, to Arabic versions of Aristotle, and the Stagyrite then became the oracle of the Scholastics just as the fathers were of their opponents. But still, as is and must be the case in all religious controversies, both parties lay under the same necessity, and, after all, drew their premises from the same quarter. The defender and the opposer were alike subject to the influence of revelation; without that, the opponent would have wanted the subject of opposition, and the defender the object of his defence, so that the premises of both appear to be involved in the same thing, and in fine the Scholastics fell back also upon the fathers, as may be seen in the Sentences of Peter Lombard, the handbook of scholasticism, which is nothing but a mass of extracts from the fathers and popes, worked up together into a system of theology. In its earliest form it cannot be denied that scholasticism did good. It was a healthy revival of intellectual life, it stimulated all classes of thinkers, and created a passion for inquiry; it brought out such great minds as Abelard, Duns Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas. The very subjects upon which men debated gave an elevation to thought, and the result was an intellectual activity which has rarely been equalled. It must be remembered also that the schoolmen did not discard

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the facts laid down by the fathers; they were not infidels, but their investigations turned more upon the mode of operation—they accepted the divine presence in the Eucharist, but what they wanted to ascertain was the way in which it manifested itself. They believed in the Incarnation, but they desired to know the exact mode in which that sacrifice had worked out human redemption.

But we must return to the development of English literature. After the Norman Conquest, we have already observed, the Latin tongue became once more the medium of communication for the learned, and all great works were written in that idiom, so that there were three tongues used in England: the Latin by the clergy and scholars, the Norman-French by the court and nobles, and the Saxon, which fell to the common people. The literature of that period was rich in some departments, poor in others. In philosophy, whatever we may think of its merit, it was anything but scanty, and a perfect library of scholastic writings has come down even to our times, a desert of argumentation and reasoning, but containing veins of gold, could a mortal ever be found endowed with the patience to dig deep enough, and labor long enough to open them. The Book of Sentences, by Peter the Lombard, bishop of Paris, to which we have already alluded, was one of the wonders of the twelfth century. It was divided into four parts: the first treated of the Trinity and divine attributes, the second of the Creation, the origin of angels, of the fall of man, of grace, free will, of original and actual sin; the third of the Incarnation, faith, hope, charity, the gifts of the spirit, and the commandments of God; and the fourth treated of the Sacraments, the Resurrection, the Last Judgment, and the state of the righteous in heaven. Although a great deal is borrowed from the fathers, yet there is in this work a marked tendency toward the scholastic method; he wanders into abstruse speculations and subtle investigations as to the generation of the Word, the possibility of two persons being incarnate in one, sins of the will and of the action. It did much to mould the thought of succeeding writers, and it won for its author the title of Master of Sentences; it was appealed to as an authority; what the "Master" said was a sufficient answer to an opponent. Another great work was the Summa of Thomas Aquinas, a book which excites admiration even now. Duns Scotus and Occam, also contributed voluminously to the stores of scholastic theology. The literature, however, was richer in history. Whilst the theologians were debating about questions beyond the reach of the human intellect, a band of quiet pious men devoted their time to the recording the tale of human actions. Upward of forty men lived from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, who have written the history of the country from the earliest periods down to the dawning of the sixteenth century. Probably no country in the world is richer in historical material than ourselves; and as an admirable instance of monastic diligence, and evidence of intellectual activity in what has been usually termed an age of dense ignorance, we subjoin a table of the historical writers, upon whose labors the authentic history of the country must rest.*

MONASTIC WRITERS OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Twelfth Century.

William of Poictiers, History of Conquest—Chaplain to William I.
Ordericus Vitalis, Ecclesiastical History to 1141—Monk of St. Evroult.
Anonymous, Gesta Stephani.
William of Jumièges, History of Normandy—Monk of Jumièges.
Florence of Worcester, Chronicon ex Chronicis to 1119—Monk of Worcester.
Matthew of Westminster, Flores Historiarum—Doubtful.

* We omit in our list the supposititious history of Croyland, by Ingulphus, which has been disposed of by Richard Palgrave, as of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, and of little historical value.

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William of Malmesbury, Gesta Regum, Historia Novella, Gesta Pontificum, Vita Anselmi, De Antiquitate Glastoniæ—Monk of Malmesbury.

Eadmer, Historia Novorum, and others—Monk of Canterbury.

Turgot, Confessor of Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore; wrote her Life and History of Durham (called Simeon of Durham), History of St. Cuthbert, De Rebus Anglorum, and other works—Monk of Durham.

Ailred, Account of Battle of Standards—Abbot of Rivault, York.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, British History—Monk of Monmouth.

Alfred of Beverley, Gestis Regum—Canon of St. John's, Beverley.

Giraldus Cambrensis, Itinerarium Cambriæ, Topographia Hiberniæ, De Rebus a se Gestis, etc.—Politician.

Henry of Huntingdon, Eight Books History, Julius Cæsar to 1154—Archdeacon.

Roger of Hovenden, Chronicle, 732 to 1202, in continuation of Bede.

William of Newburgh, Hist. from Conquest to 1197—Monk of Newburgh.

Benedictus Abbas, Chronicle, 1170 to 1192—Abbot of Peterboro'.

Ralph de Diceto, Two Chron., one 589 to 1148, and the other to 1199, Hist. of Controversy between Henry and à Becket, Lives of Archbishops of Canterbury to 1200, in the Anglia Sacra—Archdeacon of London.

Gervase of Canterbury, Chronicle, from 1100 to end of century, three other pieces, Contests between Monks and Archbishop Baldwin, History of the Archbishops, from Augustine to Walter, 1205—Monk of Canterbury.

Thirteenth Century.

Richard of Devizes, Chron. of Reign of Richard I.—Monk.

Jocelyn de Brakelond, Chron., 1173 to 1202—Monk of St. Edmondsbury.

Roger of Wendover, Hist. to 1235—Monk of St. Albans.

Matthew Paris, Historia Major. Conq. to 1259—Monk of St. Albans.

Fourteenth Century.

William Rishanger, Continuation of M. Paris to 1322, Wars of the Barons—Monk of St. Albans.

John of Brompton,* Chron. to 1199, from Saxons—Monk of Jerevaux.

Thomas Wickes, Chron., of Salisbury to 1304—Canon of Osney.

Walter Hemingford, Hist. Conquest to 1273—Monk of Gisbro'.

Robert of Avesbury, Hist. Reign of Edward III. to 1356—Register of Canterbury.

* Authorship doubtful.

Nicholas Trivet, Hist. from 1135 to 1307—Dominican.

Adam Murimuth, Chron. 1303 to 1337—Monk.

Henry Knyghton, Hist. from Edgar to Richard II.—Canon of Leicester.

Thomas Stubbs, Chron. of Archbishops of York to 1373—Monk.

William Thorne, Chron. of Abbots of St. Augustine, 1397—Monk.

Ranulph Higden, Polychronicon* to 1357—Monk.

Fifteenth Century.

Thomas Walsingham, Hist. Brevis to Hy. of Normandy—Monk of St. Albans.

Thomas Otterbourne, Hist. to 1420—Franciscan.

John Whethamstede, Chron. 1441 to 1461—Abbot of St. Albans.

Thomas Elmham, Life of Henry V.—Prior of Linton.

William of Worcester, Chron. 1324 to 1491—Monk.

John Rouse, Hist. Kings of England to 1490—Chaplain to Earl of Warwick.

Monastic Registers.

Glastonbury,	63 to 1400
Melrose,	735 to 1270
Margan,	1066 to 1232
Waverly,	1066 to 1291
Ely,	156 to 1169
Abingdon,	870 to 1131
Bishops of Durham,	633 to 1214
Burton	1004 to 1263
Rochester,	1115 to 1124
Holyrood,	596 to 1163

Add to these many historical documents which have been preserved from destruction, such as the Doomsday Book, the Liber Niger, rolls and public registers, and we have a repertoire of historical materials such as scarcely any other nation in Europe can boast of. From the time when the Saxon Chronicle was commenced down to the age of printing, the pens of the monks were unwearied in recording the history of their country; and although they had their share of human weakness, and were influenced in matters of opinion frequently by the treatment shown to their order, still among such a mass of writers the truth may surely be ascertained. The severity of criticism applied to history in these

* Caxton printed it, with a continuation of his own, to 1460.

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days is driving men rapidly to active research among these *origines historicæ*. Formerly when a man wrote a history, he framed his work upon other men's labors and his own fancy, as was instanced in the case of Robertson, who coolly tells us that he had made up his mind to write a history of something, but was undecided whether it should be a history of Greece, of Leo X., William III. and Anne, or Charles V. At last he decided upon the latter, and we may infer from a letter of his to Dr. Birch in what degree of preparation he was for the work. He says: "I never had access to any copious libraries, and do not pretend to any extensive knowledge of authors, but I have made a list of such as I thought most essential to the subject, and have put them down as *I have found them mentioned in any book I happened to read.*" In another letter he admits: "My chief object is to adorn as far as I am capable of adorning the history of a period which deserves to be better known." Hume was no better than Robertson, for it appears that the latter had consulted the great English historian about Mary, who sent him a version which Robertson at once used. But shortly after Hume received some MSS. from Dr. Birch, who went more deeply into these things, and in consequence he wrote to his friend Robertson to the following effect: "What I wrote to you with regard to Mary, etc., was from the printed histories and papers, but I am now sorry to tell you that by Murdin's State Papers the matter is put beyond all question. I got these papers during the holidays by Dr. Birch's means, and as soon as I read them *I ran to Millar* and desired him very earnestly to stop the publication of your history till I should write to you and give you an opportunity of correcting a mistake so important, but he *absolutely refused compliance.* He said that your book was finished; that the whole narrative of Mary's trial must be wrote over again; that it was uncertain whether the new narrative could be brought within the same compass with the old; that this change would require the cancelling a great many sheets; and that there were scattered passages through the *volumes founded on your own theory.*"*

We quote these letters to show how history was written in bygone times by men who until the days of Maitland and Froude have been regarded as authorities. The blind led the blind, and the History of Scotland—whole sheets of which ought to have been rewritten, and scattered passages founded upon theory erased—was given to the world, because the printer refused to disturb the press, and the author was disinclined to demolish such a fair creation. But the day for imaginative history is past, and a new light is dawning upon the world, the necessity of which is apparent from these revelations. For the future the historian must write from manuscripts or printed copies of manuscripts, or his theories and his fancies will be soon dissipated under a criticism which is becoming daily more powerful, and acquiring new compass as fast as the labors of the Record Office are being brought to light. The narrative of the most vital periods of our country's history will have to be rewritten. We are being gradually taught that the dark ages were not so dark as our conceptions of them; that some of our favorite historical villains may yet be saved; and that many of the gods we have worshipped had very few claims to divinity. The very fact of there being such a repertoire of historical materials created by the labors of those forty monks of different monasteries; the existence of a voluminous and important controversy involving the vital questions of religion, and argued with scholarship, logical acuteness, wit, and vigor; the works of piety, art, and architecture which have come down to us from that age—must convince us that, however rude the physical mode

* Disraeli's Literary Miscellanies.

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of life may have been, the intellectual activity and mental calibre of the men of those days, when we remember their immense disadvantages, were little inferior to those of our day. We produce many things, but not many great things; but the labors of mediæval monasticism were not *multa sed multum*, and they live now, and probably will live when much of this multiform literature of our times will be obliterated by the impartial, discriminating hand of time.

We cannot pass over this period of what we may call national Latin literature—that is, when the literatures of all nations were written in Latin—without noticing the history of one book which has ever stood out prominently from the mass of mediæval productions, not only from its intrinsic excellence, but from the unfathomable mystery connected with its authorship. We allude to the treatise De Imitatione Christi, popularly attributed to Thomas à Kempis. His claim rests chiefly upon the fact that the first printed copy was made from a manuscript written by him and signed "Finitus et completus Anno Domino, 1441, per manus patris Thomæ Kempis in monte S. Agnetis prope Swoll." But there is in this subscription no evidence of authorship; it was the usual formula appended to copies. Kempis was an inveterate copyist, and it will be a sufficient proof of the untenable nature of this argument if we mention that a copy of the Bible made by him is subscribed in a similar manner—"Finitus et completus Anno Domini, 1439, in Vigilia S. Jacobi Apostoli per manus Fratris Thomæ à Kempis ad laudem Dei in Monasterio S. Agnetis." There is no evidence, therefore, of authorship in the subscription of the MS.

But doubts existed soon after the publication of the work about its authorship, and another MS. was discovered at Arône bearing the inscription, "Incipiunt capitula primi libri Abbatis Johannis *Gesen* De Imitatione Christi et contemptu omnium vanitatum mundi," and at the end was written "explicit liber quartus et ultimus Abbatis Johannis *Gersen* de Sacramento Altaris." The house in which this document was found belonged to the company of Jesus, but as it had formerly been held by Benedictines, some vigilant members of that active body at once declared it must have been written by one of their order. They managed to get possession of it, and immediately brought it out with the addition in the title after the name of Gersen of "Abbatis Ordinis Sti. Benedicti." Then commenced that celebrated controversy between the two monastic orders, the Augustines, who advocated the claims of Thomas à Kempis, and the Benedictines, who fought for Gersen. A volume might be written easily upon the bare history of that controversy, as some hundreds of volumes were during its progress. It began immediately after the publication of this Benedictine claim in the year 1616, and it raged in different countries in Europe for more than two centuries, the last controversy coming to a conclusion in 1832, which arose from the discovery of a MS. at Paris, copied in 1550, and a document purporting that it was bequeathed to one of the De' Avogadri family in the year 1347. This further confirmation of the antiquity of the work gave rise to the last controversy which ended like all the others in increasing the doubt as to Thomas à Kempis's authorship and the uncertainty of the whole question.

We think it can be shown that the De Imitatione was known before the birth of Thomas à Kempis, and about the time of the existence of Gersen; but the evidence of the claim of the Gersenites is so slender that the mere chronological coincidence is not sufficient to maintain it. Passages have been collected from works written long before the time of à Kempis word for word the same as in the De Imitatione. In the conferences of Bonaventura to the people of Toulouse, written about 1260, there are many such pas-

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sages; and in an office written by Thomas Aquinas for the Pope Urban IV., about the same time, there are many other passages.* In fact, in the Conferences a whole paragraph is quoted verbatim, concluding with the phrase, "as may be seen in the pious book on the 'Imitation of Christ.'" Criticism has labored diligently to discover in its text evidences indicative of the nationality of the author, but they have ended in contradictions which seem to insinuate that it might be the joint production of pious minds in different countries, which would leave to Thomas à Kempis the honor of having collected and arranged them into one form. However, instead of wasting time over a fruitless investigation, we prefer taking the book as it is with its wealth of spirituality, with its calm beauty, its power of soothing the perturbed spirit, its subtle analyses of the human heart † and the springs of human action, its encouragement to a godly life, its fervor, its eloquence, and its strange power; and we are driven to the conclusion that it is the most marvellous book ever produced—most marvellous from the universal influence it has exerted over the minds of men of all creeds, ages, and countries, and from its adaptability to the common yearnings of all humanity. Like the gospel, of which it is the exponent, and therefore from which it derives the quality, it stands out in its marked individuality, in the midst of every phase of life through which it has passed, a distinct thing, having nothing in common with the world or worldly pursuits, but trying to wean men from them, or at least from allowing them to gain an ascendency over their affections. In the present age this isolation is more striking. We are far too philosophical, too scientific, too logical, to attend to the ascetic ravings of this "monkish" book. The business of life runs high with us, runs too noisily, to allow us to listen to its small voice. We are so deeply engaged in the pursuits of pleasure and the acquisition of wealth, that we have no time for the "Imitation of Christ." We are involved in great undertakings — Atlantic telegraphs, principles of physical science, railway committees, parliamentary reforms, and drainage questions, absorb all our attention. But philosophy, science, and logic, fail to exempt humanity from its ills. The hour comes when a man falls sick, sick unto death; then in that moment when philosophy deserts pain, and science affords no consolation; when logic is dumb, and the soul with instinctive apprehension is clamoring for help, then is the moment for such a book as this. And it was in such a moment that La Harpe, cast into a dungeon of the Luxembourg, with nothing but death before him, accidentally meeting with this book, and opening its pages at the words "Ecce adsum! Ecce ad te venio quia vocasti me. Lacrymæ tuæ et desiderium animæ tuæ, humiliatio tua et contritio cordis inclinaverunt me et adduxerunt ad te,"* he fell upon his face heartbroken and in tears. We must conclude this portion of the subject by repeating that the Latin language retained its position as the language of literature until the time of the Reformation. But during the fourteenth century there was a tendency to blend the two vernacular tongues spoken in England—the French and the Saxon. In the struggle for precedence the Saxon conquered, and out of it came the present vigorous idiom spoken by the English; but nothing of any consequence was written in this tongue until it became settled and confirmed.

We now advance to the consideration of one of the most beautiful emanations of Christianity in the world—her hymns. We take up these

* These passages may be seen collected in parallel columns in a work by M. De Gregory on L'Histoire du Livre de l'Imitation. Paris, 1843.

† Vide the analysis of Temptation, lib. I., c. xiii., and the well-known chapter on the Royal Road of the Cross, lib. II., c. xii.

* "De Imi., lib. III., c. xxi., sec. 6. Behold me! behold I come to thee because thou hast called me. Thy tears and the desire of thy soul, thy humiliation and contrition of heart have inclined and led me unto thee.

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hymns of the church, and we find that they bear testimony, not only literary but historical, as to the state of the church at any given time, and certainly one of the best and purest testimonies that can be found. Few, if any, writers have sufficiently investigated this branch of ecclesiastical history, the evidence of the hymnology of the church. If we appeal to her controversial theology we shall find invariably a mass of one-sided representation, mutual vituperation, and invective; if we go to ecclesiastical history we shall find that those histories are written by minds working under the bias of some inclination toward sect or theory; but if we take up the hymns of the church we shall have the pure, free, outspoken voice of the church—we shall see, as it were, its internal organization, its emotions, its aspirations, its thoughts, living, throbbing, palpitating—the very heart of the church itself.

The song of Christianity has never ceased in the world; it has continued in an unbroken strain. It began at its very outset in the song of the mother of its founder, and it has been going on ever since. As the voice of one age dies away, the strain is taken up by the next. It has sunk at times into a low plaintive melody, and at others mounted into a grand swelling psalm, heard above the noise of the world, which ceases its strife to listen to its music. Of this melody we shall now endeavor to give a brief history. We begin at the coming of our Lord; but the whole worship of the true God is marked by the psalmody of rejoicing hearts. The children of Israel by the Red Sea broke out into the first recorded song; a considerable portion of the Scripture is in that form; Jesus with his disciples sung a hymn at the Last Supper; the apostles continued the practice, and from post-apostolic times there have come down to us three great hymns, whose origin is lost in their remote antiquity—the Ter Sanctus, the Gloria in Excelsis, and the Te Deum. These hymns were used in the very earliest ages of the church. Of the latter there is a legend that it was sung by Ambrose spontaneously at the baptism of Augustine.

The periods of hymnology may be divided into two great sections—the earliest or Greek period, extending to the dawn of the fourth century, when the second or Latin division commences; and this latter may be subdivided into three parts—the Ambrosian, the Barbarian, and the Mediæval. The earliest Greek hymns are anonymous; there is one to Christ on the Cross:—

"Thou who on the sixth day and hour
Didst nail to the cross the sin
Which Adam dared in Paradise,
Rend also the handwriting of our transgressions.
O Christ our Lord! and save us."

There is one on repentance, commencing:—

"Receive thy servant, my Saviour,
Falling before thee with tears, my Saviour,
And save, Jesus, me repenting."

And a simple doxology:—

"God is my hope,
Christ is my refuge,
The Holy Spirit is my vesture.
Holy Trinity, glory to thee!"

The first name of a hymn-writer which has reached us is that of Clement of Alexandria, who lived toward the close of the second century. One of his hymns is called, Hymn of the Saviour. But it is recorded by St. Basil that a hymn was well known in the first and second centuries, called, Hail, Gladdening Light! which was sung in the churches at the lighting of the lamps:—

"Hail, Jesus Christ! hail, gladdening light
Of the immortal father's glory bright!
Blessed of all saints beneath the sky,
And of the heavenly company!

"Now, while the sun is setting,
Now, while the light grows dim,
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
We raise our evening hymn.

"Worthy thou, while time shall dure,
To be hymned by voices pure.
Son of God, of life the giver,
Thee the world shall praise forever!"

There were several Syriac hymns at this period. Ephraim Syrus, a

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monk, and deacon of Mesopotamia, wrote, The Children in Paradise, On Palm Sunday, The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and another, called, The Lament of a Father on the death of his Son, which used to be sung at the funerals of children. Gregory of Nazianzen is the best known of the Greek hymn-writers. There are two hymns to Christ extant by him, and an evening hymn. In one of the hymns to Christ the following passage occurs :—

"Unfruitful, sinful, bearing weeds and thorns,
Fruits of the curse—ah! whither shall I flee?
O Christ, most blessed! bid my fleeting days
Flow heavenward, Christ, sole fount of hope to me!

"The enemy is near—to thee I cling!
Strengthen, oh! strengthen me by might divine;
Let not the trembling bird be from thine altar driven—
Save me—it is thy will, O Christ!—save me, for I am thine."

Gregory's life was spent in a continual conflict with Arianism. At the age of fifty he went to Constantinople, and as all the churches were in the hands of the Arians, he preached in the house of a relative. He was soon subject to persecution, was pelted in the streets, arrested, tried, and with much difficulty acquitted. Ultimately he succeeded; the Arian heresy passed away; the house where he had so faithfully preached became the Church of "Anastasia;" the truth had risen there. But time, though it brought success, had left him a sad, lonely old man. He was made Patriarch of Constantinople by the Emperor Theodosius; but he had lost all his dearest relatives, and he threw up his dignity and retired from the world. In that retirement he wrote a beautiful hymn, which sums up his life. We quote the first and last verses :—

"Where are the winged words? Lost in the air.
Where the fresh flower of youth and glory? Gone!
The strength of well-knit limbs? Brought low by care.
Wealth? Plundered. None possess but God alone.
Where those dear parents who my life first gave,
And where that holy twain, brother and sister? In the grave.

"This as thou wilt, the Day will all unite,
Wherever scattered, when thy word is said;
Rivers of fire; abysses without light,
Thy great tribunal, these alone are dread.
And thou, O Christ my King, art fatherland to me—
Strength, wealth, eternal rest, yea all, I find in thee."*

St. Andrew of Crete, St. John of Damascus, St. Cosmas, Bishop of Maiuma, and Chrysostom, were amongst the Greek hymn-writers. Their productions are characterized by the greatest simplicity and fervor, reliance upon Christ and love to God being the most prominent topics. We now come to the period of Latin hymns, and we begin with the first or Ambrosian division. The principal writers are Ambrose, Hilary, and St. Prudentius. Augustine, in his Confessions, quotes one of Ambrose's hymns, as having repeated it when lying awake in bed, "Atque ut eram in lecto meo solus, recordatus sum veridicos versus Ambrosii tui: Tu es enim.†

"Deus creator omnium
Polique rector, vestiens
Diem decoro lumine
Noctem sopora gratia.

"Artus solutos ut quies
Reddat laboris usui,
Mentesque fessas adlevet
Luctusque solvat anxios."

Ambrose was born about the year 340; his father was a prefect of Gaul, and belonged to a noble family. Before the age of thirty he himself was consul of Liguria, and dwelt at Milan. Up to this time he had no notion of becoming an ecclesiastic. But Auxentius, the Arian bishop, having died, a dispute arose between the citizens of Milan and the emperor, as to who should appoint the successor, each trying to evade the responsibility. It was left to the people; the city was in a state of great excitement, and a tumultuous assemblage filled the cathedral, in the midst of whom appeared Ambrose in his civil capacity, to command peace, and it is said that in the lull which ensued, a voice was heard crying, "Ambrose is bishop," which the whole mass of people, seized by a sudden impulse, repeated. Soon after-

* These extracts from translations of Greek hymns are quoted from The Christian Life in Song, where the full versions may be seen.

† August. Confess., lib. ix., c. 12.

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ward he was ordained and consecrated. The majority of the people were opposed to Arianism, and he was soon involved in a dispute with the Empress Justina, who required him to give up the Portian Basilica to the Arians. He refused, and accompanied by a multitude of people, took possession of the church, and fastened the doors. The imperial troops besieged them for several days, during which time the people kept singing the hymns of Ambrose. Monica, the mother of Augustine is said to have been amongst the crowd in the church. One of Ambrose's hymns was used for centuries as a morning hymn, called Hymn at the Cock-crowing; another Advent hymn, Veni Creator gentium; one for Easter, Hic est dies verus Dei. St. Hilary, Bishop of Arles in the sixth century, is the next of the Ambrosian period; the best known of his hymns is that to the morning, Lucis largitor splendide. But the most prominent name of the period after Ambrose is Prudentius, who was born about 348, practised in the courts as a pleader, and in his fifty-seventh year forsook the world, and spent the rest of his days in religious exercises. One of his great hymns is for Epiphany, O sola magnarum urbium, another on the Innocents, Salvete flores martyrum; but the hymn most known is a very beautiful, perhaps his most beautiful composition, a funeral hymn, beginning Jam mæsta quiesce querela. After the reformation, this hymn was adopted by the German Protestants as their favorite funeral hymn, their version beginning "Hört auf mit Trauern und Klagen."

The resurrection of the body is thus expressed—

"Non si carlosa vetustas
Dissolverit ossa favillis
Fuerituque cinis culus arens
Minimi mensura pugilli:

"Nec si vaga flamina et aurse
Vacuum per inane volantes
Tulerint cum pulvere nervos
Hominem periisse licebit."

"For though, through the slow lapse of ages,
These mouldering bones should grow old,
Reduced to a handful of ashes,
A child in its hands may enfold.

"Though flames should consume it, and breezes
Invisibly float it away,
Yet the body of man cannot perish,
Indestructible through its decay."

The next period of hymnology is what we have termed the barbarian, because it began at the time when the northern invaders were settling down in the various parts of Europe, which had fallen to their arms. Though not so fertile in hymns, yet some beautiful things were produced in this period. We shall only mention three hymn-writers—Gregory the Great, Venantius Fortunatus, and Bede. The principal hymn of Gregory's is the Veni Creator Spiritus; but the most distinguished hymn-writer of this era is Fortunatus; he was an Italian, born about 530; a gay poet, the delight of society, until Queen Radegunda persuaded him to be ordained, and to settle at Poictiers, where she, having left her husband, was presiding over a monastic establishment. There is a beautiful hymn of his, which commences—

"Pange lingua gloriosi
Prælium certaminis."

We quote two verses (v. i. and viii.) of the late Dr. Neale's translation:

I.

"Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,
With completed victory rife,
And above the cross's trophy,
Tell the triumph of the strife;
How the world's Redeemer conquered,
By surrendering of his life.

VIII.

"Faithful cross, above all other,
One and only noble tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit, compares with thee;
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight sustaining free."

A portion of one of his poems, on the resurrection of our Lord, was sung in the Church for ten centuries as an Easter hymn. It commences, Salve festa dies toto venerabilis ævo.* In another of his poems, De Cruce Christi, there occurs a beautiful image of the Cross as the tree around which the True Vine is clinging:

"Appensa est vitis inter tua brachia, de qua
Dulcia sanguineo vina rubore fluunt."†

* Trench's Sacred Latin Poetry, p. 152.
† For the whole see Trench's Sacred Latin Poetry, p. 130.

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But his most celebrated hymn is the one written on the occasion of the sending the true cross by the emperor to Radegunda, at the consecration of a church at Poictiers. It is called Vexilla Regis prodeunt:

I.

"The royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth with mystic glow,
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

VI.

"With fragrance dropping from each bough,
Sweeter than sweetest nectar thou:
Decked with the fruit of peace and praise,
And glorious with triumphant lays.

VII.

"Hail, altar! hail, O Victim! Thee
Decks now thy passion's victory,
Where life for sinners death endured,
And life by death for man procured."*

Bede the Venerable wrote hymns also; the two best known are the Hymnum canamus gloriæ, and Hymnum canentes martyrum.

We now advance to the last and richest of all the periods of hymnology, the mediæval. The list is headed with the royal name of Robert II. of France, who wrote hymns, one of which is a Veni Sancte Spiritus. Peter Damian, the cardinal bishop of Ostia, who died in 1072, wrote many hymns, but the two greatest are De Die Mortis and Ad perennis vitæ fontem.† Adam of St. Victor was another prolific hymn-writer; thirty-six of his productions are extant, and well known.‡ Peter the Venerable and Thomas à Kempis have also left hymns behind them. But it was reserved for Archbishop Trench to dig out of the mouldering relics of the past a hymn written by a monk of Clugny, one Bernard de Morlaix, the translation of which, by Dr. Neale, has supplied the church of every denomination with favorite hymns. The most general name by which it is known is Jerusalem the Golden. The original is a poem of about three thousand lines, called De Contemptu Mundi, a melancholy satire upon the corruptions of the times. The first appearance of it in print, is in a collection of poems, De Corrupto Ecclesiæ Statu, by Flacius Illyricus. We cannot speak too highly of this poem of Bernard, nor of the merits of Dr. Neale's translation. The original is written in one of the most difficult of all metres, technically called "leonini cristati trilices dactylici," a dactylic hexameter, divided into three parts, with a tailed rhyme and rhymes between the two first clauses. Dr. Neale gives a specimen of this verse in English:

"Time will be *ending soon*, heaven will be *rending soon*, fast we and pray we;
Come the most merciful; comes the most terrible, watch we while may we."

The imagery in the original poem is gorgeous; but Dr. Neale has exceeded the original* in many parts of his translation. We add a few gems. The opening lines are—

"Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt vigilemus!
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.
Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet, æqua coronet
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet æthera donet."

"The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right."

Dr. Neale has proved himself a true poet in this translation; the rendering is most happy, and the whole version forms one of the finest sacred poems in the language. The lines—

"Patria luminis, inscia turbinis, inscia litis.
Cive replebitur amplificabitur Israelitis
Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis
Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis,"

are thus happily rendered—

"And the sunlit land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite;
The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn."

* Dr. Neale's Mediæval Hymns.
† Trench's Sacred Latin Poetry, pp. 278, 315.
‡ Ibid., pp. 58, 111, 160, 202, 212, 227.

* The best edition of this poem is the little shilling volume by Dr. Neale, called The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, published by Hayes, Lyall-place, Eaton-square. It contains between two and three hundred of the original lines, with Dr. Neale's complete translation.

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Then the episode—

"Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia clara pyropo."

"With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topas
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
Their daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white."

But we must pause, for to give all the beauties of this poem would be to transcribe the whole. Another St. Bernard, the well-known abbot of Clairvaux, was a contemporary with him of Clugny. He was one of the most influential men of his age, a man far in advance of it; the adviser of popes and the confidant of kings. Many hymns are attributed to him, one of the most beautiful being that known as Jesu Dulcis Memoria. In Trench's Sacred Latin Poetry there is a selection of fifteen verses, but the original consists of forty-eight verses.* It is a fine specimen of the ardent loving poetry so characteristic of the period. A very beautiful version, or rather imitation of this poem, is extant in the Harleian MSS., written in the reign of Edward I., and as it is a very good specimen of the English of the period, and represents the spirit of the original, we venture to quote a verse or two.†

I.

"Jesu, suete is the love of thee,
Nothing so suete may be;
Al that may with eyen se
Haveth no suetnesse ageynes the.

XIV.

"Jhesu, when Ich thenke on the,
And loke upon the rode tre;
Thi suete body to-toren se,
Hit maketh heorte to smerte me.

XVIII.

"Jhesu, my saule drah the to,
Min heorte opene ant wyde undo;
This hure of love to drynke so,
That fleysshliche lust be al for-do.

XLV.

"Jesu, thin help at myn endyng,
Ant ine that dredful out-wendyng
Send mi soule god weryying,
That y ne drede non eovel thing."

We can only notice one other grand hymn, selected also from a long poem of Bernard, addressed to the different portions of the body of Christ on the cross. This is from the Ad Faciem, and commences—*

"Salve caput cruentatum
Totum spinis coronatum."

As it is one of the finest mediæval hymns, and has been translated into nearly all European languages, we give the translation:—

"Hail! thou head so bruised and wounded,
With the crown of thorns surrounded;
Smitten with the mocking reed,
Wounds which may not cease to bleed,
Trickling faint and slow.
Hail! from whose most blessed brow
None can wipe the blood drops now.
All the flower of life has fled;
Mortal paleness there instead.
Thou, before whose presence dread,
Angels trembling bow.

"All thy vigor and thy life
Fading in this bitter strife;
Death his stamp on thee has set,
Hollow and emaciate,
Faint and drooping there.
Thou, this agony and scorn,
Hast for me a sinner borne;
Me, unworthy—all for me,
With those signs of love on thee.
Glorious face appear!

"Yet in this thine agony,
Faithful shepherd, think of me;
From whose lips of love divine
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
Purest honey flows.
All unworthy of thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not;
Unto me thy head incline,
Let that dying head of thine
In mine arms repose.

"Let me true communion know
With thee in thy sacred woe,
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with thee on the cross;
'Neath it will I die.
Thanks to thee with every breath,
Jesus, for thy bitter death;
Grant thy guilty one this prayer—
When my dying hour is near,
Gracious God, be nigh.

* Sti. Bernardi Clarævallensis Opp: Benedictine edition, vol. ii., p. 895.

† Printed also in the Percy Society's Publications, vol. lv., p. 68.

* For the Latin, see Trench's Sacred Latin Poetry, p. 139.

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"When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me;
In that dreadful hour I pray
Jesus come without delay,
See and set me free.
When thou biddest me depart,
Whom I cleave to with my heart,
Lover of my soul be near,
With thy saving cross appear;
Show thyself to me."*

There is an excellent version of this in German in the Passion Hymn of Paul Gerhard, beginning—

"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,
Voll Schmerz und voller Hohn!"

But the grandest of all the mediæval hymns is that attributed to Thomas of Celano, known as the Dies Iræ. Its authorship is uncertain; it burst upon the world after a long silence in the church, like some strain wafted over the earth on the winds of heaven. It has always been the favorite hymn for solemnities in every country. In Germany upward of sixty translations have been made of it. Goethe has effectively introduced it into the "Faust" in the cathedral scene, where Marguerite is tempted by the evil spirit, who, when the choir chanted the words—

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla,"

whispers sardonically into her ear—

"Grimm fasst dich!
Die Posaune tönt!
Die Gräber beben!
Und dein Herz,
Aus Aschenruh
Zu Flammenqualien
Wieder aufgeschaffen
Bebt auf;"

and so on through the whole scene, corrupting the meaning of the hymn in the mind of the broken-hearted girl. It was muttered by the dying lips of Walter Scott, and has employed the genius of such men as Schlegel, Fichte, and Herder. We give one passage—

"Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

"Querens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus."

"Think of me, good Lord, I pray,
Who troddest for me the bitter way,
Nor forsake me in that day.

"Weary sat'st thou seeking me,
Diedst redeeming in the tree,
Not in vain such toil can be."

The mediæval period was one rich in art and active in intellectual work. The great difference between that age and this is, that in mediæval times intellectual life was concentrated, and now it is spread abroad; we get more books and readers, but less great books and thinkers. Perhaps there has never been a time of such vigorous intellectual effort in England, unless we except the Elizabethan age, than that of the scholastic controversies of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. It was in this age, too, that the essentially mediæval art of illumination flourished in all the lettered monasteries of Europe, the age when all the great cathedrals were built, and when that enchanting song whose notes we have just been listening to was improvised and sung. The God who presides over the economy of nature presides also over that of life. His hand is in both, upholding, protecting, guiding. We take up a phase of human history like this mediæval phase, and to us it appears contradictory, objectless, useless; but we must remember that it is but one part of the great economy, that as every phase of nature has its separate use, so every period in the history of humanity contributes its share to the general result. There are no arid dark wastes in history any more than in nature. Progressing geographical science is gradually revealing to our minds the fact that Central Africa is not the deadly useless desert of our imagination, but is probably belted and intersected with rivers, whose fertilizing power has only to be applied. So a progressive historical science is rapidly clearing away the darkness of these dark ages, revealing to us treasures which have long lain hidden. We speak of the past as antiquity, and we are apt to associate the idea of age with it, just as we look to-

* Quoted in Christian Life in Song.

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ward the present as youthful and new. But we must remember that antiquity really belongs to the present as the result of time, and that the past was the youth. So when we go back into these past ages of the church we must regard them as her youth, and instead of quarrelling with the follies and wantonness inseparable from immaturity, endeavour to do our best to help on the great consummation of her mission in the world, knowing well that although the hey-day of her youth is past, she has not yet attained her full maturity; and in times of despair, when schism is rife, when the sons of her bosom desert her, when men harden themselves against her love and forsake her, ever bear in mind the promise of her great head and founder, "Upon this rock I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Translated from the French.

ROBERT; OR, THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD MOTHER.

CHAPTER IV.

"O Paris! gulf of evils, on each of thy stones we could drop a tear, red with blood, if the sorrows, which thy walls enclose, could appear before us."—J. J. Rousseau.

The city of innumerable wonders, of shining domes, and colossal towers, with its enchanting gardens, palaces, and gigantic monuments, which one sees in the distance—the first glimpse he gets of Paris through the blue haze—now appeared to the astonished gaze of the little mountaineer, and was like a dream of the Arabian Nights. "O Paris! Paris!" shouted he joyously, clapping his hands, and looking eagerly through the misty veil that still enveloped the city. And, as he approached nearer, his emotions redoubled; for it was there that his mother predicted he would one day be happy. Oh! sweet security, blissful trust of childhood, why must it pass away with advancing years? Why is it that devouring inquietude and mental restlessness then comes to our souls, and tortures them without ceasing? It is a sad condition of our probation here, that we must see all the bright delusions of early life disappear one by one; and submit unmurmuringly to the different phases of life and the different ideas and feelings to which time leads us all. And so it may perhaps be for little Robert, who now trusts so confidently in the future, and in his mother's prediction being fulfilled. Have confidence, like him, dear readers—like him hope, without trying to draw aside the veil which hides your destiny—but follow him, step by step, in all the changing events of his life, and perhaps we shall see him till an enviable position, as the fruit of his good conduct and perseverance. And since he is now radiant with hope, let us not efface, by our indiscreet words, this vision which sustains and comforts all.

As the travellers neared Paris, the old man's forehead wrinkled, his brows contracted each moment, and flashes of rage burst from his eyes. The sight of the hordes of the enemy's soldiers who had established their bivouacs before the capital, put him in a transport of fury.

The detested uniforms of the English, Austrians, Russians, and Prussians which he saw before him, made him think he was the victim of some dreadful hallucination, but the insolent air of the conquerors awakened him to the frightful reality that the emperor could no longer expel them. In his terrible rage he beat his breast with his fists, swore, and uttered words that sounded like distant thunder, gnashing his teeth at the same time most con-

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vulsively. Then he walked on with a resolute and hasty step, so that Robert was obliged to run, rather than walk, at his side to keep up with him. He was very taciturn, but the boy at once comprehended the reason of his stubborn silence, and he respected the holy indignation of the old warrior, wounded in his national pride and his deepest feelings, when he saw all his dreams of glory vanish with the shadow of the great man who had made the fame and splendor of all France. To the ex-soldier of the guard there was nothing left but cruel discontent. In Paris there was militia of all ranks and grades and countries; but there were no brave leaders, the old soldiers thought, and most of them were young men who had yet to see the field of battle. The white stripes had replaced the three colors, which disappeared with the glorious exile, Napoleon. The despair of poor Cyprien was as great as his love for his emperor, and nothing could soften his rage, so violent was the hatred he felt for the new order of things.

Robert was much excited by the strange and picturesque spectacles which presented themselves to his view on every side—by the gay costumes of the people, and the movements of this ocean of human beings, but he did not address many questions to his sad companion, for he loved him already, and saw the deep sorrow that filled his soul, and it made him timid and reserved.

It was now time to think of getting lodgings, and Cyprien wanted to go into the most modest quarter of the city, where he was born, and for which naturally he had the strongest affection. But in the twenty-five years that he had been a wanderer, vast changes had taken place, and most of his family had gone to rest. He found himself alone, separated for ever from his old comrades of glory; but of this he thought little, so completely was his heart filled with the adored image of his emperor. The most extraordinary thing was that amidst his grave thoughts he had found a place for the little orphan, whom chance had thrown in his way, and for whom he evinced the strongest attachment, which grew day by day, for Cyprien did nothing by halves; and when he could for a moment forget his emperor, it was to bestow almost paternal care upon his young *protégé*. One day, when they had been having a long talk, and he had said things which charmed the sensible and loving boy, he asked him to take him to the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, for it was there that he was to find the curé to whom his letter was addressed. "Willingly," replied Cyprien, "I will take you there; but I cannot go in, it has been so long since I have made a visit of that kind, that I don't care to go, but I will wait for you." Robert presented himself alone at the door of the curé's house, and was received by him with grace and a touching cordiality. He was a man of fine address, with eyes that seemed to penetrate the depths of one's soul, but his scrutiny was accomplished by a smile so beneficent, that it drew you irresistibly toward the minister of God. The virtues he had practised appeared in his person, his language was full of purity and goodness, and he appeared ever ready to pardon and bless. Such, in general terms, was the man to whom Robert was recommended. When he had read his friend's letter, he made the child sit down and tell him all about his journey; and the manner in which he acquitted himself charmed the good curé, and his lively and intelligent face set him to reflecting. The purity of his eyes showed a generous and noble soul, and the good man knew that he was one of those natures that always remain pure, in the midst of corruption. These exiled angels have often sorrowful lives, before they reach the glorious end. Deprived of pecuniary means, they see the paths to fame closed for them, while it is open for the rich, and made wide and easy of access.

The good curé, after making these observations mentally, recalled the il-

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lustrious men who have illumined the earth from time to time with the rays of their genius, and the traces of whose lives are still visible; but the road to fame has, alas! been sown for centuries with bitter tears, unknown sufferings, and cries of the despair of unrecognized genius. He recalled faces radiant with sublime thoughts, crowned with thorns, the only recompense of their work, and he said with agony, "O God! if this child should ever be one of the victims, if he should ever weep over lost hopes, would it not be better to leave him as he is, simple and natural, ignorant of the delights of a studious life, ignorant of knowledge, than to be initiated into the cruel deceptions of hope long deferred, and which may be finally lost? How often, like a beautiful dream, youth, glory, and mind fade away in the awful struggle. But no," said he, fixing his eyes on the expressive face of Robert, "his future will not be so sad. Too much intelligence burns in his eyes, too much fire is lighted there, to be extinguished by the wearying labors of mind, or by hunger and frightful misery. If this diamond in the rough shows so much brilliancy, what will it not be when it is polished? Then will all its marvellous lustre appear, and I will have the holy joy of aiding to perfect this work." These were his reflections, and so had it always been with him; from the moment he was ordained to his saintly ministry, he was always looking for the means of doing good to others, and was a beautiful religious type of charity and goodness. It was so great a happiness to him to make others happy, that he looked upon his days as badly spent if he had not dried a tear, or given another joy; and his doing good was so sweet a duty, that he passed his days and nights in consoling the unfortunate. But for children especially was he most tenderly solicitous. He said with one who was all love and charity when among men, "Let little children come unto me." Like his divine Master, he drew them to him and pressed them to his heart, his hands rested on their young heads, and he called down upon them celestial benedictions. But he did not stop here. He gave them not only his prayers, but aid and protection. When his purse was exhausted, and his personal resources no longer sufficed, he had recourse to that of others. He was eloquent and persuasive when he pleaded the cause of children, and happy in receiving the offerings which were always deposited in his charitable hands. Thus he was the father of a large family, the benefactor of many children, who, becoming men, repaid his care by unlimited gratitude and irreproachable conduct, and by the constant practice of the virtues of which he had given them so noble an example. Robert found in him a tender and devoted protector, who was interested for him, and in whose future friendship he might trust. The day when this action was registered in heaven, the good man felt a happiness he had never known before in adopting before God the orphan that his friend, the curé of the village of Bains, had recommended to him in such warm terms. The vow which he made himself to protect him, was not like those men usually make, and forget as soon as made.

During the interview between the child and the curé, the old soldier was walking up and down outside, absorbed in reflections of quite an opposite nature. Sometimes hope colored his thoughts; oftener they were sombre and cold, like the clouds of the region to which memory transported him, to the fatal soil of Russia, where victory had abandoned the French flag. An hour was passed by him in recalling these days of sorrow, but at last he grew tired of waiting, and jerked at the bell string, which hung so modestly at the curé's door, most violently. In an instant a servant appeared with harsh words on the end of her tongue, but the severe face and long moustache of Cyprien induced her to withhold from speaking them. Scarcely was the door opened, when a voice, almost of thunder,

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inquired for Robert. Hearing it, the curé opened the parlor door, and advancing toward the soldier, with an affable air, invited him in, saying, "I will be very glad to talk with you. You were, I suppose, uneasy about your little friend, whom I have detained a long time, I know, but it is not time lost; we have become acquainted and are now old friends, and you have a share of the affection I have avowed for this interesting child. You have a noble heart, and the Lord will bless you, my friend, you may be sure of that, for in the midst of your own sufferings you have had compassion on those of others, and above all you have protected an orphan!" The soldier was stunned by this benevolent speech; he raised his hand mechanically to his forehead, following the curé and muttering the words "Pardon—excuse —do not pay any attention to me." Robert had not dared to move, but when Cyprien came near him, he threw himself into his arms. "There—that will do," said he to him—"pay attention, the curé speaks." "Why did you not come in with Robert? You have denied me the pleasure I should have had in talking with a brave soldier. Our *protégé* has spoken of you in most affectionate terms, but he did not tell me you were waiting for him, or I should not have suffered you to remain outside the door." "Thank you, M. Curé, but I cannot talk to you, I have so few words, and have not been accustomed to much, and all I know is how to use 'Arms.'" "Each of us has his profession, my friend," replied the curé, "and you have made yours glorious. Nevertheless you must allow me to think you know a great deal besides." "If that is your idea, kind father, I will not oppose it, but, with respect to you, I must tell you I have not seen a book since I knew the 'Little Corporal,' and we are old acquaintances. Twenty-five years," said he, "impossible to forget that"—wiping away a tear.

"Yes, my friend, you have reason to regret your emperor, and even to weep for him, for he was a great man, and loved you all as children."

"But, oh! how was he repaid?" and then he wept again.

"The love you bear your emperor honors you. Respect and devotion to misfortune fills noble souls, and I understand very well how your attachment is augmented in proportion to the sufferings which weigh down your chief; and it is not for me, a minister of peace and charity, to make a crime of your regrets and affection, or to denounce them. But let us leave this sad subject, until you know me better and have more confidence in me. For to-day we will talk about Robert and my plans for him. I am thankful to you for taking a father's place to him; without you he would have been lost in this great city, or might perhaps have met persons who would have placed him in contact with vice and wickedness. I rejoice that a kind Providence permitted this child to awaken an interest in you, and that he found you so affectionate a guide. You must continue your friendship, and I hope to gain his, by the care I will take of him."

"Oh! my dear father," said Robert, kissing respectfully the hand of his new protector, "you are too good to me, but I will try to repay your kindness by a full and entire submission to your least wishes."

"Well spoken, little one!" exclaimed the soldier, "this is the first duty of a conscript."

"I will try to find the means of aiding him to fill a high position some day," said the curé. "I have acquaintances and friends who will give me of their wealth, for," said he, in a tone of regret, "I am far from being rich. But no matter, God will help us; I have this sweet certainty, so you may take courage, my little friend, and whatever taste you may have for study, I promise you I will do all that I can to advance you. You are in such good hands that I shall have no cause for uneasiness as to how you pass your time, and I will leave you for a while,

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and perhaps I may bring back some good news for you."

After calling at several houses without success, he chanced to see a wealthy widow who had but one child, a son. This boy was of a most vicious nature, and although young in years, he had every defect of character, without a single good quality. He made his poor mother despair, and she often reproached herself bitterly for her weakness toward him, but she knew no means that would reform his bad habits, which assumed the form of fatal and violent passion. When the curé spoke of Robert, she said: "O God! since he is possessed of so many amiable and virtuous qualities, entrust him to me. He will be treated as my own child, will share the studies of Gustave, and have the same masters; and perhaps God may pity a mother's sorrows, and that this child may have so good an influence over him, that Gustave may feel a desire to be good also. I pray you do not refuse me," said the mother in a supplicating tone; "I cling to this last hope, as a shipwrecked man would cling to the plank he hopes will save him from perishing."

After long consideration of the chances of happiness and success in the future if Robert accepted it—of the great dissimilarity of the two persons who would thus be thrown together, and the disagreements and sufferings for Robert; and still worse, if the pure, rich nature of the orphan should be corrupted in the society of the wicked child, whom he knew only too well—he was still undecided. But an irresistible, though secret, argument spoke in favor of the mother of Gustave; so that at last her pressing solicitations were acceded to. He reserved for himself the right to watch closely over the precious trust that Providence had confided to him, and after this it was agreed that Robert should be presented to Madame de Vernanges (this was the name of Gustave's mother) as soon as he could be informed of it, and if he was willing to accept it.

CHAPTER V.

"The heart of a wicked man sighs for evil, and no one can find pardon before him. . . . . .

Robert was willing to accede to any wish of the good man who had so generously charged himself with his destiny. We have said before, that he was gifted with noble qualities; he had a lively perception, his intellectual faculties were strong, and he seemed to have power to do all that was required of him. He had no knowledge of what was not good, and possessed one of those happy organizations which can only be a gift from God. He felt it his duty to obey all that his protector wished, and when he told him that his interest required that he should go to the house of Madame de Vernanges, and share in the liberal education this lady gave her son, Robert replied: "If it is your wish, I am ready to go."

The curé was surprised and touched at this eagerness to fulfil his wishes, this entire self-abnegation in one who could not but prize the sweet liberty of acting for himself, which he had so long enjoyed on his native mountain; and a still further proof of his remarkable disposition was, that he knew, young as he was, the art of sacrificing his tastes to duty, and the necessity of making himself agreeable to those who interested themselves for him. The kind priest did not wish to spend Robert's money for things which could be dispensed with, but his clothes were unsuitable to his new position, so he had him a complete wardrobe prepared, and a woman could not have been more careful about the minutest details.

When all was in readiness he conducted him to the house of Madame de Vernanges. As soon as she saw him, she felt as if he was a regenerating angel to be placed near her son. She embraced him affectionately, and asked him if he "would love her like a mother"? "Oh!" said he, at once becoming serious at such a question, "I cannot promise you that, dear

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madame, for it would be impossible for me to feel for any other woman the same degree of affection that I feel for my mother;" but, he added, smiling sweetly, "I think I can assure you that I will love you much."

Some author says that a child only loves his mother for the services she renders him. Can this be true? No—it is blasphemy against filial love; and were it so, alas for the happiness of mothers! Far sweeter is the idea that one loves the other for the other's sake alone; one is the consequence of the other, it is a love eternal like the soul, like its divine author, like God himself. There may be some selfish children who measure their love for their parents by the services they render them, but they are monsters—sad and rare exceptions—and deserve all our pity. The proof of what we affirm is found in the love that Robert always preserved in his heart for the dear and sacred remembrance of his mother. It is the strongest, most lively and unalterable of feelings, and has no rival in the other loves God has given to man in his short life. Who can hear the name of mother spoken without feeling a delicious sensation, and having a tear-drop moisten the eye?

Madame de Vernanges was so pleased with Robert's frankness, that she felt for him from that moment the most tender sympathy. After a few moments' conversation Gustave was sent for, but the reception he gave his future companion of play and study, was not very encouraging to the latter. At first, from the height of his grandeur he looked down upon him with disdain, and received with a very bad grace the amiable advances of Robert, who wished to conquer at once the friendship of his young comrade. He was astonished and sad at the coldness showed him, but little by little Gustave softened, and laid aside his insolent air. The acquaintances of this period of life are easily made. Robert gave himself up with perfect *abandon* to the new pleasure of playing and talking with a child of his own age. He was not distrustful, for he had no experience; and as his own thoughts were so good and pure, he never suspected others. The mother and the curé, though seemingly occupied in conversation, followed with observing and restless eyes the movements of the children. The latter feared, and not without reason, to see some awkward blunder made by a child raised so far from the world, and in the simple habits of a happy mediocrity. But to his inexpressible satisfaction he saw Robert as easy in his manners as in his language, and he acted as if he had been bred in a parlor. His rare intelligence displayed itself in his answers to Gustave, and he could not have been more sparkling in his repartees. His candor and good nature did not permit him to comprehend the perfidious intentions of his saucy interrogator, and it was a cruel mortification for the wicked Gustave, not to be able, in spite of his *ruses*, to find any fault with Robert. He had counted on a triumph, and received a complete humiliation; he thought to show his superiority to the child who was given him as a model, and his disappointment was that he felt before him his great defects.

During this time the good priest inwardly rejoiced at the success of the little orphan, while the poor mother sighed in making a sad comparison between the children of the same age, but so different in character; and in spite of her wish to the contrary, she could not but see the low and envious sentiments which ruled the conduct of Gustave, and the goodness contained in each word Robert uttered. Her heart was well-nigh broken, and in bitterness she exclaimed: "Wicked! always wicked! he has not one good thought, one blameless moment. I am cruelly punished for my guilty weakness toward him. O God! is it too late to reclaim him? Is there no remedy for his wickedness? and must I bear all the ills of such a child?'

Assured by the way in which Robert had taken the first and most dif-

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ficult steps in his new abode, the good priest prepared to leave. It was in warm and pressing terms that he recommended his *protégé;* and embracing him, gave him his paternal benediction. "I will see you soon," he said to him, and this promise consoled him, for he felt sure he would always be a generous defender, a tender and devoted friend. The child flattered himself for some time that he had gained the confidence and friendship of Gustave, but he had soon to renounce that belief, for, in spite of his profound dissimulation, the latter could not always keep up appearances, and Robert suddenly discovered the truth. This made Gustave hate him bitterly, and nothing could diminish it; but Robert spoke of it to no one but the priest. Encouraged by his silence, which Gustave mistook for the silence of fear, he was always making war with him when they were alone. Before his mother, or any other person, he did not dare to do so, but changes of manner were no trouble to the young hypocrite, for he could put on a bold air, and give himself the calm serenity of innocence. This premature corruption, this innate science of evil, he carefully hid, and was deceitful above everything to those before whom he wished to appear good. In the first days of their acquaintance he had conceived a violent hatred to Robert, but he felt the necessity of dissimulating, so as not to awaken the suspicions of his mother; so that he did not openly declare war with his rival, for he knew that would be an irreparable fault. He trusted to chance, which sometimes helps the wicked, and waited for an occasion to present itself.

Robert all this while studied with care the lessons of his different masters, which the goodness of his benefactress gave him the means of sharing with Gustave. It was no trouble to him to learn, and his progress was so rapid and so wonderful, that his masters were enchanted, and were prodigal of their praises and marks of affection. Gustave, the lazy, indolent boy, suffered all the torments of envy. For the first time he felt pride, pushing toward emulation, enter his heart, and that which neither the prayers nor the tears of his mother could obtain, the odious sentiment of jealousy brought, and he worked with ardor. Rage sustained him in his desperate resolution; his duties were no longer neglected, and his hours for work were so laboriously employed, that even his mother believed for a time in the complete reformation of her son, under the happy influence of Robert. This joy was of short duration, and the error soon dispelled, for if his mind profited on the one hand, his heart remained the same, and in it every bad passion was kindled. Sad fruits of a neglected education, of an infancy and childhood abandoned to itself, without care and without culture.

Nearly a year had passed since Robert entered the house of Madame de Vernanges, and the time had been most profitable to him in every way. Study opened to his eyes the treasures that are concealed from the vulgar, and he was already opening for himself a career sown with the seeds of art and science, the flowers of which he longed to gather; and in spite of all the cruelty and sarcasm of Gustave, he was very happy, for he felt the love of his benefactress and the good curé, and the remembrance of his cherished mother, and under these affections he rejoiced, as one rejoices in the sunlight of heaven. From the night she appeared to him in a dream, he was filled with the desire to be good, and worked nobly for this end. Often his thoughts would fly to his mountain home, and to the grave which contained her ashes. Neither had he forgotten the venerable priest of the Baths of Mount Dore, and had often written to him, and from time to time sent him small sums of money to be employed in charities.

Among Robert's happiest hours now were those he passed with the curé here; but even these he could not long enjoy alone, for the wicked Gustave discovered that his sadness vanished

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whenever he reached the curé's door, and he took a cruel pleasure in always going with him under various pretexts, and thus snatching these few moments of happiness from his victim. But a smile, a kind word from his benefactor, paid Robert doubly for this painful sacrifice, and Madame de Vernanges noticed the hatred her son bore him. She was not to be duped by the friendship he feigned for one he detested from his soul. More than once the feeble mother had been a witness to the odious wickedness of the one, and the admirable patience of the other. She had seen, but had not corrected the guilty, for his strength discouraged her; she was too heart-stricken to combat with the bad genius that possessed him. It was easier for her to close her eyes to it, though she had the justice to seek by delicate attentions and tender caresses to repay Robert for some of his sufferings.

We have lost the old soldier for a time, but have not forgotten him. At the time of their separation, both he and Robert shed bitter tears, and the latter tried to make him promise that he would come sometimes to see him in his new abode. "Not there," said the grenadier, "but I will come sometimes and have a talk with you at the house of the curé, for I love him, by the faith of Cyprien Hardy." And he kept his promise, and many were the talks they had there together. On the 20th of March of that year the exile of Elba made an appeal to all faithful soldiers, and it was not made in vain. Cyprien responded at once to the call of his emperor, and when he had buckled on his warlike habits, he forgot for a while the orphan and the priest.

Madame de Vernanges counted her days only by her sorrows. She had no repose—her health was failing so rapidly that her physicians said she must pass the winter in a warmer climate and under a purer sky. This was a sudden blow for Robert, for he had become much attached to his benefactress, and she said he was to go to college with Gustave, who saw with revolting indifference the sufferings of his mother at the thought of a separation; but all her friends thought it was best, hoping some change in his character might take place from the strict and severe discipline of college life. This new arrangement was submitted to the curé, who in all things pertaining to him, was guided by the interest of his *protégé*, and it met with his approbation. Madame de Vernanges was to be absent six months or a year, and Robert felt that he should indeed be isolated from her protective affection, and left alone to the wicked designs of Gustave; who, when they were thrown together at college, used all his time and his power to turn the students against Robert, and get them to league with him against him, for he was longing for an occasion to avenge the marks of tenderness and preference which his mother had shown Robert. Never was a child's patience put to a more severe test—neither the goodness nor generosity of the orphan could soften the hatred Gustave felt for him. But though Robert was of so even and calm a temperament, he could not be injured nor oppressed without defending himself, and there was but one consideration that curbed his indignation, and that was the certainty he felt that Gustave was the author of the persecutions which each wicked boy inflicted upon him. Had he not been convinced of this, he would have used the same means to punish them which they employed to torture him; but, according to his pure sentiments, this would not have been right, and he would not have the least reproach from his benefactress for any unkindness toward her son. He did not oppose his oppressors in any way, but they saw that he felt the outrages perfectly, and disdained, and not without reason, to let them know it. In this combat of all against one, the voice of conscience was not always heard, and in spite of his efforts to keep silent, there came a time when it was insupportable. The epithets of "lazy and coward" re-

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sounding in his ears, filled him with indignation, and those who spoke them did not dare repeat them a second time, for he dealt with them in a way that convinced them he could not bear everything. Two or three corrections soon put an end to this state of things, and placed Robert high in the esteem of the older collegians. In vain did Gustave try to reawaken the ardor of his partisans. Frightened by the vigorous attack of Robert, they refused to unite in any new vexations against one they respected and loved, and they all vowed they would never take up a prejudice again. Thus Gustave saw, in spite of all his odious efforts to the contrary, Robert loved by his masters, respected and esteemed by his companions, who protected him and despised his persecutor. Things had reached this point when, one morning, an uncle of Gustave's came and took him hurriedly away, leaving Robert at college. This strange conduct affected him very much, and he wondered what it could mean. Could it be that his benefactress had returned and withdrawn her affection, or was she more ill? He was lost in sad conjectures for several days, which appeared ages to him, as he waited in patience to hear. A visit from the curé, with a sad countenance, revealed to Robert the misfortune which was to oppress him. "Madame de Vernanges suffers no more," said he, with a visible effort, drawing to his bosom the weeping child, whose sorrow was certainly more profound and true than that of Gustave. "Alas! my child, you have lost your benefactress; before she died she asked to see you, but this wish of a heart devoted to you was denied—God willed it otherwise. But she did not need any further proof of your love, your conduct has spoken it so often; and God will never abandon you. Courage then, your recompense will come sooner or later. I will assume from to-day my entire right of father, and my most tender solicitude will be for you. Redouble your ardor at work, triple your strength, and finally the end which I propose for your happiness will come. Your studies, conscientiously finished, will be the magic keys which will unlock the door to an honorable career. From this time Gustave will not torment you, for he will not return to college."

Robert was too much moved to speak—too many sorrowful remembrances pressed themselves into his heart, but he had not lost a single word that was spoken to him. Six months after this he stood before the abbot of Verneuil, to receive from his hands the crown he so justly deserved. Oh! how his heart beat with joy when he heard his name spoken in the sanctuary of science; it seemed then that the sweet voice of his mother spoke to him. Each time he was named, his eyes turned towards the curé, as if asking him: "Are you satisfied?" How light and easy to wear are the laurels won by the victors in every good work! Is it not a bright day in your lives, my dear children, when you are proclaimed conquerors? What a sweet remembrance it leaves in your hearts, that no after thoughts can ever crush out! Our young laureate passed his vacation—that time of repose so dear to students—with the curé. To Robert work was so much more a pleasure than a fatigue, that he was obliged to allow him to study a great deal; but he did not wish him to spend all his time at his books, but to take some hours of respite each day. This excellent man, of such simple habits and manners, and of such contentment, really suffered at times that he could not from his limited means give Robert as many pleasures as his heart dictated. He knew he needed air and liberty, and wished he could send him into the country, where he would be free from all restraints. "Poor child!" he would say to himself, "how he must long for his native mountain." So, before he left, to return to his studies, he thought he would give him an agreeable surprise. The weather was lovely, and all nature seemed to rejoice. The curé and his charge started in a *diligence* for Versailles, the

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wonderful and magnificent palace once used as a royal residence. Robert had never seen this place, once such a gay city, but whose gilded glory has all departed. No more *fêtes*, no more balls, in Louis XIV.'s beautiful city. The grand palace is still there, but where are the kings and courtiers? Oh! where?

The gardens charmed Robert, and he bounded about like a young fawn in his native wood, to the great delight of the curé, who rejoiced in his liveliness and happiness, and allowed this little bird that he had freed to follow his capricious fancies, wherever they led him; for he believed that all who loved children favored their pleasures; and it is one of the sweetest joys God has given to man, that he should try to leave no regrets to this age of life. As night was drawing on, Robert left off his sports, and they made ready for their departure. Robert's mind was filled with beautiful pictures of this visit, of which the result was so sad. As they were entering Paris, the benediction that the good curé gave the child each evening was pronounced with much fervor, and it proved the last. They slept in the same room, and Robert had gone happy and trustful to bed, little dreaming of the new and terrible misfortune that awaited him, and in the morning wakes to weep over the inanimate body of his loved benefactor, whose calm and serene face is radiant with immortal joy. The angel of death had come softly near the couch on which reposed the servant of the Lord; and took him from life, to rest on the bosom of his God, leaving a bright example of a virtuous and godly life.

CHAPTER VI.

"O virtue! gift of God! grace divine! it is thou that givest the saintly and sublime inspirations of devotion, that trample down vice, that elevate above all feebleness and all obstacles." ANONYMOUS.

When Robert realized that he had no longer a protector or friend he was plunged into the depths of despair, but it was not for the miserable consideration of interest, which too often possesses humanity, that he was so full of regret; it was for the wise and virtuous man that he mourned, for the loss of his sweet and persuasive language, and his tender and eloquent words, and his indescribable air of goodness, united to his pure life, which won all hearts, as a tender and delicate flower attracts and ravishes by its perfume. Stranger to all that was passing around him, shut up in his sorrows, made an orphan once more, Robert had still the happy consciousness of having fulfilled all his duties to his benefactor. He awakened from his lethargy at the sound of the first shovel of earth that fell on the coffin of his beloved curé. The awakening was frightful. The tears and sobs he heard around him from the crowd of poor children and unfortunate ones of every degree, whom he had benefited during his too short career, recalled with violence to his heart the sad reality. Another sincere mourner for the curé was his faithful old housekeeper, who, when she went in to take her last look of the venerable man, saw Robert standing there in silence and sorrow, and she felt that she, like him, was alone in the world, and suffered the same sorrow he did. But his grief and his loss, bitter as it was, was not as fatal for his advancement as might be supposed. His soul was too strongly fortified with the blessing of religion to allow him to be long discouraged. And when he could for a moment forget his losses, he would look to the future, and dare to hope, that although deprived one by one of his protectors, the path to success was still open to him. Madame Gaudin had most bitter thoughts. She was now getting along in years, being near fifty, and her age would be a barrier to her finding a home where the work would be light, so that she could live without spending her hard earned money. From her own personal thoughts she passed to another subject of solicitude—the future of Robert. If she had not felt any very strong interest in the fate of her master's *protégé*,

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she was too compassionate a woman not to pity this child, who had been the object of his tender care. She thought of how the saintly man had praised the intelligence and amiable qualities of Robert, and repeated his favorite words: "This child will be something one day." Moved by these remembrances, she thought she heard him tell her to watch over the orphan. Submission and respect for all the orders she received was a habit with her, and she had been accustomed to obey with such exactitude, that she took for reality the illusion of her heart, and resolved to obey the inspired voice, and replace, if possible, the charitable man who had adopted Robert. This resolution once made, she thought of nothing but executing it. Going to Robert, she said, "I know, my young friend, you are thinking of some way of gaining a living for yourself. We can live together, and it will be better for us both, and we shall each have some one to take care of us. I will try to get lodgings and work, and you can be with me when not at your work, and God will assist us. Unfortunately you will be obliged to give up your studies for the present, which is my greatest grief; but we will not lose courage, for I feel sure that, sooner or later, God will give you another proof of his goodness. Your penmanship, which is so beautiful, you can make useful and by it earn money. I will go at once and find us a lodging, and will be entirely the gainer by the arrangement, for I shall have for company a good child, who will be like a son; won't he?" Madame Gaudin half smiled at her project, half cried when she repeated the name of the curé, then said, "Yes! yes! I am sure he inspires me to do this, he inspires me with an interest for this child, whom he loved above everything else." Some days after they were fixed in a small lodging in the rue des Fosses, St. Germain. She bought a bed for Robert, and he obtained a situation at twenty-five francs a month. A year passed in this way, without anything at all remarkable happening. Madame Gaudin worked, took care of things, and sang Robert's praises to all. After he had conscientiously finished the day to the profit of his employer, he returned to his lodgings, took his supper, and attended in the evenings a gratuitous course of drawing lessons. This art, for which he felt each day a more and more decided taste, made him forget for a time his past delightful life of study, which had opened to his dazzled eyes the book with golden leaves, which had as suddenly closed to his inexpressible regret. As time wore on, Madame Gaudin's attachment for Robert increased so much, that she almost believed he was her son; and well did he merit it all, for he respected her sincerely, and was most grateful for all she did for him. Whenever he was out at night, she would await his return with the greatest impatience, and was perfectly happy when she could be near him while he was reading, writing, or drawing; which latter employed most of his leisure hours. He imitated with great care the models given him, and would have passed the entire night working at them, but that Madame Gaudin sweetly forced him to lay them aside and go to bed.

Robert had now reached his sixteenth year, and his salary was increased to forty francs a month, which gave him great joy, as well as Madame Gaudin, though she thought that his merit was not yet remunerated enough, notwithstanding it was a good opening for him to another career. Some days after he had received this mark of the satisfaction his good conduct had given, his employer handed him a letter, with an express recommendation to a celebrated painter, and asked him to take it to his studio, and wait for an answer.

Arriving there, he introduced himself into the studio where the artist sat at his work. He laid down his palette, and when he had finished reading the letter that was handed him, he saw to his great surprise the young messenger absorbed before the picture that was on his easel. After considering

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him for a few moments in silence, he asked him several questions, to which Robert replied with an emotion and an accent that revealed to the painter the inspiration of his soul. The most striking features of his face were his large and spiritual eyes, and his broad open forehead, on which thought sat enthroned. The artist was so charmed with his agreeable exterior, his frank and expressive language, that he inquired with interest what he was doing, who were his family, and what were his projects for the future. Robert satisfied all these questions, which were asked in a benevolent tone, by the recital of his childhood, of the loss of his mother, of his studies, interrupted by the death of his benefactors, and finished by telling his actual position, his love for drawing, and his ardent desire to come to him to study painting. "Well, you can come, my boy," said the painter; "but if you should succeed one day, can you hide from yourself the bitter deceptions which are the sad shadow of glory and renown? Yet why should I frighten you and inspire you with fear, when you trust so implicitly in the future? You can only hope. This word is all-powerful, and with your ideas and wishes you can crush under your feet every obstacle you wish to surmount. From this day consider yourself my pupil, and I doubt not you will do me credit. I will write the answer to the letter you brought me, and tell your employer at the same time that you belong to me now." Robert really thought he was dreaming, and was afraid to stir for fear his castle would fall, until the painter put the letter he was to take into his hand, and said, "Come back to-morrow."

He ran all the way, and stopped almost breathless before the door of Madame Gaudin, opened it hastily, and threw himself into her arms in an ecstacy of delight. "What is it?" she exclaimed, "what has happened you? I know it is something good." Her eyes were so eloquent with curiosity that he at once commenced to tell her, and related, without omitting a single word, the recent conversation which he had with the celebrated painter, and his promise to take him as a scholar. This unexpected event had filled him with such delight, that he entirely forgot the letter that was entrusted to him, but immediately set out to deliver it. Contentment gave him wings, and he was delirious with joy when he pressed against his breast the letter which was the bond of his liberty and his deliverance; and without regret he bade an eternal farewell to his former insipid labor, though his heart beat as he gave it to his employer, and as he stood waiting for him to read it, the minutes were like years. At last he raised his eyes, and said, "So you are to leave me, Robert; I am sorry, for I like you much, and I shall not soon fill your place; still I cannot stand in the way of your promotion." Robert's happiness knew no bounds, and he returned and dreamed the sweetest dreams that ever came to childhood's pillow. From this time his life of struggle and of real work commenced. Until now he had lived almost alone, far from the world and its attractions, and ignorant of all wickedness. When he finds himself face to face with life's realities, he is like one shipwrecked. He was taken by his new master into the studio, and presented to the other scholars. Thrown like a timid lamb into this flock, he found they had no respect for sacred things, and his innocence and candor were cruelly railed at, his virtue rudely spoken of, and his religion turned into ridicule; and then sometimes, under the pretext of friendship, they would try to make him take part in their noisy revels. But he always refused, never forgetting that his mother had told him to seek the old and wise for advice, and to avoid the company of wicked young men. This enabled him to resist courageously the deceitful pleasures produced by licentiousness and debaucheries. To his pure mind, nothing was so delightful as the home friendship, the kindness and the sweet counsels he had with Madame Gaudin.

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Then he made excursions in the neighborhood of Paris, where he found nature in all her beautiful simplicity; he breathed the pure country air, and made sketches of the surrounding scenery. In a word, he was entirely occupied with his art, and it was his true enjoyment. The amusement and excesses of gayety, which ordinarily delight the young, had for him no charm; and he repulsed with horror the poisoned cup to which so many open eager lips. My dear young friends, if you only knew what this bitter cup contained, you would all dash it far from you, for in drinking it to the dregs, you will sometimes find crime, always remorse, a weariness of all things, and a premature old age.

Robert was spared from falling into the snares which are set to allure youth, which blessing can only be attributed to the pious education he had received. First impressions are never effaced, they take deep root in a child's heart, and if good, become the fruitful germs of many virtues; if they are bad, they are the source from which vice and passion flow. In his tender years Robert had loved God and his works; later, when the good curé had revealed to him the sublimity of religion, the orphan was penetrated with a great love for that God who is goodness itself; and when reason and experience confirmed all which his mother and his protector had taught him, he believed more firmly still, and found in all nature visible proofs of the grandeur and power manifested by the Sovereign Ruler of the universe. When his companions were convinced that they could not make him one of their band of idlers, they let him alone, and treated him with the most contemptuous indifference, which was a great happiness to him, for he was no longer disturbed in his studies, and applied himself with such ardor and perseverance that his master was enchanted with his progress, and prodigal of his praises and encouragement, his counsels and lessons; and aided to the utmost of his ability this rare talent, which only demanded for its perfection aid and good direction. Not a day passed without his looking over Robert's studies, correcting them, and stimulating the generous emulation of the young artist. Robert proved his gratitude by his devotion to his studies, and if on the one hand the master was proud of his pupil, on the other so sincere, exalted, and just was his respect for him, that he would have considered it but a small sacrifice to have given his life for a man who was so liberal of his time and knowledge to him. This tribute which his warm heart gave so willingly, was not the only one Robert received. Madame Gaudin made a duty of continuing the charitable work of the Abbé Verneuil, who had shown so sublime and disinterested an affection for Robert. She spent without regret the savings of twenty years, and, although an old woman, she worked like a young girl, inventing the most ingenious means for hiding the sacrifices she was obliged to make. She exhausted herself by her labor; but she loved Robert, and said, with a just pride, "He will be a great painter, and will repay me a thousand times for all I do for him now. What is a little trouble? Fatigue soon passes over. I am only an old woman, and have no need of anything, but he is so young, so good and easily contented, that if he only has air and sunshine he is happy. He never spends a cent improperly, and is economical, charitable, and polite. I could not love him more if I were his mother; and all I ask of God is, that he will spare me yet a while, that I may work for him." Robert had not the least idea of the expedients she employed for dissimulating the privations she each day imposed upon herself, but he worked with devouring energy night and day, and nothing is a trouble to him, nothing a fatigue, which brings him nearer to that glorious end, an artist! a true, soul-inspired artist! But material life and its necessities must be provided for; yet he thinks not of privations, so

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completely is he fascinated with art and dreams of fame. It soon became difficult for Madame Gaudin to hide from Robert her almost penniless position, which was all the harder because of her excessive tenderness and love for him. She seemed to have but one thought, and that was to spare him all trouble. The courage of women has its source in the heart, and if they have love as an incentive, they can accomplish ends that place them far above men. So she kept from Robert the knowledge of the obligation he was under to her, and for three years struggled with energy and constancy to give the young painter, not only the necessaries, but also an appearance of luxuries, which deceived him to the last degree. Up to this time her heroic courage was the same, but her health failed suddenly, and religion alone sustained her, with a firm and consoling hand, when misfortunes came. Robert also needed it to keep up his spirits, for he felt a keen anguish when he saw her extended on a bed of pain; but his faith gave him supernatural strength, and he struggled victoriously with poverty, abandoning for a time his loved art to attend to the smallest details of material life, dividing his time between the sick friend whom he surrounded with delicacies, and upon whom he lavished his tenderest care, and work, monotonous, but productive work; and with his money he procured remedies which he hoped would bring back her health who had done so much for him. In this hour of trial he never despaired, and spent sixteen hours out of the twenty-four often in copying miserable and ill-drawn pictures, and all for a salary. But he would exclaim, "I will be an artist." He returned sacrifice for sacrifice, and while Madame Gaudin was in danger, he had not a moment of repose, and only found calmness and tranquillity when convalescence came. The *rôles* were changed. The protector became the protected, the kind guardian of the orphan became the object of his earnest solicitude. He became a man during her sickness; rendering her the attentions of a devoted son, and providing for the expenses of the household. Brought down from his fairy land of dreams by the realities of life, he is neither less amiable nor less good, but stronger, braver, more faithful than ever. The wings of the child have been folded; he is only a man, that is all.

From All the Year Round.

"INCONSOLABILE."

I AM waiting on the margin
  Of the dark, cold, rushing tide;
All I love have passed before me,
  And have reached the other side:
Only unto me a passage
  Through the waters is denied.

Mist and gloom o'erhang the river,
  Gloom and mist the landscape veil;
Straining for the shores of promise,
  Sight and hope and feeling fail.
Not a sigh, a breath, a motion,
  Answers to my feeble wail.

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Surely they have all forgot me
'Mid the wonders they have found
In the far enchanted mansions;
Out of heart and sight and sound,
Here I sit, like Judah's daughters,
Desolate upon the ground.

Strangers' feet the stream are stemming,
Stranger faces pass me by,
Willing some, and some reluctant,
All have leave to cross but I—
I, the hopeless, all bereaved,
Loathing life, that long to die!

Be the river ne'er so turbid,
Chill and angry, deep and drear,
All my loved ones are gone over,
Daunted not by doubt or fear;
And my spirit reaches after,
While I sit lamenting here.

Happy waters that embraced them,
Happier regions hid from sight,
Where my keen, far-stretching vision,
Dazed and baffled, lost them quite.
Dread, immeasurable distance
'Twixt the darkness and the light!

And I know that never, never,
Till this weak, repining breast
Still its murmurs into patience
Yonder from the region blest
Shall there break a streak of radiance,
And upon the river rest.

I shall hail the mystic token
Bright'ning all the waters o'er,
Struggle through the threat'ning torrent
Till I reach the further shore;
Wonder then, my blind eyes opened,
That I had not trusted more.

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ORIGINAL.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.*

We had heard some little of Miss Rossetti, in a superficial way, before reading this her book. Various verses of hers had met our eye in print, and if they themselves left no very decided mark upon the memory, yet we had the firm impression, somehow, that she was one more of the rising school of poets. Accordingly we thought it well to take a retrospect of a few post-Tennysonians—Mrs. Browning, Owen Meredith, Robert Buchanan, Jean Ingelow, and so on — supposed fellow disciples—so as to be tolerably sure of ranking the new-comer rightly. On reading this volume we find our labor lost through an entirely unforeseen circumstance. Unfortunately, it does not appear that Miss Rossetti is a poetess at all. That there are people who think her one, we infer from the fact that this is in some sort a third edition; why they think so, we are at a loss to see. The book will not answer a single test of poetry. The authoress's best claim to consideration is, that she sincerely, persistently, fervently *means* to be a poetess. Only the most Demosthenian resolve could have kept her writing in face of her many inherent unfitnesses. For imagination, she offers fantasy; for sentiment, sentimentality; for aspiration, ambition; for originality and thought, little or nothing; for melody, fantastic janglings of words; and these, with all tenderness for the ill-starred intensity of purpose that could fetch them so far, are no more poetry than the industrious Virginian colonists' shiploads of mica were gold.

The first cursory impression of this book would be, we think, that its cardinal axiom was "Poetry is versified plaintiveness." The amount of melancholy is simply overwhelming. There is a forty-twilight power of sombreness everywhere. Now, criticism has taken principles, not statistics, to be its province; but we could not resist the temptation to take a little measurement of all this mournfulness. Limiting our census strictly to the utterly irretrievable and totally wrecked poems, with not a glimmering of reassurance, we found no less than forty-nine sadnesses, all the way from shadow to unutterable blackness—"*nfernam lumbram noctemque perennem.*" There is the sadness decadent, the sadness senescent, the sadness bereft, the sadness despondent, the sadness weary, the sadness despairing, the sadness simply sad, the grand sadness ineffable, and above and pervading all, the sadness rhapsodical. They are all there. Old Burton will rise from his grave, if there be any virtue in Pythagoreanism, to anatomize these poems. What it is all about is strictly a secret, and laudably well kept; which gives to the various sorrows that touching effect peculiar to the wailings of unseen babies from unascertained ailments. So sustained is the grief, indeed, that after protracted poring, we hang in abeyance between two conclusions. One is that Miss Rossetti, outside of print, is the merriest mortal in the United Kingdom; the other, that her health is worse than precarious. That one or the other must be right, we know. There is no other horn to the dilemma, no *tertiary quiddity*, no choice, no middle ground between hilarity and dyspepsia.

Perhaps the reader can judge for himself from these lines, which are a not unfair sample:

* *Poems*, by Christina G. Rossetti. Boston: Roberts, Brothers. 1866.

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"MAY.

I cannot tell you how it was;
But this I know: it came to pass
Upon a bright and breezy day,
When May was young; ah, pleasant May!
As yet the poppies were not born,
Between the blades of tender corn;
The last eggs had not hatched as yet,
Nor any bird foregone its mate.
I cannot tell you what it was;
But this I know: it did but pass.
It passed away with sunny May,
With all sweet things it passed away,
And left me old and cold and gray."

We may be very unappreciative, and probably are sinfully suspicious, but the above sounded at the first and sounds at the present reading, exactly like a riddle. We certainly don't know how it was nor what it was. There is a shadowy clue in its passing away with sunny May, but we are far too cautious to hazard a guess. If there be any conundrum intended, all we have to say is, we give it up.

We do but justice, however, in saying that amid much mere lugubriousness there is some real and respectable sadness. The following, in spite of the queer English in its first lines, sounds genuine, and is moreover, for a rarity of rarities, in well-chosen and not ill-managed metre:

"I have a room whereinto no one enters
Save I myself alone:
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
There my life centres.

While winter comes and goes—Oh! tedious comer!
And while its nip-wind blows;
While bloom the bloodless lily and warm rose
Of lavish summer;

If any should force entrance he might see there
One buried, yet not dead,
Before whose face I no more bow my head
Or (*sic*) bend my knee there;

But often in my worn life's autumn weather
I watch there with clear eyes,
And think how it will be in Paradise
When we're together."

Here is one of a trite topic—nearly all the good things in this book are on themes as old as moonlight—but with a certain mournful richness, like autumn woods:

"Life is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
To shut our eyes and die:
Nor feel the wild flowers blow, nor birds dart by
With flitting butterfly;
Nor grass grow long above our head and feet,
Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky high,
Nor sigh that spring is fleet, and summer fleet,
Nor mark the waxing wheat,
Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.

Life is not good. One day it will be good
To die, then live again;
To sleep meanwhile: so not to feel the wane
Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,
Nor hear the foamy lashing of the main,
Nor mark the blackened bean-fields, nor where stood
Rich ranks of golden grain,
Only dead refuse stubble clothe the plain:
Asleep from risk, asleep from pain."

This is one of her best poems in point of style. The "waxing wheat" we are just a shade doubtful about; but the mellowness of the diction is much to our liking, and it is unmarred by any of the breaks of strange ill taste that flaw nearly all these poems. If not poetry nor novelty, at least we find it sadly agreeable verse.

Our professor of rhetoric once astonished his class by a heterodoxy, which we have since thought sound as well as neat. "Walter Scott," said he, "writes verse as well as a man can write and not be a poet." We are sorry we cannot say as much for Miss Rossetti; she has considerable faults as a writer. The chief of these has elsewhere been carped at—her laborious style of being simple. The true simplicity of poets is not a masterly artifice, but a natural and invariable product where high poetic and expressive powers combine. The best thought is always simple, because it deals only with the essences of things: the best expression—the machinery of thought—is simple, just as the best of any other machinery is. But the grand, obvious fact to the many is that the best poetry is admired for being simple. Writing for this market, Miss Rossetti and unnumbered others have more or less successfully attempted to achieve this crowning beauty of style by various processes that are to the inspiration of real simplicity as patent medicines to vigorous vitality. Almost all hold the immutable conviction that Saxon words are an infallible recipe for the indispensable brevity. Accordingly the usual process is by an elaborate application of Saxon—if rather recondite or even verging on the obsolete, so much the more efficacious—to a few random ideas. Of course, with such painful workmanship, one must not expect the best material. Original, or even well

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defined thought seldom thrives in the same hot-house with this super-smoothness. But without pursuing the process into results at large, we have only to take Matthew Arnold's distinction as to Miss Rossetti:—she tries hard for *simplicité*, and achieves *simplesse*. But there is no such thing as hard work without its fruits. This straining after effect crops painfully out in a peculiar baldness and childishness of phrase that is almost original. The woman who can claim The Lambs of Grasmere as her own has not lived in vain. This production, with its pathetic episode of the maternal

> "Teapots for the bleating mouths,
> Instead of nature's nourishment,"

has already been noticed in print, and duly expanded many visages. We pause rapt in admiration of the deep intuition that could select for song the incident of feeding a sheep with a teapot. It carries us back, in spirit, to the subtle humor and delicate irony of Peter Bell, and We are Seven. What a burst of tenderness ought we to expect, if Miss Rossetti should ever chance to see stable-boys give a horse a bolus! . . . . . We shall not cite examples of this *simplesse;* those who like it will find it purer and more concentrated in the bard of Rydal; or if they must have it, they are safe in opening this book almost anywhere.

Of the individual poems, the two longest, The Goblin Market and The Prince's Progress, are rivals for the distinction of being the worst. All the best poems are short, excepting one, Under the Rose. The story is of an illegitimate daughter, whose noble mother takes her to live with herself at the inevitable Hall, without acknowledging her. There are able touches of nature in the portrayal of the lonely, loving, outlawed, noble heart, that, knowing her mother's secret, resolves never to betray it, even to her. In the following passage, the girl, alone at the castle, as her mother's favorite maid, describes her inner life:

> "Now sometimes in a dream,
> My heart goes out of me
> To build and scheme,
> Till I sob after things that seem
> So pleasant in a dream:
> A home such as I see,
> My blessed neighbors live in;
> With father and with mother,
> *All proud of one another,*
> *Named by one common name;*
> *From baby in the bud*
> *To full-blown workman father;*
> It's little short of Heaven.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Of course the servants sneer
> Behind my back at me;
> Of course the village girls,
> Who envy me my curls
> And gowns and idleness,
> Take comfort in a jeer;
> Of course the ladies guess
> Just so much of my history
> As points the emphatic stress
> With which they laud my Lady;
>
> The gentlemen who catch
> A casual glimpse of me,
> And turn again to see
> Their valets, on the watch
> To speak a word with me;—
> All know, and sting me wild;
> Till I am almost ready
> To wish that I were dead,—
> No faces more to see,
> No more words to be said;
> My mother safe at last
> Disburdened of her child
> And the past past."

The Convent Threshold—the last words of a contrite novice to her lover—has touches of power. There is an unusual force about some parts, as for example here:

> "You linger, yet the time is short;
> Flee for your life; gird up your strength
> To flee; the shadows stretched at length
> Show that day wanes, that night draws nigh;
> Flee to the mountain, tarry not.
> Is this a time for smile and sigh;
> For songs among the secret trees
> Where sudden blue-birds nest and sport?
> The time is short, and yet you stay:
> To-day, while it is called to-day,
> Kneel, wrestle, knock, do violence, pray;
> To-day is short, to-morrow nigh:
> Why will you die? why will you die!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> How should I rest in Paradise,
> Or sit on steps of Heaven alone?
> If saints and angels spoke of love,
> Should I not answer from my throne,
> 'Have pity upon me, ye, my friends,
> For I have heard the sound thereof?'
> Should I not turn with yearning eyes,
> Turn earthward with a pitiful pang?
> Oh! save me from a pang in heaven!
> By all the gifts we took and gave,
> Repent, repent, and be forgiven!"

The lines called Sound Sleep, p. 65, we like very well for very slight cause. It says nearly nothing with a pleasant flow of cadence that has the

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charm of an oasis for the reader. Much better is No, Thank You, John! which strikes into a strain of plain sound sense that we could wish to see much more of. The style, as well as the sense, seems to shuffle off its affectations, and the last two stanzas especially are easy, natural, and neat.

A strange compound of good and bad is the singular one called

"TWICE.

I took my heart in my hand,
O my love, O my love!
I said, "Let me fall or stand,
Let me live or die;
But this once hear me speak,
O my love, O my love!
Yet a woman's words are weak;
You should speak, not I."

You took my heart in your hand,
With a friendly smile,
With a critical eye you scanned,
Then set it down
And said: "It is still unripe—
Better wait a while;
Wait while the skylarks pipe,
Till the corn grows brown."

As you set it down it broke—
Broke, but I did not wince;
I smiled at the speech you spoke,
At your judgment that I heard:
But I have not often smiled
Since then, nor questioned since,
Nor cared for corn-flowers wild,
Nor sung with the singing-bird.

I take my heart in hand,
O my God, O my God!
My broken heart in my hand:
Thou hast seen, judge thou.
My hope was written on sand,
O my God, O my God!
Now let thy judgment stand—
Yea, judge me now.

This, contemned of a man,
This, marred one heedless day,
This heart take thou to scan
Both within and without:
Refine with fire its gold,
Purge thou its dross away;
Yea, hold it in thy hold,
Whence none can pluck it out

I take my heart in my hand—
I shall not die, but live—
Before thy face I stand,
I, for thou callest such;
All that I have I bring,
All that I am I give,
Smile thou, and I shall sing,
But shall not question much."

This poem, we confess, puzzles us a little to decide upon it. The imitation is palpable at a glance, but it is a very clever one: the first three stanzas above all catch the mannerism of their model to admiration. But the whole is a copy, at best, of one of the archetype's inferior styles; and yet we fancy we can see, under all the false bedizening, something of poetry in the conception, though it is ill said, and only dimly translucent. There is art, too, in the parallelism of the first and last three verses. But we do not like the refrain in the fourth verse—somehow it jars. Perhaps the best we can say of it is, that Browning, in his mistier moments of convulsiveness, could write worse.

There is another imitation of Browning in this book, that is the most supremely absurd string of rugged platitudes imaginable—Wife to Husband, p. 61. The last verse is sample enough:

"Not a word for you,
Not a look or kiss
Good-by.
We, one, must part in two;
Verily death is this,
I must die."

The metre generally throughout this book is in fact simply execrable. Miss Rossetti cannot write contentedly in any known or human measure. We do not think there are ten poems that are not in some new-fangled shape or shapelessness. With an overweening ambition, she has not the slightest faculty of rhythm. All she has done is to originate some of the most hideous metres that "shake the racked axle of art's rattling car." Attempting not only Browning's metrical dervish-dancings, but Tennyson's exquisite ramblings, she fails in both from an utter want of that fine ear that always guides the latter, and so often strikes out bold beauties in the former. Most of Miss Rossetti's new styles of word-mixture are much like the ingenious individual's invention for enabling right-handed people to write with the left hand—more or less clever ways of doing what she don't wish to do. What possible harmony, for instance, can any one find in this jumble, which, as per the printer, is meant for a "song:"

"There goes the swallow—
Could we but follow!
Hasty swallow, stay,
Point us out the way;
Look back, swallow, turn back, swallow, stop, swallow,

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There went the swallow—
Too late to follow,
Lost our note of way,
Lost our chance to-day.
Good-by, swallow, sunny swallow, wise swallow.

After the swallow—
All sweet things follow;
All things go their way,
Only we must stay,
Must not follow; good-by, swallow, good swallow."

Where on earth is sound or sense in this? Not a suggestion of melody, not a fraction of a coherent idea. People must read such trash as they eat *meringues à la crême*: we never could comprehend either process.

Truth to tell, we have in this book some of the very choicest balderdash that ever was perpetrated; worthy to stand beside even the immortal Owl and Goose of Tennyson. There is a piece at p. 41 which we would give the world to see translated into some foreign language, we have such an intense eagerness to understand it. Its subject, so far as we have got, seems to be the significance of the crocodile, symbolically considered. We glanced over, or rather at it once, and put it by for after reading, thinking the style probably too deep for love at first sight. On the second perusal we fell in with some extraordinary young crocodiles that we must have missed before. They had just been indulged in the luxury of being born, but Miss Rossetti's creative soul, not content with bestowing upon them the bliss of amphibious existence, made perfect their young beauty by showing them "fresh-hatched perhaps, and—*daubed with birthday dew*."

We are strong of head—we recovered from even this—we became of the very select few who can say they have read this thing through. There was a crocodile hero; he had a golden girdle and crown; he wore polished stones; crowns, orbs and sceptres *starred his breast* (why shouldn't they if they could); "special burnishment adorned his mail;" his punier brethren trembled, whereupon he immediately ate them till "the luscious fat distilled upon his chin," and "exuded from his nostrils and his eyes." He then fell into an anaconda nap, and grew very much smaller in his sleep, till at the approach of a very queer winged vessel (probably a vessel of wrath), "the prudent crocodile rose on his feet and shed appropriate tears (obviously it is the handsome thing for all well-bred crocodiles to cry when a winged ship comes along) and wrung his hands." As a finale, Miss Rossetti, too nimble for the unwary reader, anticipates his question of "What does it all mean?" and triumphantly replying that she doesn't know herself, but that it was all just so, marches on to the next *monumentum aere perennius*. In the name of the nine muses, we call upon Martin Farquhar Tupper to read this and then die.

There are one or two other things like this *longo intervallo*, but it is reserved for the Devotional Pieces to furnish the only poem that can compete with it in its peculiar line. This antagonist poem is not so sublime an example of sustained effort, but it has the advantage that the rhyme is fully equal to the context. Permit us then to introduce the neat little charade entitled

"AMEN.

It is over. What is over?
Nay, how much is over truly!—
Harvest days we toiled to sow for;
Now the sheaves are gathered newly,
Now the wheat is garnered duly.

It is finished. What is finished?
Much is finished known or unknown;
Lives are finished, time diminished;
Was the fallow field left unsown?
Will these buds be always unblown?

It suffices. What suffices?
All suffices reckoned rightly;
Spring shall bloom where now the ice is,
Roses make the bramble sightly,
And the quickening suns shine brightly,
And the latter winds blow lightly,
And my garden teems with spices."

Let now the critic first observe how consummately the mysticism of the charade form is intensified by the sphinx-like answers appended. Next note the novelties in rhyme, The rhythmic chain that links "over" and and "sow for" is the first discovery in the piece, closely rivalled by "ice is" and "spices" in the last verse. But

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far above all rises the subtle originality of the three rhymes in the second. A thousand literati would have used the rhyming words under the unpoetical rules of ordinary English. Miss Rossetti alone has the courage to inquire "Was the fallow field left *un*sown? Will these buds be always *un*blown?" We really do not think Shakspeare would have been bold enough to do this thus.

But despite this, the religious poems are perhaps the best. They seem at least the most unaffected and sincere, and the healthiest in tone. There are several notably good ones: one, just before the remarkable Amen, in excruciating metre, but well said; one, The Love of Christ which Passeth Knowledge, a strong and imaginative picture of the crucifixion; and Good Friday, a good embodiment of the fervor of attrite repentance. The best written of all is, we think, this one (p. 248):

"WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

I would have gone; God bade me stay;
I would have worked; God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings unexpressed
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go;
Now I would rest; God bids me work.
He breaks my heart, tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and moil:
But Christ my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest with thee?"

This is good style (no *simplesse* here) and real pathos—in short, poetry. We do not see a word to wish changed, and the conclusion in particular is excellent: there is a weariness in the very sound of the last lines.

It is remarkable how seldom *thought* furnishes the motive for these poems. With no lack at all of intelligence, they stand almost devoid of intellect. It is always a sentiment of extraneous suggestion, never a novelty in thought, that inspires our authoress. She seems busier depicting inner life than evolving new truths or beauties. Nor does she abound in suggestive turns of phrase or verbal felicities. In fact, as we have seen, she will go out of her way to achieve the want of ornament. But there is one subject which she has thought out thoroughly, and that subject is death. Whether in respect to the severance of earthly ties, the future state, or the psychical relations subtly linking the living to the dead, she shows on this topic a vigor and vividness, sometimes misdirected, but never wanting. Some of her queer ideas have a charm and a repulsion at once, like ghosts of dead beauty: *e.g.* this strange sonnet:

"AFTER DEATH.

The curtains were half-drawn, the floor was swept
And strewn with rushes; rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him; but I heard him say,
"Poor child, poor child!" and as he turned away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept;
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head;
He did not love me living, but once dead
He pitied me, and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold."

There is some *chiaro-oscuro* about this. Under all the ghastliness of the conception, we detect here a deep, genuine, unhoping, intensely human yearning, that is all the better drawn for being thrown into the shadow. We do not know of a more graphic realization of death. Miss Rossetti seems to be lucky with her sonnets. We give the companion piece to this last—not so striking as the other, but full of heart's love, and ending with one of the few passages we recall which enter without profaning the penetralia of that highest love, which passionately prefers the welfare of the beloved one to its own natural cravings for fruition and fulfilment:

"REMEMBER.

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you no more can hold me by the hand
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you planned;
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

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Another marked peculiarity often shadowed forth is our authoress's sharply defined idea that the dead lie simply quiescent, neither in joy nor sorrow. There are several miserable failures to express this state, and one success, so simple, so natural, and so pleasant in measure, that we quote it, though we have seen it cited before:

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dew-drops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows;
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;
And dreaming through that twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget."

Such bold insight into so profound a subject says more for the soul of an author than a whole miss's paradise of prettinesses.

In singular contrast with this religious fervency and earnestness, the sincerity of which we see no reason to impeach, comes our gravest point of reprehension of this volume. We think it fairly chargeable with utterances—and reticences—of morally dangerous tendency; and this, too, mainly on a strange point for a poetess to be cavilled at—the rather delicate subject of our erring sisters. Now, we are of those who think the world, as to this matter, in a state little better than barbarism; that far from feeling the first instincts of Christian charity, we are shamefully like the cattle that gore the sick ox from the herd. The only utterly pitiless power in human life is our virtue, when brought face to face with this particular vice. We hunt the fallen down; hunt them to den and lair; hunt them to darkness, desperation, and death; hunt their bodies from earth, and their souls (if we can) from heaven, with the cold sword in one hand, and in the other the cross of him who came into the world to save, not saints, but sinners, and who said to one of these: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and now sin no more."

But there is also such a thing as misdirected mercifulness; a dangerous lenity, all the more to be guarded against for its wearing the garb of charity; and we think Miss Rossetti has leaned culpably far in this direction. Two poems are especially prominent examples—Cousin Kate, and Sister Maude. In each the heroine has sinned, and suffered the penalties of discovery, and in each she is given the upper hand, and made a candidate for sympathy, for very bad reasons. There is no word to intimate that there is anything so very dreadful about dishonor; that it may not be some one else's fault, or nobody's fault at all—a mere social accident. A few faint hinting touches there may be of conventional condemnation, but somehow Miss Rossetti's sinners, *as sinners*, invariably have the best of the argument and of the situation, while virtue is put systematically in the wrong, and snubbed generally. The Goblin Market too, if we read it aright, is open to the same criticism. We understand it, namely, to symbolize the conflict of the better nature in us, with the prompting of the passions and senses. If so, what is the story translated from its emblematic form? One sister yields; the other by seeming to yield, saves her. Again there is not a syllable to show that the yielding was at all wrong in itself. A cautious human regard for consequences is the grand motive appealed to for withstanding temptation. Lizzie tells Laura, not that the goblin's bargain is an evil deed in the sight of God, but that Jennie waned and died of their toothsome poisons. She saves her by going just so far as she safely can. What, if anything, is the moral of all this? Not "resist the devil and he will flee from you," but "cheat the devil, and he won't catch you." Now, all these sayings and silences are gravely wrong and false to a writer's true functions. With all deference then, and fully feeling that we may mistake or misconstrue, we sincerely submit that some of these poems go inexcusably beyond the bounds of that strict moral

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right, which every writer who hopes ever to wield influence ought to keep steadily, and sacredly in view. We are emboldened to speak thus plainly, because we have some reason to believe that these things have grated on other sensibilities than our own, and that our stricture embodies a considerable portion of cultivated public opinion.

In conclusion, we repeat our first expressed opinion, that Miss Rossetti is not yet entitled to take a place among to-day's poets. The question remains, whether she ever will. We do not think this book of hers settles this question. Οὐδὲν ἐποίησε, she has done nothing in poetry yet of any consequence. These verses may be as well as she can do. They contain poetical passages of merit and promise, but they show also a defectiveness of versification, a falseness of ear, and occasionally a degree of affectation and triviality that, we can only hope, are not characteristic. To borrow a little of the style and technology of a sister branch of thought, the case, as now presented, can be accounted for as in essence a simple attack of the old and well-known endemic, *cacœthes scribendi*. Probably it befell her at the usual early age. Only instead of the run of gushing girls, we have Dante Gabriel Rossetti's sister, Jean Ingelow's intimate friend, and a young lady of intelligence and education, constantly in contact with real literary society, and — what is thoroughly evident in this book—read in our best poets. Add all these complicating symptoms, and is there not something plausible about the diagnosis? We do not say, observe, and do not mean to say, that this is Miss Rossetti's case; only all she has done so far seems explicable on this hypothesis. For ourselves, we lean to the view that she will do more. We judge hers a strong, sensuous, impulsive, earnest, inconsiderate nature, that sympathizes well, feels finely, keeps true to itself at bottom, but does not pause to make sure that others must, as well as may, enter into the spirit that underlies her utterances, and so buries her meaning sometimes beyond Champollion's own powers of deciphering. But her next book must determine how much is to be ascribed to talent, and how much to practice and good models; and show us whether genius or gilt edges separate her from the *οἱ πολλοί*.

ORIGINAL.

THE TEST.

She stands with head demurely bent,
A village maiden, young and comely,
And he beside her, talking low
And earnestly, is Lord of Bromleigh.

"Now raise thine eyes, and look at me,
And place thy little hand in mine,
And tell me thou my bride will be,
And I and Bromleigh shall be thine;
In richest silks thou shalt be drest—
Have diamonds flashing on each hand,
And in all splendor shalt outshine
The proudest lady in the land.

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On softest carpets thou shalt tread,
On velvet cushions shalt recline;
Whatever is most rich and rare
That thou mayst wish for shall be thine."

"I do not covet silk attire,
Nor glittering gold, nor flashing gem;
There is no longing in my heart
To change my simple dress for them.
A village maiden I was born—
A village maiden I was bred—
A happy life for eighteen years
In that low station I have led.
How do I know if I should change
My state for one so high, but then
The world might change, and never be
The thing it is to me again;
But from the field, and from the sky,
The glory and the joy would go;
The greenness from the meadow grass,
The beauty from all flowers that blow;
The sweetness from the breath of spring,
The music from the skylark's song:
Content, and all sweet thoughts that bring
A gladness to me all day long?"

"Thy fears are idle fears," he said;
"Love, loyal heart, and generous mind,
Can happiness in lordly halls
As well as in a cottage find.
For this is of the soul, and bound
To no degrees of wealth or state:
Then put thy little hand in mine
And speak the word that seals my fate!
I love thee, Marian, more than life—
Have loved thee, ah! thou dost not guess
How long, unknown to thee, my soul
Hath shrined in thee its happiness.
More precious than the light of day,
Thy beauty is unto mine eyes;
More sweet than all earth's music else
Thy voice that now to me replies.
Oh! would it speak the words I long
More than all other words to hear,
I were the happiest man this day
That breathes the breath of earthly air."

She raised her head, and in her eyes
A tender look his glances met,
But 'twas not love—though kin to it—
A look of pity and regret.

"It pains me more than I can tell
To speak the words I ought; but yet
They must be said; and for your sake
I would that we had never met.

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For if you love me as you say,
I can conceive how great the pain
I give when I declare the truth,
I cannot love you, sir, again.
And I should sin a grievous sin,
Should do a grievous wrong to you,
If I should put my hand in yours
Unless my heart went with it too.
Not joy and pride, but grief and shame,
Go with the bridegroom and the bride
Into the house where they shall dwell,
Unless love enter side by side.
And I, because my heart is given
To one I love beyond my life,
Could find no joy in Bromleigh Hall
Am all unfit for Bromleigh's wife:
But did I love you, then, indeed,
Although my state be poor and mean,
I were as worthy Bromleigh Hall,
As were I daughter of a queen,
For love hath such divinity
That it ennobles every one
That owns its mast'ry, and can make
A beggar worthy of a throne.
This I have learned—love taught me this;
The love that is my breath of life:
That will not leave me till I die,
That will not let me be your wife.
Forbear to urge me more, my lord;
It gives me pain to give such pain;
Here let us part, and for the sake
Of both, to never meet again."

"Stay yet a little, Marian, stay!
My heart was wholly thine before,
Or what thou sayst would make me swear
That now I love thee more and more.
A beauty brighter than a queen's,
A mind with noble thoughts so graced,
Among the highest in the land,
Were best esteemed, and fittest placed.
Yes, there thy rightful station is,
Amongst the noble of the earth:
And 'twere a sin unto a clown
To mate such beauty and such worth.
Thou could'st not live thy truest life;
Thy fullest joy thou could'st not find,
Chained to a poor cot's drudgery,
Wed to a dull, unlettered hind."

Then flushed her face with maiden scorn,
And thrilled her voice with proud disdain;
And proudly looked her eyes at him
Who dared not look at her again.

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"For shame! my lord; for shame! my lord;
You shame your rank to slander so
A man, I doubt if you have seen;
A man I'm sure you do not know.
The man I love is no base churl,
No poor unlettered village hind;
But in my soul he lives and reigns,
The wisest, noblest of mankind.
I grant him poor, I know he works
With head and hands for daily bread;
And nobler so in my esteem
Than if a useless life he led.
'Tis not the accident of birth
Though with the flood the line began,
Nor having lands and countless wealth,
That makes and marks the gentleman.
For these are earthly, of the earth,
And by the vilest oft possessed;
But 'tis the spirit makes the man,
The soul that rules in brain and breast:
The generous heart, the noble mind,
The soul aspiring still to climb
To higher heights, to truer truths,
To faith more heavenly and sublime.
These make the noble of the earth;
And he I love is one of these:—
And shall I for a title fall
From such a soul and love as his?
Believe me, no! Ten thousand times,
A cot with him I'd rather share
Than yonder hall with you, my lord,"
And then she turned and left him there.
Off fell the curls and thick moustache
That hid the true look of his face.
A step—and ere she was aware
She struggled in a strong embrace;
Whilst kisses rained on cheek and lips,
She would have cried for help; but, lo!
The voice was one she knew so well,
Not that which spoke awhile ago.

"Forgive me, oh! my dear, true love,
If I have seemed thy love to test;
I knew 'twas good, and pure, and true,
As ever filled a maiden's breast:
But I had something to reveal,
And so I put on this deceit.
Deceit! not so—for *now* I'm true,
The past it is that was a cheat;
For I this happy twelvemonth past,
This year that gave thy love to me,
Have lived a life not truly mine,
Have lived it for the sake of thee.

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And though I Harry Nugent am,
The master of the village school,
So am I Harry Nugent Vane,
Lord of a higher rank and rule,
The which I left to win thy love;
And now I know that it is mine,
I take it back, my own true wife,
And Bromleigh Hall is mine and thine.

ORIGINAL.

WHAT I HEARD ABOUT RITUALISM IN A CITY CAR.

"It ought to be stopped, and it's all nonsense."

"It is all very well to say 'it ought to be stopped,' and that 'it is all nonsense,' but, my dear sir, we cannot stop it, for the people will have it; and I beg leave to differ with you, for I think it is very far from being nonsense."

It was in a Seventh Avenue railway car, and as I sat next to the last speaker, a clerical-looking person, I could not help overhearing the conversation. The other appeared to be one of those old gentlemen who are positive about everything—who, even in the tie of their cravat, say as plain as can be, "This is the way I intend to have it, and I *will* have it."

"I perfectly agree with the Bishop of Oxford," said he. "See here"—and he opened a newspaper and read as follows: "'I have no great fear that as to the majority of the people there is any tendency toward Rome; and, on the contrary, I believe that in many cases this development of English ritualism tends to keep our people from Rome. It may, however, happen that the tendency of these things is to what I consider to be at this moment the worst corruption of the church of Rome—its terrible system of Mariolatry.' There, you see what it tends to, and it is plain enough, although the bishop did not like to say so, of course, that ritualism in our churches will educate our people to become Catholics; and so he adds, very properly: 'I regard it with deep distress. My own belief is that to stop these practices it will only be necessary for the bishop to issue an injunction to the clergymen to surcease from them—to surcease from incensing the holy table—to surcease from prostration after the consecration of the holy elements—to surcease from incensing at the *magnificat.*' My opinion precisely."

"Have you ever considered the true sense of these things?" inquired his clerical friend.

"Can't see any sense in it at all," tartly responded the old gentleman.

"No?" returned the other; "surely there must be some good reason for this wide-spread desire of both clergy and laity for a more elaborate ritual in divine service."

"Fashionable, fashionable—nothing else."

"It gives dignity and solemnity to public worship."

"Mere show."

"It adds to the apparent reality of the sacred functions of religion, in the administration of the sacraments particularly."

"Ha! ha! yes, it would be an apparent reality for us. I read about that 'apparent reality' lately in the report of the ordination of one of our bishops, and I thought it a very appropriate remark."

"But you must admit that it tends

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to edify the worshippers, and afford them more ample means of lifting up the heart to God."

"It don't edify me."

"Then it is, besides, so full of instruction, for every ceremony fixes the mind upon the religious truth to which the ceremony points, as, for instance, making the sign of the cross must keep the truth of redemption forcibly before the mind."

"Make the sign of the cross!" ejaculated the old gentleman, almost jumping out of his seat, at which movement half a dozen ladies, standing up and holding on the leathern straps, made a simultaneous rush for the place.

"Why not?" said the other. "I am ready to do anything that will remind me that my Saviour died for me. Then it is only fulfilling the prophecy of St. Paul to bow or bend the knee at the mention of his holy name, and to genuflect before the altar is very proper and right, if we believe in the presence of Jesus Christ in the sacred elements."

"But we Protestants don't believe it."

"You must not be too sure of that; I know many who do. You know the Scripture is very strong in its favor: 'This is my body—this is my blood;' and I, as a good Protestant, who take my belief from the Bible, may have the right to believe it, may I not?"

"H'm, h'm, but our church don't teach any thing of the kind."

"Not as a church, I grant you, but she has no right to trammel private judgment; and if I choose to believe it, and act upon my belief, what is to hinder me."

"It seems to me that as a minister of the church you ought to *minister* just what the church teaches and no more."

"If you follow that out, my friend, you will become a Romanist. A Protestant cannot stand on that ground."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the old gentleman drawing a deep breath, and scratching his head. "I don't know what we are coming to. A man don't want to be a papist, and yet he goes to his own Protestant church and must put up with all the bowings and scrapings and genuflections and candles and flowers, and all the rest of the popish fiddle-de-dees."

"Now you mention candles and flowers," said the clerical gentleman, "what can be more appropriate symbols of joy and festivity? And when the Christian is rejoicing on those solemn and joyful festivals of the church, as, for instance, the birth of our Saviour at Christmas, and his resurrection at Easter, how very natural it is that the sanctuary of religion should be adorned with lights and flowers, than which nothing could express more fitly the joy and thankfulness of the heart. If you crush out all expression of these sentiments in the service of the church you will render it a dull, cold formality; and in this matter the church of Rome has been much wiser than we in retaining all those things which, after all, are of apostolic origin, and used by the earliest Christians."

"Incense, too, I suppose," added the old gentleman with a snarl.

"Incense too," repeated the other, "not the least doubt of it, as is plain from the discoveries in the catacombs, and a beautiful emblem it is of prayer. You know the scripture, 'My prayer shall ascend as incense in thy sight.'"

The old gentleman here looked around the car with an air that seemed to say, Will somebody have the kindness to tell me if I am asleep or awake? Turning to his friend, he said: "Then I suppose that all our protestations on this score against the Roman church have no foundation either in reason or in holy Scripture?"

"That is not only my own opinion," replied the clerical gentleman, "but I have every reason to believe it is the conviction of a very large number of enlightened Protestants of our day."

"A conviction I sincerely deplore," said the old gentleman. "Good morning," and he abruptly rose and left the car.

"Excuse me, sir," said I, "if I, as a Catholic, have been deeply interested

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in your conversation just now; but may I ask on what principle those ritualistic forms and ceremonies are being adopted by Protestants, and being introduced into their services?"

"The principle is this, that they are all deeply significant of the different truths of the Christian religion, a visible expression of the faith of the worshipper."

"We understand that perfectly as Catholics," said I, "but as your congregations differ so widely in their individual belief, these forms and ceremonies would possess no significance to the half of any one congregation of Protestant worshippers. Now, with us Catholics, the ceremonies have a universal significance, as all our people are united in one faith."

"We will educate our people to it," said he.

"That is, you would make the faith of your worshippers an expression of the ceremonies you perform, and not the ceremonies an expression of their faith. In the Catholic church the faith is all one to start on, and the appropriate ceremonies follow as a matter of course."

"I acknowledge," returned he, "that we have not paid sufficient attention to the vital necessity of a ritual which would embody and show forth the faith of our church."

"But when you have gotten a ritual which supposes, as it must, certain doctrines, and which, as you said to your friend, instructs the people in these doctrines, are you not trammelling the private judgment of those worshippers who do not believe these doctrines and wish to have a ritual which is consistent with their belief? What right have you to impose a ritual upon them inconsistent with their belief?"

"We do not impose any particular ritual," he replied; "if they do not like it they can go elsewhere."

"But then you would have, or ought to have, as many different rituals as your people have individual differences of belief, and that would end in endless division and dissension."

"It is excessively warm, don't you think so?" said the minister.

"It is," said I, "but I think we are going to have a storm soon; I see it is getting quite cloudy."

ORIGINAL.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE AND THE CROSS.

O HAPLESS tree! which doth refuse
Thy fruit to him who thee hath made:
Cursed and withered none may use
Thy barren limbs for fruit or shade.

O Cross of death! which man did make,
Barren and fruitless though thou be,
Thy sapless branches life shall take
From that sweet fruit he gave to thee.

O happy tree! divinely blest!
True, thou hast neither leaves nor root;
Yet 'neath thy shade a world shall rest,
And feast upon thy heavenly fruit!

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MISCELLANY.

A Peculiar Conglomerate.—Mr. John Kelly, of the Irish Geological Society, has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Geological Magazine*, describing a peculiar conglomerate bed which is on the shore at Cushendeen, in the county of Antrim. The mass is about fifty feet above the sea, and some thirty yards long and wide. It is composed of round pebbles of quartz rock, from two to four inches in diameter; and they occur so closely packed that every one is in contact with another, and no room left, except for the sand which cements them, and which fills the openings between the pebbles, when originally heaped together. These pebbles, as just stated, are of quartz rock, and therefore all of one kind. There is no actual rock of the same kind, on the shore, nearer than—(1) Malin Head, or Culdaff, in Donegal; (2) Belderg, east of Belmullet in Mayo, where it occupies the shore for fourteen miles; and (3) in the twelve bins, near Clifden, in Connemara, where it forms bands interstratified with mica slate. This mass is backed by a hill of brown Devonian grits and shales interstratified, which extends from Cushendeen to Cushendal. In both those rocks are a few round pebbles of quartz rock, similar to those in the mass on the shore, but in the rocks of the hill they are thinly disseminated, perhaps six or ten of them to a cubic yard. Mr. Kelly desires to know how the quartz pebbles came together unmixed with any other species of rock. The answer which the editor of the *Geological Magazine* gives in a foot-note seems very like the correct one. It is to the effect that, in the grinding of the several elements which were being rubbed together to form the conglomerate, the softer ones became reduced to powder.—*Popular Science Review.*

Old Roman Mines in Spain.—In the mines of San Domingo, in Spain, some discoveries of Roman mining implements and galleries have been made, which show us the colossal character of the labors undertaken by that ancient nation. In some instances, draining galleries nearly three miles in length were discovered, and in others the remains of wheels used to raise water were found in abundance. The wood, owing, it is thought, to penetration by copper, is in a perfect state of preservation, and there appears to be evidence that the wheels were worked by a number of men stepping on the flanges somewhat after the manner of prisoners on a tread-mill. There were eight of these water-wheels, the water being raised by the first into the first basin, by the second into the second basin, and so on, till it was conveyed out of the mine. The age of these relics has been set down at 1500 years. —*Ibid.*

Blood Relationship in Marriage.—At a late meeting of the London Anthropological Society, a paper was read by Dr. Mitchell on the above subject. The conclusions arrived at are: 1. That consanguinity in parentage tends to injure the offspring. That this injury assumes various forms: "as, diminished viability; feeble constitution; bodily defects; impairment of the senses; disturbance of the nervous system; sterility." 2. That the injury may show itself in the grandchildren: "so that there may be given to the offspring by the kinship of the parents a *potential defect* which may become *actual* in their children, and thenceforth perhaps appear as an hereditary disease." 3. That idiocy and imbecility are more common than insanity in such cases.

Gigantic Birds'-Nests.—Mr. Gould describes the Wattled Talegalla, or Bush Turkey, of Australia, as adopting a most extraordinary process of nidification. The bird collects together an immense heap of decaying vegetable matter as a depository for the eggs, and trusts to the heat engendered by decomposition for the development of the young. The heap employed for this purpose is collected by the birds during several weeks previous to the period of laying. It varies in size from two to four cartloads, and is of a perfectly pyramidal form. Several birds work at its construction, not by using their bills, but by grasping

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the materials with their feet and throwing them back to one common centre. In this heap the birds bury the eggs perfectly upright, with the large end upward; they are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched, when the young birds are clothed with feathers, not with down, as is usually the case. It is not unusual for the natives to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time from a single heap; and as they are delicious eating, they are as eagerly sought after as the flesh. The birds are very stupid, and easily fall a victim to the sportsman, and will sit aloft and allow a succession of shots to be fired at them until they are brought down.—*Lamp.*

The Muscular Fibres of the Heart of Vertebrates.—We have received from Dr. J. B. Pettigrew, the accomplished subcurator of the Royal College of Surgeons' Museum, a copy of his excellent monograph on the above subject. The memoir is certainly the finest which has yet been produced; for it is comprehensive, clear, and accurate, and is accompanied by a great number of beautiful lithographs, which have been taken from photographs of actual dissections. The arrangement of the muscular fibres, as demonstrated by the author, sheds much light upon the peculiar movements of the heart. For this reason the essay has a great physiological importance, and, from the circumstance that the anatomy of the heart in the four vertebrate classes is fully explored by Dr. Pettigrew, it is of equal import and interest to the comparative anatomist. We have also received Dr. Pettigrew's paper on the valvular apparatus of the circulatory system, and we commend it likewise to our readers' favorable notice.—*Science Review.*

ORIGINAL.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF CATHERINE MCAULEY. Foundress of the institute of Religious Sisters of Mercy. By a member of the order (belonging to the Convent of Mercy, at St. Louis), etc. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 500. New York. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1866.

This biography introduces a new, and hitherto generally unknown, character to the acquaintance, and, we are sure, to the admiration of the English-speaking Catholic public. The anonymous religious authoress has shown herself well qualified for her filial task, and has conferred a great benefit both on her order and on the cause of religion in general. The nearness of the period in which her venerable subject lived, the testimony of a number of the best informed and most trustworthy witnesses who were personally acquainted with her, and the materials furnished by other memoirs and letters, have given the writer of this biography an abundance of the most authentic data from which to produce a truthful and complete sketch of the Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy.

We have had the pleasure of learning something of the history of Catherine McAuley, and of the foundation of her institute, from one of her own earliest and most trusted pupils, who has planted the same institute, and brought it to a flourishing condition in four of the New England States. The portrait of her drawn by her biographer, corresponds with, and completes the preconceived idea of her character we had received from this authentic source.

It is eighty-one years since Catherine McAuley was born, forty years since she made the first beginning of her institute, and twenty-five years since her death. Her period of active life embraced only fourteen years. Yet there are now more than two hundred convents, and three thousand sisters, belonging to the congregation of Our Lady of Mercy, scattered over Ireland, England, the United States, British America, South America, and Australia; although the mortality among the sisters is at the high rate of ten per cent a year.

These facts prove better than any eloquence the value of the life and works of the foundress of the institute. Her personal history is uncommonly interesting and highly romantic. She was the daughter of highly respectable Catholic parents residing in Dublin. Losing her parents at an early age, she came under the guardianship of relatives who were strict Protestants and intensely hostile

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to the Catholic religion. Consequently, she was not able to receive any instruction, to go to mass, or much less to receive the sacraments, before she became a young lady. Her brothers and sisters were easily induced to give up their minds to the influence of Protestant teaching and example. Catherine, however, steadily refused to attend the Protestant church; and, as soon as she was capable of doing so, made a studious and thorough examination of the grounds of the two religions, which resulted in establishing her forever in a faith which was not only firm but intelligent. She eventually succeeded in bringing back her sister and her nephew and niece to the Catholic church. While still a child, Catherine McAuley was adopted by an elderly couple named Callahan, who were very kind-hearted, very wealthy, and childless. They allowed her to practise her religion, although quite indifferent to religion themselves, and gave her the means of practising many of those acts of charity to which she was always inclined.

This part of her history is strikingly interesting, as throwing light on the state of the Catholic religion among the higher classes in Ireland, during the latter part of the last century and the former part of the present one. It contains some scenes of tragic pathos taken from domestic life. Few are aware of the hatred, the contempt, the cruelty, the bitter, unrelenting persecution, with which the Catholic religion has had to contend in Ireland. Miss McAuley was once obliged to fly from the house of her brother-in-law, at night, through the streets of Dublin, to save herself from death at his hands. Nevertheless, she conquered, as the holy faith has always conquered, by undaunted courage joined with angelic meekness. The same brother-in-law who had pursued her with a drawn dagger, declared to her on his death-bed, that if he had time he would candidly examine into the Catholic religion, and died repeating acts of contrition, faith, hope and charity, which she suggested to him, leaving his children to her guardianship.

At the age of thirty-five Miss McAuley was left, by the death of her adopted parents, both of whom had become Catholics during their last illness, mistress of a fortune, the exact amount of which is not stated, but which appears to have at east equalled the sum of fifty thousand pounds sterling. The whole of this fortune was devoted by her to the foundation of her institute, which was opened about five years afterward, that is, in the year 1827. She does not seem to have cherished any aspirations after the religious state for herself, during her youth, much less to have dreamed of becoming the foundress of an order. In founding her institute in Dublin, she had in view the plan of combining the efforts of charitable ladies for the benefit of the poor, the sick, the ignorant, and particularly servant-girls who were out of place. The community-life, and the whole religious routine, grew up naturally and of itself. After a time, the judgment of prelates, clergymen, and other persons of weight, induced Miss McAuley and her associates to adopt a rule, and take perpetual vows. The scope of the institute embraces choir duties to a moderate extent, almost every kind of charitable work for the poor, a particular care for respectable servant-girls out of place, poor-schools, and high-schools or academies for girls of the middling classes.

The noble woman who planned all this vast scheme of good works, and lavished her fortune with princely generosity to set it in motion, died in the year 1841, at the age of fifty-four, ten years after making her vows as a Sister of Mercy. It is an interesting circumstance that the great and good Daniel O'Connell was one of her warmest friends during her life, and one of her staunchest supporters in her undertakings. These two magnanimous souls who loved their country, their country's faith, and the patient, oppressed, but unconquerable poor of their country, better than all earthly things, could appreciate and honor each other. Our readers will thank us for quoting the following description of the scenes which usually occurred at the great Liberator's visits to the convents of the Sisters of Mercy:

"In his journeys through Ireland, O'Connell nearly always visited the convents in his route. On these occasions his reception was a kind of ovation. The Te Deum was sung, the reception-room hung with green, the national emblems—harp, shamrock, and sun-burst—displayed, addresses were read by the pupils, and any request he asked implicitly granted. His manner at such scenes was particularly happy. To a young girl who had delivered a flattering address to the 'Conquering Hero,' he said, very graci-

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ously, that he 'regretted her sex precluded her from that distinguished place in the imperial senate to which her elocutionary abilities entitled her.' Then glancing at the girls who surrounded the oratress, he continued with emotion: 'Often have I listened with nerve unstrung and heart unmoved to the calumny and invectives of our national enemies; but to-day, as I look on the beautiful young virgins of Erin, my herculean frame quivers with emotion, and the unbidden tear moistens my eye. Can such a race continue in ignoble bondage? Are you born for no better lot than slavery? No,' he continued, with increasing vehemence, 'you shall be free; your country shall yet be a nation; you shall not become the mothers of slaves.'" (pp. 146-47.)

What a contrast between such genuine heroic characters as these, the true glory of their people, and the mock-heroic charlatans, whose genius shows itself only in gathering in money from laboring men and servant-girls, and organizing raids which end only in the death and imprisonment of their most unlucky dupes, and bitter mutual accusations of treachery and cowardice among the leaders. The worst enemies of the Irish people are those who seek to alienate them from their clergy, and to lead them astray from the true mission given them by divine providence, which is identified with their traditions of faith and loyalty to the church. They are like Achaz and the false prophets of Judah, who contaminated the people of God with the false maxims of the nations around them. Men and women like Daniel O'Connell and Catherine McAuley are the Macchabees and Judiths of their nation. Through such as these, the faith of Ireland may yet conquer England, as the trampled faith of Judæa conquered Rome; and her long martyrdom obtain the due meed of glory from the children of her old oppressors.

We recommend this book to all those who claim kindred either in nationality or in faith with its subject, and who wish to rekindle their devotion or renew the memories of their ancestral home. We recommend it especially to our wealthy Catholics, that they may meditate on the example of princely charity given them by this young heiress, who gave away a fortune more readily than most others would give one twentieth of a year's income. We request our fair young readers also, to lay aside their novels for a while, and read the life of one who was beautiful, gifted, highly educated, beloved of all, rich in worldly goods, and with all earthly happiness courting her acceptance; and who, amid these allurements and the severest temptations to her faith, shone forth a bright model of all high Christian virtues to her sex. We wish that all those who are prejudiced against the Catholic faith, and who nevertheless have the candor which pays tribute to virtue, conscientiousness, and self-sacrifice, wherever seen, might also read it. The history of Catherine McAuley and her institute adds another to the many practical, living proofs, more powerful than any speculative arguments, of the truth and power of the Catholic religion. Such a history never has been or will be possible outside the fold of the Catholic church. Its occurrence in our own times shows that the church is now, as of old, the fruitful mother of saints, and that the old Catholic ideas which once made martyrs of young maidens, and raised up Claras and Teresas, retain all their power over the souls of those who have inherited the same faith. We have no fear of incurring the displeasure of Urban VIII. or of his successor, in giving our judgment that Catherine McAuley was a true Christian heroine, a woman of the same high stamp of character with St. Teresa, whom she resembles in many striking respects.

It is superfluous to say that this biography will be a most useful book in religious houses. Example is more powerful than precept, and a recent example is more powerful than a remote one. It were to be wished that similar biographies were more numerous. There are materials in the recent history of other orders, as well as in that of the institute of Mercy, which might be used to great advantage. The history of the American foundress of the Order of the Visitation would be worthy of a place, even in the annals of that ancient order. Books of this kind are not only instructive, but, when well written, superior in that charm which captivates the feelings and imagination of the young, to the romantic tales over which their time and sensibilities are too often wasted. The present volume is written in that lively and piquant style, with a dash of humor to flavor it, which makes a biography most readable and entertaining. Religion wears its most cheerful and attractive countenance in

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these pages, and even the couch of the dying sisters are lit up with gayety. Mother Catherine's life was a perpetual *Laetare* Sunday in Lent, spiritual joy ever decking with flowers the altar of sacrifice, and changing the violet of penance and self-denial to rose-color. Her tranquil and benignant countenance, as represented in the portrait which graces her biography, expresses this type of spirituality which she communicated to her order. The mirthful laugh of the common-room resounds through the pages which relate of the unremitting labors and continual prayer, whose effect decimates the ranks of the Sisters of Mercy every year. We are not treated to any prosy disquisitions or abstracts of ascetic treatises, which make some of the lives of saints such tiresome reading, especially to young people. But we have something better; a picture of virtue, of piety, of devotion to Jesus Christ, in their most heroic form, blended with a joyousness to which the boudoir and the drawing-room are strangers, and which may well attract pure and generous hearts to imitate such an engaging model of sanctity.

There are numerous episodes and sketches of the many persons with whom Mother Catherine was associated, such as that of her little niece Mary; of the good Welsh sister from Bridgenorth; of the English earl's daughter, who entered the convent with her two waiting-maids; of the accomplished but somewhat eccentric authoress of Geraldine; and the inimitable Dr. Fitzgerald. Some of these are pathetic, and others comic in the extreme. We have but one criticism to make, which is, that a little more restraint and forbearance toward some who are deemed to have erred in their duty to the order, would have added another grace to the narrative. There are also some faults of typography and slight clerical oversights, which will doubtless be corrected in a second edition.

We hope we have piqued the curiosity of our readers enough to make every reader buy the book, or tease papa to buy it. And if the desire to read it is not enough to wake up our somewhat apathetic Catholic public, let them remember that by buying the book they are contributing to that unfailing spring of mercy which flows from the convents of Catherine McAuley's daughters to relieve the poor.

ROBERT SEVERNE, His Friends and his Enemies. A Novel, by William A. Hammond. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 369.

This novel has the merit of being written by a scholar and a man of science. The first part of it is well done, and excites no little interest; but as we progress, it is plain that the author has permitted his facile pen to have pretty much its own way. The general impression, therefore, left on the mind is that as a novel it has been hastily written. The characters are too perfect both in virtue and in vice; and although the author is at great pains to describe his characters, we are obliged to differ with him in our opinion of them. The hero is brought before us as a hard student, yet we have quite another idea of him from his words and actions. He is in effect a wealthy gentleman, who moves easily in polite society, and has a fancy for purchasing rare old books at ruinous prices: finds a Cabaña or Partaga cigar equally at hand in Europe and in his elegantly furnished study at home (where it is true he consumes a great deal of brain and time over his books), but we do not find the student in him when he comes to play his part before us. He has been unfortunate in a first marriage, and becomes violently misanthropical and suspicious. His first act, however, is marked by surpassing benevolence and verdant innocence. He is swindled in the street out of a ten-dollar gold piece by a prostitute, who feigns poverty, and instantly conceives a violent affection for this totally unknown person, and most unmisanthropically determines to catch her, reform and educate her. We may remark, by the way, that when our hero does "tip" anybody he does it in true Monte Cristo style: it always is a ten-dollar gold piece, or a hundred-dollar bill. Of course he falls violently in love with the heroine at first sight, and loses his misanthropy with his heart. Sal Tompkins, who is to be his *protégée*, turns out to have some unusually good points, and having come to warn the heroine of a premeditated attack upon her grandfather's house by a gang of burglars, of one of whom she is the mistress, the utmost cordiality and intimacy springs up between herself and the heroine; and, in fact, we are led to believe, from a remark made by the grandfather,

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that these two ladies occupied the same room that night, if not the same couch. The heroine's father was a bad man, and Sal Tompkins is also a daughter of his, which may satisfy the reader, but should not the parties concerned, seeing they knew nothing of the fact. Sal becomes a very lady-like person in an incredibly short space of time, and the discovery of her left-hand relationship is received without the slightest remonstrance or disgust. The villain of the story is the hero's lawyer and factotum; a pretty good villain, as far as his language and intentions go; but he is represented as so violently villainous that we are led to believe the author is prejudiced against him. He makes use of a written confession of murder penned by the hero while laboring under hallucination of mind (a real tit-bit of science, which the distinguished author could illustrate much better in another department of literature than he has done here), and on the strength of it arrests him in England, whither Severne arrives after a telegraphic journey around the world. The way in which our author here dispatches messengers to Suez and Constantinople from England, quite takes our breath away. The imprisonment, trial, acquittal, and subsequent disgrace of the perjured lawyer quickly follow, to the utmost satisfaction of the reader, who being behind the scenes (as he is always kindly permitted to be), suffers no pangs of anxiety for the results. The author says the heroine showed no emotion whatever of surprise or annoyance when the self-accusation of murder written by her affianced husband was shown to her, undoubtedly genuine as it was. Here again we are sorry to differ with him. Of the other characters little need be said. There is a portrait of "a lady" in Grace Langley; an attempt at an imitation of Chadband, the renowned apostle of "trewth," in Brother Jenkins; and a Mr. Goodall, who is introduced, as it would seem, to play a part which he does not find. The story of Ulrich de Hutten with his wonderful unique copy of an old book, and his magic pentagramme, is made to link in with the principal events of the story, but from its peculiarly romantic character, has no unity with it: the best proof of which is that the whole of it could be erased from the book, and the reader would not miss it. What moral we are to draw from it we are also at a loss to divine.

That the author can write well is evident enough, both from this book and from others of a high order of merit which he has contributed to the department of science; but that he has accomplished as a novelist all that he is competent to do, Robert Severne does not, in our humble judgment, bear worthy testimony.

THE SCHOOL OF JESUS CRUCIFIED. From the Italian of F. Ignatius of the Side of Jesus. Passionist. New York. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

To meet with a book like this among so much that is cold, speculative, and heartless in the publications of our day, is like meeting with a blushing red rose in a cotton bale. Its beauty and its sweetness possess a double charm. Its every page glows with that tender piety and warm devotion which is the expression of a devout Christian heart, and it cannot fail of kindling a like holy fire in the soul of him who loves to learn the lessons taught from the summit of the Cross. The worthy translator speaks thus in the preface: "The school of Jesus Crucified! What Christian would not wish to study therein? to learn wisdom and patience and resignation to the divine will, from the example of a God-man, who came on earth and assumed our frail mortality to be to us a model, as well as a Redeemer?" A question which, we think, will serve to interest very many, and induce them to procure and use this sweet little book. The very appropriate style of its publication is quite a noticeable feature about it, and commends itself to all lovers of well-printed and well-clothed books.

THE FRENCH MANUAL. A new, simple, concise, and easy method of acquiring a conversational knowledge of the French Language, including a Dictionary of over Ten Thousand Words. By M. Alfred Havet. Entirely revised and corrected from the last English Edition, with a new system of pronunciation. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is certainly an advance on the old progressive system of Ollendorff. It fully realizes all its title proposes, and is evidently the work of one who is a suc-

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cessful teacher of the French language. We commend it to the notice of all professors of French in our colleges and schools, by whom, if we do not mistake, its merits will be duly appreciated. We observe an error among the rules of pronunciation, however, that should not pass unnoticed. The Parisian would not take our sound of *wa* in *waft*, *wag*, and *wax*, to express the sound of *oi* in *fois*, *soif*, etc. We presume the author has been accustomed to hear those words pronounced *wóft*, *wóg*, and *wóx*, as he dates his preface from Edinburgh.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MAN. Designed to represent the existing State of Physiological Science, as applied to the Functions of the Human Body. By Austin Flint, Jr., Professor of Physiology and Microscopy in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, etc., etc. Vol. i., 8vo, pp. 495. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1866.

This work has lain on our table for some time. The delay in writing the notice has been from no lack of admiration or appreciation of the book or its author, but from a desire to write more than an ordinary book notice.

This we will defer till the work is completed, and in the mean time we hasten to express our hearty approval of a literary and scientific enterprise, which reflects the highest honor on the profession of medicine and on the literature of the country.

Prof. Flint, the young author, has devoted his life to the study and teaching of physiology. He steadily refuses the allurements and emoluments of practice, and steadily and successfully pursues the object of his ambition. His present work, if completed in accordance with the first volume, will reward him for his past toil, and ensure him an honorable and most enviable future among the leading minds of his profession in this country and the scientific world.

It will be out of place to enter into any scientific discussion in the pages of a journal devoted to general literature. It is sufficient to say that Dr. Flint has presented, in elegant language and graphic style, a correct view of the science of physiology to the time of writing. He displays great erudition, a thorough grasp of the subject, and a sincere desire to appreciate and communicate the exact truth. It is the best book on the subject for college libraries, and is an almost indispensable necessity to the physician.

We hope the publication of such works will renew the habit of studying the philosophy of medicine as part of a liberal education, draw closer the bond between the intellectual classes and the profession of medicine, and in this way advance the interests of science, humanity, and civilization.

This work is issued in an elegant form, worthy of its eminent publishers.

KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER. A Danish lyrical drama. By Henrik Hertz. Translated by Theodore Martin. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.

This is indeed a poetic gem of the first water, and we venture to assert that few critics will contest our judgment. The author of the introductory sketches repeats twice that it is lovely, and we think we might repeat it twice more and it not be too often. He who will commence reading it, and not finish it at one sitting, we pronounce one of those beings so detested of Shakespeare, who has no music in his soul.

It forms but one act in seven scenes, but is replete with events, "stirring, surprising, yet harmonious." A bit of philosophy peeps out here and there to interest and charm the most unimaginative thinker; for instance, when Martha, the guardian of Iolanthe, the king's daughter, reasons upon her unconscious blindness:

> "May it not be, sir, while we darkly muse
> Upon our life's mysterious destinies,
> That we in blindness walk, like Iolanthe,
> Unconscious that true vision is not ours?
> Yet is that faith our hope's abiding star."

The innocent confession of the hitherto inexperienced passion of love which springs up in the heart of Iolanthe, at the presence and sound of the voice of her unknown betrothed, is a passage of rare beauty and originality. He asks her to place her hand upon his head to mark his height, that when he returns she may remember him. She answers:

> "What need of that?
> I know that few resemble thee in height;
> Thy utterance comes to me as from above,
> Like all that's high and inconceivable;
> And know I not thy tone? Like as thou speakest
> None speak beside. No voice, no melody
> I've known in nature, or in instrument,

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Doth own a resonance so lovely, sweet,
So winning, full, and gracious as thy voice.
Trust me, I'll know thee well amidst them all!'

The final tableau, in which Iolanthe, with restored sight, recognizes her father, and she and Count Tristan, her betrothed, each other, is full of dramatic power. We promise the reader a pleasure in the perusal of this poem such as he seldom enjoys.

OUT OF TOWN. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 311. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This is a sprightly book wrought out of a common and everyday subject: a change from a city to a country life. The story is told in an easy, off-hand, and peculiarly attractive way, and engages the attention of its readers, particularly those of the rising generation. The writer contrives to invest the most ordinary topics with a zest which keeps alive the interest of his reader to the close. It is a perfect *pot pourri* of fun and humor, dished to suit all palates and all ages. But it has a fatal blemish in our judgment:—a perpetual parade of decanters and pipes. The writer seems to think that there can be no such thing as conviviality or good cheer without intoxicating libations. Why cannot those who write books for the young avoid this rock of offence? Surely there is small need, in these days, of such temptation. Everyday life reeks with the disgusting and pernicious habit of tippling. Why does it become necessary that every new book for our children should be redolent of the fumes of the bar-room? Are our book-makers aware what an impetus they are imparting to that wave of desolation which is swelling over the fair face of our beloved country, and which threatens, more than any other one thing, to submerge and sweep away all those barriers of virtue and morality on which rely our hopes for the protection of religion and a healthy morality?

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, for the year of our Lord 1867. New-York: D. and J. Sadlier & Co.

This volume consists of about 647 pages of matter of which 290 pages are devoted to the Church of the United States, 100 to the Church of British North America and Ireland, and 257 to advertisements. As a popular Catholic Directory for the United States it may be said that at least one half of it is but of partial interest.

The portion devoted to the United States is apparently very full, and as accurate, no doubt, as the publishers have been able to make it. We observe, however, that the Church statistics of Ireland and British America possess a valuable little summary at the end of each, while no such summary is given for the Church of the United States.

If one would look anywhere for it we think it would be in just such a publication as the one before us, and we must confess to being disappointed in not finding it here.

MR. P. O'SHEA, New-York, has in press a new edition of The Gentle Skeptic. By Rev. C. Walworth.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From D. APPLETON, & Co., New-York. Joseph II. and his Court. By Mrs. L. Mühlbach. With Illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo. Cloth, $2 00.

From LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New-York. King René's Daughter, a Danish Lyrical Drama. By Henrik Herts. Translated by Theodore Martin. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 100. Price $1 25.

From M'GILL & NOLAN, Georgetown, D.C. The Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a monthly bulletin of the Apostleship of Prayer. Price $2 per annum.

From BENZIGER BROS. Alte Neue Welt, an Illustrated German Catholic Magazine. Price $3 00 per annum.

From HURD & HOUGHTON, New-York. Essays on Art. By Francis Turner Palgrave. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 330. Price $1 75.

From D. APPLETON & Co. The French Manual: a new, simple, concise, and easy method of acquiring a conversational knowledge of the French language, including a Dictionary of over ten thousand words. By M. Alfred Harve. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 188 and 112.

From D. & J. SADLIER & Co., New-York. Life of Catherine McAuley, Foundress and first Superior of the Institute of Religious Sisters of Mercy. By a member of the Order of Mercy. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 500. Price $2 50. Sermons by the REV. THOS. S. PRESTON. Revised and enlarged edition. 1 vol. pp. 581. Price $2 50. The School of Jesus Crucified. From the Italian of Father IGNATIUS, of the Side of Jesus, Passionist. 1 vol. pp. 334. Price 75 cents. The Christian armed against the World and the Illusions of his own Heart. By FATHER IGNATIUS of the Side of Jesus, Passionist. 1 vol. 32mo, pp. 320. Price 50c.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia. Robert Severne, His Friends and his Enemies. A Novel. By William A. Hammond. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 369. Price $1 75.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

From J. L. PETERS & BRO., St. Louis & Cincinnati. Shamus O'Brien, an answer to Norah O'Neill. By William S. Hayes. Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest. Little Beauty. Pink of Perfection. Mary's Waiting at the Window.

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